

FLOATING FANCIES.

Young Lady: "And who comes after E-ther?" (Pause) "Is it Joe?" Pupil: "No, miss; Billy Piper's brother—I see him on Sunday."

"Mamie," said he, and his voice was singularly low, "will you be my wife? Will you cling to me as the tender vine clings to the tree?" "Yes, I catch on," said she.

Mistress: "Bridget, I really can't allow you to receive your sweetheart in the kitchen any longer." Bridget: "Thank you kindly, mum, but he's too bashful for the parlor."

At the opera in London a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware he was an opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said he was O'Brien.

When a Denver belle faints in court while giving testimony, because her corsets are too tight, the Judge suspends business and waits her recovery, while the clerk enters in his journal "a stay in the proceedings."

The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy George came in a second afterwards and said there was an end to one of 'em, anyhow, and it was red-hot, too.

"Maria," said the pious husband, "them wicked Smiths are allowing their children to play in the back yard on Sunday. To-morrow I'll sick the dog on their chickens. The judgment of heaven must be visited on 'em in some way."

"Give the young man a chance," says a writer. Yes, give him a chance at a church festival in a raffi for a blue-eyed doll in a poke bonnet, and just too lovely for anything. Give him a chance—to go out and kick himself full of holes because he went to the festival.

The Christian Advocate, mentioning the case of an Irish girl who said she joined the Methodist Church "on suspicion" for six months, says: "We don't know about the propriety of taking people into the church on suspicion, but we think a considerable number might be led out on that ground."

A young lady who graduated from a high school last July is teaching school up in New Hampshire. A bashful young gentleman visited the school the other day, and was asked by the teacher to say a few words to the pupils. This was his speech: "Scholars I hope you will always love your school and your teacher as much as I do." Tableau—giggling boys and girls and a blushing school-ma'am.

Things one would rather have left unsaid—Nervous person (speaking at last to his neighbor): "Do you know who that remarkably ugly person is just opposite—talking to the black-haired young lady, you know—um—ah?" Neighbor: "That, sir, is my brother!" Nervous person: "Yes? I beg your pardon—I—I—stupid of me not to have seen the family likeness—a—a—a—" (Collapses and disappears)

"Charley," said a Philadelphia girl to the young man who was queering her hand. "Isn't Mr. Jones a divorce lawyer?" "He is darling, why do you ask?" "Because when I told him I was engaged to you he urged his card upon me and told me to keep it as I'd be certain to need his services before long." It wasn't until Charley uttered a suppressed oath that the young woman understood the lawyer's words, and began to regard the young man with suspicion.

A new game called the "The Printer's Dr-ight" is a fine and pleasing one. It is played in the following manner: Take a piece of white paper and put your autograph on it and then fold it carefully around a bank-note sufficient to pay up all arrears and a year in advance, then put it in an envelope, write our address on the outside, stick one of uncle Sam's little green chromos on the corner, hand it to the postmaster, and we'll take the consequences.

A bashful youth, wishing to make his male friends believe that he was solid with the girls, dressed up a dummy saw woman placed it in the sleigh, took a seat beside it, and drove through town four times in an hour. Of course he nearly froze to death. A straw woman doesn't possess any more warmth than Charles Francis Adams, and doesn't scrouge up and throw her arms around her male companion when she thinks the sleigh is going to turn over and spill 'em out in a snow-drift—and a sensible, experienced young woman, when out sleighing, thinks such an accident is going to occur every five minutes. And sometimes she scrouges and grabs the young man when she doesn't think such an accident is about to occur.

That Boy of Gallagher's.

The circumstances were as follows. Mr. G. Gallagher had to take a train that left at six o'clock, so he arose about daylight to breakfast, and thought he had better put on some thick boots instead of the light shoes he wore in the evening. Now, it seems that Gallagher's son had worn the old man's boots while roller skating, and had left skates on the boots, and in the darkness Gallagher did not notice this fact as he pulled the boots on, though he thought they felt heavy. He then groped his way to the head of the stairs, the skates making no trouble on the carpet. Then he started down stairs. He got there dreadfully sudden. He was terribly annoyed

as he picked himself up, and said very wickel things as he started for the dining-room. Breakfast was laid, but only a dim light burning. Immediately he set foot on the polished floor his feet flew in the air and his head came down with terrible force. The wild yell that he gave brought his wife and mother-in-law in from the kitchen. He rose to his feet, but they immediately started off in different directions, and after wrenching his spine and knee joints terribly in trying to control them, they got away, and he jurred the spinal column as he went down. "Land of gracious! this floor is oiled," he roared, as he began to make efforts to rise. "Have you apoplexy or have you been drinking?" asked his wife, as she strove to assist him to get up. "You hold your jaw, you idiot!" he replied, and then she let go of him sort of sudden, and down he went, bruising himself in six places. "Gosh," "tunket," "drat," and "durn," were words called into requisition to relieve his mind that time, and he told his mother-in-law, who had fallen laughing into a chair, that he hoped she would meet cows every time she went out. Then he essayed to rise once more, and got upon his feet. The skates began to slip, but he struggled like a hero, and clutched the air wildly to keep his balance. No use. As he fell forward he wildly grabbed the tablecloth, and as a result yanked the entire breakfast down upon him. The tea scalded him, the pepper got into his eyes, the mustard into his mouth and the eggs all over him. His cries were fearful. They hauled him from the debris and started to put him to bed when they discovered the rollers. Mr. Gallagher was terribly used up, but he started at once to find his son, and the lad's sighing over his great grief was heard blocks away.

A Word With the Gossips.

The Queen speaks plainly on a delicate subject when it discusses a society evil in this matter of fact way: What is gossip but the patent sign of vulgarity in heart and mind? Intellect that never rises beyond the small, mean facts of personal history; fluidity, which cannot keep to itself what has been told even in confidence, and that goes about swelling molehills into mountains, can claim no respect, make out no cause for itself against the degree of gross, vile, stupid vulgarity recorded against it. It is as thoroughly vulgar as is curiosity; and between prying into things with which we have no concern and retelling gossip that is no business of ours to handle at all, there is not a hair's breadth to choose. Each is equally the sign of utter and entire vulgarity; and if one is the bull's-eye, the other is the gold. But both are faults to be found growing as rank as weeds by the road side, and it would be easy to count upon one's finger ends among our largest circle of acquaintances those who are absolutely free from the vice of gossip and the vulgarity of curiosity.

An Interrupted Skating Story.

"You ought to have seen me," said the vivacious young lady to the new minister; "I'd just got the skates on and made a start when down I came on my—" "Maggie!" said her mother. "What? Oh, it was too funny! One skate went one way, and 'other went the other way, and down I came on my—" "Margaret!" reprovingly spoke her father. "Well, what? They scooted from under me and down I came on my—" "Margaret!" yelled both parents. "On my little brother, who had me by the hand, and liked to have smashed him. Now what's the matter?"

The Little Children's Watches.

Recently an old man entered a Little Rock store, and taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch, he emptied two coins on the counter, and then, after regarding the silver for a few moments, said: "Mister I want to buy some goods to make a dress." "That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This twenty-five cent piece has notches filed in it, and this fifty-cent piece has been punched. You see, they have been abused. I can't take them."

"Abused," said the old man. "Abused," and he took up the fifty-cent piece and looked at it tenderly. "And you won't take it on account of the holes. Heaven grant that I did not have to offer it to you. Years ago, when my first child was a little girl, I punched a hole in this coin and strung it around her neck. It was her constant play-thing. At night when she went to bed we'd take it off, but early in morning she would call for her watch. When our John—you didn't know John, did you? No? Well, he used to come to town a good deal."

"Where is he now?" asked the merchant, not knowing what to say, but desiring to show appreciation of the old man's story. "He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed these noches in it. He and his sister Mary—that was the girl's name—used to play in the yard, and compare their watches to see if they were right. Somer mes John wouldn't like it because Mary's watch was bigger than his, but she would explain that she was big-

ger than him, and ought to have a bigger watch. The children grew up, but as they had always lived in the woods they were not ashamed to wear their watches. When a young man came to see Mary once she forgettully looked at her 50 cents. "What are you doing?" asked the young man, and when she told him she was looking at her watch, he took it as a hint and went home. After this she did not wear her watch in company. Well, Mary and the young man married. John went off in the army and got killed. Mary's husband died, and about two years ago Mary was taken sick. When her mother and I reached her house she was dying. "Callin' me to her bed she said: 'Papa, lean over.' I leaned over, and taking something from under her pillow, she put it around my neck and said: 'Papa, take care of my watch.' The old man looked at the merchant. The eyes of both men were moist. "Do you see that boy out there in the wagon?" he said. "Well, that is Mary's child. I wouldn't part with this money, but my old wife, who always loved me, died this morning, and I have come to buy her shroud." When the old man went out he carried a bundle in one hand and the "watches" in the other.

The Partner For Life.

Many a man has seen his choice for a partner in life in the humble girl far beneath him in the opinion of the world, and although love and pride might have struggled with him for awhile, yet pride triumphed, and he sought one from the higher walks of life. In all the vicissitudes of social existence there is nothing capable of inflicting more certain misery than is sure to follow such a course. It distracts the general harmony of our days, mis-shapes our ends, shortens the length of life, lessens the statue of mankind and is contrary to the divine instructions of the Bible; for it declares where love is there is peace, plenty and thriftiness. Everything is sure to follow a happy union. Let no pride interfere in this matter.

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