

HIS HEIRESS;

OR, LOVE IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Billy is still laughing over May's revelation of Peter. "Poor Peter," she is saying, "what a shame to betray him! He certainly does say funny things at times."

"Not so funny as Dick," breaks in Blanche, airily. "He told us about you before you came. But I don't think he could have known, because what he said wasn't a bit like you."

"What did he say? Was it too flattering a picture he drew?" asks Wilhelm. "Blanche!" calls out Dick. "Go fetch me my fishing-rod from your den, and I'll go and get you some trout for your breakfast to-morrow."

"Not until you have given me Dick's portrait of me, drawn from his inner consciousness," says Mrs. Daryl, mischievously. "Now begin—I was—"

"Tail—very—very big," nods the child, solemnly. "And you are quite little, after all. He said, too, that you would be a dreadful woman—a sort of an Orson! and that you would—"

"Blanche!" in an agony from Dick. "You would hate little girls like me and May, and go about the farm all day in top-boots and leggings. You wouldn't like leggings, would you now?"

"No, no," assents Mrs. Billy. "And he said you would always carry a cart-whip with you, to strike the farm people with, just like Legree, and Sambo, and Jumbo—re-lect?"

"Perfectly. Oh, Dick! and so that was what you thought of me. Say, Billy!" accosting Mr. Daryl, who has suddenly appeared in the doorway; a fetchin' description wasn't it?"

"I'd have known it anywhere," says Daryl, who is now shaking hands with and welcoming Tommy. "Staying with Muriel, eh?" he asks.

"I'll tell you something," says Blanche. "Muriel isn't a bit like the rest of us. Is she now?" When she gets in a rage—

"Which is about once in a blue moon," interposes Angelica.

"She never stamps, or fumes, or boxes people's ears as Meg does."

"As anybody would," corrects Blanche. "she only stands straight up like this—drawing up her little fat body into an absurd attempt at dignity— and opens her eyes wide like this, and fastens up her fingers, so! It is terrifying. I can tell you. We never vexed Muriel if we could help ourselves."

"Muriel was clever, it seems to me," exclaims Mrs. Billy. "I wish you to understand, Billy, that now, at last, I know the way to manage you. The wisdom of babes is astounding. When next you give me a bad time I shall be terrifying. Blanche has just shown me how I shall draw myself up, so," throwing herself into a pretty but exaggerated position, "and open my eyes, so; and close my fingers upon you, so; giving him a dainty little pinch," and then you'll be done for in no time!" She looks so bright, so gay, so defiant, yet so lovingly, that Billy must be forgiven for resorting to instant measures for the reducing of her to order. He gives her first a sound shake and then a sound kiss.

"And that's what I'll do," says he.

"Billy! what a barbarian you are!" cries she, blushing hotly at this breach of etiquette, but presently her laugh is the clearest and merriest amongst them.

"Pity the ball next Thursday isn't a fancy one," says Angelica. "You could manage to look a part. I am sure. As a rule, I am told, the Madame Favarts look like Joan of Arc, and the Marie Sturats like Serpentes. That must rattle the effect."

"What are you going to wear, Meg," asks Tommy Paulyn.

"Nothing."

"Nothing, my dear girl consider. We are advanced enough in all consciences, but there still is another line!"

"I'm not going," says Miss Daryl. "That is what I mean."

"No. The fact is, I haven't a gown," declares Margery.

"Nonsense, Meg," cried Mrs. Daryl, sharply. "Of course you are going. Why, your gown came half an hour ago, by the middle train. I'm wool-gathering to-day. That is another thing I forgot to tell you. It is upst—"

But there is no longer a Margery to address. Miss Daryl has flown from the room, and presently returns to them with a mystic mass of tulle and lace carried reverently between her outstretched arms.

"Ah! Willie, what can I say?" whispers she, tears in her soft eyes.

"Why, you little pretty goose! Did you think I could enjoy myself without you? It is all selfishness," smiles Wilhelm.

"There is Peter!" cries Margery, presently, in an excited tone. "He is coming across the lawn. He must see it, too. She runs to the window and waves her handkerchief with frantic grace.

"Peter! Peter! Peter! Pi—i—i—per," calls she, gaily. At last he hears her, and leisurely crosses the lawn lower down, and comes up to her.

"Why on earth can't you hurry yourself?" cries she.

"The day is long and patience is a virtue to be cultivated!"

"Perhaps," ironically. "You think you have it."

"I know I have it."

"Pouff! How men deceive themselves: 'Patience is a virtue, Catch it if you can; It is seldom in a woman, But never, never, NE-VER in a man!'"

However, don't mind that, Peter! come in until I show you my new gown that Willie has given me. Isn't it a beauty? A lovely thing!"

"It is indeed a charming dress," said Peter.

"Where is Curzon?" he asks, presently. "I thought he was here."

"He certainly was here a minute or two ago," says Dick.

"He went away," says little May, blandly; "he was cross with Meg, and I think he didn't like Willie to give her the pretty new frock, because the moment he saw it he went out of the window."

"I think he was vexed about something," stammers. "But I don't know what it

"He is walking up and down the garden," cries Blanche. "He has his eyes, excitedly, 'glue to the ground. I'm sure, I'm certain he is looking for cockroaches."

"Looking for a reason for his ill-temper more likely," says Margery.

"Go and find him, and have it out," says Mr. Paulyn.

"Why should I? One would think it was a tooth you were talking about," returns Miss Daryl. "Go and have it out with him yourself. He was looking daggers at you all the time he was in-doors. What have I got to do with him?"

"I leave your own innate sense of truth to answer that question, Margaret," says Mr. Paulyn, solemnly.

"No, you don't," wrathfully, "you want to answer it yourself. It is a most extraordinary thing, Tommy, that you will interfere in the affairs of other people."

"It is my opinion that you have had a right-down flare-up with him," says the Honorable Tommy, unabashed.

"Do you really think, after all your experience, that such an opinion as yours is of any consequence at all?"

"A reg'lar shindy," persists Mr. Paulyn, untouched by this scathing remark.

"Pshaw!" exclaims she, and stepping through the southern window may be seen presently marching off in the direction of the wood, a route that will convey her far from the garden made obnoxious by Mr. Bellew's presence.

She is hardly gone upon her solitary journey when the upper window is darkened by the incoming form of that moody young man.

"Looking for Margery?" asks Peter, blithely.

"No. Oh, no," returns Bellew, with a miserable attempt at a lie.

"If you are," insists Peter, "you'll find her in the beech-wood."

"She has just just gone," puts in Mr. Paulyn.

"The trail is still fresh. If you hurry you'll catch it."

"I'll catch it, any way," returns Mr. Bellew, darkly, and turns his footsteps in the track of his false love.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was now close upon noon. In the wood a somber light, sweet and delicate, is playing upon the opening buds and the greening branches. Through the heavy fire-trees the sun is glinting, making warm patches of color upon the mossy sward. The pale dog-violets have all burst out a-flowering, and already the meadows are gay with marguerites, white and yellow. But the finest flower amongst them all is the fair, pensive maiden, with lily-drooping head, who steps between them with a careless grace, and crossing the brilliant meads enters the cool, dark woods beyond.

Perhaps it is sometimes easier to escape from one's self than from a determined lover. This thought occurs to Margery when she sees Mr. Bellew afar off, plainly in hot pursuit of her. She takes no outward heed, however, of the on-comer, but pursues her way as though his near approach is a thing unknown to her.

Now, having arrived at a spot that appears to her to be good for the inevitable interview with Bellew, she takes up a position so full of melancholy, that the young man, drawing every moment nearer, is almost crushed by it. A crackling of the dry leaves beneath his feet gives her the chance of being aware of his presence.

"Is no place safe from you?" she demands in an icy tone. "Am I never to be alone? I wonder after all the cruelty you have shown me, you have the 'hardhood' to approach me."

"I wish I had not said that," says the young man, humbly. "It was an odious word. How could I have used it when speaking to you! But—" He looks at her.

"But what?" imperiously.

"Margery! think how I saw you first to-day."

"How you saw me? In this old gown! To which, if you are not accustomed, you ought to be."

"It is a lovely gown, and you look lovely in it," says Curzon, gloomily. "But it has nothing to do with it. When I came in through the window, you were sitting on that fellow's—" Here he steps short, and then bursts out again—"knee!" he cries vehemently.

"So that is it?" said Miss Daryl, regarding him contemptuously. "All the vile temper you displayed this morning arose out of the fact that I sat on Tommy Paulyn's knee!" A little irrepressible laugh breaks from her.

"You might as well find fault with me for sitting on Billy's or Peter's knee, it would be quite the same thing. I assure you, except that I should prefer Billy; he wouldn't giggle at you. So that's all the excuse you can give for your base conduct? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"No," says Mr. Bellew. "My senses are with me now, as then. They were all with me when I saw you kiss him!"

"Is there anything strange in that? I have kissed him since I was so high," pointing to an inch or so from the ground. "You forget he is an old, old friend."

"So am I, yet you have never—"

"I should think not, indeed. You will be good enough to remember that he is my cousin."

"One can marry a cousin!" puts in Mr. Bellew irrelevantly.

"Well," she says, impatiently, "I'm not going to marry Tommy, if that is what you mean."

"If," looking up eagerly, "I could be sure of that? Or any one else for that matter! Look here!" he says, gazing straight at her; "If you are not going to marry him, are you going to marry me? I want to get an answer to that question now."

"It is a pity, Curzon," remarks Miss Daryl, "that you will permit yourself such brusqueness of demeanour. 'It is very distressing! Your manner is positively farouche at times; it quite takes one's breath away.'"

"Answer me," says Curzon, obstinately. "Your asking me now suggests to me the possibility that you are very desirous of getting 'no' for your answer," replies Miss Daryl. "After your dreadful behavior of this morning, I wonder you have the 'hardi—"

"Is that wretched word to be remember-

ed forever?" interrupts he. "Good Heavens! how I wish it had never been, coined. Think how seldom I offend you, and don't follow up this one sin to its death. To my death, I verily believe it will be."

"Seldom?" repeats she. "How little you understand yourself. In my opinion, you are the most offending man I know."

"You are talking nonsense!" says Bellew, indignantly. "I am your slave, as all the world knows. 'It ought'—bitterly—"It can see daily for itself how abject is my submission."

"I don't want a slave!" declares she. "It is very rude of you to suppose so. Am I a South American planter? And to talk of slaves! If you called yourself Mrs. Amyot's shadow—you would be nearer the mark!"

"Stuff!" says Mr. Bellew, more forcibly than elegantly. "You don't believe a word of that. And if I were in love with her, it would only serve you right. We might be quits then."

"Why? I haven't fallen in love with anyone in a hopelessly idiotic manner, have I? And as for 'serving me right' why, if you think it would distress me, your falling in love with any one, you are immensely mistaken, and I would advise you to dispel from your mind at once all such illusions."

"You are cruel beyond imagination," he says, slowly. "I hate a heartless woman!"

"So do I. For once we are agreed. That is why I care never to part with mine."

"One must possess a thing, to be in a position to part with it."

"True, O King!"

"Have you a heart at all?"

"Have you?"

"Who should answer that question but you—you, who possess it?"

"Poof!" says she, contemptuously, "you are but a poor reasoner; a moment ago you doubted my having such an unsatisfactory article, and now you accuse me of having misappropriated yours. How is one to grasp your meaning?"

"We are talking nonsense, declares the young man angrily. "We shall be quarrelling soon."

"I never quarrel," declares she, "except with the boys; they like it, so I do it with them out of sheer good nature. But otherwise—"

"Perhaps you think I like it, too?"

"I have told you already that I should not dream of quarrelling with you; and as for thinking about you. I never do that."

"You are a shameless coquette!" exclaims Mr. Bellew.

Silence! A terrible silence! No woman, if born a coquette, likes to be called so. Most women who could not be content with saving their lives, are delighted if you will call them so. Miss Daryl, belonging to the first class is hopelessly offended. She turns deliberately away from Curzon, and clasping her hands behind her back commences an exhaustive survey of the landscape.

She almost forgets Curzon now, as her eyes dwell upon it, and unconsciously she sighs audibly. This resigned expression of a hidden grief is misconstrued by her companion, and compels him to speech.

"I think I am the most unfortunate man on earth," he begins, "I have offended you twice to-day."

Her continued silence is more than Mr. Bellew has strength to endure.

"Meg!" he says, in a voice replete with misery and contrition.

"Now once for all!" she declares, "I won't be called by that name again. Meg! It is monstrous! It reminds me of nothing on earth save a goat!"

"Certainly not. That is, if possible, worse. Do you think I am without feeling, that you seek to annoy me? I wish I had had the transporting of my godparents."

"I will call you by any name you choose," declares he, submissively.

"Margaret, then. There is something respectable about that. No dippings—no vulgar rhymes are connected with it."

"I am glad to know at least what pleases you. Margaret," returns he, evenly, his gaze riveted upon the turf at his feet.

"You are longing to say something," says Miss Daryl, at last, "Why don't you do it?"

"You are right. I want to tell you how glad I am that you have at last made up your mind to go to the county ball."

"Willie made it up for me, you mean. Don't mix matters."

"And to-morrow you are going to Sir Mutius Mumm's afternoon?"

"I suppose so. All the world is to be there, and one should at least patronize one's uncle."

Bellew is quite aware that she has not as yet forgiven him by the little petulant fashion in which she keeps her head turned away and directed to that grassy rendezvous that once had been so dear to Muriel. His eyes follow hers, and grow a little wider as they rest on the solitary figure—a woman's figure that slowly and wearily enters it, and sinks in a dejected attitude upon a mossy throne that decorates its nearest side. It is not long a solitary figure! Even as they both gaze on the wood outside and advances toward it. There is a suggestion of surprise in the way the first tall, graceful form rises to receive this last comer, and then Bellew, as if aware that Margery has grown decidedly pale and that she would gladly believe herself sole witness of this vague scene beneath her, turns abruptly away and concentrates his gaze on the Branksmere turrets.

In a very little while, in a moment, as it were, he feels the light touch of her hand upon his arm. She is very white, and her eyes have a strange gleam in them. She has evidently altogether forgotten that there was any disagreement between them.

"Take me home, Curzon," she says, faintly. "I am tired; deadly tired."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Last night was full of tears, but now the sad reign of weeping is at end, and the passionate storm that raged in the dark, small hours has left no trace on the smiling earth, save the sweet shedding of white blossoms on the garden paths.

The tennis-courts without are thronged with guests; and Miss Mumm, standing stiff and starch in her drawing-room to receive the late arrivals, with her small curls hanging crisply on either side of her pursed-up mouth, is full of importance, and in a degree, more unapproachable than usual. She is holding forth in her usual dictatorial style to old Lady Primrose about Muriel, who it appears, after all, has disappointed her expectations in many ways. Old Lady Primrose is feebly entering a protest here

and there, and is looking a little distressed, which is only natural, the person attacked being her hostess.

"She may be good!" Miss Mumm is saying in between her greetings to the wife of the local practitioner and the Honorable Mrs. Hornblower, which differ widely in texture. "She may be; I'm her aunt and should know. And she may be charming, too, as you say. But I fear she is careless. I have noticed may little defects in her; many leanings towards the frivolous side of life; much desire for riotous living. Yes, she is careless. I fear she won't do." Here Lady Primrose, who is deafe than ever today, grows very mixed, and begins to think she has gone a good deal wrong in her understanding of Miss Mumm's discourse, and that she is alluding not to her niece, Lady Branksmere, but to some incompetent upper house-maid.

"You are alluding to—?" she asks.

"Why, to Muriel—Lady Branksmere. Can't you follow me?" shouts Miss Mumm.

"Of course, of course. I hear you. I beg you will not distress yourself like that. One would think I was deaf," says the old lady, irritably.

"She has got no stamina," goes on Miss Mumm. "She's all for glow and glitter; solid worth is of no account in her eyes. For example, look at the improvements she is organizing up at the castle. She has thrown up a few earthworks and calls 'em terraces. Terraces, forsooth! and to manage that she takes away the balk beneath the arbutus-trees that always was there—even in the days of the old man's grandfather, I'm told."

"So I've heard—so I've heard! Threw up everything, and went off with her in a post-chaise," mumbles Lady Primrose, who is now dreadfully at sea again.

The avenue in itself would tell a tale. I was driving up there yesterday, and saw weeds—positively weeds—growing at the sides of it. I stopped the carriage, got out and counted twenty! With me, seeing is believing. I take nothing on hearsay, but I counted those weeds with my own eyes. Now, weeds are as pushing as parvenus, and like them, should be eradicated."

"Quite right, quite right. Have no sympathy with radicals myself; can't endure 'em," quavers the older woman.

"Why should weeds be found upon her avenue at all?" continues Miss Mumm.

"Of course, if one's servants are not looked after, what can you expect? If I had forty—as I believe that silly young woman really has—I should keep my eye on every one of them. They will do nothing, I have learned from sad experience, unless the mistress is after their tails morning, noon and night. Now, weeds they will take no trouble about. Off they whisk the heads, leaving the roots behind them, whereas if one hopes to keep their place decent, they must be got out of the ground root and branch."

"Ay, ay! Root 'em out—root 'em out!" gabbles the old lady with senile enthusiasm.

"Lord Fozzill thinks with you. They shouldn't be allowed to live, with a wild cackle. That's what he says, cack, cack."

"Eh?" says Miss Mumm.

"They shouldn't have a vote if he had his way. It's monstrous how they're spreading. Country's going to perdition. That's what he says. Clever fellow, Fozzill? Eh? eh?"

"Pshaw!" exclaims Miss Mumm, indignantly, turning on her heel and leaving the old lady.

Outside, the gardens—being in unison with the furniture within—are simply exquisite. The pleasure is crowded with gay groups dotted here and there. Through the open windows beyond the wall of rhododendrons come snatches of Mozart and Dussek. From further still the laughter of the tennis-players, and the triumphant cry that tells of a game won. Mrs. Amyot, on a lawn of sap-green, is lounging leisurely on a lawn garden chair, and is holding her court, gaily. A little further on Lady Branksmere, in a marvelous costume of Venetian red, looks like a spot of blood in the assembly, whilst Angelica, leaning on the back of her chair, in a little white nun-like frock, and with a rapt expression on her face, makes a charming contrast.

"Who is the old man over there?" asks Lord Primrose, presently. Margery, who overhaars him, laughs.

"Hush! Mutius Mumm is the word for him," she whispers, mischievously.

"What a name!" says Primrose. "So that is really your uncle? You do him credit, let me tell you, and I should think he wants all he can get. What's the matter with his head? He doesn't belong to any particular order, does he?"

"That bald spot was a thing full of interest to us for years," says Margery, gaily. "We used to make baby bets about it. And every year it grew carefully bigger and bigger! Such an old head as he has! First we used to compare his pate with a three-penny bit, then as it increased with our years and his, a fourpenny bit. Then it became a sixpence, then a shilling, then a florin, and then, all at once, as it were, it changed into a five-shilling piece! When it came to that point it staggered us a good deal, I can tell you, but Tommy"—indicating Mr. Paulyn, by a wave of her fan—"came to the rescue. He surmounted the difficulty. A brilliant thought occurred to him. The first—"

"Of a long series," interrupts Mr. Paulyn. "What had she been going to say?"

"I employed but one letter to effect the desired comparison. It instantly made Sir Mutius's pate a plate."

"A cheese plate," supplements Margery. "It stayed at that for some time, but now it is a soup plate. 'We expect no more from it. We feel it has done its duty.'"

"Why don't he do something for it?" demands Primrose. "It's very abominable his going about like that in his skin."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so unguardedly, my dear fellow," says Halkett, gravely, "when you know there are ladies present. It—it is not decent!"

"Of Sir Mutius? No, that's what I'm preaching," returns Primrose, stolidly.

"What an absurd name it is," says Mr. Amyot, laughing, "Mutius Mumm. Oh! it is too ridiculous!"

"He and Aunt Salina, as he calls her, are about the most absurd pair in the world."

"As for her, she is delicious," protests Mrs. Amyot. "She is a thing apart—voice, ringlets, and all. It is a pity to lose a bit of her."

"You had better make the most of her to-day, then," says Margery, "because she is off to Shoebank next week early. In reality Shoebank is about fifty miles from this, but if it were at the antipodes she

could not make a greater fuss than she does about going there."

"One can understand that. I told you she was delicious," murmured Mrs. Amyot.

Mrs. Vyner, crossing the sward indolently, comes up to her.

"I have been playing tennis," she says, mournfully.

"Impossible! Why, you look as cool as a snowdrop," put in Captain Staines.

"Do I?" Her tone is of that order of indifference that might be termed insolent.

"A charming compliment," says Mrs. Amyot, smiling at Staines. "But as to your playing"—turning to Mrs. Vyner, "who did you get to do it for you?"

"Freddy Trant, of course. You know I never play with any one else. He does all the serving, and takes every ball."

"Useful boy! and what did you do?"

"I told him how good it was of him," lisses Mrs. Vyner. "So it was."

"I wonder how you managed the standing," says Halkett. "Did you lean on Captain Trant, or did you do it alone?"

"Alone I did it," returns Mrs. Vyner. "It tired me horribly, but no one should live entirely to themselves. Mr. Goldie told us that last Sunday. I've been living to Freddy, and it has brought me to death's door."

"I dare say you will rally here," says Lord Primrose; "the air is very mild."

"Was there ever so charming a bit of garden?" exclaims Mrs. Amyot. "I should like to steal it."

"As it stands, or without its present occupant?" asks Halkett.

"Without."

"And not one single exception?"

"One only!" with a tender smile.

"Ah! And that?"

"The Dachshund yonder."

"Some day you will drive me to suicide," says Halkett, with melancholy foreboding.

"Beyond this garden there is another almost equal to it," cries Margery. "Will you come and see it? A year ago it was lovely. It must be lovely still."

"No no. I am surfeited with happiness here. I shall not tempt fate further. You see a strange thing in me—a contented woman! Find another companion in your ramble."

"Try me, Miss Daryl," says Captain Staines, springing to his feet.

"Every one can come," returns Margery, very slowly. "It is but a little place, and I do not think it would suit you. It is nothing but a small wilderness of sweets. It would, I imagine, bore you."

"You have, I fear, but an indifferent opinion of my artistic taste," said Staines.

"I really do not think," with gentle insistence, "that you would care for it. But," looking round her, "every one can come."

"Every one! When I asked your permission to accompany you, I thought, perhaps—"

"Yes?" Her interruption, though quiet, is prompt. "If you follow Mr. Bellew and me, you shall see for yourself all the beauties of which I have raved."

"She inclines her head slightly. It is a dismissal, and Staines very wisely takes it as such.

A start, so imperceptible as to be only a thrill, runs through him, and a little ashen shade mingles with the natural bronze of his complexion. It is at this moment that Mme. von Thirsk slips her hand through his arm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Touching Incident on which a Romance Could be Written.

A touching incident occurred at Atchison (Kansas) the other day. A German woman alighted from the train and greeted her husband, who had been waiting for her at the station. The couple burst into tears as they fell into each other's arms. They had not met since they separated more than twenty years ago. Heinrich Weichmann and his wife went to America in 1869. Four years afterwards her father died in Hamburg, and she was obliged to return to Germany to secure her portion of the parental inheritance, which amounted to what, for people in their walk of life, was a very large sum—more than \$9000—including building lots in Berlin and Hamburg. Karl Kollatz, who had paid court to Mrs. Weichmann before her marriage, who followed them to America, and who was established in business at Atchison, returned to Germany at the same time as Mrs. Weichmann. He and a certain Hinzelmann, it is alleged, hatched a diabolical plot, which circumstances completely favored. By means of forged letters sent by Hinzelmann, in Atchison, to Mrs. Weichmann, and by Kollatz in Hamburg to Mr. Weichmann in Atchison, each of them was brought to believe that the other was dead. Hinzelmann wrote to Mrs. Weichmann in his own name assuring her that Weichmann had died in his arms after a short illness during a visit to the Black Hills. The villainy of the once rejected suitor was crowned when he renewed his success his addresses to Mrs. Weichmann, now, as she supposed herself a widow. He managed to squander in idleness and dissipation a considerable portion of her property. Of late years they had lived apart. Not long ago Kollatz fell from a tramway car at Hamburg, and sustained injuries that proved fatal. Before he died his awakened conscience impelled him to confess, with the result that the honest German couple, so long estranged, will now, like John Anderson and his wife, "go down the hill of life together."

A General Surprise.

Ma—"Did you say, Jimmy, that Uncle Joe took you to the circus to-day?"

Jimmy—"Yes."

Ma—"Well, now, tell me what was the most surprising thing you saw there?"

Jimmy—"Pa coming in with the cook you discharged yesterday."

A Boy who Hasn't to be Called.

"You say your boy is a somnambulist?"

"Yes; gets up in the night."

"He's a good deal different from my boy; I can't get him up even in the morning."

The Concealed Husband.

Jinks—"When burglars were in your house the other night did Mrs. Filkins look under the bed for a man?"

Filkins—"Yes and found one, too?"

Jinks—"One of the burglars?"

Filkins—"No, me!"