

JUST IN TIME.

At the main entrance of one of the chief London theaters stood two members of what is known as the "light-fingered fraternity," that is to say that they were Mr. Callaghan, known among his friends as Cally, and Rabbit, whose real name was not known even to himself.

"I think," whispered Cally, "that we'd better remain as near together as possible. If the police get one of us we can start up a row, and get away."

Here and there among the dispersing crowd they found no difficulty in plying their trade.

Suddenly Mr. Callaghan stopped with a half-smothered exclamation, and, leaning toward Rabbit, whispered in his ear: "Great guns! Look at that girl, Rabbit! Isn't she an angel—a queen—a princess—"

"—Rabbit, if it were not for my undying love for Molly I would adore that girl, Rabbit, I'm going to have her handkerchief or something from her if I have to do time for it."

"Which girl?" asked the Rabbit. "The one that is escorted by that handsome fellow who looks so pale—looks a little like me. Ten to one she has just rejected him. Ah, Molly, if it were not for you I might be rejected by that fair being myself. Rabbit, as she comes down to the carriage you take the left side. I'll get behind and on the right, which will be the more difficult, as the pale fellow will be on the right."

Mr. Callaghan's undertaking was both difficult and dangerous, but he had the courage born of a long list of successes. He edged his way up and slipped his left hand cautiously between the girl and her escort.

A singular thing occurred just then. He was close behind her. He noticed that she blushed very violently all at once, and looked at the ground just as his own Molly did the first time he kissed her.

Then Mr. Callaghan was conscious that she held something out timidly in her gloved right hand, bending her wrist just a little. Mr. Callaghan looked and saw something glitter.

He reached for the glittering object, intending to snatch it from her, when, to his intense astonishment, just as his hand touched hers she placed the object carefully in his palm.

He looked at her just for an instant. She was still looking down and away from the pale fellow, and blushing even more violently.

Mr. Callaghan did not stop to ask any questions. He got out of the crowd as fast as he could, well aware that he held in his hand a solitary ring.

He and the Rabbit met but a few streets away. Mr. Callaghan was flushed with success, but pensive. The Rabbit was hilarious, with success, and not at all pensive.

"What did you get from that girl?" asked Mr. Callaghan in a rather pre-occupied manner.

"As nothing from her that was worth anything—nothing but a little note. What did you get?"

"This," said Mr. Callaghan, holding up to the light a solitary ring.

"Great guns!" said the astonished Rabbit.

"Let me see that letter," Callaghan said abruptly. The Rabbit handed it to him. It was a note written in a man's strong hand-writing, and read as follows:—

"Well—I hand you this in your box because I cannot wait any longer. Two years ago to-night I asked you to marry me. Your parents have never consented in all that time, and they never will. Do you love me enough to marry without their consent? If you do hand me your solitary ring. I will come round at the close and take you to your carriage. You can give it to me then. If you do not love me enough to do this I shall know what you mean and I will start for the continent to-morrow, never to come back. JACK."

Mr. Callaghan was silent. "Well," said the Rabbit, "we've made a pretty good haul to-night, haven't we?" "Yes, and we've broken a man's heart," said Mr. Callaghan.

"What's that?" asked the Rabbit, unconcerned.

"That girl was giving this ring to the pale face. It was telling him she was willing to marry him, whether the old folks were willing or not, just as Molly is going to marry me. Now, he's going off with a broken heart, just the way I'd had done if Molly hadn't consented."

Very early the next morning Mr. Callaghan stood at the door of a certain jewelry establishment that is known all over the world. He was just beginning to get sleepy, for it was about his usual bedtime.

Callaghan's proverbial good luck, to say nothing of his good judgment, did not desert him. He had picked out the right establishment, and ten minutes after it had opened its doors, Mr. Callaghan was racing up Bond street in a cab. The driver stopped at a fashionable boarding house and Mr. Callaghan jumping out, ran up the stairs to the third floor.

Out of breath and with a lump in his throat with the fear of being too late after all, he pounded on the door in no gentle manner. A voice told him to come in. He did so.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the pale-faced man.

"An invitation to your wedding," said Mr. Callaghan.

The pale-faced fellow looked up from the trunk he was packing and mildly inquired if Mr. Callaghan was crazy. Callaghan held the ring aloft, as he had seen actors do with similar things in the theaters, and said: "Behold your ring!" "How did you get that ring?" asked the other, his face becoming suddenly flushed.

"Stole it," said Mr. Callaghan promptly; "stole it as she was trying to hand it to you. The fact is, she thought my hand was yours. I've rather a fine looking hand myself. I've been told."

"What?" asked the other in astonishment.

"It's a fact," said Mr. Callaghan. "I stole it just as I said I did. Wanted something to remember her by, she

looked so pretty—wanted you for loving her, not a bit. I'm in love myself and fancy pretty girls a great deal. "Luckily for you my side partner grabbed your note out of her pocket at the same time. Wouldn't spoil your happiness for anything in the world. I hunted around and found out who you were and where you lived. Here I am, Mr. Callaghan, at your service, and here's your ring."

"Mr. Callaghan," he said, "you are an angel." "They don't seem to think so down at Bow street," modestly replied Mr. Callaghan.

A Lake of Ink.

In the midst of the 3,500 Cocopah volcanoes of Arizona stands the lake of ink, into which run scores of streams of clear, hot, mineral charged water. It is only a quarter of a mile long by half as much wide, but no bottom has ever yet been found to its gloomy depths. The black water rises to within three or four inches of its level shores, and the temperature at the edge is 110 degrees F., rising at a depth of 350 feet to 216 degrees—4 degrees above boiling point. To the touch the water feels smooth and oily, and when it is in repose ashes and oily matter cover the surface half an inch thick. Although the water is jet black, it does not discolor the skin of a bather. The coloring matter seems to be held in suspension and will adhere to a white cloth dipped in the lake. To the taste the water is warm, salt and bitter.

To the bather the sensation is most delightful, exhilarating to such a degree that a bath of 15 minutes makes one feel as if under the influence of the very best brandy.

Millions of bubbles, formed by escaping gases, keep the surface at all times agitated, till it rolls, boils and foams as if ready to roll over its banks and escape. Whenever the neighboring volcanoes rage with anger, the lake follows suit, and the sight of its maddened waters will not soon be forgotten.

The cures wrought on the Indians who bathe there and on the few white men who have so far visited the spot are almost incredible.—London Answers.

Market Rate.

Some of these big magazine editors are humorous at times. In response to this inquiry from an amateur, "What does poetry bring in New York?" one of them replied:

"We have no regular prices, but if you ship it in crates or carloads we believe that you can realize 1 1/4 cents a pound for it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dabiosa.

"I dropped around to see how our safe stood the fire," said an agent to the proprietor of an establishment which had been destroyed, as the two surveyed the ruins.

"Well," replied the owner, "I think your safe is a first class article to keep unpaid bills in."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

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THE JOKERS AND JINGLERS.

Nothing Ventured Nothing Won.

I was courtin' Arabella Months before I got a kiss. When I'd ask for one, she'd always Blush an say, "Tain't proper, Chris."

But one night ez we was partin' Somethin' seemed to whisper this: "Askin' for a kiss is useless. Grip her tight an steal one, Chris."

So I gripped her, an I kissed her— Kissed her cheeks an lips an hair— An I held her to my buzzum, An I squeezed her waist for fair.

Did she squeal? Nit. Quicker'n lightning She was kissin' back like fun. She'd have kept it up till midnight If I hadn't quit an run.

Say, that night I learned a lesson, An that lesson it is this: Askin' for a kiss is useless. Grip her tight an take yer kiss. —New York Sunday Journal.

The Customary Boast.

"There is a great deal of animosity in the harem just now," said one of the gossips in the Turkish court. "Are the sultan's wives quarrelling?" inquired another.

Yes. Every one of them claims individual credit for having made her husband the successful man that he is today."—Washington Star.

Woman's Way.

She said she fairly hated him. Despised him and detested him. So roundly she berated him. You'd think she'd have arrested him. She snatched her hat and offered him. To frenzy's verge she carried him. And when she'd nearly ended him. She turned around and married him. —New York Sunday Journal.

Exceptions.

"I am willing to concede," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "that all the world may be a stage, but I'll be essentially unbothered if all the men and women in it are actors. There's a lot of them that only think they can act!"

And Uncle Allen got up and walked wearily out of the theater.—Chicago Tribune.

The Sweet Girl Grad.

Soon she'll lay aside her Latin, And she'll lay aside her Greek, And she'll demonstrate she's not in All her studies, and she'll speak Sweetest words about her duty And declare she'll never shirk. Then she'll ride her wheel—a beauty— While her mother does the work. —Omaha World-Herald.

A Stand Off.

The two men who take an interest in pugilism were busily arguing the merits of their respective prize ring favorites. "There's no doubt," said one, "that my man has the longest reach." "That may be," was the reply, "but mine has the biggest vocabulary."—Washington Star.

Not In Them.

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy and hard to please!" 'Twas thus Sir Walter gayly wrote, But who would such sarcasm quote? He must have known, we dare aver, The hours from which we banish her Were then and have remained as yet The only hours of ease we get. —Detroit News.

Somebody Else Was.

Young Bride—I didn't accept Tom the first time he proposed. Miss Ryval (slightly envious)—I know you didn't. Young Bride—How do you know? Miss Ryval—You weren't there.—New York Sunday World.

He Asked Her to Sing.

He asked her to sing, for his heart was astir For all the sweet solace that song might confer. He asked her to sing; then he writhed in a fit For how could he guess that she never would quit? —Chicago Record.

Could Trust Her.

Benham—I hear your partner eloped with your wife and absconded with all your money. Have you taken any steps toward having him punished? Henpeck—No. I'm willing to leave that to my wife.—New York Journal.

Something Broke.

There was once a young man named Day, Who started at poker to play. He sat in at ten, Played an hour, and then He stopped at the break of Day. —Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"When," asked the schoolboy boarder, "was Philadelphia founded?" "Philadelphia," explained Mr. Asbury Peppers, "was founded dead by the funny men about 20 years ago."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Nothing to Boast Of.

"I'm a self made man," he proudly said To a cynic sore and grim. "And a mighty poor job it was, I think," The cynic said to him. —San Francisco Examiner.

Incentive.

"Mrs. Cumso is a shrewd woman." "What makes you think so?" "She attaches a cyclometer to the lawn mower and gives Cumso a tin medal every time he scores a century."—Omaha World-Herald.

The College Girl.

She'll wear a chaplet on her brow On the day of graduation, But a simple chappie on her hands Will give her more elation. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Knew Their Duty.

"How did the passengers behave after it was discovered that the vessel was on fire?" "Admirably! They got the panic stricken crew into the boats and then subdued the flames."—Detroit News.

Conflicting.

"Don't let grass grow beneath your feet," The father said in chiding way, The bad boy answered, with a grin, "How otherwise can I make hay?" —New York Journal.

A Trumpeter's Courage.

During a French campaign in Africa many brave deeds were done, but none braver perhaps than Trumpeter Escoffier's rescue of his captain.

The Arabs were pressing the cavalry of Captain De Cott, and everything was in confusion, when De Cott's horse was killed under him and the capture of the officer and the whole company seemed inevitable.

At that moment the trumpeter of the company leaped from his horse and gave it to De Cott, saying: "Take him. Your life is necessary; mine is useless. You can rally the men. It does not matter about my neck."

De Cott mounted the horse, rallied the company and continued the fight. Trumpeter Escoffier was taken prisoner, but the Arabs, who adore courage, had witnessed the scene and, appreciating the nobility of the man, treated him with generosity. His trumpet was a source of great entertainment to his captors, who used often to make him give the signals of the various military movements. One day Escoffier gave the whole repertory with great gusto, finishing up by blowing the summons for a charge with an extended flourish.

"What was that?" asked the Arab chief.

"Ah," said Escoffier, "you will hear that soon, I hope! That is the signal for a charge!"—Youth's Companion.

A Breezy Way.

Sony—That fellow Primpas is one of the nicest men I ever met. He has such a breezy way with him.

Knozy—Yes, I have noted his breezy air, but it never touched me.—Pittsburg News.

Why She Weeps.

"It makes a woman feel better to cry," remarked the observer of men and things. "She gets lovely prismatic effects by looking at things through her tears."—Detroit Journal.

Short.

Poet.

Verse;

Editor,

Hearse.

—New York Journal.



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