

THE GLIMPSE.

How often I have seen in city streets Some woman's face, with eyes so like the sky...

-Boston Transcript.

MY LOST DIVINITY.

EVERYTHING seemed quite pleasant; it was a magnificent spring afternoon, the park was at its best...

actress—O, not the popular idea, Skeff! She was pretty and refined, and taking a small part in a comedy...



SHE WAS THE LADY OF THE TURBIE.

added, with a groan. She has simply packets of my letters, and all as loving as you can make em!

"Dennis, I want you particularly. I will drive you back," she added, in a tone that admitted of no denial.

"To be perfectly honest, it is a sheer accident. I had not the slightest idea that Miss Effie Brennan was you!"

"A mediator—is one necessary?" she said. "We are hoping so. You see, Dennis told me everything, poor boy! How he fell very much in love with you before he went out to the war."

"Yes. And, by the way, he gave me a very accurate description of you," I continued, with a glance at her.

"His present attitude would seem to suggest that he has changed his mind." I explained the sacrifice he was making, pleaded eloquently in his defense...

"But it was a very good chance for me," she said, doubtfully. "O, you will have others; you simply can't help it!" I said, eagerly.

"Well, now you have found us, you will come again, say, to-morrow, for tea? Mother does so want to thank you!"

I tore myself away and walked back to my rooms. I had plenty of food for reflection on the way.

"After all, a divinity is a divinity, whether she threatens to bring breach-of-promise actions or not," I soliloquized.

"There has been a terrible mistake," I began lamely, showing her Dennis's wire. "You see, he was trying not to let his mother notice him giving me the address," I added, in explanation.

"No; the actress episode has quite decided me. And, somehow, I feel that, as you said, I shall never regret it. I must just wait in patience until that other man comes along," she added demurely.

Forgetfulness on Both Sides. "Some of you pleasure seekers," said Rev. Mr. Bosh, "always seem to forget that there is such a day as Sunday."

GETTING FATHER'S CONSENT.

Mr. Tenney smiled ironically. "And I s'pose I'm only a punkin with no blood to speak of an' no heart at all!"

"Shouldn't wonder 'f he was," said Mr. Tenney, complacently. "Nothing strange about that, with me the best fixed man in the township."

"Do you mean that he cares for Alice because you're well-to-do?" flashed Mrs. Tenney.

"I admit it," said Mr. Tenney, as impersonally as he was able. "But that's no reason why I should set still an' see Alice make the same blunder."

"No, it didn't, an' you know it," answered Mr. Tenney, stiffly. "You fell in love with me—just me—didn't you?"

"What should you think we'd better give 'em—silver or money?" Mrs. Tenney asked, considerably.

"Just which you think best, Ann," answered Mr. Tenney, watching his wife out of the room.

"It's all right," Mrs. Tenney continued to Alice in the kitchen; "he didn't begin to go on as your gran'pa did, when ma spoke to him about your pa an' me."

Some rules work both ways and some others won't work either way.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Mother—I don't hear the canary singing this morning, Osten. Is he in a good humor? Osten—No, mamma, I think he's in a pet.

Then He Ran. "George, you don't love me any more." "Oh, yes, I do."

Getting On. Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school? "First-rate. I ain't doing so well as some of the other boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the wall. I want to do it without the wall at all."

Lesser Evil. "Ma," wailed the small boy, "I've lost two teeth, a lock of hair, scraped my shins and tore all my clothes up."

A Long-Felt Want. Casey—Oh see there's bin another railroad wreck due to an open switch. Cassidy—Ay, 'tis a pity some wan don't invent a switch that'll stay shut when its open.—Philadelphia Press.

More Proof. Ernie—Some learned professor tells us that sunspots cause people to lose their tempers.

One Drawback. "Tis love that makes the world go round," whispered the pretty girl as she nestled closer.

Platform Repartee. "Did you ever see a chimney sweep?" asked the solemn man with the black cane.

A Clear Conscience. Mrs. Gilbert—Dean of the Stage. Nowhere are gray hairs held in higher reverence than on the stage, especially when we ourselves have seen them come year after year, until the head that was once brown is streaked with silver; and Mrs. Gilbert has lived to teach a whole generation of young actresses something that they cannot learn from books or a dramatic school about the difficult and exquisite art of growing old gracefully.

Two of a Kind. "A man needn't be afraid of lightning so long as he can see it approaching," said the would-be humorist.

Light Indeed. "And after the elopement," he whispered, tenderly, "we will go to light housekeeping."

Obtuse Brilliance. Julia—Is Clementine really so intellectual? Aurelia—Oh, yes; she never can tell you a thing any other woman has on.

One Definition. "Papa, what is allimony?" "My boy, it is the price set on a man's liberty."

Old as the Scissors. "Telegraphing without wires is a new thing," remarked the gray-haired passenger.

It Isn't, eh? "Not by a jugful," continued the old man. "Why, sir, when I published a newspaper forty years ago I got nearly all my telegraph news that way."

Chicago News.

Reversed. "What is the difference between me and a prisoner on a pirate ship?" asked the man who was placing boards along the slippery stone walk.

Easily Explained. Teacher—Where is your brother this morning, Tommy? Tommy—He fell in a barrel of cider and hurt himself.

What the Homely Bachelor Says. "Mamma," asked small Floramay, "what is 'single blessedness'?" "Single blessedness, my dear," replied the knowing mother, is a "bom quiet that a bachelor throws at himself when he wants to marry and can't."

A Bright Thought. "Yes, ma'am," said the obsequious grocery clerk to Mrs. Bridey, who was ordering her first bill of supplies, "I've put down parlor matches; what next?" "Well—er—I suppose I ought to have some kitchen matches, too, oughtn't I?"

Nightly Occurrence. Teacher—What is this word? Tommy—I don't know, ma'am. Teacher—What does a gentleman remove when he enters a house? Tommy—Well, if ma is awake pa removes his shoes.

Scathing. Angry Patron (to waiter)—Here! Take away this lobster. Why, it's as old as I am.

Very Appropriate. "Did you hear about Lever? Went fast to sleep while speeding in his automobile." "Yes, and he slept like a top." "How was that?" "Spinning."

Dinner Repartee. "Ah, this spring chicken is a toothsome morsel," said the sweet singer. "Excuse me," said the comedian boarder, "but it cannot be toothsome." "Why not?" "Because chickens have no teeth."

An Unreasonable Request. Wife (timidly)—Can you let me have a dollar, dear? Husband (testily)—No, I can't. Haven't I just spent \$2,500 on an automobile?

There's Something in the Wind. "How was that play, 'The Fall of Santiago'?" "Great! The shells fell among the audience."

Shelling the Parquet. "How was that play, 'The Fall of Santiago'?" "Great! The shells fell among the audience."

The Absent-Minded Beggar. She—My sister is coming out next week. He—How long was she sent up for?—Cornell Widow.

Perhaps He Was. "Who was that young man hugging you last night?" asked the girl in the new fall hat. "Oh, he is a book agent," responded her chum.

Dead Easy. "How," asked the very young man, can one tell when love is only platonic?" "When it develops into the other kind," replied the charming widow, "one can look back and see the difference."

No Laughing Matter. "I thought you would surely laugh at that little joke," said the humorist, as the editor solemnly glanced at the manuscript. "Not me," rejoined the man behind the blue pencil, "I never laugh at an old friend."

Crazy Enough. "Yes, if I do say it," said the conceited fellow, "she's crazy for me." "How unnecessary," remarked Miss Sharpe, "you don't require any assistance in that direction."—Philadelphia Press.

It All Depends. "How gratifying it must be," said the sentimental youth who had the matrimonial fever, "to be the owner of one's own little home." "Yes, it's gratifying enough, I suppose," rejoined the man who had just failed in business, "but it's a whole lot safer to have one's wife own it."

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