

FRANK ELSIE.

A Common Occurrence.

In all our lives there are episodes which we would be glad to forget; of which we are so much ashamed, that we scarcely dare to think of them, and when we do, find ourselves hurriedly muttering the words we imagine we ought to have said, or making audible apologies for our conduct to the air; and yet these are not always episodes which necessarily involve a tangible sense of wrong either to ourselves or others. Some such episode in a common-place life, such as must have fallen to the lot of many men, we would here reveal.

Once upon a time—to commence in an orthodox fashion—a man and a maid lived and loved. On the woman's part the affection was as pure and generous as ever filled the breast of a maiden; on the man's, as warm as his nature permitted. His love did not absorb his whole soul, it rather permeated his mind and colored his being. Like most men of this not uncommon stamp, his affection once given is given forever. He was not a jubilant nature, nor did his feelings lie near the surface, and his manner was unobtrusive. The girl was clear-sighted enough to see what love there was, was pure and true, and she made up for its scarcity with the overflowing of her sympathetic nature. She idealized rather than condoned. She gave in such measure that she could not perceive how little she was receiving in return; or if she noticed it, her consciousness of its worth seemed to her a full equivalent. He was an artist; and circumstances compelled the lovers to wait, and at the same time kept them apart. A couple of days, once a month, and a week now and again, was a limit of the time they could spend together. This, of course, prevented them getting that intimate knowledge of each other's personality which both recognized as an essential adjunct to the happiness of married life, though they did their best to obviate it by long letters, giving full details of daily events and of the society in which they moved. The remedy was an imperfect one. Strive as they might, the sketches were crude, and the letters had a tendency to become stereotyped. We only mention these details to show that they tried to be perfectly honest with each other.

While the girl's life, in her quiet country home, was one that held little variety in it, it was a part of the man's stock-in-trade to mix with society and to observe closely. Whether he liked it or not, he was compelled to make friends to such an extent as to afford him an opportunity of gauging character. Unfortunately for the purposes of my study, he had no sympathy with pessimism or pessimists. He loved the good and the beautiful for their own sakes, and in his art loved to dwell on the bright side of nature, a side which the writer has found so much easier to meet with than the more sombre coloring we are constantly told is the more predominant one in life. Like most artists, he was somewhat susceptible, but his susceptibility was on the surface; the inward depths of his soul had never been stirred save by the gentle girl who held his heart, and she was such as to inspire a constant and growing affection rather than a demonstrative passion.

At one of the many houses at which he was a welcome guest, the lover found a young girl bright, sensuous, beautiful. Unwittingly, he compared her with the one whose heart he held, and the comparison was unsatisfactory to him; do what he would, the honesty of his nature compelled him to allow that this beautiful girl was the superior, in a number of ways, to her to whom he had pledged his life. He was caught in the Circe's chains of golden hair, and fancied—almost hoped—yet feared lest, like bonds of cobwebs in the fairy tale, the toils were too strong for him to break.

He could see, too, that the girl regarded him with a feeling so warm, that a chance spark would rouse it into a flame of love, and this gave her an interest as dangerous as it was fascinating. His fancy swayed. Day after day he strove with himself, and by efforts too violent to be wise, he kept away from the siren till his inflamed fancy forced him back to her side.

To the maiden in the country he was partially honest. In his letters he faithfully told her of his visits, and as far as he could, recorded his opinion of the girl who had captivated his fancy. Too keen an artist to be blind to her faults, he dwelt on them in his frequent letters at unnecessary length. When the lovers met, the girl questioned him closely about her rival, but only from the interest she felt in all his friends, known and unknown, for her love for him was too pure and strong to admit of jealousy, and he with what honesty he could answered her questions unreservedly.

Little by little he began to examine himself. Which girl did he really love? Should he not be doing a wrong to both by not deciding? The examination was dangerous, because it was not thorough. The premises were true, but incomplete. Yet we should wrong him if we implied that he for a moment thought seriously about breaking off his engagement. Even had he wished, his almost mistaken feelings of honor would have forbidden it. This constant surface introspection—a kind of examination which had not the subject been himself, he would have despised and avoided—could have but one result—an obliquity of mental vision. He had a horror of being untrue—untrue to himself as untrue to his lass, and yet he dreaded causing pain to a bosom so tender and innocent. When he sat down to write the periodical letters to the girl to whom he was engaged he found his phrases becoming more and more general and guarded. He took pains not to let her know what he felt must wound her, and the letters grew as unnatural as they had been the reverse; they were descriptive

of the man rather than the reflex of his personality.

The country girl was quick of perception. The letters were more full of clearer terms than ever; they were longer and told more of his life; yet between the lines she could see that they were by one whose heart was not at rest, and that a sense of duty and not of pleasure prompted the ample details. Their very regularity was painful; it seemed as if the writer was anxious to act up to the letter of his understanding. She knew that the letters were often written when he was tired out. Why did he not put off writing, and taking advantage of her love, let her exercise her trust in him? Eagerly she scanned the pages to find the name of her rival, and having found it, would thoughtfully weigh every word of description, of blame or praise.

When the lovers met, she questioned him more closely than she had ever done before. He was seemingly as fond as ever; no endearing name, no accustomed caress was forgotten. He spoke of himself and his friends as freely as usual, and all her questions were answered without a shadow of reserve. Yet the answers were slower, and his manner absent and thoughtful. For a time she put it down to the absorbing nature of his pursuits; but little by little, a belief that she was no longer dearest crept into her heart and would not be dislodged, try as she might.

She thought she was jealous, and struggled night and day against a fault she dreaded above all others; then, in a paroxysm of despair, she allowed herself to be convinced of what she feared, and loving him deeply, prepared to make the greatest sacrifice an unselfish woman can offer. He no longer loved her; it was best he should be free.

When he had been with her last, he had told her that his ensuing absence must perform a longer than usual, and this, she thought would be the best time for her purpose.

"Dear Frank," she wrote at the end of a pitiful little letter. "I am going to ask you not to come here next week. This will surprise you, for in all my other letters I have told you that what I most look forward to in life is your visits. But I have been thinking, dear, that it will be best for us to part forever. I often ask myself if we love one another as much as we did, and I am afraid we do not. A loveless married life would be too dreadful to live through, and I dare not risk it. It is better that the parting should come through me. Do not fancy that I am reproaching you; I cannot, for to me you are above reproach, above blame. All I feel is that our affection is colder, so we had better part. God bless you Frank; I can never tell you how deeply I have loved you. ELSIE."

Frank was almost stunned by the receipt of this letter. He read it and re-read it until every word seemed burned into his brain. That the girl's love for him was less, he did not believe; he could read undiminished affection in the vague phrasing, in the studied carelessness to take equal blame on herself. That she should be jealous was out of the question; long years of experience had taught him that this was totally foreign to her trustful nature. There was but one conclusion to come to. She had given him up because she thought his happiness involved. Yet she wished him to be free; might it not be ungracious to refuse to accept her gift?

Free! There was a terrible fascination in the sound. Be the bondage ever so pleasant, be it even preferable to liberty itself, the idea of freedom is irresistibly alluring. If the same bondage will be chosen again, there is a delight in the consciousness that it will be your own untrammelled choice. Frank was aware of a wild exultation when he realized the fact that he was a free agent. In the first flush of liberty, poor Elsie's image faded out of sight, and that of the siren took its place. Now without wrong he might follow his inclinations. He determined to write to Elsie, but knew not what to say, and put it off till the morrow.

There could be no harm in going to the house of his fascinator; it was pleasant to think that he might now speak, think, look, without any mental reservation; there would be no longer any need to watch his actions or to force back the words that would tell her that she exercised a deadly power over him. The girl received him with a winning smile, yet when he touched her hand, he did not feel his brain throbbing or his blood rushing madly through his veins as he had expected. He bore his part through the evening quietly, and owned that it was a pleasant one; still, the flavor was not what he had expected. He called to mind that when he was abroad for the first time, he had been served with a peculiar dish, which he remembered and often longed for when unattainable. After several years, he had visited the same cafe and ordered the same dish. The same cook prepared it and the same water served it, but the taste was not the same; expectation had heightened the flavor, and the real was inferior to the ideal.

So it was with Frank. Before when the siren had seemed unattainable, he had luxuriated in her beauty, admired her grace and genius and revelled in her wit; now, when he felt he might call these his own, his eye began to detect deficiencies. The girl noted his critical attitude, and chafed at the calmness of his keep, watchful glance. Where was the open admiration she used to read in his eyes? Piqued at his indifference, she grew silent and irritable, and when he bade her farewell, both were conscious that an ideal had been shattered.

He buttoned his overcoat, and prepared for a long walk to the lonely chambers where he lived the usual careless, comfortless life of a bachelor whose purse is limited. All the way home he submitted himself to a deep and critical examination. He felt as if he was sitting by the ashes of a failing fire which he had no means of replenishing; the night was coming, and he must sit in the cold. If passion died out, where was he to look for the sympathy, the respect, the true friendship which alone can supply its place

in married life? Then he thought of Elsie. He had made a mistake, but a very common mistake. He had thought that the excitement of his interest, the enchantment of his fancy, and the enthrallment of his senses, was love, and lo! it was only passion. He analyzed his feelings more deeply yet, and getting below the surface-currents which are stirred by the winds, saw that the quiet waters beneath had kept unswervingly on their course.

When he reached his chambers he sat down by his table and drew paper and ink toward him. "I shall not accept your dismissal, Elsie," he wrote, hurriedly, in answer to her piteous letter; "I should be very shallow if I could not read the motive which prompted your letter. I shall come down as usual, and we will talk over it till we understand each other fully. Tell then, you must believe me when I tell you that I love you all the more for your act of sacrifice, and that I love you more now than I have ever done before."

Frank and Elsie have been long married, and are content. There is no fear of his swerving again; but the event described left its mark on Frank. He knows now that he was on the verge of committing a grievous mistake, and one which might have darkened all his future life. For it is not great events, involving tragedies and tears, that impress themselves most deeply upon the body of our habits and thoughts; but the tendency of our life, as in the case before us, is often most deeply affected by what is no more than "an every-day occurrence."

A Bride and Groom in Trouble.

Those who read the following incident may think it amusing, but it was no laughing matter for the young couple who were the principal actors in it. It is possible some of the recently married people who may read it may have a keener appreciation of the agony of the young people than those who have been married a longer time. A correspondent writes: "A young and innocent-looking couple went shyly into the office of the county clerk in our town. He was so happy that his face glowed, and a brighter lustre seemed to have been given the cheap and very shiny black suit of clothes in which he was dressed. He had a white necktie, and black gloves with red and green stitching on the back."

"The young woman wore with manifest pride a drab poplin dress, plentifully besprinkled with white ribbon bows; her hands were in white cotton gloves; a white hat, with a white tissue veil bunched up all over it, and falling over her hair, was on her head."

"The county clerk knew very well what this style of costume indicated, and was not in the least surprised when the young man came forward and said, with a simper,—

"I'd like to—to—buy a marriage license."

"Yes," said the clerk.

"How much is it?"

"Three dollars."

"Yes, that's what I thought, and I—"

"The smile on his round face gave way to an almost ghastly pallor, as he hastily drew his empty hand out of his pocket."

"Why, I—I—put that pocketbook right in here!"

"Every pocket was searched. The bride's face assumed an anxious expression by this time."

"Mother said I ought to pin my pocket up, or put my money in my banker, he said as he stood before his bride a picture of distress."

"The bride's voice trembled, as she said, 'Can't you find it anywhere, Jason?'"

"No, Mandy, I can't," he said with a suggestion of tears in his voice. "But I've got five dollars more at home, and we'll come to town agin to-morrow."

"O Jason, don't you know it's a sign of death to dress for a wedding and then not get married?"

"But I don't b'lieve in them fore signs, Mandy."

"I do. Anyhow, what'll folks say when we go back home no more married than we was when we come away?" and she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Well, there's no use bellerin', Mandy," said Jason, the tears in his own eyes.

"And there's everybody invited to the weddin' party to our house to-night! I don't see what ever made you go and lose that money?"

"I couldn't help it, Mandy."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"I thought I was careful, Mandy! Land know I'm as crazy for this weddin' as you are!"

"Couldn't you please—sir—Mr. Clerk, couldn't you trust for the license? We'll bring the money right in to-morrow, and it'll make such fools of us to go back home as single as ever!"

"The bride's tearful blue eyes and the eloquence of her appeal were too much for the clerk. He hastily made out the license, becoming responsible for it himself, and the bride and groom went away happy."

"Before noon the next day the young Benedict came in with the three dollars and a whole basket full of 'fixins' from the wedding-supper of the night before."—Youth's Companion.

Not Afraid of a Big Subject.

HOW TO KISS.

The First Caress Must be Quick, Crisp and Elastic.

From the Chicago Times.

A kiss is the seal of affection. Byron valued a kiss by its strength, and measured its strength by its length, but the measurement of kisses went out of fashion long ago. A kiss is a duet of lips, in which a most holy love may be offered and accepted. To a young man in the springtime of life a kiss is the delirium of love. According to Niphus a kiss is at once the token of boldness, confidence and affection. A kiss is the rapture of bliss, the messenger of love, the cable of the heart, an indescribable, transcendent, magical something that is at once a feast and an insatiable famine.

Sydney Smith found much virtue in a well-delivered kiss, and the earl of Chesterfield looked the world over for cool, caressing kisses. Harriet Martineau, who never had any one to kiss but vagrant bluestocks and the neighbors' babies, wrote about "the kiss of the mouth that touches not the mouth," and dear little Metta Comstock would not take a second time kisses that were not quick, crisp and elastic. Kisses have been called the heart's tongue, and though a lover be never so great an orator one kiss on the lips of his idolatress is often more eloquent than a library of works of a canto of verse. A gift returned is the voice of displeasure, but a returned kiss betokens esteem. Dickens valued a kiss above a thousand kisses. Sir Sidney Garth learned that a kiss might prove a traitor in an angel's dress. Walter Savage Landor seems to have had a passion for kissing crying women, for he thought it delightful to kiss the eyelashes of love with fresh tears on them. Poor John Keats wrote one evening as he sat with his knee in his arms toasting his toes in front of Jeannie Welch Carlyle's hearth-fire: "I came to feel how far above all fancy pride and fickle maidenhood, all earthly pleasure, all imagined good, was the warm tremble of a devout kiss."

De Levis called a kiss the door that opens the citadel of the heart, and poets and people of all ages have found mysterious virtue, bitter-sweet, magic, and elixirs, and lotions of greater or less potency, but the acme of human happiness, wrote a poetess, is that we may kiss whom we please and please whom we kiss. A kiss to be a success must have mutual interest; there must be a reciprocity in the operation, or somebody suffers the punishment of disgust. Kissing an unwilling pair of lips is as mean a victory as robbing a bird's nest, and kissing too willing ones is about as unfragrant a pastime as making bouquets out of dandelions.

At the start the average man makes a botch of kissing. The beauty of a kiss lies in its impulsiveness and its impressibility, nor is it possible to make the first one too brief. There is danger in the attempt to make the initial kiss complete. The girls won't have it. There is too much audacious advance about it. The thing to do is to go at the fair creature's lips slowly, so as not to frighten her. It is to be expected that she will draw them away from the point of attack, but instead of retreat the thing for heroism to do is to kiss her on some place—on the cheek, the temple, behind the ear or on the hair. A woman's fancies are as branching as the trees of a forest, and no-sever unsatisfactory to the swain the misplaced kisses may have been, it will, if left to itself, make the recipient wondrously indignant next time. She will caress the spot where your lips have been, look at the place through a hand-glass and dream of the one who placed it there. When sufficient progress has been made in the love-making to warrant the ideal kiss, take it methodically, with both hands and "the gentle touch that love can teach." Let the left arm go about—not her neck, to wrinkle a crepe-lisse ruche and muss a 75-cent coiffure, dressed for your special benefit, no doubt—but about her shoulders. Take her chin in the right hand, allowing the three fingers to touch the pretty white throat, holding the face with the thumb and forefinger, which will form a sort of vise for love's conquest. Move her head to one side and a little backward and approaching so as to make the quartet of lips describe the diameters of an imaginary square, kiss her twice—the second double the length of its very short predecessor. This double kiss is a clew to a man's culture. Only the uncouth, ill-bred lover kisses as he learned to count—by units. The gentleman who has the good fortune to be born in an atmosphere of refinement makes a duet of his first and final salutation, whatever may be the numerical value of the intermediates. The well-bred girl wants short, snapping kisses, that pop in audibly, but still that pop. A kiss on the hair is the kiss of a poet, tenderness is implied when the lips press the eyelids; reverence is spoken when the brow is caressed, and protecting love when the cheek is empearled.

Nothing can sanctify a kiss but love, without which the sweetest lips are unsavory and unwholesome.

A Scotch story is that of a diminutive drummer, in a local brass band, who was in the habit, when out parading with his comrades, of walking by sound and not by sight, owing to his drum being so high that he was unable to see over it. The band, on Saturday afternoons paraded usually in one direction, but the other day the leader thought he would change the route a little, and turn down a by-street. The drummer, unaware of this movement kept on his accustomed way drumming as hard as ever he could. By-and-by after finishing his part and not hearing the others, he stopped, and pushing his drum to one side, he looked to see what was the matter. His astonishment may be imagined when he found that he was alone. "Hae!" he cried to some bystanders, "has any o' ye seen a band hereabouts?"

Gigantic Fossils.

Dr. Lorenzo G. Yates, an associate of the London Philosophical Society, has this to say about the oldest remains of man and fossils found in California: The first authenticated record of the original occupants was found on the Table Mountain region in Tuolumne County, and is of an age prior to the great volcanic outburst. Fossil remains of the rhinoceros and of an extinct horse are found under the lava layers forming the Table Mountains, which are 1,400 feet thick, 1,700 wide, and many hundreds of feet high, where the river beds have been washed out and have been covered again to the depth of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet more since the flow of the lava. This lava rests on a bed of detritus, which is often entered in running tunnels. The human relics and stone implements found in these formations differing from any known since. There have been found spear heads, a pipe of polished stone, two scoops of rock, resembling the grocers' scoop; an implement of aragonite, resembling an unburnt bow, but the use of which is unknown and cannot be conjectured; a stone needle, with notches at the larger end, and the finest charm stones that have ever been found. These relics so accidentally found differ so much in character and workmanship as to indicate the existence of a race entirely different and possessed of more artistic skill and mechanical ability than any known since.

The relics of the races after foreign habitation are plentifully found in bones in the Devil's Canon, in Placer, and in Calaveras. Mammal fossils are to be unearthed in various localities, and there have been brought to light the fossils of nine mastodons, twenty elephants, various pachyderms in the Table Mountains, numerous evidences of animal life in the calcareous formations in the Texas flats, spear heads, fossils of the elephants, horse and evidences of prehistoric human industry in Tulare, and in Trinity and Siskiyou many proofs of the contemporaneous existence of man and extinct mammals.

The elephants were larger in size than the largest of tropical climates; the llama was 18 feet high besides which the animal of Central America would be a baby; the tiger was larger than the largest Royal Bengal, beside which there were monster horses and oxen. The remains of these are plentifully found in Alameda County, not far from Centerville.

In the San Jose Valley are deep layers of coniferous trees in such a carbonized state that they crumble into dust when exposed to the air. They are of the piocene period, and show that the entire topography of the region has changed, and that where now the valleys and mountains are destitute of timber there were once coniferous and deciduous trees affording food and shelter to monster mammals, in comparison to which man was but an insignificant mite.

In the layers of the miocene period are found in California the remains of amphibious animals not to be found elsewhere, but nowhere now does there exist on the northern continent a species of the mammalia which had life and existence there. It is questionable, declared the writer of the paper, whether any relics have been left of the race which existed after the volcanic cataclysm, after which also the country assumed its present appearance.

Juryman's Tribulations.

At amusing instance of how juries are sometimes befogged was told recently by Mr. Charles P. Norton in his legal talk before the Buffalo Young Men's Christian Association. The incident was related in the pathetic words of one who spoke from experience, as follows: "The case was about a man named Brown, who married the half-sister of a man named Adams, who afterwards married Brown's mother, and sold Brown a house he had got from Brown's grandfather in trade for a gristmill, of which the other half was owned by Adams' half-sister's first husband, who left all his property in trust to a soup society till his son should come of age, which he never did, but left a will which gave half of his mill to Brown, and the suit was between Brown and Adams, and Brown again and Adams' half sister, who was divorced from Brown, and a man named Ramsey, who had put up a new overshot wheel for the grist mill. The case wasn't an easy one to understand, and it didn't get finished the whole day. They argued over it a full week. When there were no more witnesses to carve up, one lawyer made a speech that you could see through it so clear that you could see clear back to Brown's grandfather. Then another lawyer made a speech, and he set the whole thing up another way. It was just as clear to look through, but it was another case altogether and no more like the other one than an apple pie is like a mug of cider. And then they took it up and they swung it around them till it was twisted and knotted and wound up and tangled worse than a skein of yarn in a nest of kittens. And then they gave it to the jury. Well, when them jury men went out there wasn't one of them as knew whether it was Brown or Adams as was dead or whether the mill was to grind soap, or to be run by soup powder. Of course they could not agree; three of them wanted to give a verdict for the boy that died; two of 'em was for Brown's grandfather, and the rest was goin' in for damages to the witnesses who ought to get something for having their character ruined, and so they was discharged."

PRINCESS POTATOES: Form cold mashed potatoes into balls, brush them with melted butter, then with beaten egg, and place them in a baking pan. Bake in a very hot oven until a golden brown.

Merry Moments.

"I will and devise," says the millionaire, and when he is dead his heirs devise ways to circumvent his will. It is almost enough to discourage a man from trying to be a millionaire.—Texas Sitings.

Bronson Alcott, the Concord School Philosopher, has left fifty-seven large bound volumes of diary. He is probably the only man in one hundred thousand who didn't abandon his diary when the year was only six weeks old.—Norristown Herald.

Lord Erskine, when Chief Justice of England, presided once at the Chelmsford assizes, when a case of breach of promise of marriage was tried before him, in which Miss Tickell was plaintiff. The counsel was a pompous young man named Stanton, who opened the case with solemn emphasis, thus: "Tickell, the plaintiff, my lord—" when Erskine dryly interrupted him with: "Oh, tickle her yourself, Mr. Stanton, it would be unbecoming in my position."

"John," said Mrs. Brown to B., who was absorbed in his newspaper, 'you're forever buried in that old paper. Ah! you used to have plenty to say before we were married.' "Yes," retorted Brown, "and then you had very little to say; but, by Jove, you've made up for it ever since."—New York Sun.

At the Philadelphia station. She—"I don't see why they're always poking fun at Philadelphia. See all these people. There is lots going on."—He—"Going on—yes, to New York and Washington."—Life.

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"I know it," said the bereaved widower, gloomily, to the friend who was trying to console him, "no amount of grief" will ever bring her back. Nancy wuz allus turribly set in her ways."

If typewriting machines could only spell correctly they would be in more general demand in good society.—Pica-yune.

Crossus—How much did you say Mr. Newgold was down for? The minister—Five hundred dollars, sir. Crossus—Put me down for \$600 then. In a matter of Christian charity I can't stand on a level with an upstart like him.—Puck.

Countryman (at dessert) What d'ye call this stuff, waiter? Waiter—Blanc mange, sir. Countryman—I should say it was blanc mange; it's blanket blank mange. Take away your mange and gimme pie.—Life.

"My grandfather was so near-sighted that he couldn't read circus posters." "That's nothing. Mine was so near-sighted that he lost his life trying to milk a mule."

A Chicago journal used to rhyme Goethe with teeth, until the Renaissance set in, since when it rhymes it with dirty.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew "But, uncle, suppose I have nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

The Coffin trust is a grave undertaking, but it ought to flourish long enough to provide all the other "trusts" with burial cases.—Phila. Press.

When a woman loves it's because she can't help it; that's all.—Phila. Call.

"How was your son when you heard from him last?" "He wrote me that he was so ill he could neither sit nor stand." "Then if he tells the truth he must lie."

Police Sergeant: "Is the man dangerously wounded?" Irish policeman: "Two of the wounds are mortal; but the third can be cured provided the man keeps perfectly quiet for at least six weeks."

"Just think," said Mrs. Walkin to her maid, "the very next day after my new black dress was sent home I was called to go out of town to a funeral." "Wasn't that nice?" was the absent-minded reply.

There is a story told in the French war office, to the effect that for ten years a soldier was stationed in the passage leading to the minister's private apartments, with orders not to let the people touch the walls. But no one seemed to understand why this was done. Now, a new minister of an inquisitive turn of mind determined to find out the explanation of a circumstance that his fifty predecessors had never remarked. But no one could give him any light, not even the chief clerks, nor subordinates who had been in service half a century. But a certain doorkeeper, an old fellow with a good memory, recollected that on a certain occasion a soldier was placed there because the walls had been painted, and the minister's wife had got a spot on her dress. The paint had dried, but the sentinel had been left.

The Duke and the Bishop.

The Duke de Roquelaure when traveling used a very mean equipage and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyons in this guise he was observed by the bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for news. The Bishop, seeing a stranger traveler of mean appearance, thought he had only a plebeian to deal with, and wishing to gratify his ruling passion, cried out: "Hi! hi!" Roquelaure immediately desired his postillion to stop, and the curious prelate, advancing to the carriage, demanded: "Where have you come from?" "Paris," was the curt reply. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green peas." "But what were the people saying when you came away?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man! who are you? What are you called?" "Ignorant persons call me 'Hi! hi'!" but gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaure. Drive on, postillion." The Duke passed on, leaving the astonished Bishop staring after the carriage.