THE CATO CITIZEN.

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Nine cent cotton, it is said, has produced a surprisingly large crop of marriages in the Cotton Belt.

The New York World says: "If New York is to retain her trade supremacy, the Erie canal must be enlarged."

An article on the mint of Great Britain in a current English magazine states that its annual profits are £2,500,000.

Secretary Morton says that the new weather officer, Mr. Moore, has made the highest average of correct weather predictions on record.

The French are apparently beginning to forgive the Germans. First the artists partially relented; now the players' hearts have been softened.

The English navy is growing so fast that the Government is about to give commissions in the navy to officers who are now serving in the naval reserves or mercantile marine.

Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, Mich., advocates putting convicts on a State farm and then employing them at fancy farming, such as raising French peas, mushrooms and other things which do not compete with ordinary farming. He holds that this would start them on a useful career at the end of their terms of imprisonment.

Times have changed indeed, remarks the New York Mail and Express, since the Dutch fleet could justly claim to sweep the seas. Now the Dutch navy is in such a bad condition that the greater number of the ships are utterly unseaworthy, so the Minister of Marine tells Parliament. Thorough reorganization is absolutely necessary.

In Austria and the East a female editor is still such a rarity that the Vienna Presse calls special attention, as a curiosity, to the fact that the editor-in-chief of the Bosnian Post is a young woman, Miss Milena Mrazovic, who has also written some successful books, and whose "charms of noble femininity have not been marred by her journalistic work."

While Virginia and Ohio are disputing the right to the title of "mother of Presidents," New York is secure in her claim for the paternity of Vice-Presidents, maintains the Mail and Express. No less than eight, more than one-third the entire number of Vice-Presidents so far elected, were New Yorkers. They have been Aaron Burr, George Clinton, Daniel D. Tompkins, Martin Van Buren, Millard Fillmore, William A. Wheeler, Chester A. Arthur and Levi P. Morton.

General Miles expresses the opinion that in the event of a foreign war our enemies would, in the first three months, have the advantage. They would capture or destroy our coast cities and perhaps make us pay them a ransom of $5,000,000,000. While he does not look for war in the near future, he shows that in the last twenty years less than ten per cent. of the wars had any formal warning or declaration before hostilities, and as it would require years to construct modern weapons, it would be unwise, in his opinion, to disregard the lessons of history.

According to Lafcadio Hearn, the Japanese are a very happy people. They believe in change—in variety. With them everything changes except the throne. They have changed their capital sixty times. Their houses are built with a view to destroying or vacating them. A Japanese does not feel that he is rooted to one spot. If he desires to move he goes at once, taking his family and belongings perhaps 500 miles at a cost of a dollar and a half. In his new location he can build a cottage for a couple of dollars and fix himself comfortably. A skilled laborer in Japan moves from place to place. With $10 he can travel and live a whole year without work. But is such a man a civilized being? Certainly he is. The Japanese have been a civilized race for 1000 years and they are an educated people. The workingman who can support himself on $10 a year and build a cottage for $2 is really better off than the average workingman in America. He dresses well, has enough to eat, is always neat and is the picture of perfect health. Naturally they are a happy people, adds the Atlanta Constitution. They are not tied down to any one place. It costs them hardly anything to live or to seek their fortune in a new province. If they do not like their homes they can change them without being bankrupt. Life with them is simply a succession of pleasant changes and they never think of tomorrow. Why should they? They have no serious problems to bother them.

A LITTLE SONG.

Let the winter blow its beat;
Here the hearth is warm;
Safe at home with love we rest,
Sheltered from the storm.
Love that makes the darkness white,
Lifts the light—
Winter, winter wild,
Good night!
Good night!

Let the storm winds beat the birds
From each lonely nest;
Safe at home, we hear love's words,
Folded to his breast.
Love that bends the rainbow bright,
Parts the clouds till heaven's in sight—
Stormy, stormy winds,
Good night!
Good night!

—P. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A BLACK DIAMOND.

BY MARIANNE KENT.

It was a dull spring morning when the great steamer Nelson, which for the past four weeks had been making its way from Calcutta, came within sight of Southampton. The man at the lookout had seen the land long before the unaccustomed eye could discern it even through a glass. But, as the morning mists cleared away suddenly, a long belt of coast appeared, and very soon the harbor and its surroundings were plainly visible. Many of the passengers had gathered on deck, each eager to catch the first glimpse of land.

As I stood among the little group and watched the eager faces all turned in one direction, I told myself that, perhaps, none of them would be quite so glad to reach their journey's end as I. One is apt to reason in this fashion, for to each his own concerns seem of so much more consequence than those that engross his neighbor. Still, my egotistical reflection was, in a measure true, for to me the landing at Southampton meant more than that a safe passage from India had been accomplished. It meant that the goal had been reached on which every thought and hope had been centred for months past. It meant that a mission upon which my future career depended had been triumphantly carried through. It meant to me, in fact, the difference between success and failure.

During my five-and-thirty years of life I had gone through many varied experiences, but none that had caused me so much anxiety of mind as this voyage home from Calcutta. My fellow passengers on board the steamer little knew the responsibility with which I was weighted—that if I had found a watery grave £80,000 would have gone to the bottom with me, and Brassington, the well-known firm of London jewelers, would have been unable to fulfil a Royal commission for a wedding present for a Princess. For more than ten years I had been in the employment of the Messrs. Brassington, and although they had always treated me with confidence, sending me out to India to complete the purchase of an historical diamond belonging to an Eastern Rajah was the highest mark of distinction they had ever paid me. I can recall the thrill of delight that passed through me when the elder Brassington, the chief of the firm, called me into his room, and after speaking of the negotiations that had been going on concerning the diamond, said:

"Mr. Fenton, we have decided to intrust you with the responsible task of fetching it from India."

My fellow clerks, if a trifle envious of my preferment, were loud in their congratulations, declaring that "old Dick" was in luck's way—that his fortune was made! Indeed, I was somewhat of that way of thinking myself, for I reflected that if I carried out my mission successfully I should never again be ranked with the other clerks, but should, in all probability, be given a junior partnership in the flourishing firm of Brassington & Co. With these sanguine and ambitious thoughts in my head, I went out to the East, where I executed my instructions to the letter and secured the costly bauble, which was a magnificent stone, the size of a large hazel nut. Under my coat and waistcoat I wore a strong leather belt, in which was a small pouch, or pocket, and in this I was to carry the diamond home. I had resolved that the belt should never leave me day or night until I had delivered my precious charge to my employers.

After the diamond came into my possession I had an anxious time of it before embarking at Calcutta. For the sale of the stone was soon noised about, and the natives there are a crafty, cunning set, jewelery having an attraction for them such as a magnet has for a needle. However, I managed to elude all would-be plunderers, and went on board the steamer feeling that, if only the elements were propitious, I had nothing more to fear. On the whole, the voyage home was a fair one, and once in sight of Southampton I felt elated, as one who knows that a victory is secured.

On landing, I had to make my way to a jeweler in the town, who was an agent of our firm, and to whom Mr. Brassington had promised a sight of the diamond en route. After I had interviewed this man, I had only to choose a convenient train and make the best of my way to London, where I hoped to arrive before our business establishment closed for the night, and so rid myself of all further responsibility.

As I passed from the steamer with the other passengers, I noticed a tall, black man, who, strangely enough, I never remembered to have encountered during the voyage. He was dressed in a shabby suit of European clothes, but he had a striking resemblance to a native servant of the Rajah from whom I had bought the diamond. The man had an evil looking face, and I had a strong suspicion that he had designs upon me of the stone, for he had dogged my footsteps as I made my way from his master's palace to Calcutta. However, on reflection, I felt that the Rajah's servant and the man who disembarked with me at Southampton could hardly be the same. For while the first had lost no opportunity of following me with his cunning, watchful eyes, the latter passed me without a gleam of recognition, and was soon lost in the crowd upon the harbor.

I made my way at once to Mr. French, the first jeweler in Southampton, and was annoyed to find that he was from home. I was only instructed to show the diamond to him, so that I was forced to await his return, and this prevented me from catching the early train I had fixed upon, and I found that I should be unable to leave for London until the evening express.

I wandered about Southampton, had some refreshments, and went back to the jeweler's early in the afternoon, where I found Mr. French expecting me. He was a melancholy little man, one of those odd creatures who, dissatisfied with life themselves, try to make others see things from their gloomy point of view. He admired the diamond, as in duty bound, but when I was expressing my pleasure at having brought it over in safety, he said, with a sinister smile:

"Ah! my dear sir, don't exult before you are out of the wood! You have some miles farther to carry your treasure, and there is time for many things to happen on the road!"

Mr. French watched me critically for a few moments, and then inquired if I carried fire arms. I replied that I had not done so since I went on board the steamer. He assured me that this was a great mistake. He was so positive about it, that I was induced to go out with him and purchase a revolver before going to the train. I parted from my new friend with a sense of relief, and tried to shake off the gloomy fears with which he had infected me. I went to the railway book-stall and laid in a stock of papers to beguile my journey.

I chose my seat in the train—a small, second-class compartment—and then decided to secure the carriage to myself. I flung my rug and papers upon the seat and walked down the platform in search of the guard. Slipping something into the hand of that intelligent individual, I desired him to see that I was left undisturbed. He came back with me and, when I had taken my seat, locked the carriage door, and I settled myself comfortably in a corner, feeling a sense of security that I had not experienced for some time. Many an impatient hand tried the door before the train left the station, but without being able to effect an entrance, and I steamed out of Southampton in solitary state.

There was still sufficient daylight for me to read by. I turned over my papers and selected my favorite, and leant back on the cushions to enjoy it at my leisure. As I did so, it seemed to me that the revolver in my pocket stuck out at an unpleasant angle. I drew the weapon from my pocket and placed it on the seat beside me. It was not a wise thing to do, as a sudden lurch of the train might have sent it flying off, when the mischief would have been done. However, this was what I did, and then I resumed my reading with redoubled relish.

For some quarter of an hour I was buried in an article, but at the end of time I laid the paper down and glanced about me. Then I became aware of an extraordinary fact: the revolver had disappeared. At first I was incredulous. I looked on the seats on either side of me, I felt in my pockets to see if I could have replaced it there, but it was not to be seen. And as I sat dazed and bewildered, the horrible conviction forced itself upon me that I was not alone, that some one was concealed beneath the seat and had been locked in with me. It was a hideous thought. I sat motionless, making no sign, trying to face the position I was in as bravely as I could.

I told myself at last, that whoever was in hiding could have no possible designs on me. It was but a chance that I had selected the carriage where some unfortunate creature was already concealed; some one, perhaps, who was being pursued and in want of a weapon of self defence, and who, therefore, had been unable to resist the temptation offered by my revolver. That must be it! My hopes began to revive as I reasoned out this theory. I did not touch the alarm bell, not knowing in what quarter of the carriage my mysterious companion might be, thinking he would doubtless spring upon me to prevent my making the signal. If my notion of the felon wishing to escape were correct, I felt that by keeping still I might reach the place where the train stopped for the first time in safety.

I need not say that I was unable to continue my reading. I sat with a paper held in my hand, staring fixedly before me. I don't know what length of time passed when, suddenly, I felt something touch my foot. Without moving my body in the least, I bent my head and looked down, and what I saw sent a thrill through me, that was felt in every nerve. On the floor, close to my foot, was a hand, and the hand was black!

Then for a certainty I knew that I was in the deadliest peril; that I was alone and unarmed at the mercy of the malignant wretch who had followed me from the far East with the fixed determination of securing the diamond. I felt that he was trying to slip a cord about my feet and so render me more helpless. It was a hideous dream, a grim nightmare from which each moment I expected to awake. But I seemed doomed. No chance of escape was possible. Death stared me in the face. Still, whatever my failings may be, I am no coward, therefore I resolved that if die I must, I would die game.

I gathered all my strength together and, with a sudden movement, caught that dusky hand and dragged the Indian from his hiding-place. My attack was so unexpected that he had not time to get at the revolver, which he had evidently thrust into his breast while he was busy with the cord. I saw my advantage in this, and clung to his right hand with desperate energy. But the brute was on me like a panther. He was a big, powerful man, with far more physical strength than I possessed, and from the first I saw that my case was hopeless; nevertheless, the struggle was a fierce one.

In reality, I suppose, it lasted but a few seconds, yet I had time to ask myself, more than once, what the end would be, little imagining the strange termination that was at hand. All at once, without any warning, the train dashed headlong into some great obstacle in its path. There was a terrible crash, and then the carriage we were in collapsed—crushed and splintered as a nut between the crackers.

The first lurch the train gave had separated me from my enemy. I knew not what had been his fate. As for myself, I was buried in the debris of the carriage. My right side (both arm and leg) was terribly crushed. The pain was too acute to allow of my quite losing consciousness, although I was dazed and stupefied.

After a while the wood that weighed upon me was lifted, and kindly faces looked down at me, expressing pity for my condition. There was a blank, and when I next came to myself I was lying in a bed in a small place which had evidently been hastily arranged as a hospital for the wounded.

I felt weak and shattered by all I had gone through, and sank back on my pillows with a sigh of relief. Close to the bed a gentleman was standing, who I supposed was a doctor, and at a little distance was a nurse in a white cap. I took in all these details in a dreamy way, when suddenly, with a rush that sent my heart into my mouth, came the recollection of the diamond. What had become of it? My right arm, which must have been very badly broken and was now in splints, was quite useless. I could not move it in the least. With my left hand, which was also bruised and strained, I was able to feel that the leather belt was still about me, but the pocket, in which the stone was, was under my wounded arm. In the condition I was in, it was impossible for me to get at it, much and quiet as I might.

The doctor must have heard my restless movements, for he came and looked down at me inquiringly. He had a shrewd, kindly face, which I felt I could trust, and I explained my trouble to him. I spoke in a low tone, and as briefly as possible. It was a strange story—although I made no mention of the Indian—and my listener might have thought it the ravings of delirium, but on slipping his hand under me, as I directed, he felt the pocket in the belt and assured me that the stone was there.

"But you are hardly in a fit state to guard your treasure," he said; "shall I take charge of it until you can resume your journey?"

I thanked him warmly, but declared it was impossible that I could part with it for a moment. I know I was very excited when I said it, for I felt my temples throbbing, and my tongue seemed hardly able to form the words. The doctor watched me critically for a moment, and then, as he laid his hand upon my pulse, said soothingly:

"Never mind, do not distress yourself. Perhaps, after all, it is better as it is. For who knows of the stone's existence? So put your fears aside and try to get well."

He poured something into a glass and gave it to me, and very soon I forgot all my troubles in a long dreamless sleep.

It was in the cold darkness of early dawn that I awoke once more and gazed about me. I felt far more myself than I had done before I slept, and able to take an interest in the things about me. I noticed, now, that there were three beds in the room. The one on my left was empty; doubtless the poor creature it had contained had died and been removed while I slept. The room was only lighted by one feeble night light, so that at first it was not easy for me to distinguish the different objects. But after a while, as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I turned to get a better view of the bed on my right, and see who my companion in affliction might be. And there on the white pillow I saw the black head of my treacherous enemy!

My first impulse was to cry out for assistance, but I reflected that there would only be the nurses about, and they would be certain to think me delirious. Then, again, it was evident that the black man had not recognized me. So I summoned up the little courage I had left, and resolved to remain perfectly still, keeping my head turned away so that those crafty, cruel eyes should not see me. I don't know how much time passed, I only know that as I lay there my heart beat like a sledge hammer, and the bed clothes rose and fell with each laboring breath I drew.

At last a nurse stole softly into the room, and seeing I was awake gave me some medicine. I whispered an entreaty that she would not leave me. She smiled assent, and took a chair by my side. There must have been some narcotic in the mixture, for I had scarcely swallowed the draught when I fell into a deep sleep again. [illegible] in an ad[illegible]

It was feeling stealthy hands moving the bed clothes about me that at length brought me back to consciousness, and, looking up, I saw that dark, evil face bending over me. Before I had time to utter a sound a heavy hand was laid upon my mouth, and the leather belt, which had evidently just been cut through, was dragged from me, and the next instant the Indian was stealing towards the window. Then I shouted as loudly as I could for help, but even as I did so, the black man was through the window and had disappeared in the darkness.

I had tried to struggle up to go in pursuit, but my maimed limbs refused to bear me, and I fell fainting across the bed as the nurse and doctor hurried into the room. As soon as I came to myself I cried out wildly, passionately, that I had been robbed, that I was ruined, that my position in life was lost.

The doctor looked at me with a smile.

"Don't make too sure of that," he said. And taking something from his waistcoat pocket, he placed it on the palm of his hand and held it towards me.

It was the Rajah's diamond! For the first few moments rapture and relief left room for no other thoughts. But, then, I asked, in bewilderment, how it had happened; for I had been so certain that the diamond was on me. After the doctor had assured me of its safety, I had managed more than once to press my wounded arm against my side, and had then felt, distinctly, the small, hard substance that was worth so much.

The doctor laughed.

"That was a substitute," he said; and then he explained that, seeing I was in such a weak, excited state, he had not thought it prudent to leave the diamond with me. At the same time, seeing I should fret myself into a fever at parting with it, he had compromised matters by taking the diamond from me while I slept, and putting something in its place to make me quiet.

"I intended to put a small pebble," he said, "but in the hurry of the moment could not find one of the right size, so made use, instead, of a bit of coal, which was exactly what I wanted. So you see your friend from the East has gone off with a diamond of his own color."—The Strand Magazine.

Strange Death of a Sheriff.

"Everybody remembers when the great Texas murderer, Dick Masters, was hanged," said E. M. Cary, of Waco, at the Centropolis, "but the strange death of Sheriff Waters, who sprung the trap, has been kept out of the papers. After Masters's body was cut down, the county physician pronouncing the murderer dead, the Sheriff ordered four deputies to carry the body to his private laboratory, where the Sheriff used to pursue his medical experiments alone. He was bound to dissect the powerful, well-developed body of Masters, so he shut himself up with the corpse and went to work.

"The Sheriff moved about briskly, making a great clatter with his instruments. Several times he went to the windows and peered out, but the neighborhood was deserted. He soon discovered that the drop on the scaffold had not broken Masters's neck, and the Sheriff thought that was fortunate, as he always had experimented on the restoration of life, whenever opportunity afforded. He laid down his instruments and began to try and restore life. The evening shadows drifted into night. It was a noisy town, and the shouts and laughters of revelers could be heard everywhere. Several times the crowds passing the Sheriff's room thought they heard the sounds of scuffling, and more than once a muffled shout was heard. But the pleasure-seekers on the streets passed along without giving a thought to this.

"On the following day Sheriff Winters failed to appear at his office. Nobody had seen him since he locked himself in the laboratory with Masters's body. Finally the Mayor of the town and several deputy sheriffs went to the laboratory, but, rapping at the door or shouts would not bring any answer. Then they broke open the door. The sight before them nearly turned their hair gray. The room was a total wreck. The furniture was strewn about the room, smashed to pieces, and everything bore evidence of a terrible struggle. Sheriff Winters lay on the floor, dead, and the marks about his throat showed that he had been strangled. A few feet away lay the dead body of the murderer, Masters. The faces and the garments of both men bore evidence of a hard fight. The only conclusion that could be arrived at was that Masters had revived, and, on regaining consciousness and strength, he had attacked the Sheriff and succeeded in killing him before he died himself. All of this happened in the jail of Rio Grande County."—Kansas City Times.

Business Like Beggars.

The beggars of Paris have a regular "Directory of Benefactors," in two editions—a small one at sixty cents and a large one for $1.20. These books give the names of persons known to be benevolent, also their religion and political faith; also the hours at which they may be found at home, etc. The "religious racket" is very remunerative, it seems. An old rag picker at Clinchy lately confessed that last winter her child was baptised twelve times in Protestant churches and ten times in Catholic ones; each time the mother received one franc and a new dress. When epidemics are raging, the beggar asks for contributions on the plea that his or her offspring is down with diphtheria, croup, etc., and many people quickly respond, in order to get rid of what they believe to be a very dangerous class of people.—San Francisco Chronicle.

He Wasn't Afraid, but His Legs Were.

"When I was holding up trains in Nevada," began City Attorney Cresswell, "to collect the railroad's taxes—being District Attorney of the county through which it ran—I had to assist me as brave a man as I ever knew. He would think nothing of walking right up to the muzzle of a gun and peeping down the barrel.

"A passenger train came in and we seized it. I ordered the engineer and fireman out of the cab and put my assistant in, with instructions to hold it. The whole town was out to see the hold-up, and, with the passengers from the train, crowded around and poked fun at us. Suddenly the engineer shouted to my man in the cab that the water was about out of the boiler and it would blow up in a minute or two.

"He glanced at the water gauge and seeing no water in the glass looked about him in an uneasy way for a moment and then commenced climbing out of the cab. He started to walk away at a slow, dignified stride, but his steps kept getting quicker till at last he broke into a run. The crowd jeered him, but he only ran the faster till he was out of danger.

"'Look here, Jim,' said I, 'I thought you were afraid of nothing.'

"'Well, I don't feel a blamed bit skeery on my account,' he replied, very deliberately, 'but somehow or other I couldn't hold my legs down. They were just determined to do some fast work, an' I couldn't stop 'em.'"—San Francisco Post.

An Old Man's Long Journey.

A pathetic as well as remarkable story is that of William J. Norris, who, despoiled of his wealth at the age of seventy-three by a designing wife, drove alone behind a bronco from Pike's Peak to Buffalo, N. Y., a distance of 2300 miles, to find a home with his daughter. A descendant and heir of an English nobleman, he served eleven years as a British soldier, for thirty years was a cattle buyer and farmer in Western New York, for nine years a watchman in Denver, and for four years a policeman in Cherry Creek. He accumulated property, but in his old age was fooled by an adventuress, who left him nothing but two cows, a "prairie schooner," and a faithful bronco, which dragged him twenty-seven miles a day for eighty-seven days, until, absolutely penniless, he reached a haven in Buffalo last week. He is a wonderful old man, and that bronco is a wonderful bronco.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Cultivated Bacteria.

To the uninitiated mind it may smack of absurdity to say that at no distant day the bacteria of butter and cheese will be cultivated as we now cultivate other commercial products. A writer on this subject says: "The fermentation of cream and of cheese is already as much of an art as the fermentation of malt in the manufacture of beer. In the curing of tobacco the same activity is discovered, and the day is not far distant when commerce in high-bred tobacco bacteria will be an established fact. In short, we may look forward to the day when the bacteria active in agriculture will be carefully cultivated, and the bacteria herd book will be found along with those of the Jersey cow and the Norman horse." On a par with this is the sterilization of products, which process is necessary before the thoroughbred bacteria is introduced.—New York Advertiser.

This Beats Fish Stories.

The streets were dirty. The lady had a parcel in one hand, an umbrella in the other. Her dress, although what women call a short one, would have touched the mud had it not been held up. And it was to this she had trained her Irish setter. Trotting along on one side, just a pace behind her, he held the tail of her well-made gown in his teeth as carefully and as daintily as a retriever carries game. Never once did the dog allow the dress to touch the ground. It was evidently a daily task carried out to the point of satisfaction of lady and dog. An enterprising dog dealer might obtain large prices for dogs thus educated to act as my lady's page.—St. James's Gazette.

The Plow Started a Fire.

George Vogel, of York Township, Indiana, started a fire in a stubble field on his farm Friday in a very peculiar manner. He was plowing the dead weeds and dry stubble under the ground when his plowshare struck a big rock. The stroke of the steel upon the flinty surface of the stone caused it to emit sparks of fire that ignited the dry rubbish which surrounded it. This inaugurated a fire that, propelled by the wind, spread over the field and threatened to destroy his fences. He finally subdued the flames.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Steamboat on Wheels.

Sweden can boast of a steamboat on wheels. This unique vehicle makes regular trips overland from one lake to another near by. To leave one lake it approaches the shore with a full head of steam on, rushes over the rails of the connecting road to the top of the eminence midway, shoots down to the other lake, and then its screw propellers merily churn the waters again.

Molasses for Cattle Food.

Molasses is coming into prominence as cattle food in Germany. Cows particularly devour their sweetened provender with the greatest relish. The food is claimed to be both healthful and economical.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Englishmen hold $900,000,000 worth of stock in American breweries.

"'Tis 10 p. m.," the maid exclaimed,
But useless did it prove
He didn't seem to understand
That p. m. means "please move."
—Truth.

"Why, professor, you have two umbrellas."

"That's all right. I expect to lose one of them."—Filigende Blaetter.

Will somebody please tell us why our lawmakers are never arrested for passing worthless bills?—Boston Transcript.

"Wasn't the bride delightfully timid?" "Very. She was even shy ten years when it came to giving her age."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—If I had my live to live over again—— He—I thought that's what you were doing; you said you were 23.—Yonkers Statesman.

A mine is like a woman's dress
Oft when you hunt around,
It takes a year or two before
The pocket can be found.
—New York Herald.

"By Jove, I left my pocketbook under my pillow!" "Oh, well, your servant is honest, isn't she?" "That's just it—she'll take it right up to my wife!"—Chicago Record.

Skinnum—Remember, if anybody calls I am in to nobody. Servant (sotto voce)—Well, this is the first time I ever saw you when you weren't into somebody.—Philadelphia Record.

Marriage, we own, is a lottery,
Yet here a great difference lies:
There are times when we do not envy
The man with the capital prize.
—Judge.

"Henry," said Mrs. Peck, "I am going to get a bicycle." "Dear me," said Mr. Peck, mildly, "isn't one man enough for you to run over?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Young Wife (at the fancy ball)—You're improving wonderfully as a dancer. Don't you remember how you used to tear my dresses? Young husband—Y-e-s; I wasn't GANT then.—Boston Globe.

Papa (enraged)—Why, Constantia, daughter, I've never, in all my life, seen as soft, green, unsophisticated, spoony an idiot as young Puddington—— Mamma (emphatically)—I have!—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"I can see no reason," said the S. P. P. A. boarder, "why it should be thought advisable to dock a horse's tail." "Probably," suggested the Cheerful Idiot, "they are docked for being behind."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I'm sorry now, mamma," sobbed Bobby, "that I stole those apples." "Oh, yes," said his mother, "your conscience hurts you, does it?" "No," returned Bobby, "it's my stomach that hurts."—New York Herald.

Miss Antique—People are always talking of self-made men. I wonder why they never speak of a self-made woman? Miss Austere—Because a self-made woman generally doesn't like to have it known.—Harper's Bazar.

When he asked for her hand she replied, "No, George; my heart is quite at your service; but I think I had better keep my hand myself. It might be useful to me in case you couldn't support me, you know."—Boston Transcript.

'Tis now, alack! the toothsome chestnut falls,
Where'er Jack Frost has laid his chilling hands;
And that, forsooth, a paradox recalls,
For on the streets you'll see the chestnut stands.
—Philadelphia Record.

Daughter—This piano is really my very own, isn't it, pa? Pa—Yes, my dear. "And when I marry I can take it with me, can I?" "Certainly, my child; but don't tell any one. It might spoil your chances."—New York Weekly.

Father—You may as well give up thinking about that young man, Dashing. He does not love you. Daughter—How do you know, papa? Father—I met him at the club just now, and he refused to lend me a fiver.—Boston Globe.

He—I come here so frequently that I'm beginning to think that you look upon me as a sort of chestnut—a roasted chestnut, as it were. She—No, not a roasted chestnut. When a chestnut is roasted it pops.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New woman aspires to reach man's position.
But she'll not catch the man, we're afraid;
For when she's attired to her cherished ambition
The new woman will die an old maid.
—Judge.

"I wonder," said the man who was about to start to Atlanta, "if I'd better take a heavy overcoat along?" "You will not need it," replied the man who had been there, "but you'd better take a heavy pocketbook."—Chicago Tribune.

Housekeeper—You don't look as if you had washed yourself for a month, Tramp—Please, mum, th' doctors say th' proper time to bathe is two hours after a meal, and I haven't had anything you call a meal in six weeks.—New York Weekly.

By "perfect confidence" a man means that his wife should not believe anything about him that is not creditable.

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