THE LANGLEY BURGLARY.

The large party assembled as usual at Langley Towers to celebrate in approved fashion the approaching 1st of September were all collected one night after dinner in the drawing-room, when the conversation hitherto rather languid, chanced to turn on a burglary that had lately taken place in the neighborhood. Every one at once seized on the topic, and proceeded to relate more or less irrevelent, but all alike ghastly, stories of famous burglaries and robberies, till suddenly Miss Cecil Clifford, a cousin of Lady Langley's, a very pretty girl and an heiress to boot, who had hitherto taken no part in the talk, looked up suddenly and said :

" I do wish you would not all discuss such horrors. How do you expect us to sleep quietly in our beds if you will insist on retailing such frightful stories, especially as those wretches who broke into Colston Park are still at large ? I feel as if I should find a burglar in my room to-night, so if I should rouse the house with a false alarm don't blame me."

" I think I should die if I were to wake and see one in my room," exclaimed little Lady Langley, shrugging her pretty white shoulders in not wholly affected fright.

" At all events, the man would not trouble you long enough with his company if that tin case of yours, with your diamonds in it, were lying on your dressing-table as usual," returned her cousin. " I know you'll be murdered through those diamonds one day !"

" Do you really mean that Lady Langley keeps her jewelry in her dressing-table ?" asked Captain Le Marchant, an impecunious young man, who was suspected, on very good grounds, of being *au mieux* with the pretty heiress, and who was, in consequence, rather out of favor with her guardians.

" To be sure she does," laughed the host; " and as Cecil says, I know we shall wake up some fine morning to find ourselves corpses because of that whim of hers."

" What's the use of having jewelry if it is always to be at the banker's ?" retorted Lady Langley.

" I wish to goodness you'd be sensible, Flo'," remonstrated her cousin, " and have it kept in the plateroom at all events. I know that I shall do nothing but dream of your diamonds."

Lady Langley laughed gayly, and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in keeping the conversation on the same subject, despite her cousin's very evident dislike of it, in which she was assisted by Captain Le Marchant, who chaffed Miss Clifford a good deal about her nerves, until the party separated for the night.

Next morning the house was in confusion, for the diamonds were gone.

Lady Langley missed them the moment she rose, for, her maid being far from well at the time, she had bidden the girl not sit up for her, and had undressed herself, leaving her diamonds, which she had been wearing, loose on her dressing table, when Cecil Clifford found them when she came in to her cousin's room to bid her good-night as usual, and she put them in their case. Of course every hole and corner was searched, but in vain. The police came, but were equally unsuccessful. Not a trace of either the thieves or the jewelry was to be found. The police, including the detective hastily summoned from London, were positive that the robbery had been committed by some one in the house—a conviction that did not add to the comfort of the inmates of Langley Towers. Suspicion ran riot, the household servants, one and all, belonged to well-known and respectable families in the neighborhood, and had mostly been for considerable periods in the Langleys' service, while the visitors' servants it happened, seemed equally above suspicion. The only person who ventured to differ from the officials was Captain Le Marchant, who openly pooh-poohed the whole thing as simply invented by the police to screen their own incompetency.

Whether from conviction or opposition, Miss Clifford embraced the police theory, and before long her suspicion fell on the maid of one of the visitors, who she felt convinced was at least an accomplice. Unfortunately for this poor girl, Cecil Clifford confided her doubts to her cousin, who in her turn unconsciously betrayed them to the detective, so the unlucky maid was immediately placed under a surveillance that rendered her life a burden to her, and ultimately cost her her situation.

Captain Le Marchant remonstrated several times on the subject with his fiancee (for such she really was, though the engagement was not officially acknowledged), but without effect. She somehow seemed to distrust him, as of late, from some cause or other, his usual sunny temper had quite deserted him; his tongue had acquired a bitterness new to his friends, while his handsome, merry face had grown to look worn and haggard.

Miss Clifford, though still persisting in her opinion, bore his strictures with gentle patience, laying the very evident temper he showed to the account of some money troubles that she well knew were worrying him, but at last he went too far, and ere their interview on this occasion terminated, the engagement between them was summarily broken off by the lady.

Captain Le Marchant never took any steps to bring about a reconciliation, which on her side, Cecil Clifford was far too proud to dream of, though what the estrangement cost her only she could have told. All she knew about him was that he had exchanged into a regiment stationed in India, and beyond one other fact she heard no more of him till three or four years later the newspapers told her that he had joined the army in Egypt, and formed one of the band sent to the relief of Gordon and Khartoum. Strangely enough, the one fact that she did hear privately—namely, his having before leaving England provided for the future of the poor girl who had suffered so severely from the suspicions that were cast upon her about the lost diamonds—only seemed to render her more incensed against her erstwhile betrothed.

Six or seven years had passed since the burglary at Langley, when one night toward the end of the season Miss Clifford (Miss Clifford still, in spite of her wealth and beauty), at a large dinner, found herself introduced to "Colonel Le Marchant" by her host, who, ignorant of their previous acquaintance, had been actuated by a benevolent desire " to do dear old Denis a good turn " by making him acquainted with the heiress.

The old lovers stood for a moment face to face in silence, scrutinizing one another, the lady secretly, though not a trace of the hard work he had undergone escaped her ; the gentleman openly. He was the first to speak :

" It is long since we met, Miss Clifford."

" Not since we were together at Langley," she replied, softly.

" Yes, when the diamonds were stolen. I wonder if that business will ever be cleared up ?"

Just then dinner was announced, and the guests filed down in solemn procession. Although Colonel Le Marchant escorted Miss Clifford, her attention was at first claimed by her other neighbors. But when the conversation had become sufficiently animated to allow of private conversation, Colonel Le Marchant turned toward her and their eyes met.

" What a wretched time that was," he said softly.

" At Langley, do you mean ? Yes, indeed it was. But was it not curious how they found those diamonds ?"

" Found them ! you don't say so !" he exclaimed, eagerly. " When ? Do tell me, please, Miss Clifford. You see, I only came home a few days ago and have heard nothing."

" Oh ! it is nearly a year since. Sir James was out fishing with one of the boys, when his line got entangled in the branches of an old tree which had fallen into the river at some time. In disentangling it they saw something wedged in against the trunk of the tree which, after a little trouble, they fished out. It proved to be the identical case in which Lady Langley kept her diamonds, and when it was forced open there they were safe enough, and reports which appeared later declared that the box must have lain there ever since the night of the robbery. The theory is that whoever stole it must have hidden it in the river bank, meaning to fetch it when the fuss had blown over, but that the current swept it away till the tree stopped it."

" Curious !" said Colonel Le Marchant, slowly.

" Yes, is it not ?" she forced herself to answer quietly, for the strange expression on her companion's face troubled her, she scarcely knew why. " I suppose there can be no doubt that it was some of the servants ; though, after such a lapse of time, it would be hopeless to try and bring it home to any one."

Le Marchant looked at her sharply, and was just going to speak, when their host interrupted him with some question about the Soudan, and the conversation became general till the ladies retired.

Miss Clifford had sheltered herself in the drawing-room behind a large portfolio of rare prints to think undisturbed over her unexpected meeting with her old lover, when the subject of her thoughts quietly came up and took a seat beside her.

" I cannot tell you how glad I am that those diamonds have been recovered," he said.

" So am I," she answered. " Do you know, I feel as if I were a clairvoyant, or something of the sort, for ever since the robbery, whenever I have been at all unwell, my nightmare has been about those diamonds and the river. I hear the rushing of the waters quite plainly," she went on dreamily, unconsciously dropping into the old tone her companion remembered so well. " I wonder why it is !"

" I suppose it is because you really hid the diamonds under the bank of Langley Water," was the startling answer.

" I hid the diamonds ! What on earth do you mean ! You must be mad, Colonel Le Marchant !"

" No, I am not. I saw you do it," he replied quietly.

" You saw me do it ! Then why to goodness did you not say so at the time ?"

" Because I was mad then, Cecil, and made a horrible mistake."

" You thought I stole the diamonds ?" He was silent.

" Then that was why you were so keen about the poor little lady's maid ?"

He nodded.

" You believed—oh !—and were trying to screen me all the time !"

" Forgive me, Cecil."

" But do you mean that you actually saw me take the diamonds ?" she asked in wonder. " Please tell me !"

Colonel Le Marchant stooped over the book of prints Miss Clifford was ostensibly examining, and answered in a low voice : " I had sat up late in the smoking-room, worrying over some money troubles, when, startled to find how late it was, I was retreating as silently as I could to my quarters. As I was passing along the bed-room passage I suddenly saw you in your dressing-gown come out of Lady Langley's room carrying a tin box. Instinctively I drew back behind the curtain of the staircase window, and you walked by without noticing me. I followed you softly. You went to that little side door in the garden by the drawing-room, about which young Lovat had chaffed Langley so much, unfastened it, and went out right across the lawn toward the river. Then to my horror you went over the bank till I felt certain you would slip in, and I was just rushing up to catch you when you scrambled back—without the box ! You returned as you came, by the little door (through which I followed you), and regained your room. I was too utterly taken aback to speak to you, for the idea that you were sleep-walking never struck me till just now. Next morning, when the robbery was discovered, I remembered the box you had carried ; and then the recollection of that tin case you and Lady Langley had spoken of the previous night flashed across my mind."

" But did you never go to look at the place ?"

" Yes, that very day ; but though I felt certain that I was on the exact spot, I could find nothing. This confirmed my suspicions that you had an accomplice, for I watched you closely enough to know that you had not again visited the river. So you can imagine my feelings when I found you, as I thought, trying to fix the crime on Mrs. Crompton's maid."

" Good heavens ! Then that was what you meant that last day when you made me so angry. Well, confusion for confusion, Colonel Le Marchant. You saw me, as you thought, steal the diamonds. For my part, judging from your agitation at the time, and your energy in defending that poor girl, I grew convinced that you knew more of the robbery than you should have done, and actually believed that your subsequent kindness to her was simply remorse for having let her be suspected of what you had only too good reason to know her innocent."

" What a chapter of accidents !" said Colonel Le Marchant, slowly. " If only we had spoken out at the time ! I can hardly complain of your doubt, but yet I think you should have known me better."

" You doubted me, Denis !"

" But I saw you !"

Miss Clifford smiled.

Still sheltered by the portfolio which they were both apparently interested in, Colonel Le Marchant caught his companion's hand and whispered :

" Let bygones be bygones, Cecil, and set one mistake against the other. They have lost us years of happiness already."

Though their tete-a-tete was interrupted by their hostess, Miss Clifford must have found means of answering the appeal, for before the week was out all the world and his wife were discussing the impending marriage of Colonel Le Marchant and the hitherto unapproachable heiress.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

There is no cheese to be compared for richness and flavour to that made from the milk of the sheep.

To keep highly-polished brass absolutely bright and free from tarnishing, thinly coat with a varnish of bleached shellac and alcohol.

Porpoise-leather is being used in the manufacture of shoes, the resemblance to French kid being very marked. It has a long tenacious fibre, and, as it will not crack or tear, is very durable and waterproof, and makes an excellent leather.

Flour kept in sacks for two or three years ceases to be wholesome, according to the investigations of M. Rallabd, for he states that alkaloids are formed during the transformation of gluten under the influence of the natural ferment of wheat.

Dr. von Holst says that nitro-glycerine, though a deadly poison, is very useful in heart-disease, especially where there is no serious organic change. In angina pectoris the drug gives relief and sometimes produces a permanent cure, and he recommends it in preference to camphor or musk where weakness of the heart threatens immediate danger. He uses a one-per-cent. alcoholic solution, and administers from one to six drops three times a day.

The simplest rules for the prevention of sleeplessness are, " Do not worry," and do not think " I am afraid I sha'n't sleep." Think that the rest obtained by lying down at full length and relaxing every muscle is one means of restoration of the bodily powers, even if sleep does not come. A bath or showering the lower part of the spine with cold water quiets the brain. A little food, if one is hungry, is a well-known remedy ; and Jamaica ginger or ginger-tea will often cool the brain by warming the stomach, and in this way will produce sleep.

School-Room Jokes.

A five-year-old boy returned from his first day at school not quite satisfied with his teacher.

" Why," he said, " she kept asking questions all the time. She even asked how many two and two are."

This was written on the fly-leaf of a book on moral science : " If there should be another flood, for refuge hither fly ; though all the world should be submerged, this book would still be dry."

As an Austin teacher was calling the roll, he had just come to the name of Robert Smith, when Robert threw open the school-room door on a run, and called out, "Here !"

" Robert," said the teacher, gravely, " you must not answer to your name unless you are here."

" Henry, you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in the company of those scholars on the bench. Come up here and sit by me," exclaimed the exasperated teacher.

" Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, " I am indebted to you for all I know."

" Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.

" Now you see how the power is applied in this machine," said a professor, as he started the machine referred to, and added, " it is turned by a crank." Then he wondered why the class smiled.

The youthful idea of school has many illustrations. " Where are you going ?" " To school." " What do you go for ?" " To wait for school to let out."

More Valuable than Learning.

Backwoods school teacher (to boy .—My gracious, you have been two hours on this lesson, and don't know it yet. What's the matter with you ?

Boy (yawning).—I'm er sleepy.

Teacher.—Why didn't you sleep last night ?

Boy.—Had ter chop down a coon tree. Dogs treed 'fo bedtime, an' it took us mighty nigh all night ter chop down the tree.

Teacher.—Why didn't your father make you go to bed ?

Boy.—Who, pap ? W'y he's the one what made me chop down the tree.

Teacher.—You don't tell me so ?

Boy.—Yas, I do, ur yer wouldn't know nothin' erbout it.

Teacher.—You don't mean to say that your father would rather you would catch a coon than to learn something ?

Boy.—That's dad all over. They buys coonskins in town, but I ain't seed nobody er huntin' airter buyin' l'arnin' thar yit. Dad 'lowed that he'd get er pint uv licker with that air skin, an' I'll bet he do. Lickers licker with pap.

Teacher.—I am astonished at your mother.

Boy.—So is pap. 'Lows that he never did see er 'oman that could chaw ez much flat terbacker ez she kin. Wall, I hear ther dogs er barkin', an' I reckon they've treed ernother coon. Good-day.

The Humau Face.

Could we but read aright, we should find that every human being, in greater or lesser degree, carries the lineaments of the life, if such an expression is allowable, in the face. Good looks or ill looks accord respectively with the complexion of the life. It is very certain that beauty is added to and called forth by the exercise of the kindly affections of love, of pity, of trust, of hope, and of pure joy ; and it is equally certain that intellectual qualities have a similar result, and we have it upon ancient and high authority that "a man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the hardness of his face is changed." Thus beauty is not only skin deep, as another common saying affirms, but it may also be said to be so natural that it goes all through.

No member of the Japanese aristocracy thinks his family an old one unless he can trace a clear descent for six or seven hundred years.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

A Native Canadian's Impressions, on His First Visit to the Old Land, of the British Commons, and its Members Compared with Canadians.

BY J. B. PERRY.

Overwhelmed by the outward splendor of that vast Westminster pile, with its towers and turrets and sculpture carvings, I had prepared my mind for a dazzling interior.

Entering the lofty spacious corridors—with their memorial statuary, old master paintings and heraldic windows—I spent a charming hour awaiting my turn for admission to the Legislative Hall.

When I was ushered in there, into that celebrated arena where the grandest statesmen on record have met, wrestled and solved political problems for the common world, I was much disappointed. Dark and stuffy, with seating capacity on long benches without desks for only about one-half the 658 members. With a heavy gallery all around and over hanging one half the entire space, behind which at one end over the speaker, and back of the reporters' balcony, another gallery half hidden with cross bars, like a cage in a wild beast menagerie. This compartment I was told is reserved exclusively for the ladies, whom it is considered improper, and dangerous in England to admit into the open.

Altogether, the British House for comfort, elegance and convenience, is not to be compared with some of the continental chambers I have seen—or even with our halls at Ottawa.

A thin House was being led by Sir Vernon Harcourt on my first visit before the dissolution. The Liberal lieutenant was struggling through with some unimportant measures in the absence of Mr. Gladstone, who was then on his enthusiastic tour "setting the heather on fire" in Scotland. Lord Churchill, pulling his mustaches, lounged alone on the front bench of the Opposition, nervously contemplating the Liberal wreck, and balancing his personal chances for the future The Irish fort was held by Dillon and Biggar, while Parnell and Sexton, with the bulk of their contingent, were off starting the flames in Ireland.

My subsequent visits were after the election, after the dissentient Liberals had returned the Tories to power, and placed Lord Randolph Churchill at the head of the House —and it was then I had the fullest opportunity of measuring all the leaders in full debate. On the Monday night after the return of Mr. Gladstone from a short holiday on the Continent, and when the Grand Old Man was in splendid fettle, with bated breath, a crowded House was thrilled for over an hour, with the entrancing eloquence of the ex-Premier in support of Parnell's Tenants' Relief Bill. Wave on wave, his beautifully rounded periods rolled out in most exquisite musical measure, and his whole argument was charged with the most convincing logic. I shall never forget that night. It was during this speech that Lord Churchill, in an impetuous endeavor to break its force had the temerity to interrupt with a flat contradiction. The great axeman drew himself up to his full height, fixed his firey eyes on the bumptious young leader for an awful moment, then turning to the Speaker and to the House spoke thus : "The Chancellor of the Exchequer is very bold. I venture to say, and I think the House will agree with me, that there is no limit to the young man's boldness." The utterance and the manner of this magnificent and deserved rebuke evoked thundering applause, and seemed for the moment to crush the ambitious chancellor.

Either in the substance of his utterances, or in his manner of debate, it would be exceedingly ridiculous to compare any statesman of the present day with Mr. Gladstone, but that grand old sparkling veteran apart —I venture the statement, that man for man —all round—we have better timber in Canada, than they can boast of at present in the British House of Commons.

Lord Roseberry—in the Lords—a smooth-faced, solid-looking man of about 40—is the coming man for Gladstone's mantle, by and by, but meantime, the cleverest man in the House of Commons, next to the G. O. M., is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but who, I make bold to say, could not stand before Mr. Edward Blake in debate. Lord Churchill is our Dalton McCarthy, with the voice and eloquence of Wm. Lount, ex-M.P.P. Mr. Matthews, the ablest debater in the present Government, I would compare to Sir Chas. Tupper, although he would not be a match for our old maritime war horse. Sir Hicks-Beach reminded me in his style of our late lamented Mr. Crooks. Sir Vernon Harcourt, a graceful, cutting debater, would be the companion of Sir Richard Cartwright. Lord Hartington is the counterpart of our Mr. Meredith, a pleasing debater, popular —but not intellectually equipped for a great leader. Mr. Gibson resembles our Mr. Wm. Patterson, but less coherent. Mr. Morley would be no match for our Mr. Laurier, nor Mr. Smith for the Hon. Mr. Mowat, although parallel characters.

Since Lord Beaconsfield is gone, I can give no parallel of our Prenier, Sir John.

Mr. Sexton, the ablest debater in the Irish National party, might be aptly compared with the Hon. Mr. Fraser.

Mr. Parnell is without a parallel—cold and grim—no orator, in the general sense—but withal, convincing and commanding, sternly logical, and firm as adamant.

I came away from Westminster with increased pride in our own Canadian statesmen, with all their alleged faults.

And I left the Continent and Kingdom, after five months' sojourn, reveling in the grim delights of musty tradition, battlefields and tombs, castles, and crumbling cathedrals, with a higher opinion than ever of our fair Dominion, with its clear sunshine and invigorating west winds.

Mr. S. H. Puleston, the millionaire member of the British Parliament, who is about to purchase $2,000,000 worth of Pennsylvania coal lands, was twenty years ago a reporter on a small paper at Pittston, Penn. He took an active interest in local politics there and ultimatly got a good position in Washington, D. C. He never was naturlized as an American citizen. It is said there is a venerable and unsatisfied judgment standing against him at Wilkesbarre, Penn. for $30, the amount of a store bill contracted in his poverty-stricken reportorial days.

The Legend of Christ Church.

Near the southern coast of England,
  Rising dark from hill of green,
An ancient church with Norman towers
  By the sailor's eye is seen.

Seven centuries have written
  Strangest stories on each stone,
Making thus a vast palimpsets
  With rank ivy overgrown.

Of the legends, rarest, sweetest,
  Is the story of its birth,
When the mighty frame was lifted
  Skyward from its native earth.

In the time of William Rufus,
  Norman monks both brave and good,
Laid with zeal its strong foundations,—
  For its timbers hewed the wood.

Day by day there labored with them
  One who from the forest came ;
No one knew his home or nation,
  No one ever asked his name.

As wild violets on the hillside
  Bloom where southern winds have blown,
By the deft blows of his chisel
  Flowers sprang from solid stone.

And the woods felt all the magic
  Of his gentle artist hand—
Yielded shapes that filled with wonder
  All the skillful Norman band.

When at eventide the master
  Paid the wages of the day,
Heeding not, the wondrous stranger
  Wended to the hills his way.

Then the puzzled workmen queried :
  " Who is this, who asks no hire,
Yet whose perfect skill leaves nothing
  Truest art could e'en desire ?"

None gave answer to their question,
  But as whirling mountain snows
Heap great drifts among the gorges,
  Steadily the church arose.

Till the hour came for placing
  The great beam which spans the nave ;
For its length the oak tree, bowing,
  All his mighty fiber gave.

No oak on the hills of England
  Towered so far above his kin
As this monarch, strong, sound-hearte
  Fit church walls to enter in.

Ah ! we all fall short in something,
  Measured by the task's demand,
And the oak beam failed in inches
  By the distance of a hand.

Then despair possessed the workmen ;
  When that toilsome day was done,
Mournfully they plodded homeward ;
  Lingered there the Silent One.

How he labored in the starlight,
  While cool night winds round him stirred
While the world in silence slumbered,
  There is no recorded word.

But the first faint flush of sunrise
  Showed the beam set in its place,
While the stranger met the workmen
  With a smile upon his face.

Speaking low, in accents gentle,
  Like some distant anthem's strain :
" Unless the Lord doth aid in building,
  All the work of man is vain."

As the mists drift from a landscape,
  Swept the dimness from their sight ;
Knew they then 'twas Christ, the Master,
  Who had labored through the night.

The Last of the Buffaloes.

A correspondent of the *American Field* writes graphically as follows : Those of your readers who have never crossed the Mississippi River in quest of large game would do well to hasten if they expect to find anything left for them to shoot. Fifteen years ago I made my first Far-Western trip. Then the buffaloes and antelopes were in such numbers that the passengers on the railroad to Denver slaughtered them from the car windows. The train was not infrequently delayed while the bovines were crossing the tracks, and the plainsmen thought antelopes too easy a prey, by reason of their tameness, to bother with. To-day there is probably not one wild buffalo remaining. Think of it ! Of the countless thousands that a few years ago roamed our Western prairies there is to-day not one existent. The hunter who gets seventy-five cents for a dollar and a half skin ; the coroneted foreigner and the bloodthirsty native have done their work—nothing but piles of bones remain.

" Your readers can form some conception of how villainous the cruel slaughter has been when they learn, as I lately did, that from one station alone (Minnewaukon, on the Northern Pacific Railroad) the shipment of buffalo bones gathered from the prairies and sold for fertilizers averaged for more than a year seventy-five car-loads daily. This represents the enormous, almost incredible number of nearly 5,000,000 of these noble animals, from one locality only, sacrificed to man's brutal greed.

" I send you a photograph of a not uncommon sight at any of the stations on the newly-opened roads. The pile, as I saw it a fortnight ago, was about thirty feet high and 300 long. There is a terrible lesson in it to my mind, though it comes too late.

" The last buffalo in Dakota was killed in July, 1885, and his head adorns one of the buildings of the railroad at Jamestown. There is something pathetic to me in that head and its place of deposit. It is like the trophy which the savage warrior hangs to his tent-pole, or the scalp on the Indian's girdle."

A Reckless Old Negro.

Jim Webster—" I was jess sayin' de udder day you was one ob de mos reckless men I eber seed."

" You is right. I isn't feared ob nuffin," replied Uncle Mose.

" Jess what I said. Den of course you isn't afeared ter lend me a dollah."

" No, Jeems, I isn't afeared ter lend you a dollah."

" Jess what I said. Hand ober de dockerment."

" I isn't afeared ter lend yer a dollah, but I does so hate to part with an old fren foreber. I'se got de dollah, Jeems, but I lacks conferdence."

About a New Baby.

"Tarry, we dot a 'ittle live baby in our house."

" Has 'oo ? W'y don't 'oo bring it out an' 'et's p'ay wi it ?"

" Tause mamma won't let me have it. She's af'raid I'll let it fall and b'ake it."

" Where did your muvver dit it ?"

" I dun know. Mebby she buyed it in a tore. She dot it in bed wif her. Mamma's ick. It's a 'ittle wed one an' tin holler."

Answering a Fool According to His Folly.

Dude.—" If I should through myself befor that loccomotive what would you say ?"

Young Lady.— 'I would say that although all the fools were not dead yet, I had seen one die."