

Too Late.

The house had been aroused by a burglar. Mr. Jones saw a man with a mask going through the pockets of his pantaloons, and, quick as thought, he shot at him, the intruder making good his escape.

"Why," said Mrs. Jones, thoroughly awake, "what did you scare me for?"

"I saw a man robbing my pockets and fired at him."

"Well, he didn't get anything," said she, complacently.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I tried 'em myself before we went to bed."—Adams Freeman.

A Historical Item.

One day recently, in a Dundee school, the teacher was examining the class in history and asked one of the boys "How did Charles I. die?"

The boy paused for a moment, and one of the other lads, by way of prompting him, put his arm up to his collar to signify decapitation.

Boy No. 1 at once grasped, as he thought, his friend's meaning and exclaimed, to the great amusement of the class: "Please, sir, he died of cholera."—London Morning Journal.

An Unpopular Minister.

It was one of those cozy villages of bonnie Scotland, where gossip is the chief barter and church the chief duty of every "mon" and all the "weem-in." For once gossip and church were traveling the same way, for Dougald McSorlie, the minister, had suddenly grown unpopular, and the numbers of his congregation were steadily diminishing.

No one knew better than he that something must be done; so he concluded to do a little house to house missionary work, and thus arouse more interest in church affairs.

But his enthusiasm was short lived. The first man he accosted was Donald Campbell, a sturdy old Scot of well-known free-thinking tendencies.

"Tonal," began the minister, "for why were ye no' at the kirk last Sabbath?"

"I was at Mr. McShouter's kirk, meenister."

This was hardly the reply that was expected, but the minister continued, with added gravity: "I dinna like ye rinning about the strange kirk i' this way. I am pairfeckly sure ye yersel' widna like yer ain sheep strayin' awa' into strange pastures."

"I widna care a grain, meenister, gin it was better gress."—Boston Budget.

An Indication.

Mr. Northside walked into his parlor the other night and was rather surprised to see his daughter sitting on young Mr. Hilltop's lap.

The young people were surprised too. The old man was the first to recover his equanimity and as Miss Northside found her feet he remarked:

"Ah, Lucy! I see your race for a husband is nearly over."

"What makes you say that, papa?" asked the girl, blushing painfully.

"You seemed to be on the last lap."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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SEE the little catcher,
With mittens on his hands,
As, trembling with excitement,
Behind the bat he stands;
And as he gives his orders,
He seems to grow in size,

"Come, get some ginger in yer!
Two out! Play ball!" he cries.

He's slender-built and wiry,
With freckles on his nose.
Could he throw down to second?
Well, hardly! you'd suppose.
But see how quick he's snatching
The ball from off the bat,
The runner's surely beaten—
"Hey, Empire, how was dat!"

"Dat bluff don't go now, Mugsey!"
I hear his angry shout;
"Come in, de game is over;
De Empire says yer out!
Yer in de soup, youse fellars;
We's beat yer by tree runs!
De Victors always gets dere—
We is de cham-pe-uns!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Starting Late in Life.

In the recently published life of the late Sir E. B. Hamley appears one of his favorite stories, which has reference to Capt. Brook, riding master at the Cadet college. Brooks was anxious to enter his son at Wellington college, and started one day to walk to the college from the station. Seeing Broadmoor Lunatic asylum, he confounded the one establishment with the other, walked up, and rang the bell.

He asked the porter if he could see the principal. When the latter appeared Brooks thought him a queer-looking figure for an instructor of youth. Brooks said:

"I wish to put my boy under your charge if you can take him."

"Oh, yes," said the man, "is he a bad case?"

"Bad case!" exclaimed Brook. "What on earth do you mean? There's not a better boy in England. The only thing I fear is that he may be too old."

"Why, how old is he?"

"He is eighteen."

"Pish! we take them up to eighty."

"Why," said Brook again in high dudgeon, "if he does not come here till eighty, what time do you suppose he's going to get his commission?"—Pearson's Weekly.

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Looking Forward.

The girl pianist in the next flat who had sprinted over the teeth of the torture box for hours at a time was going to be married.

The society columns of the Sunday papers had given it a two-stickful notice.

The face of the weary man in the next flat lighted up with joy, but as he looked out of the window and saw a tired-eyed woman wheeling in a perambulator a fat, husky baby, charged full of holler, cow's milk, baby food and ugliness, his face hardened, and he hissed between his clenched teeth: "Revenge!"—Minneapolis Journal.

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