

TOO TENDER-HEARTED

They had been talking as they walked through the autumn-tinted, leafy groves; and she had remarked, with real feeling in her voice:

"Oh, it must be terrible for a man to be rejected by a woman."

"Indeed it must," had been his reply.

Then there came a silence broken only by the sound of their footsteps, and the rustle of the falling, yellow leaves.

"D'you know," she sighed at last—it was a seemingly ingenuous sigh—"I don't think I should ever have the heart to do it."

Then came another silence while he thought it over.

"I asked the young woman in front to remove her big hat so that I could see the stage." "Did she do it?" "No; she said if she held her hat in her lap she couldn't see the stage herself."

NOT BECAUSE OF IT?
I HAD LENT IT TO
WALL STREET!



EFFECTIVE BUT EXPENSIVE

Mrs. Brown at last had found a cook—a really first-rate cook, but one who, unfortunately, knew nothing about the manipulation of a gas-stove.

Mrs. Brown, therefore, sent her husband to the kitchen to explain matters. This he proceeded to do very thoroughly, lighting each of the many burners in order that the cook really might see how the range was operated.

While he was still explaining, a message called him from the kitchen. "Oh, well," he remarked, as he turned away, "you'll soon learn how it works, won't you, Martha?"

Several days elapsed before master and cook met again. Then, one morning, Mr. Brown happened to meet Martha in the hall.

"Well," he asked, "and how's the range doing?"

To his and Mrs. Brown's utter consternation, this was the reply:

"Deed, sir, that's the best stove I ever did see. The fire you kindled for me four days ago is still a-burning, and it ain't even lowered once!"

WELL WORTH IT

Mrs. de Smythe had lost her pet, a microscopic absurdity of a dog that she called Marcus. She was in deep distress, as two whole hours had passed since she broke the sad news to the police, and dear Marcus was still absent.

Mr. de Smythe was just off for a month's golfing, and, as he was saying farewell to his weeping wife—her tears were for Marcus—she implored him to insert an advertisement in the papers before he left.

Her husband did not forget her impassioned request, and next morning she read:

"Lost—A ragged lap-dog, with an absurd tail and one ear. Disgustingly fat and weezy. Answers to the name of Marcus—sometimes, if returned alive, two dollars will be paid; if stuffed, five dollars."