

"Yes," said Johnny, "lapses may be the latin for 'slip,' but I notice that when ma laps us it means a slipper."

Long sentences are apt to be more or less witty. Don't let some punster add, "—ed if that ain't so."

"I called twice and found you out," said Mrs. Jones. "Very good," said Mrs. Smith, "I had to call but once to find you out."

A good collector of bills is a man of acknowledged a-bility.—Whitehall Times. And he who pays cash in advance for his paper is a man of no-bill-ity.

"Money does everything for a man," said an old man pompously. "Yes," replied the other man "as some men will do everything for money."

"Whom can we trust?" is the black type enquiry of an exchange. It is of no consequence. "Whom can we induce to trust us?" is the soul agonizer.

The woman who can see a defect in her neighbor's dress at five hundred yards, in nine cases out of ten can't see a hole in her husband's socks at three paces!

Get a Plaqueigne girl right mad and the fruits of early religious training are not conspicuous in the fury with which she unshies her bustle and wrecks it over an adversary.

"In Maryland there is a black man who is turning white. We can match it. The other evening we saw a West Baton Rouge white girl turn red. Her sweetheart made her mad."

"Do you ever have any hops in Kent?" asked a London belle, who was dressing for a ball, of a country cousin from the "Garden of England." Yes, lots! pa has forty acres of 'em in one field."

"How far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveller of a Dutch woman. "Only shoot a little ways." "Is it four, six, eight or ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger. "Yes," I think it is," serenely replied the unmoved gatekeeper.

They were talking of a death, when one man asked: "What were his last words?" "He didn't say anything," was the reply. "That's just like him," said the first man with an approving nod. "There was no gas about him. He was all business."

"O take me to the Exposition!" In accents wild she cried: While he in calmsness reached around And drew her to his side Then put her neck within his arm, Of course with her volition, And said: "My love, I consider this To be a neck's position."

She made the clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, and objected that none of them were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply at the next engine house."

At a country singing school two beaux stepped, hat in hand, up to the same belle, asking the pleasure of her company. "Both beaux," she remarked, as she slipped her hand through the crook of Jake's arm. "In the left bower," moodily piped Jonas. "Yes, but you can go alone now," she replied.

Two young men, out riding, were passing a farm-house where a farmer was trying to harness an obstinate mule. "Won't he draw?" asked one of the young men. "Of course," said the farmer, "he'll draw the attention of every fool that passes this way." The young men drove on.

A genuine Irish bull is something that cannot be successfully imitated. Sir Poole Roche made one of the best we have ever seen when he said: "Gentlemen, single misfortunes never come alone, and I have always noticed that when the greatest misfortune happens it is always followed by one much greater."

"Pa," asked a little girl of her father, as he led her past a sample room down town, "what sort of a place is this?" "A foundry," said he. "What do they do in there?" was her next question. "Well, men who go in there are generally found dry, and when they are drunk too much and misbehave they are cast out." The little girl laughed ironically.

A Baltimore man, while cleaning his toe-nails in an open window, a few days ago, fell to the ground and was instantly killed. This is no doubt a terrible accident, and yet there are people who will go right in the face of the facts in this case cleaning their toe-nails, in utter heedlessness of their danger, and in defiance of the warning of Providence.

"You are all alone here?" asked a man of the clerk in a Cincinnati cigar store. Receiving an affirmative answer, he continued, "What would you do if a thief should grab this box and run away?" The clerk replied that he would let the rascal escape rather than risk the money drawer to a possible raid. "Then I'll be going," the man finally remarked, as he tucked the box under his coat and hastily departed.

"Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other," said the professor of mathematics, enunciating the well known axiom in geometry. All the class said "yes, sir," but one boy, and he had a full-grown interrogation point in the corners of both eyes. "Well, James," said the Professor. "Suppose you turn the coal into steam." "Well?" "It would take twenty times that much coal to make a ton, but ten pounds of steam would make a car-go."

"Those suspenders, madam, are long enough for the shortest boy, or short enough for the longest man; they will just fit your youngster." "Perhaps so, but I don't want to sew buttons on his bootlegs, I want them to hold his pants on. These suspenders is long enough for the Colossus of Rhodes." "Just so, madam; I sold old Colossus a pair out of the same box yesterday." The matron admitted his familiarity with historical characters, but waited till a cooler day before purchasing.

MY SWEETHEART.

My sweetheart's like the sweetest flower, She is like a summer moon: She is like the tender air that blows In the sweet month of June.

A Remarkable Imposture

BY HUBERT H. DUVAL.

Though this story may be set down as utterly improbable, it is a simple narration of facts that actually took place. It can be substantiated by the criminal records of France, under the Empire, and even yet in the Parisian detective bureaus, one will hear them speak of the Affaire de Maurin.

Mademoiselle Maurin was an actress of unmistakable talent and remarkable beauty. She had been the favorite of the people for several years, and had managed, by her talents as well as by many tokens of admiration from private admirers, to accumulate quite a large fortune. She owned an elegant bijou house, the furnishing of which cost a little fortune, where she gave the most recherche suppers, to if not the most aristocratic, at least the most brilliant part of Parisian society. Just, however, in the height of her popularity, a rapid consumption, that utterly baffled the doctor's skill, attacked her, and she died in less than three weeks.

There could attach to no one the slightest suspicion of foul play. That her death was a natural one was evident to everybody. She lay in death placid as if asleep, and even a faint rose-tint seemed to linger on her cheeks and lips.

The whole of Paris, almost, followed her body to its last resting place in Pere la Chaise, while her executors, two cousins from a distant province, come to take possession of her property. Her house was offered at private sale, while the furniture was advertised to be sold at public auction.

The tastes of the dead actress had been something delftani, and she had collected together choice little bits of painting and statuary, as well as other valuable articles of vertu. The sale was largely attended, and large prices were anticipated for everything. Hardly had the auctioneer put up the first lot, however, than a man, with a lady closely veiled upon his arm, came up to the desk and said, in a voice that could be distinctly heard through the room: "I for id the sale!"

In an instant all eyes were turned upon him with surprise. Recognizing in him a well known notary, the auctioneer asked by what authority he did so. "By authority of this lady, the owner, Mademoiselle Julie Maurin."

As the words left his lips the lady raised the veil she wore and showed the face—paler and thinner indeed—but unmistakably that of the actress who had been buried a week before in Pere la Chaise.

Her story was soon told, and was convincing from its very simplicity. The first sensation she had known was of lying out in the open air with the starlit sky above, and three rough looking men, standing over her and regarding her with every expression of amazement, by the light of a dark lantern. Realizing at once that she had been buried for dead when she really was only in a state of trance, and that she owed her escape to these men who were professional resurrectionists, she offered them an amount so large that they saw instantly that it was to their interest to save her life and restore her to her proper position. The reaction of the shock upon her nervous system, however, had been so great that she had been utterly incapable of any exertion, and unable to rise from the bed upon which she had lain prostrated until that very morning.

Her appearance confirmed her words, for she still looked so exhausted as to be hardly able to stand. Of the truth of her story there could be little doubt; but when it was found that the grave had been opened, and the men who had done so were recognized by the police as having before been engaged in similar nefarious adventures, it became a certainty, and her property was at once restored to her by the executors.

The public only awaited the opportunity to give her an ovation such as is seldom, even in Paris, accorded to the most celebrated queens of the boards; but in this courteous determination they were doomed to be disappointed. Mademoiselle Maurin refused utterly to resume her position as leading lady at the theatre, and announced her intention of leaving the stage forever. A great change, in many things, had come over the actress. Her glorious voice, which had been the cause of most of her fame, was irretrievably lost, and the terror of the terrible experience of being entombed alive seemed to have seriously impaired her memory.

That she was not insensible of this was evident. Her face would flush and tears spring into her eyes with mortification at thus being surprised, and a gradual dislike growing upon her for the society of those to whom her misfortune was known, no one was astonished when she signified her intention of selling her house and furniture in Paris and purchasing a small estate in the rural district of Normandy.

Once more arrangements were made and the day of sale fixed, when the superintendent of a department of police received a call from a lady closely veiled, and who requested a private interview on a matter of life and death.

"Monsieur," she said, after a moment or two of hesitation, "I have called upon you to stop a villainous conspiracy. I allude to the woman who impersonates Mademoiselle Maurin." "But, Madame, the official answered, 'you really are mistaken. The lady is, undoubtedly the actual individual she claims to be.'" "But, I repeat, she is an impostor," the lady said vehemently, and rising from her seat as she did so, lifted the veil that concealed her features. "She can be nothing else, for I am the woman she pretends to be. I am Mademoiselle Maurin." For a few moments the superintendent was too surprised to speak. At last, however, assuming his most official manner, he requested her to give him proofs of what she said. The first part of her story differed but little from that told by the first claimant. She had awoke to find herself the captive of three men wearing black masks, and who from the slang and patois of their speech, she knew at once to belong to the lower classes of Paris. All her offers of large rewards, however, had been rejected with disdain, and herself taken to an old, half-ruinous house on the edge of the river, where she had been kept a close prisoner until the preceding day, when she had managed to make her escape. Here certainly was a curious complication of affairs. How to decide which was the real actress and which the impostor was a dilemma. The words of the lady before him gave an idea. "Bring me face to face with this woman," she said. "Place her with me upon the boards, and let the public be judge whether she or I am the Maurin they used to know."

Without any further delay they entered a carriage together, and were driven to the actress' house. As they entered the hall, a man very flashily dressed came down the stairs, and the lady caught the superintendent by the arm. "That is one of the men," she whispered hurriedly. "His mask slipped off as he lifted me in his arms, and I am sure he is the same." Hardly had the words been spoken than the superintendent had stepped into the doorway, barring the man's progress. "Pierre Rouge," he said, "I want you. You are my prisoner." The man's only answer was a revolver that flashed like lightning from his breast, and buried a bullet in the door-casing an inch from the officer's head. Before he could again discharge the weapon, however, the superintendent's fingers had closed on his throat like a vice, and the next moment a pair of handcuffs were locked securely on his wrists. "Your game is up, my good Peter," the officer said in his calmest tones. "It was a clever conspiracy indeed, and you deserve credit for its ingenuity. It is a matter for twenty years at the galleys, however, unless you save yourself by turning State's evidence."

The ruffian was a coward and a traitor, as such ruffians always are. Once a prisoner himself, he was only too anxious to have his accomplices share his own fate, and he there and then made a full confession. Although their object, in the first instance, had been merely to procure a subject for the physician, no sooner had they remarked the singular resemblance between the actress and a girl of their own class, who was waitress in a low wine-shop, which was their usual resort, than the scheme of inducing her to impersonate the actress, and thus secure her property, entered their minds. It had only failed because they had not put her to death instead of keeping her a prisoner.

In consideration of this fact, and at the earnest solicitation of Mademoiselle Maurin, their sentences were made lighter than they would otherwise have been. As for the actress herself, she resumed her place on the boards, where she continued to reign the favorite of the public for years after the so nearly successful and remarkable imposture was forgotten.

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