

MIRAGE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

We'll read that book, we'll sing that song,
But when it's over, when the days are long,
When thoughts are free, and voices clear,
Some happy time within the year—
The days that pass with noiseless tread,
The song unsung, the book unread.

We'll see that friend and make him feel
The weight of friendship, true as steel,
Some flower of sympathy bestow—
But time sweeps on with steady flow,
Until, with quick, reproachful fear,
We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands,
And still with trifles fill our hands,
While ever, just beyond our reach,
A fairer purpose shows to each.
The deeds we have not done, but willed,
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.
—Chicago News.

"THE WEB OF OUR LIFE IS OF TANGLED YARN."

BY ANNABEL B. WHITE (BUSY BEE).

The old house seemed to sleep in the golden sunshine of a royal August afternoon. It was judiciously shaded by large oaks.

Lest the reader should pronounce this a paradox, let me hasten to add that these trees, although they attracted every wanton breeze, and imparted a grateful shade to yard, lawn, and the deep piazzas, yet they were so far from the house itself that there was no danger of their boughs tapping like ghostly fingers against the windows, nor yet that far more disagreeable sound of the scraping of tree branches across the roof and eaves.

So the golden sunshine streamed clearly down on the old weather-beaten building. But in spite of this fact the house was a notably cool one on the hottest summer day.

Col. Lester loved trees, but he had a horror of the unwholesome damp and destructive mildew they caused if they grew carelessly near his dwelling.

On this particular afternoon every door and window was open, but the shutters were closed to keep out the sun and to let in the air. The large hall-door stood so widely open it seemed itself gasping for air, while the two doors on the left and right of the breezy hall also stood ajar.

It was two o'clock—two o'clock in the sunny South, at which hour all nature and all humanity seem to seek repose from the toil and heat of the day in this *dolce far niente* land.

The negro laborers slumbered peacefully under trees; the mules rolled and wallowed luxuriously in the dust, or noddled sleepily over the feed troughs; the turkeys and chickens stood lazily about on one leg under the houses; the servants and inmates of the mansion slept. There was no sound in all the air except the drowsy hum of insects, the shrill chirp of the crickets in the grass, and the fretful, peevish cry of those speckled Arabs of the poultry-yard—Guineas.

Inez Lester had gone into the library to renew the water in the stand of flowers she every day placed on her father's desk. After her task was finished the soft coolness of the red and white striped lounge cover wooed her to slumber. Her father snoozed comfortably in his wicker easy-chair, placed on the east end of the north piazza, with a large newspaper spread over his rubicund visage.

No one in his sense ever expects or dresses for visitors on these hot summer days in Southland, till the fiery red orb of day marks 3 or 4 o'clock p. m. So Inez made a lovely picture, as she lay asleep on the comfortable lounge, with her lovely flowing sheer white wrapper draping her exquisite limbs.

Well, it was 2 o'clock when the sound of leisurely footsteps could have been heard on the front walk—could have been heard had any one been awake to hear them, we must add.

But the house slept on like an enchanted castle, and even the lazy sounds scattered over yard and piazzas did not so much as open their sleepy eyes when a muscular masculine hand struck the hall-door with vigorous knuckles.

The knock was repeated, but elicited no response. Noting the hospitably open doors, the stranger boldly entered, and unfortunately walked into the room on his left. Had he gone into the room on his right, he would have done the correct thing. It certainly looked invitingly cool, with its furniture upholstered in cretöne—a creamy ground, lightly sprinkled with moss rosebuds and delicate green leaves—and was most evidently the parlor.

But chanced him to the library where Inez lay sleeping on the broad red and white stripes which covered her resting place, and which corresponded with curtains and chairs. He paused on the threshold, discreetly, and in his embarrassment coughed slightly. Immediately, Inez opened her heavy-lidded eyes, and at the sight of that unknown figure framed in the doorway, she started up, every faculty alert.

"Who are you, sir?" she demanded, haughtily.

"Carl Vogel, at your service," the gentleman bowed.

"Sir, you are no gentleman to thus intrude into a lady's presence.

"My dear young lady, I thought I was expected. I am the artist whom your father invited from the city of New York to paint your lovely portrait."

He did not really know if she were the one whose portrait he was to paint; but, astute man, he had long ago learned that delicate flattery is never wasted on "fair women."

Inez gracefully unbent and accepted his card.

"I beg your pardon, and will call papa at once. But we were mistaken in the day and hour. Papa says you would come to-morrow at 10 o'clock."

"Which I intended, but finishing a picture sooner than I anticipated, I ran away from all other engagements, for I needed the recreation of country life."

"If you will be so kind as to sit down, and—excuse me," and deeply embarrassed, not revealing it by walk or manner, Inez left the room in quest of her father. "That he should see me in this wrapper," was her mortified thought, quite unconscious that Carl, as an artist, must certainly admire her more in that garb than if she were hab-

ited in "full dress." But being a woman, she could not, or would not, lay the balm of this soothing knowledge to her harrowed soul.

When Col. Lester entered a few moments after, Carl Vogel was welcomed in a more hospitable manner than Inez had accorded him.

"Everybody and everything goes to sleep in the South after our early dinner, and no doubt after you become accustomed to us you will easily fall into our indolent ways. You mention the 'city' as if it were but a step away, but you will speedily discover that New York and its customs are further away than you seem to think. Yes, I had taken a fancy to have Inez's portrait painted, and as you mentioned your intention of taking a leisurely tour through the South when I was in your studio last spring, I was quite determined to have you stop with us several weeks. I regret that our welcome has seemed so churlish, but we did not expect you till to-morrow."

"The fault is mine. I was longing to get away from New York—in fact, I have painted later in the summer than is my habit; but I was ill in the early spring, and so was longer in finishing Mr. Weller's pictures than I thought I should be."

"Yes? Well, now you are here you must rest, and take your time over Inez's picture. You will find her a trifle willful, but a little judicious flattery always brings a woman round," and Col. Lester's mellow laugh seemed to set all the slight ornaments in the room to jingling.

"That is a very good painting," observed the artist walking up to a cool landscape piece.

"Yes," and a father's pride spoke out in the voice; "my daughter's."

"Indeed!" and the young man turned quickly about and gazed at Col. Lester as if he did not more than half believe this statement.

"Yes, poor girl, it was once her greatest joy."

Carl Vogel was all attention. Happy-faced Inez did not seem to be one with unalloyed griefs, as her father's words seemed to suggest. But Col. Lester pursued the subject no further, hastily adding:

"Excuse me for forgetting that you must be hot, tired and dusty, and allow me to show you to your room at once."

And he preceded his guest out of the library, who obediently followed till they came to a door lower down in the hall which led to a room directly behind the parlor.

A girlish figure, clad in fresh flowing muslin, and with some folded towels over her arm came out of the door as they reached it. She nodded brightly to her father, but would have passed on without notice of the stranger had not Col. Lester stopped her and said, "My daughter Inez, Mr. Vogel," and then Inez put out a thin soft hand with true Southern grace, and gave Carl a welcoming look and smile. Then she vanished into a room across the hall.

Carl gazed dreamily after her a moment, then suddenly roused himself and followed Col. Lester into his apartment, who left him there.

The furniture was of China wood, beautifully carved, and with that lovely mingling of colors only found in this peculiar wood. The matting in the floor was white, the chairs covered with cool gray Holland.

"These Southerners certainly understand the art of furnishing rooms for their climate," he murmured, pushing back a lace curtain, and opening the blinds of a window.

A knock at his door announced his luggage, also the advent of a respectful servant.

"Please, sah, Mahrs says will yur come inter dey dinin'-room soon's ye dress?"

"Certainly; but how am I to find the dining-room?" Carl pleasantly asked.

"I gwine show ye dey way," the man affirmed, and in a few moments Carl ventured out, freed from the dust of travel, and attired in fresh linen.

Down the inevitable hall, across a breezy passage, and Sam opened another door. Col. Lester turned away from a window and came to meet his guest.

This was the dining-room. The floor was stained a rich walnut, and rose-colored shades at the windows gave the walls a delightful glow, and made the snowy damask, white china and cut glass beam and sparkle a welcome as cordial as the owner's.

A pale, quiet-looking lady rose from a chair and Col. Lester introduced, "My wife." Mrs. Lester retained her guest's hand and led him to the table. Inez came in just then with a bunch of white roses which she arranged on the lunch-table—after which Carl made a satisfying lunch—a repast satisfactory to his taste and to his artist's eye.

Inez's portrait did not progress very rapidly, owing to that erratic young lady's different moods and tempers, and so one day, a week after Carl's arrival, Mrs. Lester entered the library where he painted, with a dainty lunch basket on her arm. "Inez, dear, Mary tells me Francis is not well. If Mr. Vogel can dispense with you for a few hours, I should like for you to go over and see her. Here are some grapes and other things for the poor girl, and do try to persuade her to come back with you."

Mr. Vogel glanced up interestedly, then going on with mixing some paint, he said: "I have no doubt Miss Inez is tired and will be glad for a walk."

"But sister lives five miles away, and I am no champion Englishwoman. I don't propose to walk that distance," Inez retorted, saucily.

"There is no need," reassured Mrs. Lester; "Tom has the phaeton and pony at the door."

"And can't I take Tom's place as driver?" anxiously demanded Carl, springing up, for he had learned that Tom was Inez's Lilliputian groom and driver.

"Can you drive?" questioned Inez, gazing at him doubtfully.

"Only try me," he confidently returned.

"Oh, well, if you can't, I can; so run away and wash your hands," Inez laughingly commanded.

He did drive admirably, Inez discovered, and so at last she settled back in her seat with a feeling of safety she had not felt on leaving home. But

Carl also drove leisurely, so that it was an hour and a half before they reached a low rambling building set in a wilderness of clambering vines and closely crowding trees.

The house was not carefully kept—the man's part of keeping a house in repair, I should explain—but the cotton fields bore evidence of careful tillage.

The dwelling had five or six rooms, evidently, and all somewhat disconnected, for all had doors opening into a wide entrance-way, left unclosed at either end.

A lady—plainly a lady, in spite of her faded calico dress—came out into the entrance to meet Carl and Inez.

"My sister, Mrs. Strathmore—Mr. Vogel, from New York."

It was the first time Inez had mentioned her sister's name, and Carl, to conceal his astonishment, bowed low over the slender hand held out to him.

Neither the Colonel, Mrs. Lester, nor Inez had ever before mentioned the existence of this daughter and sister.

They went into a room devoid of carpet or luxurious furniture—only a few good paintings on the wall indicated taste or wealth.

"Great heavens! how can this woman be the daughter of Col. Lester and sister to the lovely Inez!" Carl mentally exclaimed, as he took the wicker chair pointed out to him by his hostess.

Inez delivered her basket and many loving and entreating messages from her mother. Mrs. Strathmore sat with the basket in her lap, and a sad smile curving her lips.

"But you know, Inez, I can not leave Fred."

Inez shrugged her shoulders impatiently and palpably repressed a more impatient ejaculation.

"Well, what are you doing with yourself now? We heard you were ill."

"No, I am not ill, only the hot weather tires me, and I am trying to make myself a useful woman by sewing for the 'hands,' lifting her eyes, with a strange amusement gleaming in them, and Carl now discovered them to be most beautiful eyes—brown and pathetic as a deer's—quite unlike Inez's brilliant blue orbs, albeit the latter were very pretty eyes, indeed.

After an hour, Inez declared she must go, at the same time abusing Francis for refusing to accompany them.

"You are a cold-hearted, headstrong woman, and, I verily believe, do not care to come home any more."

Francis made no reply to this remonstrance, but Carl heard her draw in her breath sharply, as if in pain, or as if it cost her a great effort to retain her self-control; but her only answer was that sad little smile it struck one's heart to see.

Then Inez kissed her sister passionately, and hurried away, leaving Carl to make his adieu in a more sedate fashion.

He stood on the second step, she above him, and when he stretched out his hand she laid a fluttering palm within it. At that touch he seemed to feel an electric shock thrill him, and as she looked at him, with misty, troubled eyes, he seemed to read her soul, and the knowledge came to him that this woman had suffered and was suffering some inexplicable anguish.

"If she were well and happy, she would be gloriously beautiful!" The swift thought flashed across his brain, for, after a prolonged but stealthy survey, he had revoked his first opinion of her, which was that she was a commonplace, faded woman of little intellect.

After that one hour's association he knew her to be a genius, with a gifted mind and disciplined heart. But there was a blight upon her life—what, he had yet to learn.

Inez was in the phaeton when he reached it, her veil drawn down. She did not speak when he addressed her, and, as he turned the horse's head homeward, he was amazed to hear deep sobs behind the veil. After a few moments they subsided, and Inez faltered: "Forgive me—pray forgive my exhibition of weakness; but—my poor sister!"

Carl was respectfully attentive. "I must tell you more about her, for I know you must think so strangely of her—perhaps you misjudge her. Seven years ago she married Fred Strathmore. He is well enough off to keep her in ease, but, instead, every negro on the place is pressed into the fields, for cotton is Fred's king. Francis cooks, washes, and irons, and never complains. She has nothing to wear but calico, although Fred has plenty of gold. He can no more appreciate the beauties of her mind and character than he could do a bit of fine sculpture. She allows none of us to help her, and her pitiful little garden, orchard, and flowers are cultivated by her own hands. She is an artist—all those pictures you saw she painted; but Fred sneers at them, and says if she were to sew, or do something else useful, she would be of some account. She does all the sewing for Fred's laborers, as it is paid for out of their wages, and saves Fred so much money. Why she married him I can't explain—none of us can, but the fact remains—she married him."

"He is not a polished man; he can't be, for his whole soul is bound up in money getting and saving. He plants nothing but cotton and some grain. He does not believe in orchards or vegetables—that is for women, he says. Francis has not painted a picture in four years—she is just 25 and but four years older than I. She says she will never paint again."

All this was very imprudent in impulsive Inez, who was a girl of variable moods, and just now the spirit possessed her to disclose to this stranger the sad story of her mismatched sister. Carl listened with grave attention, driving slowly and with head bent in a reflective manner.

Injudicious Inez!

It is weeks after—eight weeks, and a horse is fastened near the Strathmore gate, while the rider thereof stands moodily and with folded arms in the wide entrance close to the chair in which sat faded Francis sits.

His hat has fallen to the floor and rolled unheeded by both across the passage, and now lies mutely against the wall as if imploring its heedless master to pick it up and go.

Mrs. Strathmore is speaking—head bent and hands folded tightly in her lap. She is audibly telling Carl Vogel the same thing his hat so mutely protests.

"I do not at all understand how we came to this dreadful pass," she says, in a pitiful voice, not lifting the bent head. "You must go away at once. It is dishonorable for me to listen to you, and worse than dishonorable for you to utter such mad words."

"You doom me to an uncertain, wretched future. I shall love no woman as I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and it maddens me to see you drag out your days in the miserable existence you lead now—your life is wasted—and you could be free."

"Free! How?" and then she looks up with a gleam in her eyes that would seem like hope in another woman's eyes—but for her hope is forever dead!

"Divorce!" he answers, sententiously. She starts, and draws away from him. "You do not understand," she answers, coldly. "There is but one divorce for Southerners—death!"

He walks angrily across the floor, and picks up his reproachful hat.

"Good-by, Francis," he says, not coming near her, and not offering his hand.

She stands up, she says, with that habit of self-repression which the years have taught her.

"No, no!" he cries wildly, swiftly approaching her still form. "I cannot part from you so—"

And then he takes the trembling woman in his arms, strains her madly to his aching heart, kisses her a dozen times, seats her gently in her chair, then rushes away.

She does not weep, she does not even cover her blanched face with her thin brown hands, but gazes after that fleeing horseman with a strained, mournful gaze, as if she would photograph him upon her heart.

That image never leaves her.

Three days pass away.

One day Fred in his haste to have a certain field gleaned properly, remained there till 2 o'clock under a hot summer sun, dinnerless and hungry. He went home with a terrible pain in his head.

"It is nothing," he told his anxious wife; "a mere headache. I shall get up in the morning."

But in the morning he was raving with delirium, and in a week he was dead; and then Francis rested once more in her father's house.

Poor woman! How poor? Fred had left all to her, for there were no children, but mountains of gold could never efface those ten years passed with him from her crushed heart and dwarfed mind.

As soon as she became strong enough to travel, the family went to Europe—and there they ran across Carl Vogel.

"Yes, I have been in Italy three years, he told them, looking understandingly, and with a secret, guilty joy at Francis's widow's weeps. "You know I was born and reared in New York, but I was educated at German universities, and then spent three years in Italy studying art—my last three I have spent the same way."

They had met in a public garden, and Carl maneuvered so successfully he soon had Francis to himself.

"Francis, you are free—and I love no woman but you. Can you not say you love me?"

Francis hung her head like a shy young girl, and not like a woman of twenty-nine.

"And you loved me in the old days, too!" he cried, exultantly.

"I cannot say—I pitied you, but—myself worst of all."

"Well, pity is akin to love," he comforted himself and her.

In a year they were wed, and at 30 Francis realized her girlish dream of a good husband's love and appreciation.

Mr. Emerson's Appearance.

His head was long and narrow, but lofty, almost symmetrical, and of more nearly equal breadth in its anterior and posterior regions than many or most heads. His shoulders sloped so much as to be commented upon for this peculiarity by Mr. Gilfillan, and, like "Ammon's great son," he carried one shoulder a little higher than the other. His face was thin, his nose somewhat accipitrine, casting a broad shadow; his mouth rather wide, well formed, and well closed, carrying a question and an assertion in its finely finished curves; the lower lip a little prominent, the chin shapely and firm, as becomes the corner-stone of the countenance. His expression was calm, sedate, kindly, with that look of refinement centering about the lips which is rarely found among the New Englanders, unless the family features have been for two or three cultivated generations the battlefield and the playground of varied thoughts and complex emotions as well as the sensuous and nutritive port of entry. His whole look was irradiated by an ever-active, inquiring intelligence. His manner was noble and gracious.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Dress Not Sinful Vanity.

Ruskin is not the first great writer who has treated the subject of dress with due gravity. He has shown us that a serious study thereof is a needful virtue, instead of a sinful vanity, and that a harmonious and well-constructed gown is as much a work of art as a picture or a statue. Neither can it be argued that the work is mean, since it is to adorn human beings, who are, after all, nature's masterpiece. His words are but the expression of an opinion held by all artists, from time immemorial, and indirectly expressed by most of them. For there is neither drama nor painting in which costume, both as to color and drapery, does not form an all-important element, and there are few impressive scenes in our works of fiction in which the dress is not mentioned. The unconscious tribute to its influence is not only due to the realistic force of such descriptions, but also to their power in expressing character.—*American Queen.*

ENERGY will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it.—*Gosset.*

Our Deacon.

He was a stumpy old man, with a smooth-shaven, wrinkled face. A very large wart adorned the side of his nose, and a pair of twinkling gray eyes peered from under his grizzled brows. His head was bald except for a thin fringe of silvery hair, which was always nicely curled. The deacon's most wonderful characteristic was his low voice, which was at one moment a deep bass, and at the next a thrilling treble. When he led the hymns, he was "first too high and then too slow, and always contrawise."

He was a veritable Yankee, with his "haow," and "caow," and "idears," and "pints," and could always drive an excellent bargain. He could sell moldy oats for a higher price than his neighbor could sell good ones, and would laugh in his sleeve at the discomfiture of his purchasers. He would haggle for hours over the price of a pig or a cow, and in the end, to use his own expression, he would generally carry his "pint."

Very fond was he of "speaking in meeting," and in his rambling talks he was constantly "pinting morals." A mischievous boy having once set himself the task of counting the number of times the deacon used these favorite words in one of his Thursday evening lectures, gave the result as thirty-four, and—no one doubted it.

Our deacon had three hobbies. These, to use his own words, were "craps," "orgings" and "dancin'." It was a difficult matter to decide which worried the old gentleman most. "Craps" have been mighty poor this year, and I've had slats and slautners of bad luck," was his ready excuse when any one tried to induce him to increase the amount of his subscription for the poorly paid minister. Indeed, to allow him to tell the tale, "craps" were always poor, and in no way explained the marvelously steady increase of his bank account. Not the faintest shadow of doubt disturbed his belief that his satanic majesty dwelt within the case of an organ, and that to bring such a "squeaking pony" into the church would be a deadly sin. Dancing was almost as unparadiseable.

He often called for a special prayer service in behalf of the weaker members, who persisted in their wicked course. In this cause he even went so far as to open his tightly tied purse strings and purchase some penny tracts on the all-important theme. These tracts he distributed and then patiently awaited results; but, alas, none appeared.

It was one of the Deacon's chief delights to conduct the funeral services of some departed brother or sister. He would talk an audience to sleep in his deep bass tone, then suddenly awake them by changing to a treble; recite all the "virtues" of the deceased—and would sing half a dozen inappropriate hymns.

For the young people he was a laughing stock, and even the other ones could not suppress a smile at some of his quaint sayings. He had, seemingly, but one aim in life, and that was—gain. Himself and his family he scimped through life that he might leave a goodly sum at his death. During life he gave sparingly to the Lord, but after death it was found that he had bequeathed some hundreds of dollars to the church he had graced (?) for so many years, with the provision that no musical instruments should ever profane the sanctuary.

For man! If life he clung too fondly to his money, and even after death, when it could no longer be a delight to him, he could not leave it without one last fling at the despised organ. He was a character such as is found in almost every community, and although his faults were many and his virtues few, he did as well as his cramped and sordid nature would let him. In his way he tried to serve the Lord, and perhaps his crown will be brighter than those of some of his neighbors whose lives present a seemingly fairer page.—*University Press.*

Western Literature.

The production of this literature does not depend on the writers alone. If it is ever produced, Western publishers must encourage Western writers, Western writers must encourage Western publishers, and Western readers must encourage both; not in a spirit of sectionalism, but on the principle of encouraging home productions. And truly, if there are any productions of the West which do her credit and which should be heartily encouraged, they are her publications. The press is to some extent the voice of the people, and if they want a voice which can be heard they should support the press. It is inadvisable to send east of the Mississippi for periodical literature, if as good can be had nearer home; and how attractive are some of the Western periodicals, how excellent both in regard to the mechanical execution and the matter with which they are filled! The greater the patronage given to these, the greater they may become.

Not only for transient literature and for works of fiction should the Western people look to their own writers, but also for writing of a more solid and practical character. There is no reason why text-books should not be produced by Western educators for Western students; there is, indeed, some necessity in that direction now. In short, there is no reason why any mental labor performed in the East should not be performed in the West.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

"I suppose few drinkers of whisky," said a wholesale dealer in the fluid, "realize how little of original value they get for their money. The cost to the distiller of making the best possible whisky is only about forty cents a gallon. Now, a gill is a fair quantity for a drink, the charge for which at the most stylish bars is twenty cents. That is to say, a thing costing the producer a sixth of a cent in Kentucky is retailed at nearly forty times as much. Of course, the Government tax takes some of the enormous profit, and the wastes of storage another portion. The gains of the haxlders remain astounding. I know of no more solid—temperance argument than the ridiculously high price, charged for liquors by the glass."

A 4-YEAR-OLD skater is the attraction at a rink in Pittsfield, Mass.

HUMOR.

"WON by a bare scratch!" as the hen observed when she turned up the worm.

A PROVISION dealer in Washington street calls a fall in breadstuffs the cracker doom.

ETHEL: "O, mamma, I've got such a pain!" Mother: "Where, dear?" Ethel (a refined child): "In my sash, mamma."

"ROBBIE," said the visitor, kindly, "have you any little brothers and sisters?" "No," replied wee Robbie, solemnly, "I'm all the children we've got."

AN Indian has just this advantage over a white man: when he chews tobacco, the nasty yellow juice don't show on his shirt front.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

AN Alabama negro was heard to soliloquize philosophically: "De sun am so hot, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, dat dis ducky feel called upon to preach."

WHEN a Western man wants an excuse to go down cellar for a drink of cider he jumps up and scares his wife almost to death by telling her that a cyclone is coming.

"SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," remarked a small man in the street-car as a fat woman sat square down on him.

WHEN Jimkins got married for the fourth time, and his friends teased him about it, he said that he could not help it as he's benedicted to it for some years.—*Texas Siftings.*

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom: that he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.—*Colton.*

SMALL BOY—"Mamma, I wish I had the moon." Mamma—"Why, what would you do with it?" Small Boy (who has just demolished a toy balloon)—"Oh, I'd blow it up and bust it!"—*New York Journal.*

"Don't you skate, Mrs. B.—" "No, I am only looking on." "Ever tried to skate? You'll enjoy it when you once learn." "O, I take lessons at home. I roll down the basement stairs every day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MR. DOUGHNUT—"My daughter, the bride." "Most charmed, indeed. I have not met your husband—that is to be—the ah—groom." "Groom, indeed! Sir, there's no groom here. No, sir, my daughter isn't marrying a coachman."