

YOUNG FOLK.

The Spire of Saint Stevens. (Concluded.)

Franz took up his basket and bade the old sexton good night. After he had passed in to the street a figure crept out from the cupboard, and stole softly downstairs. The light by the door showed a boy about seventeen years old with an evil scowl on his face. "And so thou art to take my place, Franz Halie," he sneered. "That is nothing new. Twice this year has our master, the goldsmith, preferred thy work to mine, and hast set thee over me. Truly, I wish thou mayst fall to-morrow and break thy neck."

When Franz reached home the kind neighbor who was watching by his mother's bed motioned for him to be quiet. The sick one is sleeping well," she said. "If I had but some good broth to give her when she wakes." Franz pointed to the basket, and the delighted woman began the preparation for the evening meal. When the invalid awoke they gave her a few spoonfuls of the broth and had the satisfaction of seeing a faint color come into the white cheeks as she sank into a peaceful slumber.

"Do thou go to bed, Franz! I will stay with thy mother to-night, and to-morrow too, for that matter, so that thou canst have the whole day to thyself. Thou needest it after all thy care and watching. I like not these parades and these marches of triumph. They remind me too much of my boy whose young life helped to purchase the victory." And the good frau wiped away a tear.

The morning dawned with a bright blue sky and a crisp breeze which shook out the folds of the tropical banners floating from every tower and turret. The city was one blaze of color. The gorgeous festoons on column and arch and facade were matched by the rich tints of the splendid costumes in the streets below. On every side the black eagles of Austria stood out distinctly from their gleaming orange background. The procession was due at the cathedral by the middle of the afternoon, but owing to some delay it was nearly sunset when the salute from the "Fort" told of the approach of the troops. To Franz the hours had dragged wearily on, and he sprang up joyfully when Nicholas finally appeared in the little room in the tower, with the furled flag under his arm. "Come," he said gruffly. "You have just time to climb up and take your stand on the spire." Up the boys went, as far as the great bell, Franz close behind Nicholas. Thus far, the ascent had been easy, but from this point the steps dwindled to long, frail ladders terminating in small platforms, one steadied by iron bars.

Still they toiled upward, more slowly and cautiously now, for the danger increased with every turn. At last they halted, side by side, on the little platform under the sliding window. To Nicholas's surprise Franz stood there, surveying it all without flinching. The younger boy turned to his burly companion. "Somehow, we've never been very good friends. I don't think the fault was all on my side, because you wouldn't let me be your friend. And we have had a good many quarrels! Won't you shake hands with me now and wish me good luck? It—if—and there was just the suspicion of a tremor in the winning voice—"I should never see you again I should like to feel that we were friends at the last. You're very good to come up here with me."

To his dying day, Nicholas never forgot the slight, almost girlish figure, standing there, with the wistful little smile and the pleading tenderness shining in the blue eyes. He touched the slender outstretched hand with his own, but dropped it suddenly as if he had received an electric shock. He tried to say "good luck," but his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth.

"Look you, Franz!" he murmured hoarsely. "When you are safe outside I'll hand out the flag, I'll wait till you reach the opposite side of the spire and call out. 'All's well,' and then I'll go down and leave you to make your way back. And glad I shall be to leave this miserable trap in mid-air."

Franz's face was deathly pale, but his eyes shone like two stars. He climbed up nimbly through the opening, and let himself carefully down to the stone ledge outside, and reached up for the flag. A few moments passed, which seemed like ages to the waiting Nicholas. Then a cheery "All's well" rang out without a quiver in the steady voice. The older boy's face grew black with rage. "What nerve the pale, sickly little thing has!" he muttered between his set teeth. "I believe he'll do it, after all! And so this baby gets not only the prizes at the goldsmith's, but the money and the glory of this thing, to say nothing of his taking my place in the cathedral."

He raised his hand to the window and stood in front of it for a moment. Then he began the descent as if some demon were after him. The frail ladders vibrated and swayed with the dangerous strain, but down he went with reckless haste until he reached the second platform, when he raised his hands with an agonized gesture to his ears as if he was trying to shut out the voice of conscience that kept calling to him: "Back! back! before it is too late! Stain not thy young soul with such a crime!"

Still he hurried down with flying step to the landing near the great bell, where he paused, and stood leaning breathless against one of the cross-beams of the tower. Into the fierce, turbulent passions of the troubled face stole a softened expression, lighting up the swarthy lineaments like a gleam of sunshine. "I will go back and undo the horrid deed," he cried, as if in answer to the good angel pleading within his breast. "I am coming, Franz! God forgive me!"

He had turned to make the ascent and his hand was stretched out to grasp the side of the ladder, when his toe caught in a coil of rope on the platform, and missing his hold he plunged down, down into the space beneath.

In the mean time Franz had made his way safely around the spire and stood quietly with the end of the flag-staff on the ledge beneath, waiting for the signal. It came in a few moments; the thunder of the great gun on the Platz, and bracing his feet firmly, he unfurled the flag and slowly waved it back and forth. From the answering roar of artillery and the cheer upon cheer that floated up through the air he knew that his salute had been seen.

With a light heart he began to retrace his steps, edging himself cautiously, inch by inch, to the window. To his surprise, the sliding wooden panel was closed! With one hand he grasped the iron ring fastened to the wall beneath the window, and with the other pushed first gently, and then with all

his might, but the panel remained fast. He tried to batter it with the flag-staff, but soon found that in his cramped position it only increased his danger. Again and again he endeavored to force it open, breaking his nails and bruising his finger tips in his frenzy, but to no purpose. Suddenly the conviction dawned upon him that the window was bolted from the inside. With a despairing sob he tottered backward, but his grasp on the ring held, and with a supreme effort he pulled himself up close to the wall and tried to collect his scattered wits.

"It is no use to shout," he said aloud. The troops disbanded, and the people hurried off to the brilliantly lighted cafes and theatres, all unconscious of the pale, silent boy clinging with desperate grip to the spire, with but a narrow shelf of stone between him and a horrible death.

The sunset faded into the twilight, and with a sudden wave darkness drifted over the earth. The noise in the streets grew fainter and fainter. The minutes lengthened into hours, and still the boy stood there as the night wore on, occasionally shifting his position to ease his cramped and aching limbs. The night wind pierced his thin clothing, and his hands were numb with the cold. One by one the bright constellations rose and glittered and dipped in the sky, and the boy still managed to keep his foothold, as rigid as the stone statues on the dome below.

"Two, three, four," pealed the bells in their hoarse, deep tones, and when the first glimmer of dawn tinged the eastern horizon with pale yellow, the haggard face lightened with expectancy, and from the ashen lips which had been moving all night in prayer came the words. "In God is my trust."

"What is the meaning of yonder crowd?" asked one of two artisans who had met while hurrying across the Platz to their work.

"What! have you not heard! All Vienna is ringing with the news! It was young Franz, the goldsmith's apprentice, who climbed out on the spire yesterday and waved the flag. In some way the little window near the top was fastened on the inside, and the poor boy was forced to stay out all night clinging to the spire. It is only a short time ago that he was discovered and brought fainting down the ladders. After working over him a little while he seemed all right and was carried to his home. And there's another strange thing! Nicholas, old Jacob Wirtig's nephew, was picked up, mangled and bleeding, at the foot of the tower stairs this morning. He has just been taken to the hospital."

The next day Franz received a summons from the Emperor. As he followed the officer who had been sent to conduct him to the palace, to his surprise the marble steps and the corridor beyond were lined on either side with the soldiers of the Imperial Guard, and as the slender, boyish figure, with its crown of golden hair, passed between the files each mailed and bearded warrior reverently saluted.

On he went, through another chamber and into a spacious hall with marble floors and hangings of rich tapestry. On both sides were rows of courtiers and officers, the rich costumes and nodding plumes and splendid uniforms, with their jeweled orders contrasting strangely with the lad's plain, homespun garments. "It is the Emperor," whispered the guide, as they drew near a canopied throne, and Franz dropped on one knee.

He felt the hand which was placed on his bowed head tremble, and a kind voice said: "Rise, my boy! kneel not to me! It is I, thy Emperor, who should rather kneel to thee for thy filial piety. My brave lad! I know thy story well. Ask me of a place near my person, aid, for thy sick mother—what thou wilt—and it is granted thee? And remember that as long as the Emperor of Austria shall live he will feel himself honored in being known as thy friend."

In a short time another summons came, this time from the hospital. At the end of a long row of beds lay Nicholas, with his arm bandaged and strips of plaster covering the gashes on his forehead.

"O, Franz!" he groaned, "if God has forgiven me, why cannot you? And you will believe that I speak the truth when I tell you that I was sorry for what I had done, and I had turned to go back and unbolt the door when I tripped and fell."

Franz bent over him with a bright smile. "I forgive you everything, Nicholas," he said sweetly, "so please let us say no more about it. It wasn't a bad exchange. I lost an enemy, but I gained a friend," and the hands of the two boys met in a firm, loving grasp.

How to Trim a Hat.

For trimming hats the velvet or silk rosettes are much in vogue. They are easily made—after one knows how. You must conclude how large a rosette you want, and widen or narrow your material to suit the size. The rosette most fancied is just about the size of a rose, and the material, cut on the bias, is folded to be an inch wide. The strip is then gathered and drawn into shape, it being fastened in that on a circle of stiff net. Sew it securely and do not attempt to plait it to shape—it must be gathered. One, two, or three rosettes are used and the number usually decides the size. An eighth of a yard of velvet, cut on the bias, will make one medium-sized rosette, and this seems to be that best liked. Amateurs usually err in over-trimming a hat or bonnet; so as straw ones are not so troublesome to arrange as those of velvet, do not commit this fault. If you cannot see the really good styles in any other way, then look at them in the milliner's window. Read her art, and marking it, learn and outwardly imitate. Chapeaux "just tossed" together always look what they are, and the one to which proper consideration and time has been shown is the one that approaches the nearest to being "a love of a bonnet."

Not So Sure About It.

"Here's an item," ejaculated Mr. Billus, who was reading his newspaper, "about a superstitious crank that got up from the table rather than be one of thirteen at a supper."

"That reminds me, John," said Mrs. Billus, "that there were just thirteen that sat down at our wedding supper."

"Well, it didn't bring anybody bad luck, did it?" growled the husband.

"No, I believe not. That is—none of the others."

Mrs. Billus stared abstractly at the "God Bless Our Home" on the wall and Mr. Billus read his paper upside down in silence for the next ten minutes.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Little Wife At Home.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do.
Stitches to set and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you;
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your house with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt;
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop the trouble out of sight;
To the little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night.

—For Truth.

The Sitting-Room Window.

BY MRS. ANNIE L. JACK.

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

So I hum to myself this fair morning by the sitting-room windows, while the children go about their duties, and the sunshine gives life to everything where it can penetrate. Through the cool white curtains I see the garden where the roses bloom and the robins sing, but we are busy making up summer dresses, fair muslins and lawns that can be done so easily by amateur dressmakers now that dresses are simplified and patterns easily obtained. When the machine stops humming and they are busy basting I sometimes lean back in my easy chair and moralize on events of the day—of men and women, and of the mercies we enjoy and only half appreciate.

Patience sometimes takes a little time to paint, Ruth stitches bright fancies into her work, and bright haired Mercy attends to the domestic needs, comforts the children, and does the thousand and one things that fall to a willing woman's share of life's overburdens, now and then bringing her work with her to a chair by the pleasant window where we all congregate.

So this morning there is a little breathing spell, and we are talking of the best each can make of life. We talked, too, of the various avenues open to our six in the world of work, and I said that our many duties kept us from concentration, from doing one thing well. A wood engraver, for instance, being asked why he did not take girls as apprentices, said it was simply because they did not make it a life work as boys did. There was always the thought of marriage, and they had not the ambition that inspired a boy whose lifework it was, and who endeavored to excel.

"Why," said Mercy, indignantly, "do men think girls cannot do work well because they are so full of the thought of a possible husband. What an uncharitable idea. There are girls and girls—and the world is just beginning to find it out—" "Yes," I answered, "but would you blame the world for judging by past experience?" The time is not far distant when every sensible girl will have a profession, or a business, and if she lives at home, will all the same be a specialist in some department of the world's work.

Besides being useful, it is health to body and mind to have some particular pursuit or study, or work that interests the mental and physical powers. I am always struck by this idea when in Boston, and though many jokes are made at the culture at the "Hub," there is a great deal of common sense in the method of being a specialist, so long as it is not carried to excess, to make one a nuisance to any one else.

Then when old age comes you will be able to follow your pursuit by the mark you have made and to fill your time with pleasant remembrances when you do not care to battle in the foremost ranks. "I suppose," said Patience, "my mark will be best seen if I get a dress album and put in a bit of each pattern I am making up. It will be easy to see them, and to be remembered for what I have done." And then the sewing machine began to hum again, and each one went her separate way. So June comes to us, and we see the promise of the glorious Summer, as the morning gives the promise of a fair day.

CHATELAIN, QUE.

Choice Receipts.

BETHLEHEM APPLE PIE.—Line a deep pie-dish with good light paste; cover the bottom with apples, pared, cored, and cut into halves; put the round side down, and crowd in as many as possible; sprinkle over four heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and place here and there a bit of butter; bake in a moderately quick oven until the apples are tender; serve warm with plain cream; the apples should be tart and of such kind as will cook quickly.

BRANNAISE SAUCE.—Put four tablespoonfuls of water and four of olive oil into a small saucepan with the beaten yolks of four eggs; stir over boiling water until quite thick; beat until smooth; take from the fire and when cold add a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar and one of finely chopped parsley; season with salt and cayenne.

CREAM OF CARROTS.—Scrape four good-sized carrots and grate them; cook a half hour in one and a half quarts of good veal or chicken stock; rub together two teaspoonfuls of butter and two of flour; stir in the boiling soup constantly until it boils, add one pint of new milk or, better, half cream and half milk, a teaspoonful of grated onion, and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper.

DOUGHNUTS.—Beat two eggs without separating until very light; one and a half cups of sugar; beat again; add a half pint of milk and two cups (one pint) of flour, and beat until smooth; melt two ounces of butter until soft, not liquid; stir it into the mixture; add half teaspoonful of salt, half of a nutmeg, grated, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sufficient flour to make a soft dough; work lightly; roll out; cut into doughnuts and fry in hot fat; to have them very delicate handle as lightly as possible.

BREAD STICKS.—Scald one pint of milk and add while hot two ounces of butter; when lukewarm add a teaspoonful of salt, one of

sugar, and about one quart of sifted flour; beat vigorously for five minutes add a half compressed-yeast cake dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water, or half a cup of good yeast; mix, cover, and stand in a warm place over night; in the morning add the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and sufficient flour to make a soft dough; knead for five minutes, then pound until soft and velvety; put back in the bowl until very light; then take a very small piece of the dough, roll it out into a long strip about the size of a thick lead-pencil, and six inches long; place them in greased pans; when light brush them with a little white of egg and water mixed, and bake in a quick oven ten or fifteen minutes.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Scald and peel perfectly ripe tomatoes—the little, pear-shaped are the best—prick with a small needle, add an equal weight of sugar and let stand over night. Pour off the juice and boil thick; add the tomatoes and cook until transparent. Flavor with lemon or ginger as may be desired.

BLACKBERRY OR RASPBERRY JAM.—Pick ripe, sweet berries, put in a kettle, mash with a large spoon; allow half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Cook slowly and carefully, stirring to prevent sticking, until very thick.

CURRENT JELLY.—Pick ripe currants from the stems, and put them in a stone jar, mash them, and set the jar in a large iron pot and boil. Pour the fruit in a flannel jelly bag, and let drip without squeezing. To every six pints of juice add four pounds of sugar. Boil twenty minutes, skim. When thick put in glasses, let cool, and cover close.

GRAPE JELLY.—Stem ripe grapes and put in a preserve kettle, let come to a boil, mash and strain. Put the juice on to boil for twenty minutes, when add three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, skim while boiling, let cook fifteen minutes. Green grape jelly may be made the same way, but will require a pound of sugar to a pint of juice.

CRAB-APPLE JELLY.—Wash and wipe Siberian crab-apples, quarter, but do not core, put in a kettle, and cover with cold water; cook until soft. Strain twice through a jelly bag. Put the juice on and boil twenty-five minutes. Add a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, with the juice of one lemon. Boil until it jellies.

QUINCE JELLY.—Cut ripe quinces in slices, put in a kettle and cover with cold water; boil until soft, strain, and put in a preserving kettle; to every pint of juice add three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; boil until it jellies.

PEACH MARMALADE.—Peel ripe peaches, remove the seeds, put the fruit in a kettle with a little water and boil until reduced to a pulp; run through a colander, add half a pound of sugar, and boil carefully until stiff.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare and quarter ripe quinces. Put them in a kettle, cook until soft, add half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit and boil until thick.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Wash and wipe the oranges, peel and put the peeling in a kettle with a little water, boil several hours; cut the oranges and squeeze the juice and pulp in a kettle; drain the water from the peel, and pound it fine, put with the juice, to which add a pound of sugar for every pint of juice; boil one hour, when it should be thick and solid. Put in little cups and cover with paper.

LEMON MARMALADE.—Peel lemons, and extract the seeds. Boil the peel until soft, add the juice and pulp with a pound of lemon. Boil until thick.

The Birth of Our Lord.

"A German professor says our calculation of the Christian era is erroneous." I find the above item going the rounds, with an added line which meekly informs the reader that we are off four or five years in our mode of reckoning time. Four centuries there has been doubt as to the correctness of the accepted calculation of the Christian era. Learned historians cannot agree whether Christ was born in the year 747, 749 or 754, counting from the foundation of Rome.

Prof. Sattler, of Munich, has published an essay in which he tried to reconcile the testimony of the evangelists with other historical data on this point. He has examined four copper coins which were struck in the reign of Herod Antipas, one of the sons of Herod the Great, from which he deduces the conclusion that Christ was not born in 754, but in 749, after the foundation of Rome, and therefore that 1890 is 1895. This opinion the professor substantiates by what he takes to be corroborative testimony of the evangelists.

According to Matthew, Jesus was born toward the end of the reign of Herod the Great, and that when Herod died Jesus was yet a little child. Luke says that James was born in the year which the governor of Syria made the first census in Judea. In another place he says that John began to baptize in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, and in that year baptized Jesus, who was then 30 years of age. St. Luke says that in Judea the first census was made during the reign of Herod; this census must have been ordered in the year 746 of Rome.

Probably it was begun in Judea in 747. Professor Sattler thinks it was not made in Jerusalem earlier than 749. He finds that the four coins enabled him to make clear the testimony of the evangelist as to the fifteenth year of the Emperor Tiberius. Though Augustus died Aug. 19, 767, the reign of Tiberius must be counted from a year and a half earlier, from Feb. 766, when he was appointed co-regent; therefore the fifteenth year of Tiberius falls in 780, when John baptized Jesus, who was then about 30 years of age.

One of the evangelists says that Jesus began to preach forty-six years after the building of the temple by Herod at Jerusalem. Now it is known that the temple was begun eighteen years after Herod was appointed regent by the Roman senate, or in the year 734 from the foundation of Rome. Adding forty-six to that year it gives 780 as the year in which Christ began to preach. If all these calculations of Professor Sattler are correct then the Christian era began five years earlier than is usually supposed.

That Made a Difference.

Cumso—I think I'll get a tandem tricycle for you and me to ride on.

Mrs. Cumso—Indeed, I won't ride on such a thing!

But they cost \$275.

It's that so? Well, you can get one, and I'll see how I like it.

SUMMER SMILES.

Copper-faced types—Indians and Mongolians.

A man's face against him when he has a gin phiz.

One is company and two is a crowd in a Summer hammock.

A piece of limburger cheese is like a tack in one respect—you can always find it in the dark.

There is, generally speaking, nothing green about a widow, notwithstanding her weeds.

The college graduate is now looking about him for a job. It is the saddest period of his life.

"Strange colt, this of yours, Jack." "How's that?" "Well, he's young and fresh, and yet he's a chestnut."

"I hear you have fired your bookkeeper. Why did you do so?" "Because he came to the store loaded."

A sulky girl may sometimes be cured by taking her out in a buggy with a seat just large enough for two.

Elsie—"Did you know papa well before you married him, mamma?" Mother (sadly)—"No, dear, I didn't."

"But, Mrs. Brown, there are flies baked in this cake!" "Oh, if you please, ma'am, the most of what you see are raisins."

Billings—"Well, my boy, are you satisfied with married life?" Benedict—"Satisfied? Why, I am perfectly satiated with it."

Interviewer—"You began life as a clerk, did you not?" Merchant—"No, sir; I began life as a king. I was the first baby."

Here's a conundrum for this hot weather. "When a young man steals a kiss, does he take the same from the girl or give it to her?"

When a father is seen purchasing a pair of stout boots it is not always an evidence that he is on bad terms with his daughter's suitor.

"Johnson married well?" "He did. His wife foots the bills, I hear." "She's able to, is she?" "Oh, Yes; she's a Hamilton girl."

An Irishman seeing a Chinaman reading a Chinese book backward, as is his custom, exclaimed: "Johnny, are ye left-handed or only cross-eyed?"

People go to the mountains and the seaside to do nothing, and yet where young couples are congregated business is usually passing in the evenings.

She—"It will be a pleasure for me to share your troubles and anxieties." He—"But I haven't any." She—"Oh, you will have when we are married!"

"I am sober and steady. I was ten years in my last place and five in the one before that." "But where was the last place you worked?" "In the central prison."

She (reading the paper)—"Another cyclone out West! It has swept dozens of farms clear of everything." He—"I'll bet the mortgages didn't budge an inch."

A Hopeless Effort—"What is that on the bald man's crown?" "That is a fly." "Is the bald man going to kill it?" "He is going to try to kill it, but he won't."

Mr. Blazay—"That's Miss Rosebud. She's eighteen—an age I don't care for in women; neither hay nor grass, you know." Mr. Boyd (enthusiastically)—"No, it's clover."

Doctor—"What is your husband's complaint, ma'am? It is chronic?" Wife—"Yes sir. I have never known him to be satisfied with a meal for the last thirty-five years."

If brevity's the soul of wit,
Tis easy, quite, to see
How men whose fancies liveliest are
So often "short" should be.

Sunday School Teacher—"What can you say about the moral condition of Sodom?" Pupil—"He was a thundering bad man, but not quite so bad as his wife, Gomorrah."

Fakir—"Neckties, suspenders—Hamilton Man (haughtily)—"Do I look like a man who'd wear a twenty-cent necktie?" Fakir—"Well, I haf some for ten cents, mister."

She (enthusiastically)—"Oh, George, don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?" He—"That's what I am here for."

Benevolent—"Well, Fritz, you got whipped in school to-day?" "Yes, but it did n't hurt." "But you certainly have been crying?" "Oh, I wanted to let the teacher have a little pleasure out of it."

Retaliation:
The schoolma'am seeks vacation's joys,
Her labor being done,
And she who tanned the little boys
Is now tanned by the sun.

McMackin—"Didn't yez promise me th' position av dog-drowner if I supported yez?" Alderman O'Fenelly—"O! did not." McMackin—"Hivin' blessh th' phonograph! Listen th' wurruds yez said."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Valentine. I suppose—ha! ha!—you were borne on St. Valentine's Day." "That doesn't follow—any more than that you were born the first day of April, sir."

Irate Youth—"See here, Duzenberry did you tell Sparrowgrass that I couldn't be counted on to pay my debts?" Duzenberry—"I did not. On the contrary, I told him you could be counted on not to."

Young Wife—"Do you love me as much as ever?" Young Husband—"I reckon so." Y. W.—"Will I always be the dearest thing in the world to you?" Y. H.—"I reckon so unless the landlord raises the rent."

Tommy—"Paw, what is the difference between 'impelled' and 'compelled'?" Mr. Figg—"Why—er—it—I was impelled to marry your mother, and now I am compelled to live with her. Quite a difference!"

"Marriage is indeed a lottery," sighed Tomnoddy, after a tiff with his wife. "And we both drew prizes," returned the lady. "Ah!" said T., somewhat mollified. "Yes; you got a capital prize and I took the booby."

A—"Did you hear that the thief and desperado, Bucksfoot Jack, had been killed?" B.—"No. Died with his boots on, I suppose." A.—"No, indeed. He died with another man's boots on. Robbed a shoe store."

Hayseed (taking his seat in a photographer's chair)—"Wait a minute. Don't you give nothing?" Photographer—"What do you mean, sir?" Hayseed—"I'd like to take you or chloroform. I'm a blamed poor hand to stand sufferin'."