ONE SHROVE TUESDAY

A clear, cold, blue, brilliant night in March. Jasper Atwood, kicking the stiff snow off his boots at the back door of his house, smiled to hear the merry din inside.

"Well, Bessie," he cried cheerily, as he strode into the kitchen, "I've got an invitation for you. I met Mrs. McArthur. She said the young folks are going to have a Shrove-Tuesday party, and that they want you to be sure and attend '

Bessie Atwood was making molasse candy at the stove. She had the baby on her left arm, and was stirring the tawny bubbling mass with a wooden spoon. Fred and Flossie, aged 6 and 8, were interestedly watching the process

of candy-making.
"I'm sure they'll have a good time—they always do have at Maple Hill," replied Bessie, "but—but don't think I'll

Something that was not in the heat of the fire, lent her cheeks a deeper rose Vonsense!" returned Jasper, pleasantiy. "Why not? Dora is so well now you can certainly give yourself a night

"Oh, it isn't that! declared Bessie, and said no more.

Bessie Atwood was a city girl. When soon after New Year's day,her brother wired her that his wife was very ill, she came down at once to help nurse her, and to take care of the children. She became a great favorite with the young people around Briarley. She was so gay, and pretty, and winsome, and accomplished, withal so unaffected, she quite won the hearts of all whom she No social gathering was considered complete without her, and so, on the receipt of a more formal invitation from Maple Hill, she wrote her regrets and a personal visit of protestation from Stella McArthur was the result.

'Now come. Bessie? And we are go ing to have such a lovely time, old-fashioned games, and dances, and tableaux, and afterwards charms, and pancakes with a ring put in the batter, andeverything. Why will you persist in re-fusing Bessie?"

"Oh, I must go home very soon," returned Bessie, evasively, "and I like to spend all the time I can with Jasper and

Dora these last few days."
"Home?" repeated Stella, quickly.
"To the city?" Edgar Merrill went up yesterday. He said he could not be back in time for our party. We feel so provoked about his absence. He is such a delightful fellow.'

'Oh, did he, asked Bessie. In a few moments she said; "I'll try and go to your party, dear."

Miss MeArthur and Mrs. Jasper Atwood exchanged a significant glance, "You see how it is! She will go be-

cause Edgar Merrill is not to be there. There is assuredly some trouble between Mrs. Atwood spoke to her husband

that night concerning her suspicions. "Merrill is a fine fellow," he declared. "As near worthy Bessie as any man can I can hardly think that she has thrown him over. The night of the party arrived-dark,

warm, soft, misty. Bessie dressed early, and came down to the pretty parlor, where she slowly revolved for the inspection of Dora and the children.
"You look lovely," cried Dora, frankly. And, then with a quizzical glance: "It is too bad Mr. Merrill will not be

there to see you!" Bessie turned away hastily and began

pulling on her gloves.

'Good night, Dora. Don't stay up

too late, dear.' The handsome, old-fashioned home of the McArthurs was festively lighted from attic to basement. Bessie mentally decided that it was not at all like a city supper, but very much aicer. The chef d'oeuvre of the cook was the pancakes. In one of these a ring was hidden. The finder it was asserted, would surely be married within the

to the happy finder.

"Have you got it, Stella?"

"No. Willis Hill has it. See how he is husehing." "No. Willis he is blushing" "Wrong you are. Bessie Atwood has

And Bessie, dimpling and laughing, held up the goiden circlet.

A storm of congratulation, inquiries

and entreaties arose. And Bessie was protesting and disclaiming, when the door of the dining room opened and Eddar Merrill walked in.

He was a tall, muscular, blonde young fellow with a handsome, beardless face, keen, dark eys, and a face resolute mouth.

His hostess went forward to welcome The others called out to him him. with the familiarity of good comradeship:
"Almost too late for a pancake, Ed-

gar "Miss Atwood has the ring."

"You've missed your chance for this

"Better late than never." Bessie Atwood alone spoke no word of welcome. A scarlet tide passed over her pretty, high-bred face, leaving her very pale. When, later, she met Edgar Merrill in the parlor she answered his glance of appeal with a slight After the tableaux they had games again, games which they had not played since they were little lads

and lasses in knickerbockers and short skirts. With the final word they all broke ranks and secured other partners, the one left out being obliged to stand in the center of the ring. It was during one of these merry raids that Bessie felt her hand drawn through the arm of Edgar Merrill. She was about to refuse to continue the game with him, when she recollected that doing so would be very poor taste, indeed. "Bessie," he whispered, under cover of the music and the singing, "I've

got a true love, and I know where to find her. I have her with me now. But she is cruel. I will not think her a coquette, and yet she let me fancy once that my suit would find favor in

" I think," Bessie replied, with a touch of hauteur in her voice, "that we have said all that is necessary on that subject."

"No, we have not," contradicted young Merrill, setting his stubborn lips hard. "You are going to tell me the real reason you refuse me. You know, smiling quizzically down on her, "that you care a little bit for me, Bessie!

"I-began Bessie, in indignant refutation. But the laughter in the blue eyes was too aggravating! She turned away

When, at midnight, Jasper Atwood IN LONDON'S STREETS called at Maple Hill for his sister, Merrill, who had been on the alert for his ring, slipped out and met him at the

"Oh, I say, Atwood, just fasten old Dolly and let me drive your sister home. That's a good fellow. You've been there

Atwood grinned, nodded and tramped off home alone. When Bessie came down the steps into the darkness of the chill spring night, Edgar, wrapped to his ears in his great coat, leaped down and helped her into the buggy. She

snuggled up close to his side.
"We had a splendid time," she declared, "but I'm glad to go home, Jasper." Then, in sudden womanish fashion, she broke down crying.

Dolly jogged along soberly. Edgar

"Oh, I know you'll think me foolish," she went on rather disjointedly. "You asked me the other day why I would not marry Edgar Merrill. If he had not confided in you, you may be sure I would not do so. Well, when I first came here I heard that he was what the girls called 'a heartbreaker.' I heard he was so conceited he fancied any girl would be honored by his attention. heard too," here she paused impressive-"that he said he would-marry me!"

There was no answer.
"That," in a voice very sweet and
very wrathful, "that was too terrible! So I—I had to teach him a lesson. And did it.

They had reached the house. She could see the light in Dora's room and in the hall, and the glimmer of a taper in the apartment where the children slept. A fear lest the silence of her brother had been caused by depression or anxiety occurred to her.

"There is nothing wrong?" she questioned. "Was Dora quite well when you left?"

They had alighted, and Bessie opened the door, which was on the latch. In the warm, cozy, dimly-lighted hall her companion deliberately laid aside his hat, turned down the collar of his overcoat and took her in his arms.

"Everything is just as it should be, my darling!" he assured her, fervently. I said you would tell me your real reason for refusing me—and you have. I said I would marry you—and I'm going too."—New York Weekly.

FLIRTING PROVES VULGARITY.

Highly Bred Women Are Not Guilty of This Folly.

The "flirting" debate in a sober-minded contemporary has been amusing rather than instructive. When the artful old rascal in "Featherbrain" was called to account after hanging bunches of red and white grapes on the same vine upon an arid little estate which he wanted to sell, he explained the phenomenon as "all the fertility of the soil." So is flirting "all a matter of temperament.'

The ethics of flirtation have yet to be defined, but the results are tolerably well proved. Now and then an arrant flirt may marry happily, but these cases are exceptional. The man who is weakminded enough to be seriously smitten by the coquetries of a flirt is rarely good material out of which to make a husband. But most flirts remain unmarried, or marry in despair some man for whom they don't care an atom, because marrying men as a rule either leave them severely alone, or take them at their own value and consider a flirt

just good enough to flirt with. "A youth of folly, an old age of cards," might be adopted as the flirt's motto, as it is her usual fate. That flirting is foolish would probably check scarcely any; that it may develop into a tragedy if the flirt is caught unaware in a grande passion which is not remay few; that it is essentially vulgar and the hall-mark of a vulgar mind may perhaps induce the majority to discard the practice if they have hitherto been inclined to it, says the London Pictorial. It has been well said that flirting is an education in flippancy, lightness of man ners and hardness of heart, and that as practiced to-day it is not readily distinguished from general bad manners.

His Imitation Altogether Too Good.

A well-known resident of Manayunk has the reputation of being the best imitator of the calls of birds or beasts in the city. His imitation of the caterwauling of a Thomas cat is simply irresistible, and when he gets out into the backyard for practice all the felines for squares are soon gathered in close proximity. A few nights ago he came to grief in an effort to have some fun with a crabbed neighbor. About 11 o'clock he stationed himself outside of a board fence surrounding the man's residence and began mewing in a low tone gradually rising until a high C note was perfected. In a few minutes the window was raised and sundry articles were thrown in the direction of then increased in volume, finally reachthe supposed night howler. The howls ing the ear-cracking quality. The aroused neighbor could stand the racket no longer, and stepping down stairs opened the door quietly, slipped out, seized a clothes prop and made for the vicinity of Mr. Thomas, who at that time poked his head above the fence and received a stunning blow which knocked him insensible. He was carried home and revived with stimulants -Philadelphia Record.

Business is Business. Jacob Tome, the Philadelphia millionaire, began life as a hostler. Some time ago, according to the Philadelphia Record, a friend of his, who had been a fellow hostler in Tome's early days, and who had never risen above that, approached him for the loan of \$250. He was informed that he could have it upon producing proper security. This demand for security incensed Mr. Tome's hostler friend, who, turning to him, said: "Why, dang it, Jake, weren't you and I hostlers together?" and received the reply: "Yes, and you're a hos tler still.'

Where She Acquired It.

Weeks- What I most admired in our hostess this evening was her dignified hauteur and her air of unapproachableness; especially toward her own sex. Nixon-Yes; she's been in a good school for that. Before Oldpenny married her she was in the ribbon department at Racy's

THE DUSTMAN, THE COSTER AND THE OLD CLO' MAN.

They Have not Changed in Many Years, the Same Clothes, the Same Cries, Because it "Has Allus Been So"-The "Chapel Cadger."

Come to London in imagination, my reader, sit here as my guest, where you may overlook a quaint quiet square one of the sort seen at intervals like a green oasis in the gloom of the metropolis. By afternoon a country quietude will reign supreme.

As it is now morning, we shall see some Dickens like character. What



Listen! A strange cry bursts on the ear. Presently we make it out. It is 'Dustho'i! Dust-hoi!" Then a nan appears walking beside a huge cart and plodding horse. He is one of the regular parish collectors of dust and einders. He has his rounds in this particular vestry twice a week. He comes to your side house entrance door, which is also your servant's or tradesman's door, and removes your refuse in big baskets. The tradition is that you pay him nothing, as you are entitled, being a householder and ratepayer to have your dust bin cleared at such times as ou wish. Ordinarily this once in about three weeks. You must not empty green vegetable parings in the bin. These must be burned. Like most traditions, it is honored better in the breach than in the observance, for the fact is, you pay the "dust-hoi man" 2 pence gratuity for beer. If he invested his daily takings thus he would go nome fairly inebriated. When Christmas comes he will, perhaps, ask for his Christmas "box," which is a few penies, whatever you like to present.

Why, "hoi," I don't know, as the cry is "dust." But once when I inquired the man replied: "Well, I'm blessed if I know. It allus been 'hoi' since ever was, and I come from a whole family o' dust hois, I do. Me father and me grandfather was a dust hoi men." The reason for the existence of most customs in England is because "it has always been so." The dust-hoi man has a grimy gray appearance and an ash-colored complexion, and he wears a smock jacket, hauled over his turned-up-at-the-knee trousers. The latter are cotton velvet corduroys mostly. They always seem half worn out. never recollect to have observed a new pair on one of these men, so I conclude "they allus was," The dust-hoi is a serious person. He never jokes with the scullery maid, who regards him as being quite lower in class than the cook but much above her social rank. I wonder if dustmen usually marry scullery maids? But I am not able to get

statistics on this head. Having collected my November dust and pocketed my two nimble pence, "the dust-hoi" moves off to fresh fields his not unmusical call growing fainter and fainter as he seeks other squares.

Meantime the sparrows twitter, and then again is silence. It is soon broken. One of the most extraordinary street hawkers in North London comes tramping around the corner. He also has a call, and it is given in most melancholy minor keys, each one lower and sadder than the preceding one. Three times he repeats, half questioningly, "Clo, Clo, Clo," then pauses, looks about, and resumes his call.

There are many of these dealers in London, but I present you the portrait of the only one I have ever seen in this part of town, to which he comes on his regular semi-weekly rounds. He is a



Dust Hoi! Dust Hoi! Jew. He carries an old hat in one hand, and with the other grasps a bag

over his left shoulder. The bag is full of emptiness. I have en any one selling clothes to him, and I am curious as to whether his professed calling is not a mere for other more lucrative jobs. He might be a detective or even a philanthropist. I entered into conversation with him one day. This seemed to surprise him very much. I learned that he had always been in the "old clo" busi-

he had been twenty-five years at it in North London, and on being questioned as to his revenue, said that he "made a fairish bit at it." "But," he added, business is not what it was. It is the hat blockers and pressers and clothes repairers that have ruined our business. I'm sure I don't know what the people are coming to," with which bit of pes simism he moved on, touching his hat to me as he did so. He is a man of correct speech, never once dropping an 'h" in his utterances.

It is a strange circumstance that the English Jew street seller is usually a man of better education than the ordinary lower class London cockney, nor have I ever seen a Jew beggar about the thoroughfares. As business with my friend is now so bad, I presume when it was good he had at least three hats in his hand, and some few cast off clothes in that greasy looking old

Hello! what's this? A cheery "pipeity-pipe" call, a general hurried assembling of children about the square, and we have in our midst a "Punch and Judy" show. Of this particular street amusement Gladstone is very fond. I once saw him stand before one in Piccadilly for fully twenty minutes, paying out generously of his pennies, laughing with the little folks, and seemingly obvious to the circumstance that he was himself attracting much greater attention than the show. The street became soon blocked and the venerable gentleman than walked briskly off. Earl Rosebery, I have heard, also likes to listen to a Punch and Judy show. I wonder what it is that seems so to amuse great statesmen in these perambulating whimsicalities, for a friend assures me that the late Earl Beaconsfield was devoted to them. Meantime our own show is giving us the old story of the rows of Punch and Judy in the falsetto voice of the ven-triloquial showman, while the man drum beats out his periods to this elocution, and pipes his lay like an erratic comma. I hope the improvements incident to all times and all countries, even conservative old England, that "Punch and Judy" will never be swept off the moving scene of life, and men and manners. Personally I cannot imagine London thus bereft.

"Punch and Judy" is a part of the amusement provided at the annual juvenile lord mayor's ball at the Masion house, while the queen, in her Christmas tree revels at Windsor castle, has "Punch and Judy" for her large par ty of grandchildren and great grandchildren. But all good times must end, so our show concludes its confab, and the wooden skeleton domicile of the quarreling "Punch and Judy" with the little knowing mongrel dog, are carried away to some other quarter, followed by a troop of youngsters as a body

The London costermonger has often been written of in these columns, but one day I mean to write more of him and his ways. For the present, let us look on the vegetable coster. He drives a donkey cart and he is

great chums with that same donkey, let me tell you. He is also accompanied by a smaller coster, a juvenile re-



The London Costermonger.

lica of himself. The three are on the est possible terms. One wonders if there are people enough in the world to consume all these turnips, for he has his large stock in trade made up of this somewhat insipid vegetable. He is a merry hearted fellow and the lad is very full of odd sayings and a great whistler of music hall airs. Sometimes as now he sings hastily, while his dadly measures out a recent sale of "veg." for that is what they call it, abbrevia-tion in the mind of the coster being the soul of wit, of a truth. This is the song

Daisy, Daisy, gime me your answer, do; Me, 'eart's just breakin' all for the love of you.

It won't be a very grand marriage, I carn't give you a kerrodge, But you'll look sweet Set up on a seat In a bicycle built for two.

One of the greatest compliments Albert Chevalier, the star music hall singer of costermonger songs, or, rather songs descriptive of this type of life, ever received was when a deputation of London costers applauded him from the pit, and later on waited at the stage door to cheer him as he drove home. "Ee knows wot a workin' man's life is, 'ee do."

Of course, Chevalier studied his people from fountain head—the streets. One of the most interesting characters in London is known as the "chapel cadger."

She is dressed in a stuff gown, a shawl— always a shawl—and a bonnet which is a species of Salvation army compromise. She has no outward and visible means of support, but it needs no very astute fancy to conclude that she makes a tidy living out of her var-ious religious irons which she has on the fire. England, like all countries with an established church has the better class of its poor as members of that church. The Nonconformist or "chapel" people as they are called, are worthy folk, but numbers many members of rather dubious ecclesiastic views, who use the chapel as a convenient cloak. Of course the title "cadger" is a word of thieves' slang coinage. She is the sort of woman who prays in sick rooms and reads the Bible and exhorts sinners to repentance. Sometimes, despite the ironical name she has long since been given by unwritten law, she is earnest and conscientious in doing good selling a few matches or boot laces and doing odd bits of needlework to eke

out her poor pittance. But generally she is a fraud. Her religion is always most repellant. Fire ness since he could remember. That and brimstone she gloats over. The position.

vengeance of God she administers by word of mouth, as a sort of deput Providence. I was once lectured by chapel cadger for a solid hour, until I felt as if the wrath of God was pursuing me like hot shot. I horrified her when I assured her that "the God I worshiped was a better one than the

one she espoused the cause of." I followed up this woman and found her to be a stupendous humbug and hy-

She neglected her husband and children leaving them all day Sunday dinnerless, while she went to chapel prayer meetings. Her two eldest daughters were in domestic service. Every summer she got them each one two weeks in the country as a holiday, at convalescent homes by inventing lies as to their recent illness to deceive the elect, who are ladies and gentlemen of the Church of England religious persuasion. I should say these lazy, healthy louts of girls have been in every noted home in the kingdom. homes are established to enable poor bodies, men and women, to have a little country air and good food in the early days of convalescence after some dangerous hospital illness, and this is one of the many ways in which England's noble charities are abused.

The cadger stops at nothing. Some times she takes up "baby farming." If the baby boarders die off too numer ously she gets found out and brought into a police court! Then she disappears for a time. But she is not at a convalescent home. She is time" in prison, and for a period longer or shorter, as the case may be, society is rid of the "chapel cadger."-Boston Herald.

PNEUMATIC TUBES.

The Success of This Method for Mails in Philadelphia. While the experiment of the pneu-

matic tube as the most modern method

for the transmission of the mails has proved a success, there is no likelihood that it will be adopted by the postoffice department and put into general use for a long time. Such an innovation would not only be most expensive to the government, but in order to perfect the system much time and labor must necessarily be consumed in the surveying of the routes and laying of the tubes in the few large cities where the postal service would warrant its use. About a year ago a company was organized in Philadelphia, among whom were several gentlemen who witnessed the workings of the Paris system. A proposition was made by them to the postmaster general, in which they agreed to lay a pneumatic tube between the Philadelphia post-office and the East Chestnut street station-about half a mile distant-without any expense to the government, in the hope that in the event the depart-ment was satisfied with the success of the experiment it would be adopted and put into general use. The company agreed to lay the tube and maintain the expense for one year. The experiment has been watched with the closest interest by the postoffice officials, and the general opinion is that it is a success in every particular. Encouraged by its practicability, a similar company was shortly afterward formed in New York for the purpose of laying a tube between New York and Brooklyn. Much difficulty was experienced in getting the right of way over the Brooklyn bridge, but finally consent was given and the work was about to be started, when the general depression in business and financial circles set in and the plan was abandoned. The Philadelphia company, however, continued the use of its tube free of expense to the government. On Feb. 1 last its contract expired, and they were unwilling to continue the transmission of the mails unless the gov ernment shared a proportion of the expense. Application was made to the postmaster general, and it was agreed to do this and to maintain the tube until next February. Although no specific appropriation has ever been made by corgress for experimenting with the pneumatic tube, the postmaster general felt warranted, in view of the success of the undertaking, in drawing upon the emergency fund at his disposal to continue its use. The tube is now used in Philadelphia, and which, in time, is expected to be put into general use in all large cities, is pronounced by foreign experts who have visited this country to excel those in operation in London and Paris. The interior of the Paris tube is about 3 inches in diameter, the English tube is even small-er, while that used in Philadelphia is nearly 6 inches in diameter, and is capable of carrying newspaper packages. The Paris and London tubes are con-

FEARED HIS WIFE THE MOST.

fined strictly to the transmission of let-

ters.-Washington Star.

The Juror Knew His Spouse and Therefore Disobeyed the Court.

On one occasion Judge Andrew Ellison was trying an important case at Macon City and was desired to rush it through in order to make way for another case coming up next morning, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The court instructed the jury and court officials to return after supper that night as it was intended to hold a night ses sion. At 7 o'clock all the officers, numerous witnesses and the jury, with one exception, were promptly on hand. Of course, nothing could be done without the absent juryman. The minutes ran into hours and still the prodigal didn't return. At a late hour court adjourned without having accomplished anything. Next morning sharp at 9 o'clock the twelve jurymen were in the box. His honor scanned the crowd and asked for the truant. He was pointed out and the court ordered him to stand up.

"Mr—,!" said the judge, addressing the derelict, "didn't you understand the order of the court last night requiring the jury to be on hand after supper? "Yes, your honor," said the juryman, explaining, "but you see I live quite a ways out of town and my wife gave me an order prior to the court's order and her order was that I shouldn't stay in town over night. I considered the matter and concluded it was safer to risk your honor's displeasure than her'n because," he added, earnestly, "I know

The court looked solemnly a moment, as if weighing some mighty problem, then a smile started across his face, and the bar, court officers and spectators broke out in tumultuous laughter. The juryman was forgiven; there many there who could appreciate his

EGGS OF THE GREAT AUK.

One of the Sixty-Eight in Existence Sold for 300 Guineas.

The sale yesterday afternoon of an egg of the great auk at Mr. Stevens' auction rooms in Covent Garden is an event of interest to many people besides ornithologists. After a keen competition it was purchased by Si: Vauncey Crewe, of Calke Abbey, Derbyshire, for 300 guineas.

The collecting of birds' eggs is a pastime which has obtained for some centuries. John Evelyn mentions in his diary for 1681 that when it Norwich he saw the collection of eggs formed by Sir Thomas Browne, but we must come to the end of the eighteenth century before we can trace any collector in pos-sion of an egg of the great auk. Early in the present century references to col-lections containing specimens of this gg became more frequent. There are sixty-eight recorded eggs of the great auk, but this number includes several fragmentary remains that can only by courtesy be called eggs. They may frirly be divided into four groups. Ten specimens, from their perfect condition, color and style of marking, may be put into a class by themselves. Then we have thirty-four good specimens; twelve are slightly cracked, badly blown or varnished eggs, while the remaining fourteen are imperfect, varying from the eggs that had one end knocked off (probably for the purpose of sucking), like that in the Angiers Museum, to the two fragments in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Great Britain posessses the larger number of specimens, for, of the 68, England has 45 and Scotland 3. France comes next with 10 eggs, followed by Germany with 3. Two are in Holland, while Denmark, Portugal and Switzerland each possess 1; there are 2 in the United States. Again, of the 68 eggs, 29 are in 19 museums, while 21 private owners possess 39 eggs among them.

The fact of the great auk having formerly inhabited the British Isles has



The Great Auk.

been one great cause for the steady advance in value of its eggs. The earliest record we have of a sale by auction is in 1853, when two fetched respectively £29 and £30, which remained about their value until 1860, when one sold for £60. In 1880 the price had risen to £100, followed in 1887 by £168 and in

1888 by £225. The egg which was sold yesterday, though not nearly such a good specimen as that sold in 1888, has an interest to all British ornithologists from having celonged to Yarrell, who purchased it in Boulogne of a fisherman who had been in a whaling ship. He had two or three swan's eggs and this egg on a string. Yarrell asked if they were for sale, and was told that the white eggs were 1 franc each and the spotted one 2 francs. Unfortunately we do not know the date of this transaction, but was anterior to 1838, for in that the egg was figured in Hewitson's "British Oology." After Yarrell's death it was sold at Stevens' auction rooms for £21 (December, 1856), and purchased for the late Mr. Frederick Bond, an old friend of Yarrell's. It remained in this gentleman's possession until 1875, when it was sold with his unrivalled collection of British eggs to Baren Louis d'Hamonville, of Chateau de Mononville, who sent it to Mr. Stev-

These eggs vary in size, shape, color and form of markings. In length they vary from 41-8 inches to 5 inches. The greater number have a white ground, but others are of various shades of buff. The markings are in some cases spots, in others blotches or



The Egg Sold for 300 Guineas. lines; in fact every form of marking common to the eggs of the razor bill may be found in the existing eggs of great auk, which because extinct in 1844.-London Times.

In the Interests of Pence. "No, sir, I cannot consent to your marriage with my daughter," said a prominent New York counselor to a young lawyer who had just been admitted to the bar.

"And what is your objection, if I may ask?"
"I am a lawyer myself, and if I had a lawyer for a son-in-law there would be no end to the litigation in the

family.

Absentminded.

Absentminded Business Man (to office boy)-William go up to my house, and tell Mrs. Briggs I have forgotten my watch. Bring it back with you. He pulls out his watch, and continues: "Now, William, it is nine o'clock; be back at teu."