Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Very well, Miss Judy; but you'll be doon again at nicht?"

"Oh, yes—about eight. Carlotta goes to the theatre at seven, so there is no use staying later. You'll walk round to Peterhouse, like a dear, and tell Claud I've gone, and give him Alan's letter—or no, you can't do that, for I must consult with Carlotta about it. I'll tell you what—ask Claud, if he has nothing on to-night, to meet the eight-fifteen train."

"Very weel, my lamb. I'll get ye something to eat," said Christy, bustling away.

Now that she had something definite to do, Judy seemed to wake up. To says that she was happy in Cambridge would hardly be true. Adaptable, both by nature and habit, she did her best to settle down, and not to grizzle. But the life was narrow, the house small, the lack of definite interest appalling.

Judy was undergoing that acute form of mental suffering—the forced inactivity of an active mind. She had made some friends, for Claud was both fond and proud of his sister, and had brought his own circle about the house. Then certain Scotch Professors—some of them of high standing—and their wives had called, and there was a modest amount of social life.

But to Judy it was as dust and ashes. She read so many hours a day, and, for some unknown reason—to study her mind, she said—had taken to the study of Greek. But her mind, long dissipated by the hundred and one minor practical details of a housewifely life, did not rapidly incline to the classics, and Claud openly laughed at her.

The microscopic house, so quaintly built and furnished, with which everybody fell in love, was perfectly managed by Christy, with the aid of a young Scotch girl she had lured from the service of a bigger house in the neighborhood. It simply ran on wheels, and cost remarkably little. To Christy, it was nothing more than a play, which had to be made the best of until all the wanderings of the Rankines should cease, and they should be restored to the house of their fathers with proper dignity and splendor.

She cherished a dark and unreasoning hatred against the inoffensive and completely satisfactory tenants of Stair, whom she invariably referred to as "thae folk," as if they were the dirt under her feet.

Carlotta had seen a very bitter pill for Ann Christy to swallow; and it was not until Judy, hoping to close her mouth, took her to see "The Searchlight," that she actually swallowed the pill whole. She sat out the performance—a queer, little old woman, in a bonnet of a bygone day, and a little white shawl about her shoulders to give her a more dressy appearance. And she never spoke a word! But more than once Judy detected tears on the withered cheek, and once she shook her fist quite openly at the stage.

When the performance was over, her sole comment was, "She's terrible clever that can dae yon, Miss Judy. An' she looks like an angel ootee heaven. God forgie me for sic a thocht; for, mind ye, I'm not at a' sure that the Almichty approves o' permits theatres. There seem to be a terrible lot o' folk wi' naething to dae but fill them! Eh, an' wasna yon ither yin a hizzie? I could hae gien her her paiks! Miss Carlotty gae even wi' her, though!" she added, with an undoubted note of satisfaction in her voice.

The next time Carlotta came to Cambridge there was a noticeable change in Christy's demeanor, even a sort of servility which indicated a surrender, shall we say, of matter to mind? Nay, it was surely something higher! It was the soul of the unlettered woman that had responded to the spirit and genius of Carlotta. Anyhow, the conquest was complete.

That had been far back in the summer; through which "The Searchlight," with Carlotta in the cast, had steadily held its place in public favor. July, in her quiet, little old-world house in the cool depths of the loveliest college city in the world, had actually no idea how great a personage Carlotta had become, how many waited on her smile, and what temptations she had to forget or grow cold to her absent lover.

Judy's faith in Carlotta, however, was complete. And the love between them had never faltered once. They both possessed that rarest of all gifts—the capacity for a perfect friendship.

Judy's spirits insensibly rose as the train sped swiftly over the Great Northern line to London and Carlotta. A visit to or from her never failed to act as a charm and an inspiration. She had an entirely different kind of wisdom and philosophy from that possessed by Judy, and their natures seemed to fit into one another with the best possible results.

Carlotta was now living with her father and mother in one of the smaller houses in the Bloomsbury Square which she had once indicated to Judy as being the most desirable place for an abode in the whole of London. In the receipt of a large salary, the salary of a star, in fact, she could have afforded something more elaborate and expensive; and her compeers frequently expressed surprise at the simplicity of her life. She drove to and from the theatre in a hired brougham, and was guilty of none of the extravagances common to her profession.

No photographs of Miss Margaret Tenterden in her latest motor-car, or in her country garden, were to be found in the illustrated papers. She lived as quietly and austerely with her parents in Bloomsbury Square as if she had been a schoolgirl.

Devoted to her art she certainly was, and made daily advances towards perfection in it. Graham Madox had indeed had frequent occasion to bless the happy day when Viola Fancourt left him in the lurch, and brought him Carlotta in her place.

Judy took an omnibus part of the way from King's Cross, and walked by the short cuts, with which frequent visits had made her familiar, to Carlotta's house, arriving there soon after two o'clock.

A footboy opened the door, and knowing her, admitted her without a moment's hesitation. He was aware that his mistress never denied herself to Miss Rankine.

"I hope you are quite well, Rawson?" said Judy, her natural habit of kindliness to servants asserting itself. "And I hope Miss Carlyon is alone?"

"Yes, miss, she's all alone; for master and missus 'ave gone to Reigate for the day."

"Oh, indeed. Then I may go up. Is she in her own sitting-room?"

"I believe so, miss. Shall I go and see?"

But Judy, perfectly familiar with the house, declined his escort, and ran lightly up the crimson carpeted staircase, and along the first corridor to Carlotta's door.

Carlotta had taken the drawing-room floor for her own use, and had converted the smaller half into a study. It was shut off by folding doors, and looked very cosy and inviting with the glow of the firelight on its white walls and delicate, pink, Aubusson carpet.

Carlotta, writing at her bureau, wearing a neat, workmanlike morning skirt and serviceable shirt of serge, had none of the artistic woman's abandon. Loose garments she abhorred in working hours, though she had to wear them sometimes on the stage.

"It's Judy, Carlotta!" said Judy's eager voice in the doorway.

"Oh, you blessed woman!" cried Carlotta in tones which left Judy in no doubt about her welcome. "I was at this very moment writing to you! Have you just come up and have you had any lunch? I believe they could bring you up a chicken bone now. I've finished mine."

"I had it before I left," said Judy, as she returned the sisterly kiss, then held Carlotta off, to look at her more closely and critically.

"I did say to Christy they were worrying you to death. You look quite pale and white."

"I'm perfectly well and fit, my dear. I've had no letter this morning, and it's mail-day. I suppose you haven't had one either, and that is why you've come?"

"I have had one, and that is why I've come," said Judy, as she pulled it from the inner flap of her handbag. "There it is. Sit down, quick, and read it and tell me what you think."

Carlotta sat down on the edge of a straight-backed chair on one side of the fireplace, while Judy squatted on a low Ottoman stool, covered in black satin, which showed up against the pale pink of the carpet.

She watched Carlotta very closely while she was reading, but the expression on the beautiful face was not self-revealing.

Carlotta was certainly thin, and her classic features, shorn of every line of superfluous fullness, looked exquisite as cameo. The six months' unremitting study and toil had added a strange almost unearthly beauty to that face, and Judy's eyes were full of yearning pain as they dwelt upon it.

Carlotta came to the end of the letter, leaned her chin on her hand, and looked across the intervening space into Judy's eyes.

"Well," she said, in an odd, dry voice, "there isn't much in that! Something wrong, Judy!"

"Horribly wrong! You feel it—don't you? What do we want to know about the birds in Central Park, or the squirrels on Manhattan!"

"Madison Square—isn't it?" put in Carlotta, with a little wavering smile, as her eyes reverted again to the message sheet. "In a way, it is worse than no letter, this. It seems to open countless doors."

"Shut them, you mean, surely?"

"No—I mean open them. Alan has something to hide, Judy. How are we to find out what it is?"

"Ask me another," said Judy savagely. "And don't look at me like that, Carlotta! Alan's my brother, and I'm feeling pretty cheap about him. Why, we don't even know what he is doing! You can't imagine what I'm feeling about it!"

"Can't I?" asked Carlotta, and an enigmatical smile just flickered for a moment about her pathetic mouth. "Well, perhaps not. We must do something, Judy."

"Well, what can we do? Put a private detective on his track? I don't happen to know anybody in New York, or even anyone here who knows anybody there," said Judy getting a trifle mixed. "And what is the use of our writing and asking questions? He never answers. What kind of letters does he write to you, dear?"

"What kind?—oh, love letters, but they're getting shorter and shorter; and, as I say—something's got to be done."

"The suggestion will have to come from you then. If only he had any money Claud might go out in the holidays; only he has just taken a post as travelling tutor to Lord Lyndale's two younger boys, and they're going to Davos on the eighteenth of this month, to stay till the end of January."

"He can't afford to lose that—besides, it wouldn't do any good, Judy. But I've something to tell you. Mr. Madox has signed for an American tour, and we open in New York in less than two months' time!"

"Eight weeks to-morrow. It was only settled by cable yesterday."

"And you'll see Alan?"

"I hope we'll both see him," said Carlotta, firmly. "You'll come, Judy—in fact, you simply must! I should be lost without you. You will—won't you?"

"At your expense, Carlotta!" said Judy, in a low whisper. "I want to, most frightfully; but there's just a wee bit of pride in the background which won't let me."

"We must find that wee bit of pride in the background and grind it to invisible powder," said Carlotta cheerfully, "for I have quite set my heart on it. We shall be three months away. Christy can surely exist without you for that time!"

"Oh, yes, Christy could exist perfectly without me! We could let the house for that matter—nothing would be easier—and she could go home to Ayr and see her folk. Why, that is just what we will do, and the rent will pay my passage!"

Carlotta shook her head.

"I want you to come with me as a sister, Judy, and no question of money. I need somebody to stand between me and the people I don't want to see. Let us put it like that. I promise that you shall more than earn your passage," she added, with a little laugh in which Judy joined.

"You are certainly the most wonderful person in the world Carlotta," she repeated. "But shall we tell Alan?"

"Not a word! If we did, something inside of me warns me that either we should find him gone, or something else untoward will happen. We shall be our own private detectives, Judy, and find out together just what Alan is doing in New York."

Judy turned away her face, and looked for a moment dolefully into the dancing flames.

"Carlotta," she said presently, but without turning round, "what do you think he is doing?"

"Nothing—or at least nothing which is going to count in the long-run, I've known it for a long time, and he's just on the point of giving up. If we don't go soon, or there isn't something done, Judy, the last tragedy of Stair will be worse than the first."

Judy wrung her hands; and in her kind eyes deep shadows lay.

"Life is most frightfully hard, don't you think, Carlotta? Why should all this have happened to us, as a family? What have we done to deserve it? Nothing very special, I'm sure!"

"Nothing. But there is nothing surer in the world than this, Judy, that every human being has to pay something on account sooner or later. Perhaps, on the whole, it is better to make the payment soon than later."

"But Alan will soon be thirty-three, Carlotta, and he's not had much of a chance! Now I wonder how Peter Garvock is feeling?" she added presently, a new and rather vicious note creeping into her voice. "I hope he is nice and comfortable in his mind!"

(To be continued.)

The Strange Romance of Ocean Mary.

As I write this story, says a contributor, there lies before me a piece of gray India silk perhaps twelve inches square. About it is woven a web of rare romance. For aught we know the silk may be five hundred years old. The mystery of its origin was buried with a pirate captain two centuries ago.

About the year 1725 two young people, husband and wife, embarked from northern Ireland for America. In mid-ocean, while the ship lay becalmed the wife gave birth to a girl.

On the third day after the baby's birth the captain described through his telescope, a mast-head on the horizon. To the voyagers thronging the deck there slowly appeared an approaching vessel; she was graceful, and her masts were tall. The captain of the emigrant ship gave orders to slacken speed. Nearer and nearer drew the mysterious craft. A puff of smoke appeared. A cannon roared, and a shot flashed across the ship's bow. The craft was a pirate.

The awe-stricken passengers stood and watched while the pirate ship hove to. A boat dropped from her side, and down a rope ladder climbed the pirate captain and his villainous crew. Under powerful oars the boat shot across the intervening space. The captain and the crew of the defenceless vessel were soon in irons. The pirates prepared to scuttle the ship. In the course of his sinister work the pirate captain came to the stateroom of the mother. Rudely entering, he heard the cry of a child. His countenance swiftly changed. Then, swiftly recovering his composure, he inquired how old the child was and whether it was a boy or a girl.

"Have you given her a name?" he asked.

The mother, trembling, said she had not.

"Permit me to name her and promise to retain that name and I will release your captain and crew and leave your ship unharmed."

The woman quickly promised.

"I name her Ocean Mary," said the pirate.

Then he left her cabin, released his prisoners and ordered his men to the boat. They rowed slowly back across the water and went aboard the ship. Soon it disappeared over the horizon. Three days passed—days filled with thanksgiving at the providential escape. Ocean Mary became the object of everyone's adoration. On the third day the mast of the pirate ship again rose on the horizon. Again a cannon boomed across the waters and a boat was lowered. This time the pirate captain came aboard alone.

Under his arm he carried a packet. To the captain he said, "I now come on a peaceful errand. Take me to the cabin of Ocean Mary." Descending, he entered and laid his parcel on the bed. "I leave this gift for the child. It is a web of India silk for her trousseau when she marries. I bid you farewell."

He passed through a mute throng to his boat. A few minutes later a gun boomed a parting salute, and not long afterwards the pirate vessel vanished.

Another month passed, and the emigrant ship dropped anchor in Massachusetts Bay. The young settlers finally made their home in Londonderry, New Hampshire. At the age of twenty Ocean Mary married, and her wedding dress was of India silk. Mother of many children, she lived to an advanced age. The wedding dress passed as a cherished heirloom from one generation to another and was finally divided and distributed among surviving heirs. One large section is now in possession of the Mack family of Londonderry. I first heard the story of Ocean Mary while seated before the blazing hearth of the Mack homestead. My interest in it was rewarded. A small piece of the India silk lies before me.

Something New in the Bible.

The minister called when all the family were out except Eva, aged seven. After he had asked her whether she attended Sunday school regularly he said:

"And do you know your Bible?"

"Oh, yes, sir," the little girl replied.

"Perhaps you can tell me something that's in it," he persisted.

Eva brightened. "There's a lock of my baby hair away at the back."

Daggerwood.

Dogwood gives his name to his similarity of sound and writing to daggerwood, a shortened form of daggerwood, as it was formerly used to make daggers or sticks to hold together meat roasted over an open fire.

Humor.

In cartoon and literary caricature the figure of the humorist who is funny in public and a sour old bear in his home has become familiar. When a man has made a reputation as a humorist: it is asked how much of his sparkling wit and smiling geniality he distributes in personal relations when he is not paid for it and how much he saves for his platform appearances, for which he gets money. If a man is a really inspired fun-maker, he ought to have something to give away at life's common level, in everyday intercourse, radiating good nature because he loves the race, not asking anxiously how much he could get for each bright thought he has if he peddled it to a manager or a publiser.

The best kind of humor is not that which crystallizes in an occasional flashing witticism. What the world knows and values by the name of "good" humor is the chronic attitude of cheerful kindliness in which one greets the rest of the race and wishes it good morning instead of uttering the malediction of a misanthrope. We all like to greet those who bring into the room with them an atmosphere of wholesome and wind-no laughter, the philosophy of looking on the better, brighter side that we call optimism. The optimist is no fool. He is the wiser man, who has learned that the side of spiritual buoyancy is the side of good digestion, of work better done, of friendships kept in repair, of value to society, of service to God and man.

Choose for any work worth doing the man who goes into it with a bonny, sunny temper. Do not invite him who turns down the corners of his mouth with pedsistent dullenness, a harsh and surly fashion of snapping his commands, an evident dislike of fellow workmen. How can men put through any great task together if they fume and bicker? One can spare, no doubt, the boisterous buffoon who makes the table roar with his crass brand of mirth; but the social organism of industry can hardly dispense with the man who as he goes along, doing the plain task for which he draws his wage, tries to be friendly and kindly and wants to help the rest. He is of more value than the joker who is uproariously funny now and then but a gloom and a blight the rest of the time.

Smiles Will Follow You.

Let gladness carry you along
The stubborn road to fame,
And set you high among the strong
Who seek a lustrous name.
Keep doing good from day to day,
For that's the thing to do,
Let friendliness illume your way,
And smiles will follow you!

When you can help a man in need,
Or shift his heavy pack,
Run to his aid with loving speed
And ease his aching back.
Heap coals upon a fireless grate,
Till flames flare up anew!
Place food upon an empty plate,
And smiles will follow you.

It is affirmed of Nature's plan
That like doth like beget,
And also, for the good of man,
He shall not this forget.
If happiness you want to find
As you the world go through,
Goodwill bestow upon your kind,
And smiles will follow you.

Exalt the patient and content,
Who never rancour show,
Applaud the man in his ascent
Of hills that valour know.
Praise him who rises from a fall,
Give honor where it's due,
Incline the ear to Duty's call,
And smiles will follow you!

Practice Makes Perfect.

Percival—"Do you love me better than you did any of your former sweeties?"

Philippa—"O, much better! You see, every experience I have adds to my technique.

Bobbed.

The Head Gardener—"That's a rotten job. Where did you learn how to trim a hedge?"

His Assistant—"I took a course in the barber's school."

Toll of Death From Vesuvius.

In seventy-five years from 1783 to 1858, Naples lost about 11,000 inhabitants by the volcanic eruptions of Vesuvius.

The Don Cossack choir of Russian officers gather at the Cenotaph in London to lay a wreath in token of their respect and friendship, unbroken in death.

Long Words in Court.

The inability of illiterate witnesses to understand the questions put to them often makes trobule for the court. Experienced cross-examiners learn to simplify their English—to discard "prior" and "previous" for "before" and "subsequently" for "after." Simultaneous" is another word, frequently convenient, but to be used with care and only when it is certain that the witness understands its meaning. In a murder case, a negro was asked if two shots were simultaneous—a matter of prime importance. He answered promptly and decidedly:

"Yas, boss, dat's it—zackly simultaneous."

Then, to further emphasize his statement, he added in another form a repetition of what he supposed it to mean:

"Zippety-zip! Plung! Dat's how dey come, boss—one right arter de odder!"

More rarely, it is not the echoed words of the lawyer's questions but the original language of an uneducated witness with a taste for long words that creates trouble, or mirth or both.

Such a witness is also often a colored person. Only a short time ago an industrious and respectable laundress whose worthless husband had abused her was forced to appeal for protection to the law. But in the very beginning of her testimony she surprised and somewhat puzzled the court by repeated complaints of incompatibility.

"What do you mean by incompatibility?" she was asked. "Do you mean that the only trouble between you and Jonas was incompatibility of temper?"

"Ninkumpatibility; dat's just what I said," she assented. "We been mah'id three years, judge. De fust year dere wasn't no ninkumpatibility at all. De nex' year Jonas began ninkumpattin', but twa'n't more'n I could stan'. But dis year, judge,—and dis las' month in perticlar, judge,—he's tuk to ninkumpattin' wid his boots an' de flahwood an' tech, and so I's here."

Who Owns the North Pole?

The North Pole has been much in the news lately but few people know that it may be regarded as part of the British Empire.

During a discussion in the Federal Parliament recently, Mr. Stewart, Minister of the Interior, expressed the view that the whole Northern Archipelago belonged to Canada. Referring to a proposal that parties going into the hinterland of the North-West Territories must obtain a permit from the Canadian Government, he said:

"We are getting after men who go in, presumably for exploration purposes, but possibly there may arise a question of sovereignty over some island that they may discover in the northern portion of Canada, and we claim all that portion."

Asked whether Canada claimed right up to the North Pole, Mr. Stewart replied, "Yes."

Why the Seaside's Healthy.

Why does a visit to the seaside tone us up so thoroughly? The doctors tell us it is because there is iodine in the sea, and the spray from the waves is full of it. So, with every breath of air we take, we absorb some precious iodine.

The importance of iodine is now being preached by the doctors. To emphasise their contention that it is necessary to fitness, they point to the people who live in very sheltered valleys, where all the iodine has been taken from the air before it reaches them. Such people become weak and undersized.

Suggestions made recently for giving us all more iodine include the iodising of the water supply. Meanwhile, iodised salt, chocolate, and butter-scotch have been placed on the market.

Very Big Price for a Very Small Poem.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the distinguished author, had a miniature printing press on which he printed, from time to time, verses or other short items for distribution among his friends. These little efforts at home publication have become very rare and valuable, being eagerly sought by collectors of first editions and literary curiosities. A typical example is offered in a recent New York catalog of first editions as follows:

"STEVENSON": A Martial Elegy for Some Lead Soldiers." Two pages, with fifteen lines of verse, beginning: "For certain soldiers lately dead
Our reverent dirge shall now be said," privately printed by Stevenson on his tiny press, in full red levant morocco case. Price $350.

Might Have Been Better.

MacTavish had been invited to spend an evening at a friend's house listening to a wireless programme.

At its conclusion the host said, "Well, Mac, what could a Scotsman desire better than that? Singing, instrumentalists, a talk on bluebottles, opera, news and dance music—all for nothing."

"Aye," said MacTavish, "but we didna have any aerobats."

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"SALADA"
GREEN TEA
Have you tried it? The tiny rich-flavored leaves and tips are sealed air-tight. Finer than any Japan or Gunpowder. Insist upon SALADA.

Surnames and Their Origin

TUPPER.
Variations—Taubmann.
Racial Origin—English and Germ[illegible]
Source—An occupation.

In the middle ages, when there was no complicated and automatic machinery for the manufacture of [illegible] receptacles as barrels, tubs, cups [illegible] the like, these very necessary articles had to be made by hand, and no little skill was required on the part of the artisans who turned them out.

As industry was organized in later days these men were skilled craftsmen, not incomparable with the goldsmiths and silversmiths of to-day, and their guilds or associations ranked high in the social and business life of the communities in which they lived.

Just as the occupation of "supper" or maker of cups, has given us the modern family name of Cooper (tub), incidentally, has nothing to do with the modern trade of barrel making, so the "tubber," or maker of tubs, has given us the modern family name of Tupper.

Quite typical of differences in the tendencies of speech development in Germany and England is the variation in the forms of this same family name found in the two countries. In both German and English speech the terminations "er" and "man" were quite common. But the English tended to the more frequent use of the former and the German of the latter. Otherwise the German word which was applied to English form might have been "Tupman" and the German Yanke. It should be noted that this Germ[illegible] name has nothing to do with the [illegible]

"Keep to the Left" At Sea.

Ships at sea have a "language" their own when they wish to converse with or signal to one another. Near all big steamers carry a wireless installation, but, in addition, every vessel of this type is provided with a steam whistle or siren, a mechanically operated fog-horn, and a bell.

Sailing ships are obliged to have both a mechanical fog-horn and a bell before they are allowed to enter or leave a port.

When ships pass one another at sea certain ceremonies are observed. Thus a merchant vessel meeting a warship is expected to dip her flag in salute, courtesy acknowledged by the naval commander in a similar manner. Liners are generally saluted as "tramps," while when one liner meets another the junior captain dips his house-flag first.

If the weather is foggy and visibility is poor, it is obvious that ships on their way across the high seas must "talk"—and talk loudly. So long as a steamer is moving forward the law of the ocean demands that she shall send out a long blast on the siren every two minutes to give notice of her presence in foggy or hazy weather. Should she stop her engines the long blast must cease, being substituted by two loud whistles every two minutes with an interval of one second between each. The siren is stopped altogether immediately the anchor is dropped, and the presence of a moored steamer is known by the clamour of her bell once a minute.

Every vessel that is propelled mechanically is supposed to give way to the sailing ship, and the latter has a special code of signals to indicate her presence. One blast from a fog-horn every minute means that a sailing vessel is moving with the wind (her left side). Two blasts a minute indicate that the wind is on the other beam.

When fishing, trawlers carry lights, one above the other, attached to their masts, while tugs towing other craft carry two lights in the same way. A ship at anchor puts out her deck light, or substitutes a "riding light" which swings from about three quarters up the foremast.

Taking and Retaking a Ship.

The London Graphic in a recent article concerning the sinking of a British collier that was seized in Hamburg when war was imminent. The Germans were counting on her coming in with coal for their men-of-war. The captain was averse to sailing, but the owner was urged to get a high price for the coal, and at the river mouth a German pilot came on board.

On taking charge of the ship he said: "Now this is German property, war began yesterday."

"Did, it!" exclaimed the captain. "Then take that." And he knocked the pilot with a fearful bang on the head with his telescope.

Then he turned the ship around and with his German prisoner on board steamed off for England as fast as he could steam.

Experienced.

A little boy was a guest with his parents at a wedding. In a [illegible] he was asked what kind of wedding he meant to have when he grew up.

"I'm never going to get married," he replied, with emphasis.

"Why not?" he was asked.

"Because I've lived with married people too long."

The British Museum contains about 3,000,000 volumes, and employees are constantly engaged dusting them.

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Both Ways.

First Prisoner—"I was jailed for [illegible] ving while intoxicated and run [illegible] a pedestrian. What are you [illegible]?"

Second Prisoner—"Being a [illegible] while intoxicated."

Well Qualified.

Prospective Employer—"But can you get up in the morning?"

Applicant—"Can I? Why, in the last place I used to be up and have the beds made before any one else was up."