

The Couple Opposite

By F. A. MITCHEL

Will and Edith Dutcher rolled into the station on their return from their wedding trip at 10 o'clock at night...

After turning into the thoroughfare at a point where he saw a number-18-the driver counted the houses he passed-for no more numbers were visible-

The key didn't work. It had been expected that the young couple would return when they liked, go into the house alone and manage every detail to suit themselves.

After experimenting awhile he found that one of the windows of the kitchen had been left unfastened, and all he had to do was to raise it and walk in.

When they awoke in the morning Mr. Dutcher thought he would get up and use the bathroom first.

"Well, sir," said the man. "Well, sir," repeated Mr. Dutcher. "What are you doing in my house, sir?"

"Your house? What are you doing in my house?" "At this point the face of a lady appeared in the doorway behind the man.

"I demand an explanation," said the man opposite, "of this unwarranted occupation of a room in my house without my invitation or consent."

"And I demand to know who you are, sir, and why you have come into a house that has been prepared for me and my wife on our return from our wedding trip."

"Then you are married?" "Married! Of course I am-we are married. Do you mean to add insult to injury? I see. My house having been unoccupied, you have tried to tip up yourself to use it for a nefarious purpose."

"I have a mind, sir, to throw you out the window." "How'd better try it?"

"The two men stared at each other. Mrs. Dutcher, who meanwhile had gathered her wits, sang out: "What number is this house?"

"Thirty-six," replied a feminine voice opposite. "Oh, Acorn!" cried Mrs. Dutcher. "Thirty-six?" exclaimed her husband. "Thirty-six Washington avenue."

"My dear, sir," said Mr. Dutcher, "what's happened?" "I fear we have made a mistake."

"It's only a mistake I shall excuse you, sir." "Last night my wife and I came to town from our wedding trip, and, supposing this house to be our new home and our key not working-

"Of course your key didn't work. How the dickens could you expect it to work on my front door?"

"I tell you I expected it to work on my own front door. We will dress as soon as possible and get out immediately."

MODELED FROM MEMORY.

Danton Was a Wonder, Though He Did Once Mix His Subjects.

Danton, the celebrated caricaturist, had a wonderful power of modeling from memory.

One day a young man came to him, saying that his sister was ill and about to die and that, although the family wished her bust modeled, they dared not excite her by mentioning it.

Danton brought in the jewels and, going home, modeled a bust of striking resemblance. Next year an old gentleman, the father of the young man, came to order a bust of the brother, who also had died.

The result of such planning, however, was not always as satisfactory to the patrons as in these cases.

He did so, modeled a beautiful bust and sent it home. It proved, however, to be not the mistress, but the maid, who had also taken the trip in the omnibus.

MONARCHS AND COINS.

Napoleon in a Temper and Louis Philippe on a Hunt.

The great Napoleon was not great at the whist table, and a characteristic story is told of him at St. Helena.

At a private party of whist he took out four napoleons to use as markers, and one of the young ladies took up one of the coins and asked him what it was.

The annoyance caused by this incident ruffled him so much that he made a mistake. The party begged him to try again, and he did so with the same result.

Louis Philippe showed equal regard for the coin that bore his name. He dropped a louis on the carpet while playing whist and arrested the progress of the game to look for it.

Dynamite and Tree Planting. Possibly what at first sight appears to be the strangest application of dynamite is for the purpose of planting trees.

The word "pea" is derived from Pisa, a Greek city of Elis, which seems to have been the center of the pea-growing industry for years before the time of Christ.

A Literary Sensation. "What's the cause of the excitement? Look! There's a great crowd around the public library building.

Unlike Fishing Lines. "That fishing song in the new opera is clever, don't you think?" asked the critic.

"No," replied the hard luck angler. "It isn't at all natural."

"No," the lines are too catchy." "Augustus-I'm not fond of the stage. What, but I hear your father on the stairs, and I think I had better go before the footlights."

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.-Emerson.

In the Line of Succession

By JOHN D. PARKER

There was once a king who had seven sons and seven daughters. The sons only had any chance of inheriting the crown, and there was but a slight chance for any of these except the crown prince.

Now, the youngest of the king's daughters, one day looking out through a window of the palace, saw a young baron caroling by on horseback and was struck by one of Cupid's shafts.

"Papa, I have seen a young man, not of royal blood, but a baron, whom I wish to marry."

"Why is that necessary?" asked the girl. "Why is it necessary? Why, because all your brothers and all your sisters might be removed and you would be queen. It is forbidden that a queen should have a husband not of the blood royal."

The princess sent for the papers containing her computations as to her chances of attaining the throne and, laying them on the council table, which, though ten feet long, was completely covered.

The princess had assumed there was one chance in five that her oldest brother, the heir apparent, would die and the crown would descend to the next male in line.

Help With a String to It. In an office on upper Wall street, where they make a specialty of the "coppers," a cousin of the head of the firm, after several bad "breaks," found his balance reduced to a very low figure.

One does not look for literary men among tailors, but none the less the trade can claim some illustrious names.

Piling Himself. A man who was much in need of sleep rolled out of bed during the night. The jar did not awake him thoroughly, and his hand wandered in exploration.

The Baseball Courtship. "How do I stand with you, little girl?" inquired the ardent fan. "You have a percentage of about 736 just now," answered the lady fan, "and lead the league."

Man Worships Something. Man always worships something. Always he sees the infinite shadowed forth in something finite, and, indeed, can and must so see it in any finite thing, once tempt him well to fix his eyes thereon.-Carlyle.

Cause and Effect. Mrs. Maybor - You seem rather boarse this morning, dear. Mrs. Lushman - Well, my husband came home rather late last night.

Slap an extinguisher upon your iron if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it.-Lamb.

SLIDING DOWN A ROPE.

It is Both Easy and Safe When Done in Safer Style.

Sliding down a rope is not so simple as it seems. Few know how to do it properly. If you try to descend by letting the rope slide through your hands the friction will burn the palms so that you will have to let go after a few feet.

The easiest and safest method you can employ is that used by firemen and sailors. Standing upright, throw out your right leg and give it a turn around the rope.

ALPINE LIFE LINES. The Ropes Are Selected For Strength, Flexibility and Lightness.

Three qualities are in general use, being made from alps, Italian and Manila hems respectively, and occasionally, when cost is not a consideration, of silk.

Nonmountaineers have sometimes considered this insufficient, but it is highly problematical whether the human anatomy could survive the sudden compression of a thin rope arising from any greater fall.-Fry's Magazine.

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Expectations

By EDUARD K. DROANE

I esteem those boys who are obliged to fight their own way up in the world most fortunate and those brought up to wealth most unfortunate.

I came of a family of the middle class and from childhood was made to understand that I would have to fight my own way in the world.

My uncle was a bachelor sixty years old, and my mother was his favorite sister. He had always shown a partiality for me and proposed to my mother that he should send me to college and make me his heir.

I spent four years at college, my expenses being paid by my uncle. I enabled me to associate with such of my fellow students as were not obliged to earn their living or a part of it while getting their education.

When I was graduated with a fair standing in my class I was one of the all around prominent men of it. I began the study of a profession-at my uncle's expense-and had nearly finished it when I received a telegram that my uncle was very ill.

I spent five years ministering to the old man, living in his house with him and devoting myself exclusively to him. I regretted that my professional studies had been broken into, but since I was heir to a fortune and had what money I needed I did not repine.

My uncle lingered longer than had been expected, and toward the last I found the work of amusing him very trying. I suggested cards, and he was pleased with the idea.

This was a mistake. He was a natural gambler, and it was a knowledge of this fact-a fear that he would lose what he had made in the stock market-that led him to quit "the street."

When he got the value of a chip up to 25 cents I began to be troubled. However, I hoped that by refusing to win I might keep out of trouble.

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ARROGANT EDINBURGH.

And Its Old Holyrood Castle, Famous in Scotch History.

Built over a series of ridges and valleys, it would be impossible to imagine anything more grandly arrogant than Edinburgh.

In the twelfth century Holyrood palace was built at the foot of this street, which has been variously known to history as "the Royal Mile" and "the Cockpit of Scotland."

Traditions of Mary, the ill-fated queen; of Blixio, whose blood, legend says, still stains the wooden floor of the tiny chamber in Holyrood where he sank beneath the daggers of his assassins; of the stern, proud Douglas, whose ambition led him to hope to usurp the Scottish crown; of Iron John Knox and Jenny Geddes, who threw her stool at Dean Hanna (one is sure Jenny would be an suffragette today, and a militant at that); of the great Marquis of Bonny Prince Charlie and of all the other principal figures in Scotch history rise up before the visitor.

They Can Trot Faster Than a Greyhound Can Run. In Maine it is contended that the caribou can outrun any other animal.

The Sensitive Razor. "There is no sensation in matter," remarked a man over the inclusion table to the man of science, who thought it was a suggestive saying.

One Line of Reasoning. A promoter from some indefinite section out west was trying to sell a Penn avenue clerk a few shares of stock, but the clerk was not anxious to invest.

Reminiscent. The author had written one successful story, and he never grew tired talking of it.

Out of Fashion. Physician-What is your trouble, madam? Patient-I hate to tell you, doctor; it is something which was popular over a year ago.-New York Press.

Making a Record. Ella-You say she has driven two men insane? Bella-Yes. She shot one. Ella-What about the other? Bella-She married him.-Club Fellow.

Distant Relatives. "I have only the most distant relatives." "Has the family died out?" "No; they have all become rich."