How it Happened.

got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead and gone—
And all her sisters married off, and none but her and John
A-livin' all alone there in that lonesome sort o' way,
And him a blame old bachelor, nfirmder ev'ry day!
I'd knowed 'em all from children, and their daddy from the time
He settled in the neighborhood, and hadn't ary a dime
Er dollar, when he married, fer to start housekeepin' on:
So I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead and gone!

I got to thinkin' of her, and a-wunderin' what she done
That all her sisters kep' a-gettin' married one by one,
And her without no chances—and the best girl of the pack—
An old maid, with her hands, you might say, tied behind her back!
And mother, too, afore she died, she ust to jes' take on,
When none of 'em was left, you know, but Evaline and John,
And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young men must be blind
To not see what a wife they'd git, if they got Evaline!

I got to thinkin' of her; in my great affliction she
Was sich a comfort to us, and so kind and neighberly—
She'd come, and leave her housework, fer to he'p out little Jane,
And talk of her own mother 'at she'd never see again—
Maybe sometimes cry together—though, fer the most part, she
Would have the child so riconciled and happy-like, 'at we
Felt lonesomer'n ever when she'd put her bonnet on
And say she'd railly half to be a-gittin' back to John!

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say—and more and more
I'd think of her dependence, and the burdens 'at she bore—
Her parents both a-bein' dead, and all her sisters gone
And married off, and her a-livin' there alone with John—
You might say jes' a-toilin' and a-slavin' out her life
Fer a man 'at hadn't pride enough to get hisse'f a wife—
'Less some one married Evaline and packed her off some day!
So I got to thinkin' of her—and it happened thataway.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Tennessee's Mountain Dew Queen.

Miss Bettie Smith, of Fentress county, Tenn., who was arrested on the charge of illicit distilling, is said to be handsome and accomplished, and is supposed to have written that wild and stirring romance, "The Blue-Headed Sapsucker; or, the Rock Where the Juice Ran Out." Colonel Harvey Mathes, editor of the Memphis *Ledger*, says that Miss Smith is undoubtedly the author of the story. This is a startling revelation. At one time Colonel Mathes offered $3,000 for the discovery of the author.

When Miss Smith was arraigned before the United States Court at Nashville she conducted herself with such grace and dignity that the polite old Judge, deeply impressed, arose and made her a profound bow.

"Miss Smith," said the Judge, "to see you in this awful predicament seriously touches me."

"It does me, too, Judge."

"How old are you?"

"Judge, you should not ask such a question; but I will tell you. I am two years older than my married sister, who was married before she was as old as I am. She has been married eighteen months, and still speaks well of her husband. Now, how old am I?"

"I cannot tell."

"I am not to blame for your mathematical inefficiency."

"Why did you go into the distilling business?"

"Because I wanted to make whiskey."

"How long have you been a distiller?"

"Ever since I was 16 years old."

"When were you 16 years old?"

"The year my father died."

"What year was that?"

"The year my Uncle Henry moved to Texas."

"Miss Smith, you are a woman, but I insist that you shall answer my questions. Remember, that if convicted of this awful charge, you will be sent to the Penitentiary. What did you do with the whiskey you made?"

"Sold it."

"Who bought it?"

"Well, Judge, it would be rather hard to tell who bought it all. Some time ago a party of gentlemen came into my neighborhood to hunt deer. The party got out of whiskey, and found it difficult to buy any. After a while I told a man if he would put his jug down on a dollar and go away, he might, when he came back, find the jug full of whiskey. He did so."

"Would you know the man?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I recognized him in a moment. You are the man, Judge."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Mr. Gladstone, Earl Spencer and the Methodist Preacher.

At a convention of Wesleyan Methodist lay preachers recently held in Northampton, England, the Chairman of one of the meetings related the following incident which occurred some years since at a village three miles from Northampton. It is a little bit of unwritten history: "Lord Spencer and William Ewart Gladstone were out walking one Sunday evening, when they heard sounds of singing coming from an old barn. After some hesitation they entered, and were so interested that they stayed to the end of the service. The sermon on that occasion was preached by a Methodist local brother, who was a poor, hard-working, industrious man. Service over, the right hon. gentlemen had a conversation with the preacher, and one of them told him he had never heard the gospel preached so faithfully and well in his life before, and he further gave him all the change he had in his pocket."

He Knew the Ropes.

"The bulk of my fortune I wish to bequeath to my scapegrace nephew George," said the dying man.

"Why, it was only yesterday he called you an old skinflint," said the lawyer. "I'd cut the boy off."

"That's all right," replied the testator. "You make out the will the way I tell you. I know enough about wills to know that if I leave him all the money he won't get a cent of it."

Rear Admiral Heneage, of the British Navy, has forbidden his officers to wear colored shirts under their coats.

ENGLISH MILLIONAIRES.

Some of the Largest Fortunes Lately Recorded in the British Isles.

The incidence of the probate and succession duties has become a subject of interest, says the London *Globe*. The actual amount paid in respect of these duties for the financial year just ended has not been published. The succession duty for the year 1886-87 yielded £814,764, and the probate duty £4,036,469. The latter, at the rate of 3 per cent., therefore represented personal estate valued for probate at about £121,000,000. Since Christmas last four wills have been proved, passing personalty of more than £9,500,000. Sir William Miller, a Scotch merchant, left £1,023,000; Lord Wolverton, a banker, of Welsh descent, £1,820,338; Mr. Hugh McCalment, an Irish merchant, £3,121,931; and Baron de Stern, a German financier, £3,544,978. One other estate exceeding a million was, it is understood, passed by a will proved in the financial year just ended. In no previous year, it is believed, have five estates paid duty on more than ten and a half millions. In twenty years the Chancellor of the Exchequer said in his budget speech only three estates of three millions each have paid probate duty. Fifteen other estates last year, varying in amount from £496,000 to £665,000, gave a total of nearly nine millions, and twenty-one, with personalty exceeding a quarter of a million and under half a million, paid duty on seven and a half millions more. It is probable that about a hundred wills were proved, disposing in each case of less than £250,000 and more than £100,000, with an aggregate of perhaps fifteen millions. The whole number of wills proven in this country last year may very likely have been about fifty thousand. From ten of these more than a tithe of last year's probate duty was obtained. Over a third of the duty was contributed by the estates of not more than 150 rich people, the average amount of whose personalty considerably exceeded £250,000, while the average of all the other estates would be probably less than £2,000 each. The income tax returns show that in this country property is becoming more evenly distributed each year. The result of this distribution seems to be that less wealth is accumulated than when property was in fewer hands. The income of the country does not appear to be increasing at the same rate as formerly. Notwithstanding the windfall this year from a few great estates, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was probably right in regarding the yield from the death duties as likely to be inelastic. The ownership of land in this country is rarely now the means of accumulating wealth. Of the twenty fortunes exceeding half a million each which have been noticed all were made in business. Among the twenty-one other estates with each more than a quarter of a million personalty, were only three or four of great land-owners. The desire of rich men to become owners of land is apparently decreasing. It is seldom now that money is left to be invested in the purchase of land.

Next to the five millionaires the largest personal estate left in the last twelve months was that amounting to £654,431 of Mr. Perrins, of Lea & Perrins, of Worcester, at whose shop, it is said, a lady on her return from India, many years ago, left by chance a recipe for curry which suggested that for the famous sauce, and next to Mr. Perrins' was the estate, worth £656,449, of Mr. Thomas Jessop, of Sheffield, who generously gave back to the company which bought his business £40,000, the amount by which the valuation of his stock and plant exceeded his estimate. Mrs. Pemberton-Heywood, the widow of a Liverpool banker, left £651,237; Mr. Charles Cave, a West India merchant and partner in the London bank of Prescott, Grote & Co., £613,900, and Mr. Hardie Farquhar, a banker in St. James' street, £544,684. Mr. Robert Campbell, one of the early settlers in New South Wales, left £617,818. Mr. George Benton, the contractor, £606,593; Mr. Charles Waring, £552,000; Mr. James Haworth, who died intestate, £593,000; Mr. Joshua Fielden, £503,598, and Lord Hindlip, the senior partner of Allsopp & Sons, £557,577. Sir Alexander Matheson, whose personalty was worth £643,759, had much landed estate, but he was also a part owner of the Rio Tinto copper mines and the head of an old firm of China merchants. Mrs. Morrison, who left £612,000, was the widow of Mr. James Morrison, who, after serving an apprenticeship with her father at his merchant shop by London Bridge, became his partner—and hers—and in time built up the great wholesale trade of the Fore street warehouse.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt is said to have died worth $184,000,000, or about as much as 100 of the richest estates in England paid probate duty upon last year. To have made a fortune of two, or three, or even five millions of pounds sterling in 20 or 25 years is spoken of as not an uncommon occurrence in America. Such fortunes, if, indeed, they are made at all, must, of course, be made by speculation, and not in the ordinary course of trade. There is no indication that wealth can be acquired in this country, even on a small scale, in the way that it is said to be gained in America. Riches, when not inherited, seem to be slowly earned by the people whose wills are proved in England. The estates with personalty between £250,000 and £500,000 offered for probate last year included those of Mr. Chas. Seeley, £496,901; Mr. Thos. Simon Bolitho, £414,563; Mr. W. B. Phillimore, £367,943, and Mr. R. Berridge, £312,567, who were all considerable landed proprietors, but Mr. Belitho was a Cornish banker, Mr. Berridge a partner in Meux brewery, whose purchase of the great estate of the Martins, of Cro' Martin, was probably not a remunerative investment, and Mr. Seeley and Mr. Phillimore did not, it is believed, owe their wealth chiefly to their land. Among sixteen or seventeen other estates of more than a quarter and less than a half a million were those of Mr. Stevens, proprietor of the *Family Herald*, £287,331; Mr. Alexander, a bill broker, £381,671; Mr. Joseph Maynard, a city solicitor, £436,383; Mr. Synott, an Irish merchant, £259,227; Mr. Geo. Crosfield, a Warrington soap manufacturer, £320,462; Mrs. Gibbs, the widow of the well-known agent of the Peruvian Government, £408,000; Herr Krupp, £273,125; Mr. Lionel Cohen, of the stock-exchange, £423,447; Mr. C. R. Fenesick, a ship broker, £408,000, and Mr. J. H. Smith, a banker, £388,928.

The Mayor of Whetland, Cal., is a colored man.

A QUEER BEDFELLOW.

The Startling Nocturnal Discovery Made by a Sojourner in Texas.

I am encamped in the deep forests on the carboniferous hills of Young County, says a Texas letter in *Forest and Stream*. My temporary shelter is a small cabin of a single room, full of cracks through which things can creep. This morning an hour before dawn a heavy storm descended upon us, and the air grew quite chilly. While lying in my comfortable little bed listening to the howling of the wind and pouring of the rain, I felt a strange movement in the bed. It was not the movement of an earthquake, or of a whale, or of an elephant; yet I immediately recognized it as a movement of a very moving nature one that might involve terrible consequences. I felt it again, and it was not only in bed, but under the cover with me. Just at this juncture I felt something very slick and of a somewhat cold nature move against my hand. The time for action evidently had come, and I did not deliberate what action to perform, but performed at once. With one fell bound I vacated the bed and landed in the middle of the floor with such a thump that the cabin shook all over. In a moment my lamp was burning, and seizing a club I approached the bed and cautiously pulled down the cover. There lay a snake, beautifully coiled up, with his head somewhat uplifted, licking out his tongue at me. He was about four feet long. He looked at me and I looked at him. He made no motion as if he would run and neither did I. I thought I spied a gentle and confiding expression in his eye, as if he said: "You need not be alarmed; if you will not hurt me neither will I hurt you. If you will be my friend I will be yours." I threw my club aside. I perceived that my bed-fellow was a bull-snake, almost precisely like the rattlesnake in markings, but in no other respect like that monster. He is without fangs, without poison, and of a gentle, playful and amiable nature. He grows eight or nine feet long. I said unto him that he and I should be friends; that he might not only dwell with me in my cabin, but that, if he liked he could sleep with me in my bed. Having said that much I carefully spread the cover over him and told him to sleep on. And he did so. But I did not go back to bed to him. I sat by my table and read a few chapters of St. Paul, who, of all authors, is my favorite. How logical, how forceful, how grand and ennobling he is! On returning from breakfast I brought one of my fellow-workmen with me to show him my friend and bed-fellow. When I drew back the cover, there he lay, perfectly quiet and content, but licking out his tongue. My fellow-workman was dumbfounded. I then put the cover back again. A few moments ago my snake descended from the bed in a quiet way, as if entirely at home, and is still probably somewhere in the house. He was probably engaged in hunting mice when the storm came up, and becoming chilled in the changed atmosphere he found my bed pleasant and concluded to sleep with me

How to Kill Moths.

The destruction of moths is one of the greatest vexations which careful housekeepers have to contend with, and their depredations are not to be remedied after they have once made inroads. Houses heated by furnaces are especially predisposed to have moths, but every housekeeper must be on the watch for them, for, from the time that the windows begin to be left open the trouble begins. Heavy carpets do not require taking up every year unless in constant use. Take out the tacks from these, fold the carpets back, wash the floor in strong suds with a tablespoonful of borax dissolved in them. Dash with insect powder or lay with tobacco leaves along the edge and retack. All moths can be kept away and the eggs destroyed by this means. Ingrain or other carpets, after shaking, are brightened by sprinkling a pound of salt over the surface and sweeping carefully and thoroughly. It is also an excellent plan to wipe off the carpet with borax water, using a thick flannel cloth wrung tightly, taking care not to wet it, but only to dampen. Open the windows and dry the carpet before replacing the furniture. Other woollens, including blankets and wearing apparel, must be beaten and brushed and folded smoothly. Be careful to clean every spot with ammonia water, not too strong, and a dark woollen cloth. Tie pieces of camphor into little bundles and put one in each article. Wrap the articles in newspapers, as printers' ink is a great preventive of moths, and sew them up in strong sheeting bags, labeled so it will not be necessary to open them during the summer except for use. This is a good way for those who do not possess cedar boxes, and the articles need have no other care if every spot is treated as directed and the garments are not left hanging in the closet too long before putting away for the season. Any one moving into a house should see that the rooms are disinfected. No agent can guarantee that there has been no infectious disease in the house; he does not know anything about it. Commence at the cellar first and go through each room. This should be done before you take possession if possible, but if it is not convenient it should be done before you get settled. An ounce of sulphur may save many a dollar of a doctor's bill. Sulphur and alcohol are the most satisfactory disinfectants, and they possess another advantage in being inexpensive. The alcohol is only necessary to cause the sulphur to ignite quickly. The sulphur will burn without it, and if you have no alcohol take three or four lighted matches and place them on the top of the sulphur and it will soon take fire. All silver or gilt articles should be removed from the room while the sulphur is burning, otherwise they will be very much discolored and in some cases destroyed. In houses that have furnaces matters are considerably simplified. The sulphur can be put in the furnace, all the registers can be opened and the whole house disinfected at the same time. If the fumes become too strong open the cold air shaft and the windows, and they will soon be dissipated.

He Paid Him Off.

Young Physician (to patient)—What you need is exercise, sir. You should walk more.

Patient reaching for his pocketbook—How much, young man? I walked all last night with the baby.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

A Man to be Tried for a Murder Committed Nearly Forty Years Ago.

The case of Jesse D. Graham, who is now in prison at Santa Cruz on a charge of having murdered Dennis Bennett 38 years ago, promises to be one of the most striking cases in the criminal calendar of this coast. The facts are these:

On April 22nd, 1850, Dennis Bennett was shot dead at the door of his house at Cyante, in Branciforte (now Santa Cruz) county. Several witnesses—namely, one Dennis Connor, James Robinson and Mr. Hoyt—were in the house at the time and testified that they saw the murder committed by Jesse D. Graham. Other witnesses—to wit, Mansell Bennett, Jackson Bennett, Mary Bennett, Mary Ann Bennett and Julia Bennett—were before the grand jury and gave evidence in corroboration. On this an indictment was found, which was signed by William T. Wallace, then District Attorney, since Chief Justice of the State, and now Judge of Department No. 6 of the Supreme Court in this city. That indictment is still on file in the county clerk's office at Santa Cruz. For some reason or other Graham was never brought to trial for the murder. Here the stories diverge. A surviving relative of the murdered man says that Graham fled, and remained in hiding for several months in the Santa Cruz mountains, where he was supplied with food by his father; that three years afterward he was captured in Tuolumne county, but that the captors were induced to surrender him to his father in exchange for $5,000; that he then escaped to Texas, where he lived many years; that he finally returned to Southern California; that he went by the name of Jones. On the other hand, friends of the prisoner says that he never was in hiding; that he lived unmolested at Santa Cruz for over six months after the finding of the indictment; that he has repeatedly visited that place since, under his own name, without interference from any one; that he has frequently met members of the Bennett family—the witnesses against him—and was never denounced by them. It is noticeable that, so far as appears, the prisoner's friends do not deny that he killed Bennett. One peculiarity of the case, which seems to command more attention in Santa Cruz country than it would do here, is that the prisoner is said to rely upon the fact that the alleged murder was committed before California was a State of the Union, and that, therefore, he cannot be tried under its criminal code. California was not admitted till September 9th, 1860, and Bennett was killed, as we saw, on April 22nd of that year. But California had been a territory of the United States—though it had never had a recognized Territorial Government—for three years prior to the murder, and the Territorial condition carried with it the common law. A murder was as much a murder before as after the admission of the State, and was punishable in the same way, by the same procedure and with the same penalty. If Bennett killed Graham, and the fact can be proved by credible witnesses, it is not seen how it will avail him to show that the deed was committed before California was admitted and while it was working under the Constitution of Monterey.—*San Francisco Call.*

Latest Scottish News.

One morning recently five large eagles were seen flying over Lerwick.

Lord Hopetoun has agreed to accept the freedom of the ancient burgh of Queensferry.

The sparrows at Millport have been stealing the Rev. Mr. Walker's pulpit bands off the green and making nests of them.

It is proposed to present the Marquis of Lorne with the freedom of Aberdeen on his visit on June 21st, to unveil the Wallace statue.

Lord Rosebery has paid £2,500 sterling for the construction of a swimming bath, 90 feet long by 30 feet wide, at the People's Palace in the East End of London.

The ship's register of Paul Jones, the noted seaman and admiral of the American navy, was sold in Dumfries on the 15th ult., for £2 10s., the purchaser being Mr. J. J. Glover.

Miss Annie Brown, who wrought the handsomely embroidered quilt presented to the Princess of Wales at Glasgow Exhibition, is a native of Dalry, and a daughter of a working blacksmith.

Mr. Alexander Petrie, sen., Arbroath, died on the 16th May. He was 84 years of age, had been upwards of 60 years a Sunday School teacher, and was believed to be the oldest Sabbath School teacher in Scotland.

By the marriage of the widow of the late Mr. Henry Ritchie Cooper Wallace, of Busbie and Cloncaird, Ayrshire, £21,000 has fallen to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and £7,000 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution "for the purpose of establishing a lifeboat on the Ayrshire coast, to be named the Busbie."

As a memorial of last year's Mary Queen of Scots tercentenary exhibition at Peterborough, it is proposed to print one of the MSS. from Losely there exhibited. This is an account of "The Examynacon and Death of Mary Queen of Skottes," signed by R. Wynkfielde, which is of special interest as identifying Burghley's correspondent, "R. W.," and as differing in some details from the common reports.

Educating Arabian Girls.

"Educate a girl!" exclaimed a Mohammedan to Dr. Jessup, a missionary among the Arabs, who was urging him to place one of his daughters in a girls' school in Tripoli. "Educate a girl! You might as well try to educate a cat!" Several aristocratic Mohammedan gentlemen of Beirut were induced a few years ago to place their daughters in one of the Protestant schools there, and one of them remarked: "Would you believe it? I heard one of the girls read the other day, and she actually asked a question about the construction of a noun preceded by a proposition! I never heard the like of it! The things do distinguish and understand what they read after all!" The other replied: "Mashallah! Mashallah! The will of God be done!"

A curious domestic complication came out in a Brooklyn court on the application of an old man for the arrest of his young wife, who had eloped with a younger and handsomer man.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Most Popular Personage in Great Britain—Her Early Life.

The Princess of Wales is the most popular personage in Great Britain. So far as the institution of royalty is concerned it can be truly said of her that her life is the most valuable in the kingdom. So long as she lives her popularity will be sufficient to keep the cause of royalty well protected from popular innovation. I have tried to obtain from those who know the Princess of Wales well the secret of her great popularity. She is not a brilliant woman, she has never written anything, and in conversation she never impresses any one with the idea of her having any particular originality or striking force of character. In ordinary society, without the advantage of her position, she would make but little impression. She is excessively ladylike and refined. She has a most marvellous beauty, which chiefly consists in regular features, a fair complexion and a perfectly serene and placid expression. The most remarkable feature of her good looks is the preservation of her youthful appearance. In the broad glare of daylight she looks to-day as young if not younger than her eldest daughter. Her figure is also slim and slight as that of a young girl. She dresses with exquisite taste and appears to enjoy general society very much. The secret of her popular charm is said to be this: She has the rare and gracious faculty of impressing people who come in contact with her in the casual meeting of a general reception or a levee with her genuine cordiality. People who have been presented to her and who have simply seen her bow and smile, and perhaps have heard a half dozen words of commonplace greeting, are the ones who are the most wildly enthusiastic over her. Her bearing before the public constitutes her chief charm. Every one is led to believe that she is the most gracious and winning personage in the kingdom. It is this outward suggestion upon the part of the Princess of Wales of brilliant graciousness that has captivated and thoroughly charmed the British public. Those who know her best say that a more intimate acquaintance with her does not bear out the public estimate. She is thoroughly refined, accomplished and self-possessed, but is not interesting in a general conversation. While I was on the continent last month I heard a number of interesting stories concerning the early life of the Princess of Wales. These stories are not particularly new, and I do not propose to allude to them except to give the exact income of her father before he was called to the throne of Denmark. This prince lived in the most obscure poverty for a number of years. He had an income of exactly $1,200 a year. There were five children to be supported and educated from this beggarly sum. The young ladies of this household learned to cook, to sew and to do all kinds of housework. They were obliged to make their own dresses for many years. No members of any family so obscurely placed have risen to more brilliant positions than this Danish family. The head of the family became the King of Denmark. His oldest son is, of course, the Crown Prince of that country. Another son is the King of Greece. His three daughters are the Princess of Wales, the Czarina of Russia and the Duchess of Cumberland.—*T. C. Crawford in New York World.*

Dresses at the Opening of the Glasgow Exhibition.

The Princess of Wales was most becomingly attired in the palest shade of grey; her dress, which was of alternate silk and satin stripes, was trimmed with passementerie of the same delicate shade, and soft folds of crepe were arranged on the front of the bodice and the skirt; her grey transparent tulle bonnet had a bouquet of white flowers, with pale green leaves, and she carried a small grey chinchilla muff. The Duchess of Abercorn's dress was of fawn-colored silk, trimmed with passementerie, and her bonnet of tulle of the same shade was ornamented with large white wings; the Marchioness of Lothian wore dark green foulard, and her dark green bonnet had a brown bird on one side; Lady Campbell of Blythswood was in light grey, and her grey tulle stringless bonnet was ornamented with white flowers and a small feather; Miss Campbell wore black, with cowslips in a black tulle bonnet; the Marchioness of Breadalbane had a heliotrope dress, over which was worn a black lace dolman, trimmed with jet and passementerie; her high bonnet of heliotrope tulle to match was trimmed with a white bow on one side. The Countess of Rosebery wore a black velvet and jet mantle and a red tulle bonnet; the Hon. Elinor Hamilton had a dress of dark green cashmere and a high hat trimmed with dark green velvet, pink bows and a large bunch of pink flowers; her sister wore brown; Lady King wore a crushed strawberry satin dress, and her bonnet of the same shade was trimmed with velvet of a deeper tone and ornamented with Indian embroidery.

Great Scotch Travellers.

Among the Scotsmen connected with African discovery have been James Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller; Mungo Park, the discoverer of the Niger; Colonel James Augustus Grant, the discoverer (with Speke) of the Victoria Nyanza; Joseph Thomson and Keith Johnston; and, the greatest of all African travellers, Dr. Livingston, who, between 1840 and 1873, discovered the great Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Bangweolo and the Lualaba (Upper Congo). Dr. Robert Moffat, Livingstone's father-in-law, also deserves mention in the same honorable field of missionary enterprise.

He Was a Poor Manager.

"We must curtail expenses," said the husband to his sweet wife. "Indeed, and I don't see how anybody could be more saving than I am. We've got a family of four of our own and two servants, and yet I manage to get along, my dress bills and all, with only a little over $200 a month." "And I get a salary of $100 a month." "Well, you must get them to raise your salary. You have the least management about you of any person I ever saw. Oh, if I only were a man!"

A recently published book on etiquette says: "Endeavor to select your guest with a sense of fitness." That is, do not invite a fat man to a slim dinner.—*Hotel Mail.*