

GAVE IT AWAY

A dear little bride in a train was like most brides in desiring to avoid identification, as such. The husband went out to get some refreshment at a stopping place. An old lady opposite talked to her.

"You are lately married, my dear, I know," she said, kindly.

"Oh, no, we have been married a long time," returned the younger woman, briskly.

"Ah, excuse me. You are so young, and you seem so happy."

"Oh, we have been married eight—yes, eight years."

"Have you any—"

"Oh! (blushing furiously) no!"

"Well! well—and I thought at first you were on your honeymoon."

"Oh, no. My husband will tell you—here he comes—that we have been married eight years. Haven't we, Jack?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," he replied. "Do you know, Mabel," he added, with a wriggle, "I have some of that beastly rice down my back yet."

QUITE A HERO!

Suddenly a white form appeared at a window. All about leaped the mad flames. A portion of the wall had fallen in, and it was too hot for the firemen to go up after the man, anyway. But see! a noble hero dashes under the ropes, makes his way to the elevator, and shoots up to the seventy-seventh floor, where the lonely form is still standing.

Within about eight-and-a-half minutes he comes tearing out of the building, with the life he had saved besides his own. Just then the entire building and the man who held the mortgage on it collapsed. About 75,000 people rushed over to see the hero—the man who, at the risk of his own life and without the aid of a brass band, went to the rescue of one lone man.

"'Twas indeed noble of you," the people cried, with one voice. "Why did you do it?"

"Well," said the hero, "I had to. He owes me two dollars."

Teacher—Can any one tell me what are the sins of omission?
Small Boy—Yes, sir; they are the sins we ought to have done and haven't.

