[Now First Published.]

BREVIO'S STORY.

BY MRS. F. ST. CLAIR GRIMWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "MY LIFE IN MANIPUR," "THE POWER OF AN EYE," ETC.

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"Ask him who lives in that villa, Bertie."

When I put the above question to my brother I expected no particular answer. We were drifting idly along one summer's afternoon in a boat on one of the most beautiful of the Italian lakes. We were spending a few days at L——, and I had felt a kind of interest in the people who inhabited all the quaint little villas and chalets which peeped out from amongst the luxuriant foliage with which the shores of the lake were covered.

Our boatman was Italian, and a good specimen of his race. He was not very tall but broad-shouldered and muscular. I had picked him out from a number of others who on our arrival had offered us their services.

The man's face pleased me, and his whole appearance denoted that love for the picturesque which distinguishes most of the inhabitants of the sunny south. His nether garments were of blue and white striped cotton material. He wore also a rough blue jersey, and a red cap which harmonized exceedingly well with his brown face and bright eyes. His age might have been anything from thirty upward. His boat was not as beautiful to look at as he was himself, but it was entirely safe, and not uncomfortable.

We had already spent many hours in it cruising about the lake when the heat of the day had given place to the pleasant warmth of the evening.

The villa which had excited my interest was built on the side of the hill, rather higher up than the rest, and painted a warm shade of pink. Its bright green shutters and striped awnings gave it a kind of gala appearance and marked it out as a conspicuous object in the general landscape. My brother asked the question, and Brevio, who, by the way, spoke very good English, shipped his oars and gazed reflectively at the house in question.

"Ebbene, signor," he said, at last. "The Frau Schinkmann lives there. A good woman, the Frau, married to a good man. That is well, but it has not always been so, Santa Maria! There was a time when things were different."

My curiosity was excited.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Tell us about the Frau Schinkmann. Is she old, young, pretty?"

"My brother, at this point, handed his cigar-case to our friend, who selected from its contents with much satisfaction depicted in his countenance. He lit his cigar, and puffed at it for a few seconds in silence, and then proceeded with his story, which I give now exactly as it was related to me, omitting only the many Italian phrases with which he interlarded it.

"Frau Schinkmann," he said, "is a woman of some forty summers. Not pretty, dear me, no! She has no beauty of form either. She is short, and dark, and fat like all these German women. But she has fine eyes, is clever and her dresses, Santa Maria, her dresses are different for every day in the year. She came here, let me see, ten summers ago. Then, the senor will understand, she was ten years younger. Bene! She was not Frau Schinkmann either, then. She was Signora Conti and her husband was a brute. Sometimes for the whole summer he would go away to Milan, to Florence, to Rome, who knew where? There he would stay, but perhaps it did not matter.

"It would have been well if he had always stayed, but he didn't do that, look you. When the winter came he came, too, and then the Signora led but the life of a dog without friends. He beat her sometimes, when he had been to the Plazza in the evening, and sat an hour or two drinking.

"Her maids told the town's folk that Signor Conti beat his wife; she would never have spoken, for she is proud, the signora.

"At last one day there came an opera company to the town. They were to stay two months, and every week they gave something different; to-night "Carmen," next week "Faust." Their primma donna was a fine handsome woman, and wicked, too. The youths in the town went mad over her; I myself was not married then, signor, I got burned in the fire with the others, but she played with us all, and made fools of us.

"There was only one she would not play with—that was the Conti. He was rich, you must know, and he gave her presents: trinkets for her hair and gold ornaments that should have been for his good wife.

"The Signora knew nothing of this for many days. She did not go much to the town, you see. She was a German, and they love to stay in their houses.

"One day she heard of it, though. The opera was over, and the Conti had gone off somewhere with Madame Carita, as she called herself. So the signora waited for her husband, sitting up all night and watching for him.

"In the morning he came. No one knew what passed, but my Carolina was a maid then in the service of the Conti, and she told her mother that the Signora had fresh marks on her shoulders next day, and a cruel bruise on her temple.

"The company left L—— two days later, and with them went Signor Conti. No one knew where they went, some said America, others Spain, but no one knew.

"The Signora remained at home and kept quiet for a year, seeing no one. Then, one fine day, there came a new family to L——, looking for a dwelling. There were but two—a father and daughter.

"He was a German—a baron—and his daughter was a fine girl—scarcely twenty. Now the Villa Conti is a large one, you see, and only the signora lived there with my Carolina to do for her. So the baron went to her and offered her a good price for her upper etage. She was a proud woman, the Signora, but she had become poor, as Conti had disappeared and taken what was his with him.

"His wife had then only the Villa Conti and her dowry, and she lived on this. She saw the young fraulein, and took to her at once. So she agreed and let her etage to the Baron. So they lived all in that villa which you see from here, Signor!

"The Baron had work to do in Germany, and at times he would go journeys which took him weeks in the coming and going. Then the young fraulein was left alone, except for the Signora in the lower etage. Katerina (did I tell you her name was Katerina?) she used to walk by herself to Castiglione, and sometimes further, alone.

"People said she sang to herself in her roamings, but she was a strange creature, and she liked to be alone.

"But my Carolina says she was not always alone. My Carolina is so wise, signor, she knows a great deal.

"Well! Carolina followed the young Katerina one day, and she saw some things which the good Signora would not have liked. There is a town called Asti, some ten miles from Castaglione. It is a big town, and they have everything there.

"There is a medico, and priests, and there was also the dentista—how do you call him, dentiste? Yes, ah well, there was the dentiste—Signor Mattei. What a man to take a girl's silly fancy, Signor? Little, mean, sallow, santissima! Who would believe it. How he made acquaintance with the Fraulein no one knew.

"But Carolina saw them. The Fraulein met him and they kissed each other as lovers, and sat hours together, so long that Carolina feared to wait and returned to her work. Every day the Fraulein walked alone, and stayed till the sun went down behind the mountain, and then returned—alone, of course.

"When the Baron was at the villa then Katerina stayed at home, for the baron was a hasty man and had a temper. But he always went away again and knew nothing. But the Signora began to be uneasy. Katerina was not well one winter and the Signora grew anxious. Then my Carolina told her all she knew and the signora was very troubled. But she had a warm corner in her good heart for the young girl, so she went to her and asked her what ailed her, and then she guessed.

"So time passed, and the Signora trembled lest the Herr Baron should discover what ailed his daughter. And Katerina never seemed to care. It was disgrace, oh yes! but what of that, when the signora had promised to help her.

"And so she went out just the same as ever. When her time came, the Signora took her away to the mountains, where she had a sister. And there they stayed, and the baron remained at the Villa Conti.

"When the Signora came back she brought with her an infant—her sister's child, she said—and, well, the Signora was a good woman, and no one questioned it.

"But Carolina had told her mother before. Carolina meant nothing, but she was only a foolish maid then, and so she knew no better. And in a little time some others knew, and then they passed Katerina with whispers, when they saw her, and did not give her good day as before.

"Then one morning the Baron came home. He was blind with anger. He had heard two men speaking of his daughter in the train, and he came back at once to find out the truth. As it happened, the young fraulein was out then. The good Signora had tried to keep her at home, but to no purpose. She would go out. So the Baron raged and stormed, first at the Signora, calling her a fool, and then at my Carolina, till she grew afraid and ran to hide herself.

"And then he went out, and the signora followed him. She is a brave woman, and she feared what he would do if he found his daughter.

"And they did find her, too, but, fortunately, Signor Mattei saw them first, and sprang down the cliff to his boat. He came always by boat, understand, from Asti, signor.

"It was a wild day, and the wind was very rough. It is not safe to go on the lake on such days, but the alternative was worse, for the Baron had armed himself—you see! He was an old man, the Baron, and he could not travel as fast as the other two. Mattei got safely down and had a long start. He never thought of Katerina—not he! He was a coward. But she did not choose to remain for her father. So she ran, too, and as the boat moved she was in it, too.

"As for the Signora, she just ran after the baron, and threw her strong arms around him, to keep him from shooting with the revolver he had brought. He swore and struggled with her, but he was an old man and she was not an old woman, and she was very strong, you understand.

"So the boat went out with Katerina and the dentiste. They took the way to Asti, keeping far out for fear of the Herr Baron's weapon. And the storm grew wilder. The Signora watched them, trembling for Katerina; and the waves went up and down over the little boat till they seemed to hide it altogether. Then Mattei let one of the oars go and the boat turned sideways.

"Some people came out on the shore and seemed to be considering whether they should go and help them. But at last the boat turned again on its side, and the water filled it, and that was the end. Mattei was a good swimmer, and he reached the shore, and hid himself in a village, but Katerina never came out of the lake alive.

"They found her body some days later. The Baron would not see it or go to the funeral, but he stayed at the Villa Conti. He meant to stay till he had killed Mattei, he said, though the Signora begged him to go. He gave up his journeys, and he went across the lake every day to find Mattei, but he never found him, because he had escaped and gone no one knows where."

"Is that the end of the story, Brevio?" I asked.

"But no, Signorina. The rest I will tell you. The Baron stayed at the Villa Conti all the next winter, and then he began to pay court, as you call it, to the Signora. He said her husband was dead, as eighteen months had gone by, and no news came to L—— of him. But the Signora refused him, of course.

"She thought he was mad sometimes, and she had no wish to begin life again with a madman. Not she. So she said no. Then the old Baron tried to frighten her. He said he would go away and come back in a year, and then if she still refused he would kill her and the little Tito, poor dead Katerina's son.

"But, as I have said, the Signora was a brave woman, and she thought it was nothing. So she let him go away, and was glad enough to get him out of her house, I can tell you.

"Meanwhile, I married Carolina, and the Signora gave me work as gardener for her. I looked after the vines and saw to the trees for her, and I lived in the house. The little Tito was fond of me too. He was a fine bambina—like his mother.

"In the spring a cousin came to stay with the signora. He was Dutch—and he brought his wife also with him, a delicate frau, who never moved out of the house hardly.

"Some said that Herr Schinkmann had loved his cousin before she married the Conti. But people always talk. Anyway, he took her about. Sometimes the Frau came with them, but that was seldom. They stayed till the summer ended, and then they left and went back to their home in Holland. A month after we heard that Frau Schinkmann had died. Ah! well, she was better away perhaps.

"A year passed, and the Baron never came back. Neither did Conti, and no one heard of him. The little Tito, meanwhile, was growing a fine boy. H could use his feet and make little sounds, and the signora worshiped him as her own son. So time passed.

"And at last, one fine day, I was in the vineyard plucking the grapes, and the Signora stood near with a basket, talking, when who should come down the hill but the Dutch Herr Schinkmann. He had grown himself young again, Signor, and had got new clothes and was very fine. Perhaps one grows young when one's wife is away. Who knows?"

Here Brevio glanced uneasily over his shoulder, as though he expected the absent Carolina to call him to account for giving way to such treasonable sentiments.

Then he smiled and went on.

"Ebbene Signor, as I told you, there was Herr Schinkmann, smiling and bowing so low over the Signora's hand, and then they left me and the vines and went up to the house, and he stayed to supper. You guess the rest! Yes! The Signora engaged herself to marry her Dutch cousin. But first he had to seek the absent Conti, and that was not easy. You see no one knew where he had gone when he left with the Villa Carita two summers past.

"So Herr Schinkmann went to the lawyers and asked them, and they agreed to give a divorce, but told him it would take time. Meanwhile Herr Schinkmann went to seek for Conti. He went all over the world, Signor, Europe, America, everywhere, but he never heard of him or found any man who knew him. But he did not return to the Signora, because the divorce was not given and he wanted to find Conti.

"Meanwhile the Signora lived on just the same at the little villa with little Tito and Carolina. At last came a letter from Herr Schinkmann. He had not found Conti, but he had got the papers about the divorce, and he would return at once, he said.

"The Signora used to sing to herself in those days, out in the vineyard or in the dairy, and we knew she was contented, my Carolina and me. Then one day came more trouble. The Baron returned.

"It was evening, and I was going to the town, but had not started. The Signora was in the garden, and the little Tito was going to rest. Carolina was with him.

"The Baron came suddenly to the door of the villa. I said an Ave, signor. He looked like a madman, and came so suddenly as though the clouds had dropped him.

"Where is the Signora Conti?" he said. But before I could answer him the Signora came herself along the garden, and the Baron hastened toward her.

"She did not start or scream, as some women might. She was a brave woman, Signor, and never showed fear. She just welcomed him quietly, but she did not ask him to supper like the Herr Schinkmann, you understand. She just talked with him where he stood, and I did not go to the town—I stayed.

"Presently the Signora moved towards the house. Then then the Baron moved, too, and stood in front of her.

"I heard all he said. He would have an answer from the Signora; he wanted her to marry him. If she refused, he said, he would shoot her, and he brought out a revolver—the same he had loaded every day to shoot the dentiste, Mattei.

"Now women are strange creatures, Signor, and stupid, but sometimes they show themselves more wise than men; that is because they are cunning, like cats.

"But sometimes they can be wise, too. The Signora was a wise woman. She did not say yes, and she did not say no, to the Baron, but she persuaded him not to shoot her then. She said it was too late to think of giving him answers then, he must come to-morrow and she would tell him, and then he could shoot her if she did not please him.

"So she moved gently away to the house, and said good night to the Baron, and left him. I could not tell you how she did it, but there she was, safe inside the doors, and the Baron outside with his pistol. I was for seizing him and getting the pistol, but the Signora would not permit.

"She locked all the doors, but sent me outside first to call some aid from the town; not the gendarmes, for they run to the east when the storm is in the west, but Amico, and Paula, and Giacomo, all comrades, and strong as horses. All the same a man with a pistol is a good enemy. So I went to the town, running, and the Signorina stayed, with the doors locked, and the Baron outside.

"Meanwhile the little Tito had been left alone; Caroline put him in his bed, and helped the Signorina to lock the house. But the bambina did not sleep, not he. He crept out of his bed and to the window, which was open, and out on to the balcony which was around it.

"And there below him was the Baron, stamping about and raving, like a Spanish bull. The little Tito peered at him through the bars and made little sounds, and the Baron saw him.

"No one can tell what came to his mind, but he just drew out his pistol and shot once—only once—and scarcely a sound, but the Signora heard it from below. Then she did not guess it was to do with her little one. It was my Carolina who found him, the little bambina, lying quite dead, with his little face all over blood.

"Santa Maria! But it was a terrible ending. We came back soon after, my comrades and me. We had a fight for the Baron. He gave me this," he said, pointing to a scar on the back of his neck. "But that, Signor, was his last shot. He had only two, you see.

"So we got him safely then, and took him to the town, and the gendarmes. They found after awhile that he was mad, and had been so for a year. But he had escaped from his people and come to L——. And you see he never forgot the Signora. He would have killed her, too, maybe, but she is a wise woman.

"The poor soul! she nearly went mad, too, Signor, after that. They took the little Tito and buried him with his mother, by the lake here. The Signora goes there often, and Carolina says she weeps, too.

Well, soon after that, and when the Baron had gone away for always, Herr Schinkmann came back. The divorce was granted, and the Signora had settled her day for the wedding. On the morning of it a letter came; it had traveled far, from New Zealand, I think, and it said Conti was dead. No more.

"So you see all that expense for the divorce might have been saved. So the Signora married the Schinkmann, and she is no longer the Signora, but Frau Schinkmann, and that villa is her's up there, Carolina is there, and I go sometimes. Not every day; Carolina has a sharp tongue, Signor, and well—I like to row the Signor Inglise in my boat."

Brevio smiled knowingly as he ended his narrative, and we turned the boat's head toward home. As we landed, Brevio touched my brother's arm, and said:

"Look, look, Signor, this way; there is the good Frau Schinkmann. She is coming this way, and will pass the Signor."

So I saw the heroine of a romance. She was a curious looking woman. She was not very tall, and was dressed in a wonderful combination of pale blue and gold satin, with a large hat perched jauntily on the top of a most wonderful coiffeur. Her hair was bunched up on the top of her head and then allowed to fall in long curls half way down her back.

She passed us so quickly that I had no time for a close scrutiny.

She wished Brevio "bona sira" in a low, musical voice and passed on, but it was a lucky chance that brought her out that evening, as I should scarcely have left the place satisfied had I been obliged to leave without seeing the heroine of Brevio's story.

Our boatman escorted us through the quaint old town. Half-way along a winding stone-paved street he again stopped us and pointed to a house, rather smaller than the rest. A large notice on the wall attracted our attention.

It was "Giacomo Mattei, Dentista."

"He came back, Signor," said Brevio. "He had been all this time in Asti, but he changed his name for fear of the Baron. When he heard the Baron was gone, then he returned, and he married the daughter of Paulo, the blacksmith. Not a grand match, Signor, but good enough for him. He does well, they tell me. Everyone gets his deserts in this life."

"Addio, Signor. Buonosera, Signora. I must go now. The Signor will find me always here. Addio!"

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Rebuking the Grumblers.

Philadelphia Record.

"There's nothing the matter with Schuylkill water," said Blobbs yesterday, "if you only let it dry and dust it off."

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

One out of every 180 inhabitants of the United States owns or rides a bicycle.

The worth of a ton of diamonds at the present day is estimated at exactly $35,000,000.

The average length of the whale is sixty feet; average girth, forty; thickness of blubber, fifteen inches.

At a depth of more than four miles the ocean is without life, without vegetation and without light.

The number of persons to the square mile in England is placed at 480; in the United States at seventeen.

The total number of American newspapers has grown from 5,319 to 20,006 during the past twenty-five years.

There are seven men living in one township in the State of North Carolina who have passed the age of 108 years.

The amount of air that a man will inhale in twenty-four hours will fill seventy-eight hogsheads and weigh fifty-three pounds.

During the complicated process of manufacturing stamps they are counted eleven times in order to guard against pilfering.

No less than 10,000,000 acres were last year declared by the New South Wales government to be at the mercy of the rabbit pest.

The new Scotland Yard is the largest police office in the world. It contains a room in which three thousand men can be assembled.

A Maine bee hunter declares that bees do not like solitude and keep near habitations, and that it is a mistake to look for wild bees at a distance from cultivated regions.

In an effort to cope with the rabbit pest in New South Wales 632 miles of rabbit-proof fencing have lately been erected at a cost of £51,000, and 404 miles of similar fencing are building.

The Manhattan elevated railway, New York, carries a larger number of passengers than any other American railway. The figures are given as 525,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly.

Expedition island, forty miles from the northwest coast of Australia, has sunk out of sight, forty-eight feet below the surface of the sea. It was thirteen miles long and one mile in width.

A man and his wife in Girard, Mich., have not spoken to each other for twenty years, although living together. Each is waiting for the other to speak first, and so "mum" is the word for life.

The railroad constructed by Stephenson, south of Liverpool, and opened for traffic in 1832, remained in use almost as the great inventor left it until a few weeks ago, when a new line was constructed.

There has been considerable discussion as to who invented spectacles and who had the pleasure of wearing the first pair. The honor is generally awarded to an Italian named Salvino Armati, who died in 1317.

The city of Banian, in Great Bucharia, is cut in the side of a mountain. There are 12,000 artificial caves, some very large, and two statues, one ninety, the other twenty feet high, each hewn from a single stone.

The South, which has only 28 per cent. of the country's population, and which cast only 30 per cent. of the popular vote for Cleveland, has thus far secured seventeen embassadors, ministers and consuls to fourteen given to the North.

At three of the large London railway stations—Charing Cross, Cannon street and London Bridge—as many as 32,969 movements for signal and point levers have to be made every twenty-hours, quite apart from the telegraphic operations.

Of King Mithridates of Pontus historians say that he spoke twenty-two languages and knew by name each one of his eighty thousand soldiers. Cyrus, the Persian king, and Julius Cæsar were also familiar with the name of every soldier in their vast armies.

The expression "Vox populi vox Dei"—the voice of the people is the voice of God—was used in the writings of William of Malmesbury, who was born A. D. 1075 or 1095, and died about 1142. He quoted the expression as a proverb, even in his time sufficiently well known.

A preventive of colds is said to have been discovered in the new paper stockings now made in Germany. They are made of a specially prepared paper impregnated with some substance which apparently sucks up all perspiration as quickly as it is formed, keeping the feet warm and dry.

Down in Maine they have some queer ideas as to the fitness of things. The citizens of Machias are going to dedicate a library next month, and, to add due eclat to this peaceable undertaking, have applied to the Navy Department for the presence of one of the new gunboats.

There is no doubt that persons are often moonstruck, particularly in the tropics. On war ships no one is allowed to sleep on deck, and the lunar rays, therefore, cannot reach them, but on merchant vessels, where there is less discipline, especially in hot weather, tars sleep on deck, and are often picked up insensible in the morning.

Louis XIV was not gigantic in stature, as represented by contemporary historians. When, during the French revolution, his body was dragged out of its sarcophagus in the crypt of St. Dennis, it was found to be five feet six inches in height. He had a way of raising his head and swelling his chest which apparently added to his stature, but was in reality a little man.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He Must Be.

Puck.

Cross—Did you ever write any poetry?
Squeery—Yes; some.
Cross—What for?
Squeery—Oh, just to kill time.
Cross—Is he dead?

Tasted Soapy.

New York Weekly.

Uncle Wayback—I declare, Elvira, this knife tastes soapy, same as the other one.

Shrewd Niece—It's too bad, uncle, but city servants are so careless. Try eating with your fork. Maybe that's clean.

Borrowing Trouble.

Texas Siftings.

Mother (to seven-year-old daughter)—Carrie what makes you look so sad?

Carrie—I'm thinking what a bother that little brother will be to me about ten years from now when I enter society and have a beau.

They Hate to Leave.

New York Weekly.

Little Dot—W'en peoples is good an' knows they is goin' to heaven, why don't they never want to die?

Little Dick—I guess it's 'cause they'll never get any buckwheat cakes an' maple syrup there.

Courting Bankruptcy.

Life.

Druggist—I'm going to discharge that new clerk. He's too careless.

Friend—What has he done?

Druggist—This morning he sold a wild-eyed woman a dose of poison and trusted her for the money.

A Question of Patience.

Puck.

"I've been sitting quietly on this fence just twenty-two minutes by the watch," he said, "watching that cat crouching by that rat hole, and she hasn't so much as moved an ear, for I've kept my eye on her steady. What a fool a cat is!"

Very Likely.

New York Press.

"I lost my umbrella last night, at your party."

"It must have been taken by mistake, then. None but honest people were there."

"Oh, I'm not complaining. It might have been taken by its owner."

Already Done.

Life.

Smith—I met a man to-day who told me I looked like you.

Jones (fiercely)—Who was it? If I can find him I'll knock him down.

Smith (calmly)—Don't trouble yourself; I knocked him down at once.

For the Sake of Argument.

Life.

"Now, supposing I borrowed $5 from you; that would represent capital, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"But, supposing, after awhile, you wanted to get it back——."

"That would represent labor."

Holding His Own.

Atlanta Constitution.

Old Subscriber (to editor)—Can you lend me $5?

Editor—We cannot.

Old Subscriber—Paper not doin' much, eh?

Editor—Well, we're holdin' our own.

Trying to Deceive Children.

Demorest's Monthly.

"Why, mamma, you've got a gray hair in your bang!"

"Yes, dear. That came because you were so naughty yesterday."

"Oh, mamma, what a naughty little girl you must have been to grandma! All her hairs are gray."

No Use Crying.

Good News.

Mamma—Mercy! How did you hurt your finger so?

Little Son—With a hammer.

"When?"

"A good while ago."

"I didn't hear you cry."

"I thought you was out."

Only Half a Trial.

New York Weekly.

Purchaser (angrily)—You told me this horse could go with the speed of the wind. It was all I could do to get into town before noon.

Dealer—He ain't had no fair show yit. Wait till ye turn him home'ard. Goin' home he's greased lightnin'!

Scientific Item.

Texas Siftings.

Anson—There is a most remarkable echo in a cave in Kentucky.

Benson—What is there remarkable about it?

Anson—I call out, "Hello, Smith!" the echo says: "What Smith do you mean?" no less than fourteen distinct times.

An Angel's Treasures.

Good News.

Accepted Suitor—Why, my angel, what's the matter.

The Angel—Oh, the awfulest thing has happened. I have lost my engagement ring.

Little Brother—Why, Sis, what a fuss you are making. You've got plenty more of them.

A Test Insisted On.

Pittsburg Telegraph.

"Missouri has a new law making it a penal offense for a husband to desert his wife until he has lived with her ten years," remarked Squildig. "What do you think of that?"

"I suppose the legislators think that if a man's love hasn't decade in ten years it will last a lifetime," replied Meswilligen.

The Unreasonableness of Man.

Chicago Record.

Mrs. Van Astfilt—Why don't you have Professor Von Pianothump play at your soirees any more?

Mrs. Swell—He's so abominably rude. The last time he played he asked some of the guests to stop talking. He said he didn't mind whether they heard him or not, but that unless he could hear himself he couldn't do himself justice.

Two Mates.

New York Weekly.

Father—Why isn't supper ready? It's an outrage!

Mother—I told little Johnny particularly to come home early, and he isn't back yet. I can't get supper until he runs to the store. You won't go.

Father (five minutes later)—Johnny has come in, I see. What is he howling about?

Mother—He's crying because supper isn't ready.

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