The Kiss in the Tunnel.

They were sitting five seats back, but I plainly heard the smack,
As we dashed into the tunnel near the town,
And the currents of my veins ran like gushing April rains,
Though I'm grave and gray and wear a doctor's gown.

Once—alas! so long ago—on the rails I journeyed so,
With a maiden in a jaunty jersey sacque,
And I kissed her with my eyes, as the timid stars the skies,
But I longed, oh, how I longed! for one real smack!

Did she know it? I dare say! (She'd a sweet, clairvoyant way
In the glancing of her eyes so bright and blue)
Ne'er a bee such honey sips as the nectar on her lips;
But I longed, and longed in vain, as on we flew.
Just as yearning reached its height, lo! there came a sudden night,
And like steel to magnet clove my mouth to hers!
I shall never more forget how like drops of rain they met,
In the bosom of a rose that lightly stirs!

When we came again to light, both our faces had burned white—
White as clouds that float in summer from the south.
Missed I glances, missed I smiles! but on air I rode for miles,
With the sweetness of love's dew upon my mouth.

So the kiss that some one stole, in that rayless Stygian hole,
While with loud imprisoned clangor on we rushed,
Caused the sluggish streams of age with young madness leap and rage—
And my wife, restored to daylight, laughed and blushed.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHIRLEY ROSS:

A Story of Woman's Faithfulness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"What are you puzzling your pretty head about, little woman? Is that communication a milliner's bill, and does she threaten legal proceedings?"

"It is much worse than a milliner's bill," said the pretty little wife, peeping round the urn to let her sweet dark eyes meet her husband's. "It is an invitation to dinner."

"From whom, Ruby? Not from Mrs. de Montgomery Tomkyns, I suppose?" Oswald Fairholme interrogated gayly.

"No," little Mrs. Fairholme said, with a long sigh and a rueful drawing down of the corners of her pretty mouth—"from Alice."

"Another! We must be in her good books, wife. She has invited us three times this season already, and last year asked us once, Ruby," Oswald remarked, with a laugh.

"Ah, but last year she thought I would allow her to patronize me!" said Ruby, with a little assumption of dignity which made her husband laugh still more heartily.

"And you refused to be patronized?"

"Of course; I was married more than two years before her, Oswald."

"But her husband is a 'real live lord'" replied Oswald, still laughing; "and yours occupies a subordinate position at the War Office."

"'A real live lord!'" repeated Ruby. "I think he wishes he was a—a—a navvy, or one of his own footmen. They at least can give notice and go, and he can't."

"You are very severe, little wife."

"I am always severe toward Alice," said Ruby. "I think it horrible for her to tyrannize over her husband as she does."

"Come, that is capital!" declared Oswald, addressing his remark to the breakfast-table, but not to the charming dark-eyed woman facing him and looking as bright as the sweet spring day itself in her coquettish morning dress and filmy lace cap. "And every one in London knows that there is no unfortunate fellow in it so henpecked as myself."

"Yes—you have that appearance," said Ruby merrily, as her eyes met his across the table with a look of perfect love and trust. "I suppose we must go, Oswald?"

"I will do whatever you wish, my dear," answered her husband, with an exaggeration of meekness.

"Don't be absurd, Oswald! Have you any engagement for Thursday next?"

"My dear girl, do you expect me to remember whether I have or not at this distance of time? Have you?"

"I am afraid not," Ruby said, sighing. "Besides, we refused last time."

"Can't Bertie have the croup?" suggested her husband, laughing at her resigned countenance.

"Oh, Oswald, how can you?" Ruby said, in a tone of horror which aroused her husband's merriment as he rose to leave the breakfast-table.

"Oh, Ruby, how can you?" he mimicked gayly. "How can you credit your husband with such depravity? Let us go, by all means, love," he added, more gravely. "Her ladyship's dinners are terribly dreary feasts; but one must sacrifice one's self occasionally, you know, especially to one's relatives."

"Very well, dear," Ruby said resignedly, "we will go. I cannot think how it is that Alice's dinners are so stupid. There is just as much state and ceremony at the Glynn's, and yet Shirley's dinners are so charming."

"I think Shirley makes them as pleasant as she can, poor child," said Oswald, a sudden shadow falling on his pleasant face, "because she is so anxious not to let the world know the story of her married life."

"Poor Shirley!" sighed tender-hearted Ruby.

"Poor Shirley!" echoed her husband sadly. "What a spoilt life hers has been."

"And yet he is very good to her, Oswald," said Mrs. Fairholme, with a deprecating look in her soft dark eyes.

"Yes; but she cannot forget, Ruby; and he is not happy. How could he be?"

"She is very gentle with him, Oswald."

"She is as true and good a wife as if he had won her fairly," said Captain Fairholme. "But she cannot give him the love he wants."

"It seems so sad to me, Oswald," Ruby remarked, as she followed him to the window of their pretty breakfast-room and slipped her hand fondly through his arm, "that both their lives, and poor Major Stuart's as well, should have been spoiled. It would be much more according to my way of thinking if Shirley were to forgive her husband and fall in love with him, and Major Stuart should come back from his wanderings with a nice little wife of his own."

"It would certainly be a very satisfactory conclusion; but I am afraid it is a most unlikely one," said Oswald, looking down at her with a smile. "Shirley's eyes make me sad sometimes: they have such a sorrow in their depths. But speak of angels, Ruby," he added—"here she comes on Queenie!"

They stood at the window watching her as she cantered down the road; and Shirley, glancing up at the pretty house over which Ruby reigned so charmingly, smiled and nodded; and Oswald left the room to lift her from her horse.

"You are an early visitor," said Ruby, crossing the room to greet her as she came in, flushed and smiling from her ride.

"But not an unwelcome one, I hope?" Shirley questioned in her old sweet pathetic voice.

"Unwelcome!" Ruby repeated gayly. "I won't answer you, because you are only angling for a compliment."

"I came so early because I wanted to see Oswald," Lady Glynn said, smiling. "You need not be jealous, Ruby. I come here often enough during the time he is at the Horse Guards."

"And whenever you meet him out you monopolize his attention entirely," pouted Mrs. Fairholme merrily. "He never has eyes for any one else when Shirley is present."

"I really believe she is jealous, Oswald," his cousin said, lifting her eyebrows.

"Ruby a victim to the green-eyed monster!" replied Oswald, laughing. "The time of miracles is not past, you see."

"Tell me, Shirley," Mrs. Fairholme said eagerly, "have you had an invitation to dine at Eastwell House on the 26th?"

"Yes," answered Shirley, carelessly.

"And you are going?"

"Yes. We are disengaged, and Sir Hugh wished to go."

"Oh, I am so glad!" Ruby said cheerfully. "Alice's dinners are such ponderous affairs generally; but, if you are going—"

"Perhaps Oswald will take me into dinner," Shirley put in gayly.

"I am quite sure he won't," said Oswald's wife merrily, "because such a great lady as you will be conducted by Lord Eastwell himself."

"I am afraid I shall not enjoy my dinner the more for that," Lady Glynn remarked dryly.

"I can quite imagine Eastwell's heavy attention interfering with one's digestion," said Oswald carelessly. "Is your husband well, Shirley?"

"Sir Hugh is very well," Shirley answered, a slight shade of coldness coming into her voice as she spoke. "Have you any news from the court? Is Aunt Geraldine better?"

"She does not mention her health, so I presume she is," said Ruby. "Jeanie and Maud are springing up, you know. Jeanie is to come out next year."

"Is she really," Shirley interrogated negligently. "Ruby, is Bertie in? Can I see him?"

"Of course," Ruby said promptly. "Ah, Shirley, I don't believe it was Oswald at all you came to see, but the boy!"

"Shirley knows the way to the heart of the boy's mother," remarked Oswald, smiling half sadly next minute upon seeing how Bertie, a bonny dark-eyed boy of 2 years, sprung into Shirley's arms, and how closely and tenderly she held him.

The four years which had elapsed since Shirley's marriage had made no change in her; she looked as young and as girlish as when she had sat drooping over the school-room fire at Fairholme Court. She was still very beautiful, for what her beauty had lost in brilliance it had gained in tenderness, and the added quietness and languid pride of manner did not spoil its effect. It was no wonder, Captain Fairholme thought, as he watched her, that Lady Glynn was the belle of the circle in which she moved. She had made a sensation at court when she was presented, an eminent artist had painted her picture, and she awoke one morning to find herself a celebrity. Perhaps the very carelessness and indifference with which she ignored her triumph made it still greater. With scrupulous exactitude she fulfilled every duty required of her as Sir Hugh's wife; she dressed to perfection, she showed herself wherever he wished her to go, proud, serene and cold; she received his guests, she reigned over his household, she entertained his friends and sat at the head of his table with her own quiet nonchalant grace, which had such a singular charm. Had she loved him deeply, she could not have shown greater deference to his wishes, and yet open rebellion, passionate defiance, tears and sighs would have been less painful to Sir Hugh than this perfect indifference and unconcern.

During the entire space of time comprised in these four years, Sir Hugh had not known one really happy day. When Shirley recovered from the long illness which had prostrated her after the terrible strain she had endured, he had her taken abroad and treated her with a tenderness and consideration which even Shirley's sore and aching heart could not but appreciate. For a long time she was too weak and languid even to feel much; but, as she grew stronger, the sense of the wrong done her grew with her strength, and the keen and passionate resentment against her husband for his treachery deepened. Never for a moment did the icy coolness yet perfect gentleness of her manner toward him change. When they were alone, she never spoke to him unless he addressed her; he never won a smile from the still proud lips or a tender glance from the lustrous eyes. When he kissed her, there was no movement, no answering touch of the sweet lips; and it maddened him sometimes to see that, cold and unresponsive as she was to him, yet she could be sweet and gentle to others. Once or twice he had made a passionate appeal to her for forgiveness; but Shirley's large eyes had looked at him with a haughty questioning glance, as if she did not understand, and she had listened in silence, turning away without a word when his eager entreaties ceased. There were times when Sir Hugh writhed under his punishment, and when he felt that it was greater even than he deserved.

His wife's social triumphs were of course a source of pride to him, but they gave him little pleasure. That she should be beautiful and admired and *feted* was well—it added to his already great prestige in the world of fashion; but what pleasure could it give him when the beautiful face never softened and the sweet lips never smiled when they were turned to him? There were moments when the baronet felt that to meet her smile and see her eyes lose their cold indifference and soften into tenderness when they met his, he would have given his life.

They were tender enough just now as they rested on Bertie Fairholme, who had climbed on her lap and was playing with the little gold-headed riding-whip she carried, and the sweet lips were smiling as she talked to the boy in the sweet pathetic voice which had an odd thrill in it sometimes, and which had always been one of her greatest charms.

"Where are you going to-night, Shirley?" Ruby asked, as Lady Glynn rose to take leave, Bertie still clinging to her hand.

"To two or three places," she answered, with a touch of weariness on her face. "I shall try to get to the opera; but, in any case, my box is at your service, Ruby. They play 'Faust' to-night."

"Oh, then, I will go! I never tire of 'Faust,' you know, and I hope you will be there, Shirley."

"I will try to look in for the garden scene. Now, little man, let me go. Let him come and spend the afternoon with me soon, Ruby. What a lovely morning! Is it not?"

"Oswald," she said softly a few minutes later, as he helped her to mount and carefully arranged her habit, "I want to ask you—have you heard—do you know if it is true that—that" the rich color died out of her lips as she spoke—"Major Stuart has returned to England!"

Oswald's eyes met hers for a moment, and a great pity came over his handsome face.

"I have not heard so," he said gravely.

"They were talking of him at Lady Dulcie's last night," she said hurriedly. "They were saying how strange it was that a man with his wealth should choose to remain so long in exile. How is he so wealthy, Oswald?"

"Sir Jasper left him all his property, you know," Oswald answered gently.

"Sir Jasper was so wealthy, then?"

"Yes."

"But when—when did he die, Oswald?"

"Four years ago, dear—when you were so ill."

Oswald's voice was very grave and compassionate as he spoke, and his cousin's face was colorless as marble; but there was no trace of emotion there.

"Oswald"—earnestly—"do not look so grieved. If he has returned, I shall be glad—so glad to think that he has got over that bitter sorrow, and that he is happy. If he could only guess how happy it would make me to know that his long exile is over! I hope—yes, I hope he has come back."

She put her hand in Oswald's for a moment, and her lip quivered; then she rode away, her head bent a little, her eyes with a far-away look in them, which showed that her thoughts were not of the present. The groom behind her wondered why she went so slowly as they rode onward toward the park; but, as he followed, suiting his pace to hers, he was proud of the many glances of admiration which followed his mistress, and he felt as if some of Lady Glynn's celebrity were reflected upon himself. Just as they rode into the park a gentleman on foot on the pavement stopped suddenly and started, and looked long and earnestly at Shirley. Accustomed as the groom was to the admiration his mistress received, he was still somewhat surprised at the look on this stranger's face, as his deep gray eyes dwelt long and lingeringly upon Shirley, as she rode on, unconscious of the scrutiny.

"Some hartist chap, I suppose," was the groom's mental comment. "Looks like it, with all that hair on his face. He's struck all on a 'eap with her ladyship; and no wonder, for she's a pretty creature, but too thin for my taste."

Meanwhile the "hartist chap" was slowly making his way toward Piccadilly, with a flood of bitter memories at his heart which made his lips close firmly under his heavy mustache.

"Well and happy!" he was saying to himself, thinking of what some great lady he had met the night before had said of Shirley Glynn, "well and happy, with that look in her eyes? My darling, if you had been my wife, it should not have been there!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

"That will do, Despree—you may go."

"Very well, miladi."

Lady Eastwell turned away from the mirror as her maid left the dressing-room in obedience to her dismissal, and stood for a minute or two in the centre of the luxurious apartment, with a little unpleasant smile upon her fair face. Alice was handsomer as a matron than she had been as a girl; she had filled out and acquired a stateliness of manner which suited her; and her taste in dress was unexceptionable. But the fairness of her face was seriously marred by an expression of discontent which was almost invariably present there, and the thin red lips had a satirical smile which was not pleasing.

On this evening, as she stood in all the splendor of her pink satin and Brussels lace, that look was very visible, and the unpleasant smile curled her lips. She was thinking of old times—of her girlhood and Shirley's at Fairholme Court, of Hugh Glynn and of Guy Stuart—and she was smiling to herself at the thought that they were all to meet that night under her roof.

The thought was not a kind one; but Lady Eastwell would have hesitated at nothing to humiliate her cousin. She hated Shirley far more deeply now than she had hated her in the past; then she was a poor dependent in her uncle's house, now she was a great lady, queening it in society by right of her beauty and wealth. It was true her rank was inferior to that which Alice's marriage with a peer had given her; but Sir Hugh's wealth was infinitely greater than Lord Eastwell's, and, while Alice's expenditure was limited, Shirley could scatter gold with both hands before Sir Hugh would utter a remonstrance.

And then she was so beautiful. A year before, when Alice had come to London a bride, she had felt a thrill of satisfaction at the thought that she, handsome and fresh as she was, would wrest Shirley's laurels from her grasp and depose the reigning queen. But she had been mistaken. Lady Eastwell was admired, but Shirley reigned supreme still. Alice's fair beauty, placid and impassive, and just a little insipid, had no chance against her cousin's expressive loveliness, her rare grace of manner, and her matchless charm. Lady Eastwell was undoubtedly handsome, but Lady Glynn was so wonderfully attractive that, had she been a plain woman, she would have been a leader of fashion from her fascination and grace.

There was not a little vindictiveness on her ladyship's face, as she took up the great pink fan which completed her dinner dress and swept down stairs to the glittering drawing-room, where Lord Eastwell, a slender little man, dreadfully afraid of his wife, was waiting for her. She knew how terribly distressed Shirley would be if the secret of her married life should ooze out, and she anticipated much from suddenly bringing her face to face with Major Stuart that evening. She might faint, perhaps, or be dreadfully agitated, and Major Stuart might betray his resentment against Sir Hugh. There might be a scene, which would be disagreeable, of course, but which would be infinitely painful to Shirley, who was so sensitive and proud; and Mrs. Majoribanks, who was to be one of the guests, was such a terrible chatterbox that— Ah, here was some one! And Lady Eastwell put on her sweetest smile as she went forward to meet her first arrivals.

The Fairholmes were a little late; and Ruby's dark eyes went straight to a tall bearded man, who was talking to Lord Eastwell, who looked dwarfed beside Major Stuart's stately proportions; and the deep gray eyes met Ruby's with a warm kindly light, although there was a little sadness in the smile.

"Major Stuart, I am very glad to see you," Ruby said, earnestly, as she put her hand in his, looking at him wistfully, her heart beating a little more quickly at the thought that Shirley would arrive in a minute or two; and Guy pressed the little fingers warmly, then turned to receive Oswald's cordial greeting.

"It is an unexpected pleasure for you, Oswald," said his sister, sailing across the room with a smile upon her face.

"Not quite," Oswald answered, in his pleasant voice. "I knew Stuart had returned to England."

"Indeed! Have you met before, then?"

"No."

"Then who told you?" Alice asked eagerly, lifting the pink feathers to her lips to hide their sudden quiver.

"I really don't know. I did not think that it was a secret."

"A secret! Of course not. Why should it be?" said Lady Eastwell petulantly. "You are so absurd, Oswald!"

"Did you want to surprise your brother, Lady Eastwell?" asked Guy in his kindly manner.

"I do not think I thought much about it, Major Stuart," she answered carelessly.

"Ah"—with a quick look at his face—"there they are at last—late, as usual! Shirley, I was afraid you were going to disappoint me."

"Are we late?" said Lady Glynn quietly. "I did not know it."

She turned to Ruby as she spoke, and her eyes fell upon Guy. For a moment her lip quivered; but she knew how eagerly Alice was watching her, and without any perceptible hesitation she held out her hand.

"I heard you had returned," she said, without a tremor in the rich soft voice, and then turned away to speak to Captain Fairholme. Sir Hugh, who had followed her into the room, had whitened to the lips at the sight of Lady Eastwell's blue eyes brightened. Shirley was an accomplished actress; but Sir Hugh was no master of the histrionic art, surely he would betray himself.

"I think you scarcely need an introduction," said Lady Eastwell, with her sweet society smile.

"No," Guy said, in the same kindly voice; "we are old friends."

He stretched out his hand; and his eyes, grave and earnest, met Sir Hugh's. The next minute their hands closed in a quick clasp, and the two men who had parted in such bitterness met, outwardly at least, in amity, and Lady Eastwell's scheme was entirely frustrated.

But Alice was too completely a woman of the world to show her disapointment. She sailed down-stairs in the wake of her guests, smiling and chatting to her cavalier. Major Stuart had taken Ruby, whose warm little heart was full of gratitude and kindness which she could hardly help giving vent to, and indeed her little hand pressed Guy's arm in her earnestness in a manner that was quite understood. Shirley was beside her host, listening quietly to his rather insipid remarks, while Sir Hugh, with an unfamiliar expression on his handsome face, was trying to rouse himself into something like attention to his hostess's civilities.

Glancing across the table at him, Guy saw that he was greatly changed since they had last met, that his face had a worn, dissatisfied look of unrest and pain; and Sir Jasper's words came back to him—"How can he be happy? How can he but suffer?"

It seemed almost like a dream to Guy Stuart to find himself sitting at the same table as Sir Hugh Glynn, with the touch of his betrayer's hand lingering in his, and Shirley's sweet familiar voice reaching him occasionally in the murmur of the conversation. Dinner was nearly over before he dared trust himself to glance at her. She looked as lovely as—nay, lovelier, than ever, he thought. But the look which had wounded him so deeply as he watched her ride by a few mornings before was on her face still. She was dressed in blue—a close-fitting, simply made dress of velvet, fitting tight to her throat, where it was finished with some yellow lace and a collar of diamond stars. Involuntarily Guy's thoughts went back to the last time he had seen her when she had followed him to the door of the library at Maxwell, clinging to him, with her wild eyes fixed upon his face and her shaking lips trying to frame words to entreat him to stay, while the masses of her dishevelled hair fell over her shoulders. Such a different Shirley she was now, so composed and stalely and graceful, with such a quiet face, such a languid manner.

Suddenly, as he gazed, she lifted her eyes, and they met his for a brief moment; then the long lashes fell again, though not before Major Stuart met the swift look of gratitude and reverence which she had given him, and he felt strangely humiliated thereby when he remembered how earnestly a dying man had had to plead for the desired forgiveness.

When the ladies left the drawing-room, the conversation became general, and two or three times Guy found himself addressing Hugh in as quiet and matter-of-fact a manner as if they had not parted deadly foes, while in Sir Hugh's manner, when he answered, there was a certain conciliating eagerness which had something pathetic in it. It did not mean of course that Sir Hugh was afraid of any revenge the other might be inclined to take, but it showed that he felt how low he had fallen, and that he was grateful for the manner in which Guy had effected their reconciliation.

Meanwhile in the drawing-room Lady Eastwell was feeling thoroughly annoyed at the failure of the plan which she had cherished all through the week preceding her dinner-party, and she showed her annoyance by silence and a pettish tone of voice when she did condescend to speak. One or two of her guests left early, having other engagements, and Ruby mentally wished she had a like excuse; but there was nothing for it but to sit still and inwardly abuse her sister-in-law and sympathize with Shirley with all her warm little heart. Presently the gentlemen and two tall footmen with tea made a simultaneous appearance, and Alice brightened and devoted herself to Sir Hugh, rejoicing in the thought that he could not fail to contrast her charming amiability and animation with his wife's haughty indifference, while Major Stuart went across to Ruby, who gave him a bright welcoming smile.

"Fairholme tells me you are settled in London," he said, in his kindly voice.

"May I do myself the pleasure of calling upon you?"

"Oh, pray do! I shall be so pleased," she answered eagerly. "Yes, we have been in London for two years and more."

"And you like it?"

"Extremely. I do not think I should like to live anywhere else now. And you must see our boy. He is a fine little fellow—so like Oswald."

"You have a son? I did not know," he said smiling. "I have been living more like a savage than a civilized being during the last few years. I even managed to exist for months without a glimpse of the *Times*."

"You have travelled a great deal. Are you going to settle down now, Major Stuart?"

"I do not know. I am a restless mortal, as you are aware, Mrs. Fairholme. I suppose that that is due to my military career."

"You must have regretted leaving the army," said Ruby, a little incautiously; then her sweet face crimsoned when she recollected when he had done so, and she glanced at him in quick distress.

He met the look and smiled reassuringly.

"I regretted it a great deal at first—I missed my old friends; but at one time I had such a restless fit on that I could not have borne the restraint."

"You find many changes?" Ruby said gently.

"No," he replied smiling. "I felt so changed myself that I expected to find every one else equally so. Instead of that, I find you entirely unchanged, and Oswald, with the exception of being a little stouter, just the same as ever."

"And Shirley?" Ruby said involuntarily.

"She is not altered," he answered, letting his eyes wander to the beautiful face and rest there a moment; "or, if she is, it is so slightly that no one who had not known her very well in the past would see the change."

"She is as beautiful as ever."

"Quite. Hers is a lovely face."

(To be continued.)

Extraordinary Old Men.

Cardinal Manning yesterday, at the pro-Cathedral, Kensington, performed another of those astonishing *tours de force* which render it difficult for his flock to believe that he is really an older man than Mr. Gladstone. The Cardinal, attired in full pontificals—cope of cloth of gold and jeweled mitre—held in his left hand his gold crozier or episcopal staff during his long sermon, which lasted exactly 55 minutes. He held his congregation also, which was even more remarkable than the holding of his crozier. Another old man—Prince Bismarck—yesterday celebrated his 73rd birthday. It is not, however, until men get into the eighties that they are really old. Since the German Emperor died Cardinal Manning is almost the oldest of the illustrious elders of our time, and yet in sympathy, in intelligence, and in active interest in the affairs of this world he puts to shame the youngest among us.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Old-Fashioned Way.

"John," she said, as she toyed with one of his coat-buttons, "this is leap year, isn't it?" "Yes, Mamie," he answered, as he looked fondly down on the golden head that was pillowed on his manly bosom. "This is the year when the proposing is done by the young ladies." "Yes." "I hope you don't expect me to propose to you?" "Why, Mamie, dear, I never gave the matter a thought—I—er—to tell the truth, I've only known you for—that is to say—" "I'm glad you didn't expect me to propose. I'm not that kind, I hope. No, John, dearest, I couldn't be so imprudent. I am going to let you do the proposing yourself in the old-fashioned way. The old-fashioned way is good enough for me." And the gentle maiden gave her lover a beaming smile, and the youth rejoiced that he had found such a treasure of modesty.

The Prevailing Topic!

Stumpson (in answer to Talboys' greeting)—Oh, all right, 'f 'twasn't for these east winds—

Talboys (who's a little hard of hearing)—Twins! My dear fellow, I congratulate you, I'm sure. I'd really no idea you were—and how are they—all there?—I hope—

Stumpson (testily—large family already)—I didn't say these twins—(shouting)—I said the East winds!!—*Punch.*

What He Wanted

She (very rich)—You do me great honor, Mr. Jinkins, to ask my hand in marriage. I am very sorry—

He (very poor)—Don't mention it, Miss Bankaccount. Please don't mention it. It isn't sympathy I want; it's money.—*Washington Critic.*

A Georgia man with a statistical turn of mind figures out that a man who regularly takes ten ordinary drinks of whiskey a day and keeps it up for twenty years will in that time consume at least thirty-six barrels of the stuff.