

THE THRESHOLD

"And this is the very last time," muttered the man as the door opened.

"The very last time," he repeated as he sat waiting in the pretty, glowing drawing room.

"Then she came in, and the room became beautiful, because prettiness was not of her.

"Yes," said the man aloud, and she, smiling, asked to what his affirmative referred.

"Then they talked again on various subjects which related to the man, for she knew all his past and something of his future.

"Why are you sad today?" she asked after awhile.

"Listen, then, but remember my stories are not personal. There was once a man who never was a boy because he had been unable to spare the time.

"The nothing knowing, nothing seeing, nothing understanding spotlessness of it all almost choked him," said the man in the drawing room.

"No, dear! A woman—only a woman. But she showed him that he was already in the real world and that she was, too, but that he kept going into little phases of life and thinking each was life itself, was almost broken hearted when he found himself unfitted to live in a phase.

What Amazed the Young Only Tired the Elderly Benedict.

"Have you ever noticed," began the bridegroom, "what astonishing places a woman chooses for hiding things?"

"I ceased noticing and ceased being astonished at anything years ago," replied the elderly Benedict wearily.

"Well, the other night," went on the bridegroom, "there was a small fire in the apartment below us. Somebody upset a lamp, and while they were putting it out my wife and I were gathering our valuables together and preparing to flee.

"What!" she exclaimed.

"No, don't come to help me," she went on. "Run into the parlor and get the deed to the Brooklyn property. It's pinned in the top of the lace curtains. And—bring me that hat with the white feather on it. No, not my best one; the other. It's got my marriage certificate and the contract for your book and your first love letter sewed in the crown.

"The patent to those hiding places expired ages ago," said the elderly Benedict, yawning.—New York Press.

Success Prolongs Life.

It is now well known that increased complexity of life with increased expenditure distinctly aids longevity.

HER SAFE DEPOSITS.

"Where's that hundred dollar bill I gave you to deposit yesterday and the check from Bradley and all the money?"

"Oh, they're all safe," she replied nonchalantly, pulling me out of the door. "The hundred dollar bill is in my stocking and the check is pinned under my back hair."

"Now, what do you think of that?"

"The patient to those hiding places expired ages ago," said the elderly Benedict, yawning.—New York Press.

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His Varied Industries.

"He's interested in many industries, I believe?"

"He is,"

HIS WATERLOO.

How the Officer of the Day Triumphed Over Private Murphy.

"The police have what they call the 'sweating' process, a means of forcing confessions and admissions from stubborn moral delinquents," said an old timer, "and some of these methods are ingenious, some of them cruel, while others are positively barbarous and have been frowned upon by the courts, as is evidenced in the doctrine which declares that forced confessions are of little or no value as evidence.

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GOT THE THIEF.

Ruse by Which a Backwoods Parson Did One Business.

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