

"This 'ere game has been played all over the county, and it's time to move on somebody! Where's the villain?"

"Here I am," answered the stranger.

"I arrest you! Get into the buggy."

His satchel was ready and he got in, and it was a whole day before the villagers found out that the man with the buggy was a confederate.

— *Franklin D. Roosevelt*

Bachelor and Marrying Presidents.

James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland were the only two bachelor presidents, and if the latter marries Miss Folsom this year it will leave the Pennsylvania president alone in the celibate list of chief magistrates. Four presidents were

President Tyler's first wife was Letitia Christian, daughter of Robert Christian, of New Kent county Virginia. Miss Christian was a noted eastern Virginia belle, and when her husband became president assumed the White House duties.

President Tyler remained a widower but short time, paying the Johnsonian compliment to his first spouse by soon selecting another, Miss Juliet Gardiner of New York. She was the daughter of the wealthy gentleman who owned Gardiner's Island, familiar to many naval people as near the roadstead in east Long Island where the naval practice squadron, with the

Annapolis cadets, spends much of its summer cruising and exercising. Although Mr. Tyler was the first president—and so far the only one—to marry in the high office, the ceremony was not performed in the White House, but at the Church of the Ascension in New York, June 1844. After the wedding a grand reception was given in the Executive Mansion.

Somebody, says an exchange, has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate.

Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes:— to set up
 a great mistake to set up our own standard of
 right and wrong, and judge people accordingly;
 to measure the enjoyment of others by our own
 to expect uniformity of opinion in this world;
 to look for judgment and experience in youth;
 to mould all dispositions alike; to yield to immor-
 tal trifles; to look for perfection in our own
 actions; to worry ourselves and others with
 what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate

that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything."

He Fired Up.

He had been courting a West End girl for

long time, but he has quit now. It happened Sunday night after church. They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"George," she murmured, with a tremor in her voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for me sake?"

"Yes, Fannie, and I gladly reiterate that statement now," he replied in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution than I."

"Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me."

"Speak, darling; what is it?"

"Ask me to be your wife. We've been foolish long enough."

The signal is stated in the preface.

The Small Boy and the Chief Justice.

Among other traditions of the Government printing office at Washington is a story to be told about a boy sent with some proof slips of an important decision to Chief Justice Taney. He appeared at the office of the chief justice and asked: "What is the decision?"

him:
"Is Taney in?"
"I presume," was the dignified reply, "I wish to see the Chief Justice of the United States."
"I don't care a cuss about him; I've got so many proofs for Taney."
"I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney."
"You're Taney, aren't you?"
"I am not, fellow: I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney."

Taney." "Then the proofs are not for you." And unceremonious messenger would have gone with them if the judge had not admitted him to be Taney simply.

Before Marriage.

"How much is that sealskin sacque?"
"Two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars."
"Is that all? Haven't you anything finer
want to make a present to a young lady?"
"Nothing."
"All right. I'll take it."
AFTER MARRIAGE.
"How much is that a yard?"
"Three dollars."
"Nothing cheaper?"
"Yes; here is something for seventy-five cents."

"Well, I only want it for my wife. You give me five yards of that seventy-five-cent cloth."

"Did he pop the question last night?" eagerly asked the mother, as the daughter came down late for breakfast. "No, not quite." "What was he say?" "Why, he squeezed my hand tight and said that I'd make some man an excellent wife."

A COUNTRY MINISTER who, in addition to clerical duties, followed the profession of a photographer, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony. "Now, then, young man," said to the groom, who was nervous and excited as all grooms ought to be, "just keep your eye that cock in the wall, and try and look at

"MADAM," said a young lady to her pretress at boarding-school, "Mr. Belfair has come to take me out to drive. May I go, madam?" "You know, miss, that our rules do not admit it, unless you are engaged. Are you engaged to Belfair?" "N—no; not exactly; but if you let me go, I shall be by the time we get back."

"Yes, sir," yelled the socialistic agitator, "I am the workingman's friend." "Oh, go! you haven't done an honest day's work in years," said a real workingman. "Of course I haven't. That's just where I show my friendship for the workingman. I keep my hands off so he can have the job."

If the wives and mothers who labor from dawn until midnight, with little time in between to fuss because they can call their own

Is a ball room: Mrs. Brazen—"Ah, Dr. H. bury, I see you are looking at my new dress is very low-necked, I know; but really why do you think of it?" "Pneumonia, madam, pneumonia!"⁸⁶

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to

physician. "I am in a dreadful position; neither lay nor set. What shall I do?" "I think you would better roost," was the reply.

The geese don't go north during the winter weather; some go down to the seaside and in a tin dry-goods box and pay the farmer thereof three dollars per day for the privilege.

Nothing recalls to the mind of the man the joys of his single life so vividly as

The longest tunnel in the world is being constructed between New York and Croton. Its length will be thirty-one miles, and it is estimated to cost \$60,000,000.

...and have it stained and put on the ground.
is now as happy as ever.