TWO SCHEMERS.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

The Widow Smith sat up late, reading the country paper, usually (the *Weekly Budget*) did not interest her, but on this occasion she read and re-read a certain part of its column and laid it down at last with a sigh. "Wants a wife, does he?" she mused aloud, "I'm tired o' livin' alone. It's a peaty chance for some one to get a good husband of he's what he advertises."

Then she resumed the paper and studied it carefully.

"A good pervider. That's one pint. Middle-aged and well-to-do. ... it wasn't for the—"

The widow stopped abruptly, and looked around with a startled expression.

"It must have been the cat." She said to herself, "I'm as nervous as a mouse. I'm sure there ain't any harm in it. I dare say he'll be glad of it when he finds out. If he hadn't been so particular that he wanted a widow without any—"

Then she broke off abruptly and sat thinking.

"I've heard tell," she mused, "that a man who amounted to anything wouldn't have to advertise for a wife. 'All alone in the world.' Poor man! I feel uncommonly drawn toward him. 'Likes peace and quiet.' So do I. We're of a mind there. I'd answer if it wasn't for the—"

The clock striking startled her. After a long fit of thinking she went to the clock-shelf and took down a pen and a bottle of ink; then she looked in the family Bible and found some writing paper.

It took the Widow Smith a long time to compose that letter. When she finally had it to her mind she copied it, after which she read it a great many times.

"I hope I hevn't done wrong," she said to her conscience. "But I can almost see the hand of Providence pintin' the way. A widower an' well-to-do, alone in the world." It would be almost wicked not to try."

Then she wound up the clock, put the cat out, and was soon dreaming of a new adorer.

Mr. Josiah Brown, a comfortable farmer, who lived in the next township, was the man whose advertisement for a wife had enlisted the sympathy of the widow Smith. He had been in the lonely and forlorn state of a widower about a year, and was tired of single life. He cast his eye, figuratively speaking, upon all the widows in his neighborhood, but they found no favor in his sight; so he advertised in the "Weekly Budget" and had half a bushel of letters in answer to his demand. All the answers had attractions, but there was only one that seemed to fulfil his expectations. It was a tiny little missive and signed "Widow Smith." "She don't hum and haw an' beat round the bush, but comes right to the point like a man," he said to himself. So he wrote to her, and in due time a second letter came. It pleased him more than the first.

"She's Mrs. Brown No. 2," he chuckled. "She says she's small—I like leetle wimen—has a farm an' a good house, an' of course is all alone in the world, or she wouldn't have answered at all. Says her friends call her a good housekeeper. She's a master hand to write—begins every word with a capital an' she apointed a meetin' at Gabriel Simpson's! Sho! I've known Gabe sence we was boys together. I wonder if he'll help me out about this—"

The good man choked abruptly, and seemed flurried.

"She won't mind after we're joined. I'll appoint next Thursday to meet. Friday ain't lucky an' Saturday's too near Sunday. I'll tell Simpson to keep dark till I come there. Wonder if the widder is good lookin'. Wonder if she'll be disappointed."

The widow was first at Simpson's, and held his best ear for private audience.

Then she was all smiles, talking over pickling and preserving recipes with Mrs. Simpson, who was an old acquaintance. Josiah Brown drove up with his span of grays, best Sunday coat on, best foot foremost, the widow was observing him from behind the curtains of the sitting-room window.

"W-e-l-l!" she said with a long breath, "he ain't to say han'some. He's a leetle bow-legged an' has a cast in one eye. I donno as I'd have him if it wasn't for the—"

Before she had finished Mr. Simpson was presenting Mr. Brown, and then all hands sat down to a "biled" dinner.

"I like good vittles," said the widower, with a knowing glance at his vis-a-vis, the widow, and he passed his plate for the third time.

"S'do I," responded the lady with a vivid blush. "Mr. Smith used to say he couldn't bear to eat away from home, 'cause we had such good meals."

Mr. Brown beamed at her.

After dinner he took Mr. Simpson to one side. "Pretty as a picture an' plump as a partridge; looks like she could keep house for me and the—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

A severe fit of coughing interrupted Mr. Brown's recital. Simpson smiled knowingly.

"You're in luck if you get the widder," he said. "But I can't say it's fair to not tell her about the—"

"H-u-s-h!" whispered Brown nervously. "It'll be all right. I'll make her a good husband and she won't mind the—"

Another severe fit of coughing, which nearly strangled the good man nipped his discourse in the bud.

"I say, Simpson," he enquired, presently, "has the widow any—"

"None in the land of the living," interrupted Mr. Simpson, hurriedly.

Mr. Brown rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Then the two joined the ladies, and the courtship proceeded with such alacrity that the day was set, and as a neutral ground, Simpson's house was tendered for the occasion.

But Mr. Brown visited the widow at her lonely house several times, and the widow in company with Mrs. Simpson spent a day at the Brown homestead and was much impressed with its "peace and quiet." She whispered to Mrs. Simpson,

"I'm so thankful I am going to marry into a home where there ain't any—"

"H-u-s-h! he's looking at us," cautioned her friend.

Then both ladies laughed heartily, as if they knew something that pleased them immensely.

While Mr. Brown was showing off his roomy house he hazarded a remark:

"It's kind er lonesome in a house where there are nobody but grown-ups. I believe you told me you hadn't any—"

"They are all in the grave yard! every one of 'em, poor things!" sobbed the widow with the handkerchief to her eyes.

It took some time for Mr. Brown to undo the mischief. He was compelled to support the clinging form and dry the tears he had drawn forth by his careless remark.

"She's a tender hearted little thing!" he said to Simpson; "she'll come around all right when she sees the—" Here he sneezed.

"You old fraud!" thought Simpson. But he only said, politely, "Of course she will."

They were married quietly, only the immediate friends of the family being present at the ceremony, and they went to a town where nobody knew them, and spent their honeymoon prowling around in each other's company, seeing the sights, and were as old folks in love usually are. Not that either of them was old! No, indeed!

When they went back they first located at the Brown homestead. As they couldn't live in two places at once, the widow had decided to sell and invest her money in more land in the neighborhood of her new home, a plan highly approved by her new partner.

The first cloud on the horizon of their new lives appeared when they reached home. It was no larger than a man's hand—or a boy's hand—in fact that was just the shape it took on the white walls.

Mr. Brown looked frightened; he asked boldly: "My dear, don't you think it's kinder lonesome in a house where there isn't any—"

A curious interruption happened. A troop of half grown boys rushed in at that moment to welcome the bride. They did not go through the ceremony of knocking, and seemed very much at home. They could have sung, "We are seven," exactly as to numbers.

"Who are they?" gasped the new Mrs Brown.

"I-I-I don't know," faltered Mr. Brown, his legs shaking like castinets. "Run home, boys, run home."

"Where'll we go, pa?" inquired the youngest, a cherub of five.

"Oh," gasped the bride, faintly, "I thought you wanted a quiet home! I have been basely deceived! You said you hadn't any—"

"Boy's don't make any noise," asserted Mr. Brown. "An' I thought, as long as you hadn't any—"

"Oh, good heavens! Who are they What do you want?"

"We've come, ma! We're all here!" shouted a chorus of voices as a whole school full of girls rushed in; "please introduce us to our new pa."

But "new pa had fainted, and hung" limp and speechless over the arm of his chair.

The noise brought him to. He asked if the earthquake had done much damage, and seemed in a dazed condition for some time. Indeed, the shock of finding himself the storm-point of seven daughters was too much. His first intelligent words were those of reproach. Simpson had been sent for and was present. Mr. Brown looked feebly at his distressed wife and said:

"You told me you hadn't any—"

"No, dear. I said they were all in the graveyard. So they were, boarding with the sexton. They are real, sweet girls, seven of them. You must love them for my sake."

"Seven and seven makes fourteen," figured the eldest male cherubim. "It's a good thing the house is large enough to hold us all."

A peace was patched up—several peaces in fact, and after a while the new couple found that what can't be cured must be endured. Mr. Brown took the longest to come around, but when he did, he gave in fully. In a moment of confidence his wife told him that she knew beforehand all about the boys and had taken her own cue from that bit of design. Mrs. Simpson had told her.

"Just like a woman—never can keep a secret," said Mr. Brown severely.

"Oh, no, dear!" answered the wife, "because though she told me all about your little scheme, she never said a word to you about mine."

And Mr. Brown was obliged to admit that he was fairly beaten at his own little game.

A Chinese Funeral.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed in the east end of London the other day at the funeral of a Chinaman, named Sut Foo, aged 26 years, who has for some time past lived at a place called Limehouse Causeway. The neighborhood is a Chinese colony, where many opium dens are known to exist. In the dead man's mouth were placed two silver coins, while some small cards, with holes punched in them and printed in Chinese characters, said to be prayers, were placed in the coffin. Chinese fireworks were exploded from the windows of the coaches, and on the arrival at the East London cemetery a pail, containing roast pork, roast fowl, rice, apples, oranges, a bottle of gin, Chinese chopsticks, papers on which were written Chinese characters, and small cups, was emptied, the contents being placed around the grave. The paper and chopsticks were then set on fire; and the mourners, with hands clasped, bowed before the flames. At the request of Mr. Chivers, the coroner's officer for Poplar, the English clergyman connected with the cemetery then read the Burial Service in English; and the chinamen, though they did not uncover, listened to it attentively. The body was then lowered into the grave, into which the Chinese threw some earth three times, in alternation with food and fruit. The bottle of gin was then served out in small cups to the willing bystanders. This is the first Chinese funeral it London at which an English clergyman has officiated. The body was not taken into the church.

It is expected that the forthcoming Russian Budget will show a surplus of from twenty to twenty-five million dollars.

The Rochester district of the Genesee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has passed a number of resolutions condemning dancing as immoral and a violation of the spirit of the New Testament. Their action has naturally excited a good deal of discussion, in which the secular press are taking sides against the clergy. There is much to be said no doubt both for and against the modern dance, but it is a very poor argument in its advocacy to say, as a Rochester newspaper does, that in the dance *per se* there is nothing immoral. An act is to be regarded with reference to its consequences, and if it could be proved that dancing led to evil the fact would be sufficient to condemn it.

The Collie.

Probably the name collie, or more properly, speaking, colley, is derived from the term colly or black, that originally being the color. Their use has always been as a shepherd's or cattlekeeper's dog, and it is from the lonely intimacy of solitary shepherds that the dog has obtained his known sagacity, and affection for man and his ways. Away on the mountains, miles from every one else, the shepherd, with no one to talk to but his dog, has evolved that almost human sagacity which is so great a feature of the collie. Steadfast, faithful, thoughtful he has become, and were he endowed with the power of human speech, he would equal, nay, excel, many members of the human family. Though actual speech may be denied, there is nearly always between the shepherd and his dog an ability to communicate instructions on the one hand, and to understand, even to anticipate them, on the other, so that speech is needless. These dumb signals are all that are required. In days and districts where different breeds were scarcely known, one kind of dog was kept to do all kinds of work, and to this we owe the versatility of the sheep dog, which may be trained to meet all demands upon him—to be a tender of sheep or a hunter of deer, a watch or a retriever, a participant in the hunt of otter, of fox or of badger—ready, in fact, for anything on land or water. Such adaptability is wonderful, and indicates keen intelligence and quick powers of instinct. The real well-bred—bred from a working strain—will kill a rat or a weasel as well as a terrier, and up to a recent time in the Hebrides, this dog was trained to hunt seals. A passage in Adamnanus's life of St. Columba would seem to show that thirteen centuries ago the monks of Iona employed the collie in this work.

To watch a sheep dog at work is a most interesting sight, especially in the lake country of England or the Highlands of Scotland. The careful way in which he will gather in all the sheep, even though widely scattered, the gentle yet firm control he has of them, and the readiness with which sign from, or word uttered by his master is obeyed, is remarkable. It is no uncommon thing for dogs to be left alone with a flock for days, or to gather a flock from a whole mountain side, not one to be missing. Shepherds can tell many tales of the sagacity of collies. They will, during the dipping season, guard the undipped sheep, and separate one by one as rapidly as they are required until the whole have passed through the tub. And a recent writer tells how one of these dogs will gather into a certain hollow, only indicated by a slight wave of his master's hand, all the sheep scattered over the hills and valleys for miles around. In one case when the hirsel or upwards of twelve hundred sheep were counted, four only were missing, and the good dog on being directed to go instantly and find them, darted off and was over the ridge in a few minutes. Within half an hour his bark was heard from the top of a steep ridge to the left, and he was seen bringing the four to complete the tale.

Of the faithfulness of the collie much can be said. The Ettrick Shepherd tells how at one time he had several hundred lambs which he was taking to the fold. They scampered off over the hills in three separate divisions and in opposite directions, defying all efforts to find them. Night came and search had to be given up. But the dog remained at his task, and in the morning he was found in a gorge standing over all the lambs, which he had gathered during the night. And the story of the drover's collie, which, losing his master in crossing by the river ferry in the north of England, for nearly two years regularly went backward and forward on the ferry, seeking in vain for the lost shepherd, refusing all the blandishments of others, merely accepting the food given him, is but one proof more of the collie's faithfulness. These could be multiplied indefinitely. Every shepherd could recount tales equally wonderful, and the exception would be to find among the true shepherds' dogs—not the show specimens, which may not be quite pure as some have suggested—those which would have failed to do what these have done. Of course, some dogs are endowed with more sagacity then others, but the more appears to be predominant.

Across the Russian Frontier.

George Kannan contributes to the *Century* an illustrated description of his trip across the Russian frontier, and the following extract shows what the author and the artist found when they reached the boundary. A picture of such a scene as the one described here forms the frontispiece of the number.

"We sprang out of the tarantas and saw standing by the roadside, a square pillar ten or twelve feet in height, of stuccoed or plastered brick, bearing on one side the coat of arms of the European province of Perm, and on the other that of the Asiatic province of Tobolsk. It was the boundary post of Siberia. No other spot between St. Petersburg and the Pacific is more full of painful suggestions, and none has for the traveler a more melancholy interest than the little opening in the forest where stands this grief-consecrated pillar. Here hundreds of thousands of exiled human beings—men, women and children; princes, nobles and peasants—have bidden good bye forever to friends, country and home.

"No other boundary post in the world has witnessed so much human suffering, or been passed by such a multitude of heart-broken people. More than 170 000 exiles have traveled this road since 1887, and more than half a million since the beginning of the present century. As the boundary post is situated about half way between the last European and the first Siberian etape, it has always been customary to allow exile parties to stop here for rest and for a last good-bye to home and country. The Russian peasant, even when a criminal, is deeply attached to his native land; and heartrending scenes have been witnessed around the boundary pillar when such a party, overtaken perhaps by frost and snow in the early autumn, stopped here for a last farewell. Some gave way to unrestrained grief; some comforted the weeping; some knelt and pressed their faces to the loved soil of their native country, and collected a little earth to take with them into exile; and a few pressed their lips to the European side of the cold brick pillar, as if kissing good-bye forever to all that it symbolized.

"At last the stern order 'Stroisa!' ['Form ranks!'] from the under officer of the convoy put an end to the rest and the leave-taking, and at the word 'March!', the gray-coated troop of exiles and convicts crossed themselves hastily all together, and, with a confused jingling of chains and leg-fetters, moved slowly away past the boundary post into Siberia."

Clocks, Watches and Sun Dial.

Between the sun dial and the little, golden-cased, ticking, pocket time piece is a long period of invention. Thirty-one years ago the first American watch was made. It was a cumbersome affair, constructed under difficulties, but was a wide development from even the horological devices that followed the sun dial. Earliest among these was clepsydra, or "water stealer," a transparent, graduated vase filled with the pure liquid of nature, which, slowly, stole away through a little aperture in the bottom. The receding surface marked the going of the hours. The clepsydra was used in ancient China and Egypt under the Ptolemies. Pompey introduced it into Roman courts, and the Britons used it when Caesar went among them. The mechanical ingenuity, and skill of many nations were employed in the constructions of the clepsydra. It was devised in statuary, with tears flowing from the eyes; it was made in floating forms that arose and fell with the water and pointed to the hours engraved upon an upright scale.

An improvement was made in this kind of time piece by the introduction of a little wheel, on which the water fell, thus communicating motion to the hands upon a dial. Finally the clepsydra grew into an ingenious and complicated water clock. A thousand years ago a Persian caliph sent one to the Emperor Charlemagne which had a striking apparatus. With the completion of each twelve hours twelve doors in the face opened, from which issued twelve automaton horsemen, who waited until the striking ceased and then rode back again. The time-keeper of the Puritans was but a modification of the primitive clepsydra. Fine sand was substitued for the water.

The invention of the clock is claimed by many different people and attributed to many eras. The Chinese declare they owned clocks 4,000 years ago. The Germans insist that the first mechanical clock was made by them only eight centuries back. The word originally signified bell and the French "cloche" still retains its meaning. Clocks were regarded as curiosities until the eleventh century, when they were placed in all the monasteries. In this manner arose the fashion of placing clocks in church towers. Even the use of clocks by saintly men did not keep the common folk from regarding them as the devil's own handywork.

In the early part of the fifteenth century it was discovered that "clock work" could be set in motion as well by the gradual uncoiling of a spring as by the running down of weights, and that these motions could be made insochronous by the balance wheel acting upon the escapement. But it remained for Galileo to discover the great principle of the pendulum and reveal it to mankind. Applied to the clock the pendulum added greatly to its accuracy. Until after the Revolution scarcely a clock ticked on America's coast. Sun dials and hour glasses sufficed for those slow days of religious rigor. Now the American clock tells the hour even in far off Jerusalem, in the Chinese capital, in the heart of Siberia.

The first watch devised was called a "pocket clock," or "Nuremberg animated egg." It was made in 1477 by Peter Hele, a clock-maker, of Nuremberg. It took a year's labor to make it. When it was finished it varied nearly an hour a day from true time. It required winding twice a day, and the price asked for it and similar onos subsequently made was $1,500. It was the size and shape of a goose egg. It had only one hand, and no watch with more was made for many years. Nothing was known of hair springs in the days of the one handed watch. Hele invented the fusee. But for 125 years the fusee chain was made of catgut, a material peculiarly susceptible to atmospheric changes.

The application of the coiled hair spring was the most important improvement in watch-making. It is attributed both to Dr. Robert Hooke and the astronomer Hughens. Jewels were first used in the construction of watches in 1700. Previously the pivots ran on metallic bearings, which soon wore out, making constant repairing a necessity. The diamond, ruby, sapphire, chrysolite, garnet and agate are the precious stones used for the bearings upon which the pivots rest. Pivots of brass or steel will run for generations in jeweled bearings without any perceptible wear. Very rare watches are jeweled with diamonds, sapphires and rubies. For all practical purposes garnets and aqua marines answer as well. Montana is beginning to supply garnets. No article of modern manufacture and luxury has seen such wonderful changes as the gold and silver watch of to-day.

The Romantic.

The romantic spirit has ever arisen in times when people were discontented with the then existing state of affairs. It primarily manifests itself in its negative character, in the spurning of what is living and present, and in the attempt at blinding the eye to what is actual and in so far ungainly. There is therefore always a touch of unreality about the romantic. This negative repulsion from the actual and present also gives essential color to its positive features, namely, in making whatever comes within its pale essentially different from what is habitually present in the living. The romanticist thus looks upon the past because it is past and not present, and upon the works of fancy because they are fanciful and not real; but both must have the power of carrying him away from the oppressive reality to that which is different from it.

Another essential attribute of the romantic spirit is the desiring attitude of mind. Though the romanticist looks for the past because it is past, and upon the fanciful because it is not real, he does not look upon them dispassionately, but longingly, with the futile desire of which he is half conscious, to make them present and actual. And while, on the one hand, disporting himself in Rousseauesque nudity, or wrapping himself closely in the sable cloak of Werther, he robs the present and actual of its vitality by means of his morbidly powerful imagination, on the other hand, his desires have not diminished the remoteness of the past and of the realms of fantasy. Having shed over both the particular light natural to him personally in his fervent longings, and having destroyed his clearness of sight with regard to the present, and disturbed its just proportion, he has not gained in the power of penetrating into the past, which he has also robbed of its true consistency in emasculating his energy of dispassionate retrospection.—[Harper's Magazine.

From 200 to 400 square miles of the great pine forests of Georgia are cleared every year.

In Front of the Muir Glacier

The finest feature of a trip to Alaska is the Muir Glacier, at the head of Glacier Bay. Nor is there probably, in the whole world a really accessible region where the phenomena of glacial action can be better seen by the tourist.

The excursion steamers go up the bay to within four hundred yards of the ice precipice in which the glacier terminates,—standing waist deep, so to speak, in five hundred feet of water; a blue white cliff across the head of the bay, two miles in length by three hundred and fifty feet in height; a vertical wall of ice like azure-tinted marble, rent, fissured, and constantly breaking down with thunderous crashes, like the discharge of whole parks of artillery, and an out-rush of heavy swells which rock the vessel like a skiff, and would overwhelm smaller craft.

Fragments of ice, some of them no larger than a boll of hay, while others greatly exceed in size the steamer from which we watch the mouth of this ice-river, float down the bay in endless procession, and sometimes so fill the channel as to obstruct navigation.

It is estimated that not less than a hundred thousand tons of ice break off daily from the glacier's front, which may in strictest truth be regarded as a river of ice,—its sources in the eternal snows of the Alaskan Alps, its mouth in the ocean.

In width the Muir Glacier varies from two to eight miles, and its length is estimated at forty miles. Fifteen tributary glaciers flow into it from out of as many alpine valleys. But the entire glacier may be regarded as the outlet of that vast *neve* or snow-field which covers all the high areas of this lofty range.

There is opportunitity to land and climb the moraines on each side of the ice stream; vast masses and windrows of boulders and gravel, which the ponderous glacier, like some gigantic ploughshare, has turned up. It is practicable also to climb upon the glacier itself, and even to cross it, though huge fissures or crevasses render the passage difficult, even dangerous.

The forward motion of the ice stream has been estimated,—rather than measured—at from one to two feet a day.

Clambering up the crumbling moraines, or rambling over the wide gravel flats strewn with boulders, and utterly barren of vegetation, or skirting the worn and torn bases of the inclosing mountains, one gains a vivid idea of what the whole surface of the earth may have been like during the long millenniums of the glacial epoch.

All round to the north, the west and the east the landscape is a maze of gray rocky peaks and white snow fields. Rushing torrents, turbid with glacial silt, brawl tumultuously past, or broil up from beneath the ice cliff.

The slowly moving mass,—a thousand feet in thickness,—cracks loudly at intervals. Boulders roll and rumble along the stony beds of the torrents. The tides ebb and flow, leaving huge, blue blocks of ice stranded on the beach.

Seals rise from the water amid the ice-cakes with a soft *whish*, and stare with limpid, wondering eyes at the steamer, while, at irregular intervals of two or three minutes, resounds the deep roar of an ice fall.

Such is the front of the Muir Glacier, a slowly shrinking relic of the earth's great ice age, a little miniature picture of what was once universal scenery.

She Caught Him on the Fly.

At eight o'clock the other morning a wife followed her husband down to the gate as he was starting for town and kindly said to him. "William, you know how sadly I want a blue bunting dress."

"Yes dear," he remarked, "but you know how hard up I am. As soon as I can see my way clear you shall have the dress and a new hat to boot. Be patient, be good, and your reward shall be great."

Forty minutes after this he emerged from a restaurant with a big basket and a fishing rod, bound up the river. In the basket were a chicken, pickles, cake, fruit pie, and a bottle of liquor of rich color, and he was just lighting a fine cigar when his wife came along.

"What! you here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; I was just going to the market. Where are you going? What's in the basket?"

"I was going to carry this fishing rod to a friend in Fenchurch street," he modestly answered.

"And that basket?"

"This basket? Well, I was going to take it to the orphan asylum as a present to the children. It is a donation from six business friends."

"William, I don't believe it."

"Sh! don't talk so loud."

"William, I shall talk louder yet." she exclaimed. "I'll bet you are going fishing."

"Mary, have I ever deceived you?" he plaintively asked. "I never have. As proof of my sincerity you can take this basket to the asylum yourself."

"And I'll do it," she promptly replied, as she relieved him of it.

"Mary, hadn't you—"

"No, sir, I hadn't. You had better make haste with that fishing rod, as the man may want it, and be careful how you stand about in the hot sun."

She left him there. He watched her take the car for home, and then he returned the fishing rod and crossed the street and said to an acquaintance, "Tom, I'm suffering from neuralgia, and the excursion is off 'till next week. Too bad, but we can never tell what a day may bring forth."

There were chicken and pickles and other good things on the table at dinner, but he never smiled, even when she wished that she was an orphan, if that was the way they were fed. He never betrayed the gloom of his heart. It was only when she handed him the bottle he had so carefully tucked into the basket, and saw it labeled "Good for little children," that he said:

"Mary, it is an awful thing for a wife to get the impression that her husband is a designing impostor."

"It must be," she replied as she took up the other chicken leg.—[Christian Intelligencer.

The poor in Windsor have good reason to bless the generosity of Princess Christian. Twice a week, during the winter months, they are made happy by the dinners which she provides for them at the Town Hall.

Browbeating Lawyer (to opposing witness)—Were you ever arrested for felony? The Witness (desperately)—Yes. Lawyer—Aha! What was that felony? Witness—Arson. Lawyer—What building was it that you set fire to? Witness—The ice palace at St. Paul.