THE EVENING AFTER THE REUNION.

Miss Ethel (innocently): "Why, Mr. Browne, how sober you are to-night."

The Rev. Browne (in some alarm, absent-mindedly): "To-night, yes; but" — recovering himself and with much dignity — "have you ever seen me otherwise, Miss Ethel?" — Life.

A Scotchman in London was at the bedside of his dying wife, who had originally come from the Highlands, and had always retained a strong affection for the land of her birth. "Promise me, Angus," she said, "that ye'll bury me in the Hielands; I could never rest quiet down here." "Weel," replied the prudent Angus, "I'll just see. If I find that ye canna rest quiet here, I'll hae ye removed to the Hielands." — Ex.

A BRIGHT BOY.

While teaching in a large school in Pennsylvania Miss Crayon had sole charge of a not particularly bright little fellow whose education had just begun. During the reading lesson one day Georgie stumbled and came to a dead stop at the word "mat."

"Spell it, Georgie," said the teacher.
"M-a-t," read the boy.
"Well, what is it?"
"Don't know."
"Oh, yes, you do," said Miss Crayon, encouragingly. "Come, now, Georgie, what do you wipe your feet on?"
"Oh," cried the little fellow, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, "M-a-t, towel!" — Harper’s Basar.