

WHEN DAY WAS DONE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
The clouds that watch in the West have fled,
And nothing is left of the day that has fled...

HER SECRET.

When that particularly shrewd and businesslike young man, Mr. Thomas Partington, joined himself in marriage to Ada, relief of the late Isaac Abrahams, his friends evinced considerable surprise at the step.

"My dear Ada," she said at last, in the course of an afternoon call, during which Mrs. Partington had been more dull than ever, "I should never have encouraged you to accept Tom if I had foreseen what a deplorable effect your second dose of matrimony would have upon you."

"Oh, Tom," she cried suddenly, leaning forward and hiding her face on his shoulders. "You will not speak so kindly when you know the truth. Yet I must tell you my—my husband, you have been so kind and gentle that I cannot deceive you any longer, but try, Tom—please try—try not to be angry with me."

Scotty's bridge statistics. Scotty, the bridge policeman, has a notebook full of interesting statistics, from which he yesterday permitted me to select the following:
Seventy men out of every hundred who cross the bridge on foot carry one shoulder lower than the other.

A well-known wag in Detroit, who has been living around in various boarding houses here and there, has had a quiet place out on Michigan avenue last week for a stall and feed.
"So," snapped the woman, "you want to try this one, do you?"
"I thought so, madam," he replied meekly.

A Sure Railroad Test. "So you are an old railroad man, are you?" said the freight conductor to the impetuous individual who was begging a ride in the caboose.
"Y'es. I braked right on this road five years."