

JESUS, MY KING.

King of kings, and yet to mine own heart saying, 'I am this.'
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Yet thy sweet and tender words,
I have call'd thee by thy name,

King of kings—when wild and strong
Dash the waves of life about me,
Reaching out thy hand to bless,
Saying by thy righteousness,
Thou dost lift upon the Rock
Whence the tempest's rudest shock
Ne'er shall sever us from thee,
Christ, Immanuel, One in Three.

King of kings—most regal guide,
Thy pure words in us abide;
'Follow me,' thou sayest, 'and win
Victory o'er every sin;
Turn not back from conflict drear,
Watching, praying, persevering;
Then when I see the angels sing,
Triumph in your Saviour King.'
Marion J. Phlips, in Golden Rule.

HIS NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

There was revelry in the village bar-room. Since nine o'clock in the morning, when the stranger inaugurated the proceedings by making everybody mellow, there had been a general desire to imitate him, and now, at nine o'clock in the night, the motley group of villagers, surging in and out and swaying to and fro in the barroom, indicated that, whatever might be the condition of their intellects, their spirits were slightly elevated.

Every man in the crowd had a local reputation, and in every case it had been gained by the practice of some part of the thing which is called ruffianism. Just now everyone was bent on having a good time, which, in the village vernacular, meant getting drunk. Whether the choice of New Year's Eve for this purpose was in good taste, need not be considered here—it was the custom there—an old habit which was sustained by public sentiment.

Perhaps never before, except, possibly, on the occasion when it was christened with that persuasive title, had the Gentle Influence sheltered at once to noisy and so thirsty a crowd. It was truly a curious name for an inn, and provoked many an inquiry as to its meaning.
'You call your tavern the Gentle Influence; tell me why?' had said the stranger when he first came, only a couple of days before. But the wise landlord only smiled and shook his head in reply, and the stranger was soon given to understand that that was a matter which could not be extracted from the landlord. Conjecture, indeed, had long been busy with the subject without solving it. Some averred that the name was for luck, some that it referred to the landlord's wife, some doubted whether the landlord himself knew what it meant. Howbeit, the mystery about it advertised the house, and that, perhaps, was meaning enough for the landlord.

The night was clear and cold, and, as each new-comer entered the door, the various toppers sank closer to the open fireplace, where a great log lay sputtering and glowing with genial heat. Having warmed the outer man, they strung themselves again beside the bar, seeking to warm the inner man, while waiting for the appearance of the stranger. Somehow it was generally understood that the stranger would spend the night with 'the boys.' Therefore, as the door opened from time to time to new arrivals, admitting keen currents of frosty air and disclosing momentary glimpses of the far-off sorrowful stars, many an eye watched and waited with growing impatience for the stranger's coming.

Among those present were a constable and a Justice of the Peace, who warmed their hearts with frequent potations. Beside these, the chief ornaments of the gathering comprised a gentleman known as the Colonel, another who bore the name of Old Gripes, for the habit of alleging a constant pain as a reason for an unquenchable thirst, another who was familiarly designated as the Kid, and another as Pap Tupper, a man advanced in years, a reprobate and senile victim of the flowing bowl.

among the crowd, he walked up to the bar, shaking hands with all, and said: 'Landlord, set out the liquor for the crowd.'

As the rabble gathered about the hero of the hour, who exalted himself by quenching their thirst, it was curious to note the contrast between them and him. Their coarse, repulsive faces, their rude dress and ruder manners, were little in keeping with the highbred looks and refined demeanor of this well-dressed, perfect gentleman. His graceful presence, his pale Greek face and fine formed head, his delicate features and black, curly hair, his exquisite dress and soft, white hands would have made him a noticeable figure in any company. But there was about the man a certain air of coolness and command, a something of daring and bravado, which always and everywhere singled him out from the common mass of mankind and made him feared of men and, perhaps, loved of women. It is nothing, therefore, that, under the influence of his presence, coupled with the stimulants which his generosity supplied, the poor creatures about him became hilarious. Not for years had they been regaled with such a treat, whether of refinement or liquor. It reminded not a few of Christian Armstrong, the young gentleman of wealth and promise, a former resident, whose sudden disappearance several years before had filled all hearts with genuine regret.

Intoxication affects men differently. The Kid became merry, the Colonel grave and learned, Old Gripes amiable and benignant, and Pap Tupper mournful and pious. The stranger alone remained cool and collected. He listened to Pap Tupper's regrets over a wasted life, to Old Gripes' prophecy that the world would never be regenerated until the tax was removed from whisky, and to the wisdom which flowed from the Colonel, who, to his military prefix added the title of lawyer, though how he became entitled to those distinctions, whether through simple merit or simple appropriation, may remain matter for conjecture.

'I noticed a very pretty place here,' said the stranger, addressing the Colonel. 'It is on the brow of the hill just behind the town—as handsome a residence as I ever saw in the country.'
'You mean Cris' place?' said the Colonel.
'Why, I don't know whose place it is. It's pretty, though.'

'It must be Cris' place,' said the Colonel. 'A large three-story mansion, veranda all round, trees, lawn, garden, conservatory? Yes, Cris' place.' And the Colonel nodded in answer to the nods of the stranger.
'That place must have cost money, Colonel?'
'Nigh on to \$20,000. It's a pity nobody lives there.'

'It's unoccupied, then?'
'Clear deserted, said the Colonel.
'Owner dead, eh?'
'Why, no; at least I think not. He's been gone, though, these two years, and never heard from.'

'That's strange.'
'Yes, maybe 'tis to you that never knew him; but to us here, who knew him all our lives, it's as natural as life.' And the Colonel, having found his illustration, drank his liquor and turned upon the Kid, who broke in upon the conversation with the remark that he had known Old Cris from a boy.
'You!' exclaimed the stranger, incredulously. 'Why, you are still only a boy and he is an old man.'

'Old?' laughed the Kid.
'Why, yes; didn't you call him old Cris?'
The Kid and the Colonel laughed in chorus. 'It tickles us to think of Old Cris as an old man,' said the Colonel.
'Why, he was a young man, not older than yourself. Perhaps thirty or thereabouts, eh? turning to the Kid.
'Yes; twenty-seven or thirty when he went away,' replied that young and promising individual.

'Then why do you call him Old Cris?' demanded the stranger.
'Because,' explained the Colonel, that is the nickname the boys gave him when he became one of us. He was a handsome fellow,' continued the Colonel, reflectively; 'a tall, fine, brown-haired, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon, with backbone and brains. Educated, rich, talented, and he had the world at his feet, and yet his life was ruined in a day.' And the Colonel paused to master his emotion.

The stranger called for another round, and the Colonel proceeded:
'It was the loss of his wife that broke him down. Ah, she was the handsomest woman in all the country round! what a face hers was! So beautiful, so womanly, so pure! I can shut my eyes and see her just as if it was now instead of two years ago.'
Here the Colonel shut his eyes to illustrate his thought; but, whether by reason of the depth of his reflections or the strength of the liquor, he was unable to stand up with his eyes shut—he swayed and staggered, and would have fallen had not his friend supported him. Straightening himself, he took a grip on the bar and went on:
'It was a week or so after she was gone that he came into the barroom, where he had never set foot before. He called us all up to the bar and treated. He drank heavily, and talked wildly about his wife, and acted as if he was a little off in his head. That night we carried him home, and laid him on the sofa in the parlor of his grand house, and next day all the old granies in the village male and female, were horrified. He got no sympathy from the people of his own class. But he came to us, and we became his friends; and there isn't a man here to-night but loves Cris, and would risk his life to do him a favor.'

'Exactly. Now how do you suppose he lost her?'
The stranger couldn't guess. It would doubtless have been a flimsy or an utter stranger to the event to hazard a conjecture. He invited the crowd to another round, however, and asked the Colonel to proceed with his story.

'It would have been well if she had died,' went on the Colonel, feelingly, 'for they were so happy. It just seemed as if heaven had been let down to earth for them. They were always together, and were so loving and tender, and he built that house on the hill to please her, and had no thought but for her happiness. And then, one summer, they went to the seashore; but after a month he returned alone, all pale and broken. He was not the same man. He said nothing, but walked about dazed like, with black rings under his eyes and a trembling of the lips, which touched one's heart to see. Somehow he leaked out—it always leaks out in a village—that they had met a man at the seashore who had won his wife's affection—a handsome, black-eyed, curly haired gambler, with tawny ways among women. Why, I should say, from his description, that he was a man somewhat of your appearance, stranger.'

The stranger was just lifting his glass to his lips, and as the Colonel said the words, 'somewhat of your appearance,' stranger, his teeth made a clicking sound on the edge of the glass and it fell to the floor in pieces.
'Perhaps you know the man?' said the Colonel, looking sharply at the stranger.
'If?' exclaimed that gentleman. 'I know him?'
'Well, you seem agitated.'

'I am,' said the stranger, coolly. 'The landlord put too much biters in that cocktail. If there's one thing I dislike, it's too much biters in a cocktail. Landlord, some whisky. Well, Colonel, go on.'

'Why, there isn't much more to tell. Cris' wife eloped with the handsome gambler.'
'And so that's how he lost his wife, eh?' said the stranger. 'That's a real romantic story, Colonel, and quite interesting. This Cris' had another name, I suppose?' And as he asked the question the stranger looked keenly at the Colonel.
'Yes; Christian Armstrong,' said the Colonel. And the stranger started again, while his soft white hand played nervously with his hip-pocket. The Colonel, not noticing, added, sorrowfully: 'But we always called him Cris poor fellow! And we all know that when she went off with the handsome gambler it broke his heart. It wouldn't be well for the gambler to show his face here. The boys would hardly forgive him for destroying the happiness of the noblest man we ever knew; and it's my opinion that Cris is searching for his wife over the wide world. If he should ever meet the gambler—'

The Colonel hesitated.
'What then?' asked the stranger.
'He'll kill him.'
'Hump was the stranger's reply, as he shrugged his handsome shoulders.
The revelry was now at its height, and, as the Colonel ended, the noise became deafening. Above the babel of tongues could now and then be heard an intelligible utterance and an occasional reference to the morrow, and the proper mode of spending New Year's Day. Pap Tupper protested he would go to church, and Old Gripes averred that he would go along to 'keep Pap straight,' while the Kid declared his intention of hunting rabbits if it snowed before morning.

Meanwhile the stranger turned from the bar and walked to the window. He looked out upon the sleeping village, lying so calm and still under the pale moonlight. In the pauses of the conversation he could hear the wind whistling round the eaves and the twigs of the trees scratching against the windows. He glanced sideways at the crowd, and mentally confessed that in a certain contingency it would be a dangerous crowd for him. He turned again to the window, muttering to himself: 'This, then, is the village where she lived—with him! I am almost sorry, for he was worthier of her love than I.' He peered out into the night.

The silver disc of the moon was just emerging from a little cloud, and then he received a shock. A face was looking at him which made him start as if shot. It was only for an instant that he saw the face. When he looked again it was gone. 'It cannot be; I must be drunk,' he muttered. 'And yet I could have sworn that was his face.' Again and again he peered through the window, but all was clear moonlight. 'Pooh, I'm drunk!' he said, and turned, and as he did so he noticed a man sitting near the stove. He had just entered and taken a seat. There was something about him which seemed familiar, but his great coat covered him, and his face was buried in the folds of a scarf, which concealed his features. The stranger kept an eye on him as the man proceeded to unwrap himself, removing first his great coat, and then unwinding, fold by fold, the scarf from his neck and face. As the last fold was removed, and he stepped forward into the light, the stranger knew him.

'Armstrong!' he cried, behind set teeth. He stepped back to the wall and put his hand to his lip.
There was a momentary hush, then, 'It's Cris!' shouted the Kid.
'Old Cris! Old Cris!' at once responded through the barroom, and the crowd surged forward about the two men, who regarded each other keenly. Armstrong quite failed to respond to the greetings of his friends. His eyes were riveted on the pale Greek face of the gambler. The dangerous light in the eyes of these two caused the crowd to shrink away, leaving a clear space between them. At once a pistol gleamed in the soft white hand of the stranger, and, in clear tones, the cry came: 'Stand back men, and fair play!'
But he had scarcely uttered the words when the pistol was stricken from his hand and his arms held from behind, while the new comer, hailed as Cris, advanced towards him, grim and silent.

'I have found you at last,' his eyes said, but his lips were dumb.
'Armstrong, you are a brave man; don't murder me!' pleaded the gambler. 'Give me a chance for my life.'

Don't slav me, myself defenseless, my life in your hands.
Still the wronged man spoke not a word. He stood there, tall and commanding, his face and sad eyes full of pathos, and his whole person haggard. He looked upon the handsome stranger as one might look upon a rare, though beautiful animal, whose cruel nature gives a hideous charm to the beauty of its skin. It was for this man that she had deserted him and made his life a torrid waste! And yet he loved her still. Strange fact, which not all these weary years of search for her, and fighting against himself, could change. Even now, standing before his enemy, he confessed he could spare him for her sake. She had so entered his life that nothing could atar his love, no change his devotion, which was deathless. 'God help me,' he had often said. 'Whatever she is, or may become, I cannot help but love her.' And now he felt that he would give all that he possessed, even his life, to guard her from the slightest pain, to minister to her slightest wish. Perhaps some memory of other days, when they were nappy in each other's love, crossed his mind, softening his heart toward her still. Perhaps the worthlessness of life without her who had once made for him a heaven of earth weighed upon him; perhaps the impulse of the moment, an outgrowth of heroic thought, impelled him to the deed; but Christian Armstrong in that moment changed his purpose wholly, and throughout his after conduct there was no sign of faltering seen to indicate that he regretted, or wished to escape the doom, which, a spirit of self-sacrifice, he then, and there imposed upon himself.

'Let him be released,' he commanded. And the gambler was at once set free; but the crowd watched him narrowly. They only waited a sign from Armstrong to destroy him, which he well knew.

Armstrong continued to look upon him, and, calling the landlord, he spoke five words. They made the gambler blanch, cool and brave though he was, and caused a shudder even among the hardened crowd.
'A room with him alone.'

In some communities the voice of one man is a voice irresistible, and there was no thought of denying his demand. They passed upstairs together and entered the room over the bar, and the sound of locking the door on the inside was distinctly heard below. When the landlord returned, pale and trembling, there was no longer any doubt as to the identity of the stranger. He was the gambler who had robbed Armstrong of his wife, and Armstrong had found him at last.

And now a breathless anxiety pervaded every breast, and a hush, in marked contrast with the previous commotion, settled down upon the crowd. For five minutes there was utter silence overhead. Then sounds of moving feet were heard, and the door was unlocked, but it was only to call for pen, ink, and paper. It was thought that the men meant to make their wills. After a long silence there was another movement. Perhaps they were going to fight now. But all was silent once more. Five minutes passed, no sound; ten minutes, and still no sound; fifteen minutes, all silent. The suspense was becoming painful. Another five minutes elapsed—it seemed like an hour—still no sound; and someone proposed to break in the door, and the Colonel started on that errand, but turned and came back, for they were coming downstairs. A moment later they entered the barroom, Armstrong fair, tall, and noble looking, and the gambler, dark, slender, and hunched, following. The crowd looked and wondered; but they were still as death as Armstrong spoke: 'This man must not be harmed,' he said, firmly. 'He is going away. Who will drive him to the station for the midnight train?'

'I,' cried a voice, and the Kid stepped forward.
'Here is your man. Good-by,' said Armstrong.
'Good-by,' said the gambler. Good-by, and God bless you! The life you have saved to-night was worthless before, but now it shall be worthy of your mercy.'

They shook hands again and the gambler was gone.
Then Armstrong drew a paper from his bosom and gave it to the landlord, requesting that it be opened the next morning, then shook hands with all the crowd, bade them good-night, and passed out into the silent street.

New Year's morning dawned cool and fair. The sun crept slowly up the mountain side, crowned its highest peak with splendor, and threw a flood of glory on the sinful village. The frosty air was filled with tiny snowflakes, through which the snowbirds flew, while church bells rang out their glad greetings. Little children tripped lightly by, happy as the bright New Year, and all seemed still echoing the half-sad, half-joyous peals that rang out the old and claimed a greeting to the new.

Christian Armstrong did not appear on the streets, though the paper left by him was duly opened and read. It was his will, in which he bequeathed all his estate to his wife, including his one-delightful home, where they, as man and wife, had passed two sweet years of joy.

'I understand it all now,' said the Colonel. 'He loved her, though she deserted him, and he spared the stranger because she loved him. The stranger was right when he said, sitting in the buggy last night: "I'll keep my oath and change my life. He was worthier of her love than I."'

Perhaps out of respect, perhaps because it seemed lonely to spend the day in the big house on the hill alone, a party started to visit the returned wanderer. As they turned from the village into the country road the grand house came into fuller view, towering high on the hill, its long veranda was extended, and its gilded cupola sparkling as with diamonds in the sunlight.

in his heart, stark dead he lay, this New Year's morning, at peace with all the world, his arms embracing and his cold lips touching, as if to kiss the stones, which, in the happy days, her feet had trod.—John C. Wallis, in the Current.

Millet As An Art Student.

One of Millet's boy friends and companions knew him first in the city of Cherbourg, a few miles from the artist's birthplace, the city where he received his first lessons in art. He had heard how the young peasant Millet tried to imitate the engravings in his Bible during the noonday rest, how he drew the figures about him, and covered the fences with sketches, until his father took him to Cherbourg 'to see whether he could make a living by his business.' When the artist to whom they went saw Millet's drawings, he said to the father: 'You must be joking. That young man there did not make these drawings all alone.'

And when convinced that they were really the boy's work, he exclaimed: 'Ah, you have done wrong to keep him so long without instruction, for your child has in him the making of a great artist.'

Presently the Municipal Council of Cherbourg awarded Millet a meager pension that he might study art in Paris. But the councilmen expected the artist, in return to send back large paintings to the city museum, although he could not live upon the pension. They became angry at this delay; and he, finally bought an immense canvas, and in three days painted a picture of Moses breaking the table of stone. He varnished it once and sent it to the museum. But as the picture was varnished before the paint had dried, it soon began to crack. Now the picture looks so old that some of the good people take it for a painting by Michael Angelo. Then the councilmen asked Millet to paint a portrait of the mayor, who had recently died. Millet had never seen him; but from an old miniature likeness he painted a beautiful portrait, the face seen in a three-quarters front view. Wishing models for the hands, Millet found a man in the neighborhood who had finely shaped hands. This man as it happened, had been imprisoned for some offense. When the portrait was finished and shown to the councilmen, they sent for Millet and told him that they were greatly displeased. The likeness was good, they said, but there were two grave faults: The artist had painted only a three-quarters view of the late mayor, whereas his Honor favorably entered the Council Chamber facing straight forward; and, secondly, it was shameful to have used the hand of a man who had been in prison as the model for the hand of a man so good as the late mayor. Poor Millet! There was nothing for him to say to people so simple and ignorant as these.—Ripley Hitchcock, in St. Nicholas.

Eton Montem.

Any old Eton boy would tell you that you might as well never have been born as not to know about Montem. Why, Montem was as old as Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Victoria was very sorry to have to consent to have it broken up. The senior collegier was captain of Montem, and he sometimes made £1000 out of it.

On the morning of Montem day, the captain gave a great breakfast in the Hall to the fifth and sixth forms. Then the boys marched twice around the school yard, the ensign waved the great flag, the corporals drew their swords and the possession started through the Playing Fields to Salt Hill, in a long line, accompanied by two or three regimental bands. The officers wore red-tail coats, white trousers, cocked hats with feathers, and regimental boots; and the lower boys wore blue coats with brass buttons, white waistcoats and trousers, silk stockings and pumps, and carried slender white canes. But before this, long before sunrise, the salt-bearers and the twelve assistants had gone, some on foot and some in gigs, in their places on all the great roads leading to Eton, to buy 'salt' from everybody they met. Salt meant money; and everybody had to give them salt. George the Third and Queen Charlotte always gave fifty guineas apiece. The money went to the captain of Montem, to help him pay his expenses at the university to which he was to go after leaving Eton. The salt-bearers carried satin money-bags and painted staves, and as receipts for the salt that they secured they gave little printed tickets with the date of the year, and a Latin motto.

Everybody went to Montem, King George always used to go, and Queen Victoria went. There was always a 'Montem poet' who dressed in patchwork, and wore a crown; and he drove about the crowd in a donkey-cart, reciting his ode and flourishing copies of it for sale.

When the procession came to the top of Salt Hill, the ensign waved his flag a second time, and that ended the celebration; only the boys and the visitors all went to the inns at Windsor for a big dinner.—Edwin D. Mead, in St. Nicholas.

Forethought of a Dying Man.

Rev. Hugh Callis still well remembered in Wayne county, where he lived for more than half a century, and died at the advanced age of 104 years. During the last four years of his life he was afflicted with a sort of hypochondria, and every once in a while imagined he was dying. On one such occasion he mounted his adopted daughter on a horse and sent her to notify the members of his family, who lived at some distance, that his end was near, and if they desired to see him die they must come at once. While she was gone on this errand he happened to think that there was no wood cut and that his children would be cold when they got to his bedside, as it was in the middle of winter; so, forgetting about his near approach to death, he got up and went to the woodpile, and when they arrived in haste in obedience to his summons, he found him cutting wood to keep them warm while they watched him die.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Young Man's Mistake.

When a young man starts out with the firm determination to do all in his power to assist and make happy his fellows, and then receives a set-back, it does more towards hardening his heart to the woes of the world than anything else. He no longer derives pleasure from the happiness of his fellow creatures, and where, at one time, he would have been glad to have lent a friend a street car ticket, or his umbrella, he now carries a stony expression on his face and coldly refuses. A sad case of this kind has recently developed in our quiet little city, and the party in question is as much changed as a suit of clothes. Nature blessed him with two lovely little pink shell-like ears, but frail and delicate as they look, their owner is wont to place a great deal of confidence in them, and even in the coldest weather has, until recently, never been known to cover them up. It might be well to say right here that he is one of those so-called cranks, who do not believe in bundling up with superfluous clothing. So when the mercury has crawled away down into the bowels of the thermometer, and everybody else is freezing as still as a Thanksgiving turkey, our friend starts boldly out, overcoatless, cravatless, goshless, and with a derby hat, sitting jauntily on his wealth of brow. If asked if he does not feel the cold, his expressive face is instantly wreathed in smiles, and he proudly answers: 'Oh, no, I am very comfortable, thank you,' while his friend gently murmurs something to himself, which sounds very much like 'I am something of a liar myself.'

Well, the other day when the weather was about fifteen or twenty degrees below, the young man turned out as usual in summer clothing, with his aforesaid shell-like ears laid bare at the mercy of the frigid atmosphere, and had got but a short distance from the house when he fell in with a friend. They proceeded on together talking on different subjects, when the friend suddenly looked up and exclaimed: 'Why, Frank, your ear is frozen!' And sure enough, he had trusted his organ of hearing a little too far, and it had become congealed. The usual remedies were instantly applied, and after it had been rubbed with snow for a short time, the frost finally disappeared, but that ear was a sad wreck of its former grandeur. Once a thing of beauty, it now resembled a kidney, but instead of causing its owners angry passions to rise, it had more the effect of teaching him a lesson, and he decided to be on the look out during the rest of the day, and warn everybody whom he chanced to meet whose nose or ears appeared to be frost-bitten. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, our young friend was again out on the street, and the very first sight that greeted his eyes, was a nose whose deathlike whiteness plainly betokened frost, and more startling to relate, behind that nose was a very interesting young lady. Her cheeks were mellow and rosy as the sun-kissed side of a ripening peach, but the cold hand of death had seemingly laid its icy fingers on her saucy little proboscis, and the contrast was at once both amusing and startling. He immediately summoned up all his courage for a moment, and to address a strange young lady, and tripping lightly to her side, informed her in low and tremulous accents that her nose was friz.

The shriek that she let escape from her rosy lips, was so heart rending and sharp, that it took his breath completely away, and caused his eyes to cross in his head, while he glanced hastily around, expecting to see the patrol wagon come tearing around the corner. 'Oh, sir,' said the frightened young lady, 'what can I do to save my nose?' and then she fainted in his arms. Luckily, they stood in front of a drug store, and dragging his burden inside, ran out and got a handful of snow. This he dabbed on the lady's nose, while the druggist kept the crowd back with one hand and administered restoratives with the other. When she came to, the astounding discovery was made that her nose had not been frozen at all, but on leaving the house she had put about nine layers of powder on it to keep it from getting red. When the young man parted with the lady, it did take a very close observer to see that they were not on the best of terms.

He tried, in his poor, weak way, to apologize, but she turned a deaf ear and said that she had been grossly insulted, that he was no gentleman to play such a contemptible trick on an orphan whose father and mother were both dead, and that she had a great mind to sue for damages. As they parted, a thoughtful expression came into his fawn-like eyes, and he was absent-minded all the rest of the day. He hasn't been himself since, and wanders about in an aimless sort of way, but he has made a solemn vow never to befriend another human being, even if he finds them with their own face frozen. This should be a warning to ladies who go out on a cold day with their nose powdered, for it will be only a question of time when they will get caught in the same trap.—Frost's Sun.

Just the Man He Wanted.

A burglar, who was doing a neat job on a large safe, was horrified, on looking up to see a man standing quietly beside him. He was about to retire, when the gentleman said: 'Go ahead. I am interested in that job.'

'Why?' asked the astonished burglar.
'Because I have forgotten the combination, and no living person know it but myself. If you can get that safe open, I'll make it worth your while.'—Burlington Free Press.

Before and After.

Before marriage: 'Excuse me, George, did my parasol hurt you?' 'Oh, no, my dear; it would be a pleasure if it did.' After marriage: 'Great heavens! There never was a woman under the sun who knew how to carry an umbrella without scratching a fellow's eyes out.' 'And there never was a man who knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol.' 'There isn't any right side to a woman with a parasol.'—Harford Post.