

ornia
al



LIBRARY

**UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO**

9250



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

67 Cls 12 5

NEW YARNS

AND

FUNNY JOKES.

COMPRISING

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

✦ AMERICAN ✦ HUMOR ✦

WITH MANY

LAUGHABLE ILLUSTRATIONS.

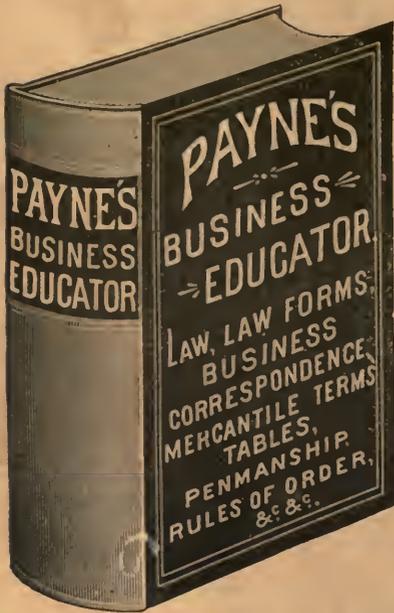
Copyright, 1890, by EXCELSIOR PUBLISHING HOUSE.

NEW YORK:
EXCELSIOR PUBLISHING HOUSE,
29 & 31 Beekman Street.

EXCELSIOR PUBLISHING HOUSE, 29 & 31 Beekman Street, New York, N. Y.

PAYNE'S BUSINESS EDUCATOR

—AN—



Encyclopedia of the Knowledge necessary to the Conduct of Business.

AMONG THE CONTENTS ARE:

An Epitome of the Laws of the various States of the Union, alphabetically arranged for ready reference;

Model Business Letters and Answers;

Lessons in Penmanship;

Interest Tables;

Rules of Order for Deliberative Assemblies and Debating Societies;

Tables of Weights and Measures, Standard and the Metric System;

Lessons in Typewriting; Legal Forms for all Instruments used in Ordinary Business, such as Leases, Assignments, Contracts, etc., etc.;

Dictionary of Mercantile Terms; Interest Laws of the United States;

Official, Military, Scholastic, Naval, and Professional Titles used in U. S.;

How to Measure Land;

Value of Foreign Gold and Silver Coins in the United States;

Educational Statistics of the World;

List of Abbreviations;

Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian Words and Phrases;

Rules of Punctuation; Marks of Accent; Dictionary of Synonyms;

Copyright Law of the United States, etc., etc.,

MAKING IN ALL THE MOST COMPLETE SELF-EDUCATOR PUBLISHED, CONTAINING 600 PAGES, BOUND IN EXTRA CLOTH. PRICE \$2.00.

N.B.—LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON THIS WORK.

The above Book sent postpaid on receipt of price.

New Yarns and Funny Jokes.

A Natural Mistake.



NEW POLICEMAN—"O'id loike to see yer permit, sur."

SWELL (puzzled)—"Permit?"

NEW POLICEMAN—"Yis, permit. It's agin de law fer masqueraders ter parade de streets widout 'r permit. Go home an' take off de duds or I'll lock ye up."

A Tough Yarn.

"TALKING of life preservers," said the truthful mariner as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "you remember the old steamer Roustabout that used to run from Buffalo to Chicago? I was mate on her the year before she was lost. We were about sixty miles out from Chicago when Mike Lanigan, who was doing something up on the mast, fell, struck on his head on the roof of the cabin and bounced clean out into the lake. Well, the captain he see him fall, and he stopped and backed that old Roustabout quicker'n you could say 'scat.' Mike went down like a plummet, for he was knocked insensible, and I know'd there was no use to heave a life-preserver for him, so I jest hurried up the boys in getting the boat down, although I didn't expect it 'ud do much good. We had Jim King on board. Passenger from Chicago. You remember Jim King, don't you?"

"Can't say that I do," remarked a bystander.

"Well, Jim was champion quoit-thrower in them days. He's dead now, poor fellow, but Jim was a boss on throwing quoits. I tell you quoits was a great game them days. Every village had a quoit club, and the boys on the farms used to throw horseshoes. It was something like baseball in these times, although I could never see so much fun in baseball as I could see in a good game of quoits.

"Oh, come off," cried the impatient listener. "What did Jim do, or did he do anything? Did the man drown?"

"Now, don't be too fly. Who's a tellin' this yarn?"

"Well, you don't seem to be."

"Go on! Go on!" said the crowd.

"Well, you know, in quoits a 'ringer' was when you put the quoit around the stake. It counted double. Well, Jim he picks up the round life preserver—its like a great big quoit, you know—and as the capp'n came running aft, Jim he sings out, 'Capp'n I'll bet you \$5 I'll make a ringer on that man if he comes up within the length of this line.'

"'Bet you \$20 you can't,' said the capp'n.

"'Take you,' said Jim, and jest at that minnit up bobs Mike's head about sixty feet astern. Jim threw it, and I'll be durned if that life-preserver didn't go plump over on Mike's head clear down on his shoulders, and there it stuck. We got down the boat, and when we got to Mike he hadn't come to yet, and didn't for some time after. He'd been a goner if it hadn't been fur that ringer, although it took the skin off his nose."

"Did the captain pay the \$20?"

"Pay it! You jist bet he did. And Jim he handed it over to Mike, and Mike he blew it all in when we got to Detroit, I wish some of it was here now, fur I'm mighty dry. Thanks. Don't mind if I do."

Why he didn't hold on.

AN Irish laborer working on the top of a new six-story building, missed his footing, and on his descent, fell across the telegraph wires, held on for dear life, and called for help. One of his fellow-workmen attracted by his cries, called out to him to hold on to the wire till he got a couple of mattresses from an adjoining house, so he could fall easy. In the meantime the man released his hold, and fell to the pavement, and lay there groaning when his companion returned, and feeling angry at his not doing as he bid him, said: "Ye numskul, why didn't ye hold on to the wire till I come back!" The other one says, "Begorra, I was afraid the wires id brake."

Sullivan vs. Sylvio Sylvesto.

John L. Sullivan's combination while on its tour gave a show at Kansas City, Mo., and advertised to give \$1000 to any man who could stand up to John L. for 4 rounds. Macaroni Spaghetti sees the advertisement and matches his friend Sylvio Sylvesto against Sullivan. He tells of the defeat and his great loss in his own peculiar way:

"Well you see we read in the paper that the Shamrocka Sullivan coma here! You know the Shamrocka Sullivan, the fighta man who knocka everybody out with a onea punch. Well we have onea stronga Italian Boy, oh he stronga as the dev'. Biga de mus' disaway, biga de mus' dataway and chest lik one elephant. Well I go to Sylvio and say:—Sylvio you fighta the Shamrocka Sullivan? He say you beta sweeta lifea I will

Introduce, Sylvio Sylvesto—Champion Itily"—then everyonea of the Italian man, clapa da foot and stampa da hand and cry. "Viva la Italianno. Knocka out a Shamrocka wid a onea Punch." Thena he say, "I introduce Shamrocka da Sul' champion Ireland." Then evvry one of the Irishman clapa da toota and stampa the hand—"Horoo be jabbers. Killa de banan' wid a onea punch." Then purty quick he pulla da watch out of his poc and say *time*;" than they come up to the fronta of da stage and shaka da hand just lika da besta frien'. Purty quick Shamrocka Sullivan stand lika dis—very nice way he stan'—everybody lika da stand—Sylvio standa lika dis—everybody no lika da stand—Sylvio he spita da hand deesa way—he hava two biga da hand lika onea bunch a da banan. Purta quick Sylvio maka a puncha



fighta for my countra. Well, I taka him home wid a me and give him plenta good eat—maccaroni soft da shella a crab, maka him very stronga man—oh, he very strong—biga da leg, biga de mus, yes biga da head. I sell onea da wag' for forty dol'; I sell onea da horse for twenty dol' and sell anoder wag' for forty dol'; dat maka one hundred dol', then I go to brother Lugi. I say "Lugi sellã da pea nutta stand an' banan' stand for whata you getta." Well, he sella da stan' and puta de mon' upon Sylvio—Ver' well; de mighta Shamrocka come—Theatre all biga crowd—very mucha excite. Purty quick a man wid a balda heada, his nama is—is—isa—Pattada Sheedy, coma outa da stagea—He say, gentlemen, we hava a threeta fourda rounda fighta, gooseberry marka rules.

Thena! Shamrocka Sullivan he sita dat a side of da stage. Sylvio sita dees side of da stage. Then Patta da Sheedy say "gentleman

for Shamrocka; he no hita de Shamrocka, Sylvio maka noder punch a' Shamrocka he no hitta him agan—Purty quick Shamrocka go deesa way—you call him cutta up way—hitta de Sylvio onea punch knocka him downa—vera quicka. Then I jumpa da stage and go to Sylvio and say "Sylvio, Sylvio speaka to me"—he no speaka to me I speaka to him threeda fourda time, he no still speaka to me—Shamrocka knocka him outa wid a onea punch—I dhinka he killa him—I feela vera mucha bad, I nearly go craze. I loose alla my mon' the twoa wag and onea horse; my brother Lugi loosa da peanutta and chestnuta stand and feel lika cutting Sylvio's d—throat wid a stilletto. I will go back to New York and try to geta more mon' and make plenta mon' with da organ' and da monk,' if Mayor Granta will giva me a permita pape to play da muse and showd the monk'.

As adapted and rendered by the Popular Humorist
MR. ALEX. J. BROWN.

Making An Impression.



I.

"Gracious, Mr. Smith, what a head you have this morning! The boss will get on to it sure."



II.

"I guess this 'll fix it."



III.

"I don't think the old man will notice anything out of the way now."

He Was.

"Is your husband fond of pie, Mrs Fangle?"

"Fond of pie! Why that man is a regular Python!"

Laid Over One Train.

"Put down Room No. 52 to be called in time for the 4:30 train in the morning," he said, as he leaned gracefully over toward the night clerk of a Mississippi hotel.

"Case of life and death?" queried the clerk.

"Why, no; but I want to get to Jackson before noon."

"Hadn't you better wait for the 9:30 train?"

"What is it to you?"

"Nothing but the excitement and muss, and I shall probably have to testify at the Coroner's inquest."

"I—I don't exactly catch on."

"Come up-stairs, please."

When they had ascended to the first sleeping floor the clerk continued:

"This is room No. 28, as you see. There are five bullet holes in the door. Man in here last week wanted to be called for that early train. Room No. 30 has seven bullet holes, but those stand for two men. This new piece in the carpet here is where a man fell and bled to death. Down here——"

"But who kills off these guests?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, the other guests. As soon as the nigger comes up and knocks and bawls out. Col. Shaw who has No. 32, reaches for his shotgun. Over in No. 29 Judge Havens slips out with his revolver. Major Brooks, who is in No. 33, always comes in a good third with a Derringer, and the rest of the fellows along the hall are always more or less well heeled. We don't care so much about the nigger, as niggers are mighty cheap around here, but there must be an inquest on the body of the white man, and——"

"Did I say call me for the 4:30 train?" queried the traveler.

"I believe so."

"Then it was a mistake. I'm in no hurry. In fact, I like Mississippi in general and this town in particular; and even if I get away at 9:30 I shall be sorry to go. Just rub out the memoranda, and if I don't get up in time for breakfast you needn't mind sending a nigger up to pound on the door."

The Other One.

He stood at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street with an anxious look on his face, and when the right man came he asked:

"Shay, mister?"

"Yes."

"Whaz this up here?"

"The elevated road."

"Shure?"

"Of course I am."

"Good! Zhat lets me out. I had got 'er little confused, you see. Didn't 'actly know which of us it was. Glad to find 'er road is elevated and I'm shober's Judge. Always keep shober, my boy. Gooz bi."

The Fat Man's Story.

The boys had been looking at the fat man for some time as he strolled up and down the depot platform, smoking a good cigar and his face wearing a look of contentment, and one of them finally observed that it was a good time for him to tell a story.

"Eh? A story to pass away the time—certainly" he replied, as he sat down on a baggage truck, recently painted a sky-blue color.

"You must 'know, gentlemen," he began, after getting his legs crossed, "that I was not always at the head of the leading banking-house of Chicago. No. All my life, up to ten years ago, was passed in the far West, on the plains and prairies and among the hills and mountains. I had, as you may suppose, numerous adventures. I was just thinking of my escape from a prairie fire, but the details might not interest you."

"Oh, yes, they will!" we all cried in chorus.

"Well, one day in the fifties I was journeying across a Kansas prairie on foot. One morning I got up to find fifty miles of tall, dry grass between me and the hills. A strong breeze sprang up with the sun, and I had scarcely started on my way before I discovered a great smoke to windward. The Indians had set fire to the prairie to kill off the rattlesnakes, you know."

"By George? but you were in for it!" exclaimed the hardware drummer from St. Louis.

"Yes; I realized that in a moment. In five minutes I could see a billow of flame to windward. It was at least twenty miles long, and spreading as it came. It was coming faster than a horse could run. I figured that it would be upon me in five minutes."

"And you dug a hole in the earth?" queried the glue man from New York.

"I had nothing to dig with. If I had had the proper tools the time was too short."

"Then the wind changed!" put in the Yankee notion man from Cincinnati.

"Never a point. As I stood there that great ocean of flame came roaring down toward me like the besom of destruction. I lost fully two minutes before I got to work. I could even feel the heat of the fierce flames scorching my flesh."

"But, hang it, man, you escaped!"

"I did."

"You don't show any scars or burns."

"No."

"Well, get to the point."

"I will. I waited until the flames were not over a mile away, and then I took my balloon off my back, pressed the button which permitted the natural gas to flow in from the reservoir, and, taking my seat in the chair, I shot up into the air about five hundred feet and let the flames sweep under me. One of my boot heels was a little scorched, but that was all the damage done."

"Do you tell that for truth?" angrily demanded the starch man from Oswego.

"The solemn truth, gentlemen. Our company is now doing a general banking and balloon business—same style of balloons. We can and do undersell all others. Send in your orders early and avoid the winter rush. That's all."—*N. Y. Sun.*

He had Rheumaticks.

I stopped at a cabin stuck away in the pine forest, about five or six miles from anywhere, to ask for a drink of water, and finding the man in bed with his face all plastered up, I naturally asked if he had met with an accident.

"Oh, no," replied the wife as she handed me the gourd. "He 'un has done got rheumaticks."

"Not rheumatism in the head?"

"Reckon it's mostly thar, sah."

"I never heard of such a case," I continued as I approached the bed.

"Howdy, stranger!" said the man as he sat up. "Rheumaticks like this are pretty common around yere."

"Why, man, you have been pounded! Both of your eyes are blackened! You don't call that rheumatism, do you?"

"That's what I dun call it. I had pains and aches, and I bought two quarts of moonshine whisky. Sim Payson, back in the woods, he had pains and aches, and him cum over to help drink it."

"And you got drunk!"

"Reckon we mought."

"And had a fight?"

"Reckon we did."

"And that's what you call rheumatism?"

"Stranger, look here," answered the man, as he got one leg out of bed with a groan, "kin you go fur to declar' that I'd a drank that moonshine firstly if it wasn't to cure rheumaticks? The old woman and me hev figgered on it, and we can't get it to cum out right no other way, and now if you've got a pipe and terbacker I'll stand fur you agin the hull community till the mule lays down."

Would not take the Risk.

"Is this a fire insurance office?"

"Yes, sir; can we write you some insurance?"

"Perhaps you can. You see, my employer threatens to fire me next Saturday, and I'd like some protection."

Of its own Account.

"Somebody has taken my revolver out of my desk," said the religious editor, glancing around the room.

"You didn't know it was loaded, did you?" asked the snake reporter.

"No, I didn't think so."

"In that case it probably went off of its own accord. They always do, you know, when you don't think they're loaded."

Lights and Shadows of the 4th July.



FIRST VOICE—"Isn't this delightful?"
SECOND VOICE—"Oh, it's too lovely for any-
thing!"



THIRD VOICE—"I dess it'll light now."



A Grand Display.

She Took the Cake.

WOMEN are such inconsistent creatures. We heard a young lady remark (rather in-
elegantly, it must be confessed), that she hated
"that Biggs fellow, he is such a cake." Well,
in less than three months she took the cake.

What A Woman Can Do.

She can say "No," and stick to it for all
time.

She can also say "No," in such a low, soft
voice, that it means "Yes."

She can sharpen a lead-pencil, if you give
her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes,
two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every
minute of the time.

She can pass a display window of a draper's
shop, without stopping—if she is running to
catch a train.

She can walk half the night with a noisy
baby in her arms, without once expressing a
desire to murder the infant.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband
seventy-five years after the marriage cere-
mony has taken place.

She can suffer abuse and neglect for years,
which one touch of kindness or consideration
will drive from recollection.

She can go to church, and afterwards tell
you what every woman in the congregation
had on, and, in some rare instances, can give
a faint idea of what the text was.

She can look her husband square in the
eye, when he tells her some cock-and-bull
story about being "detained at the office,"
without betraying in the least that she knows
him to be a colossal liar.

She can rumple up fifty dollars' worth of
dress goods, and buy a reel of thread, with an
order to have it delivered four miles away, in
a style that will transfix the proprietor of the
establishment with admiration.

She can—but what's the use? A woman
can do anything or everything, and do it
well. She can do more in a minute than a
man can in an hour, and do it better. She
can make the alleged lords of creation bow
down to her own sweet will, and they will
never know it. Yes, a woman can do every-
thing, with but one exception; she cannot
climb a tree.

No Further use for Them.

"Now, then, Jennie," said the bridegroom
to the bride, after they had just returned
from the church where the knot had been
tied, "how many brothers have you?"

"Brothers!" exclaimed the bride in aston-
ishment, "you know I haven't any brothers.
I'm the only child of my parents."

"Oh, I know that; but how many young
men did you promise to be a sister to before
you accepted me? Those are the brothers I
want to know about."

"Well," replied the bride smiling, "I think
I must have about half a dozen brothers."

"All right. You just drop a note to each
of them and tell them the brother-and-sister
business is all off now, as you have got a
husband. If they want sisters, tell them to
look about among the girls that are single.
I'm all the brother you need now."

Pat's Great Hopes.

Two sons of Erin one day, while taking bricks up the ladder, boasted of their respective skill, when Michael said: "Begorra, Pat, hold your tongue. I'll bet drinks that I can take ye to the roof, inside me hod."—"I'll



take the bet," Pat cried and getting into Mike's hod, he shouted "Go!" Then Mike began his arduous task, and at last reached the top and dumped Pat on the roof. "Be gracious, Pat, I've won the bet." "Indade, me boy, ye've nobly won; but when we wur half the way, yer foothold slipped, and Mike's *it was then I had great hopes.*"

Better Than Pockets.

It was in the Pennsylvania depot at Jersey City. A man who had been half asleep on one of the benches for some time suddenly roused up, carried his hand to the breast pocket of his coat, and then called out:

"I have been robbed! Some one has picked my pocket!"

"Have much money!" asked an old lady who sat near him.

"Over \$40."

"Saxes alive? but what a loss! Sure you had it when you left home?"

"Of course I am!"

"Didn't leave it under your pillar, or change your coat?"

"No!"

"I noticed you feeling around your coat tails before you went to sleep. Better look back there before you give it up."

He carried his hand back, and ten seconds later held his lost wallet up to sight. He began to apologize and stammer, but she checked him with:

"Young man you orter be more keerful, you might have accused me of stealin' that money, and it would have been a nice thing for my church folks to hear of, wouldn't it? When the news got home to my old man he'd been so kerfrustrated that he'd have forgotten to feed the shoats or milk the cows. and

there's no knowing how he'd have got along locking up the house and going to bed."

"Oh, I shouldn't have accused you, ma'am," protested the man.

"Wall, I'm glad on it, and being as this excitement has come up about pickpockets I guess I'll see if my money and ticket is safe."

And she reached down, slipped off a calfskin shoe from her right foot, and peered into it with the remark:

"There's the ticket and there's the dollar bill, and I hain't been robbed. Jist try it, young man. Beats coat tail and all other pockets all holler. Got to stand you on your head to git it, and every time you sot your foot down you know it's thar. I've carried seventeen dollars all over New York that way, and got out alive and safe."

Where Genius Didn't Work.

He was just a plain tramp, unadulterated with soap, says the *New York Mercury*, and he carried over his shoulder a wooden snow shovel several sizes too big for him. He pulled the bell in a business-like way, and when she opened the door he said:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Ye'es" (in surprise).

"And do you believe that honest, earnest endeavor should be rewarded?"

"Ye'es."

"Heretofore I've had a large and lucrative practice in my profession, but this year the elements are against me. I know there's no snow on the premises, but it's going to rain this afternoon and rain hard. Now, I'll come back and shovel rain off your sidewalk for a quarter if you'll give me ten cents advance money. Is it a go?"

"Yes, it's a go," she said, as she slammed the door in his face.

"And they say that genius and tact win every time," he sighed, as he shuffled down the stoop.

Making the Composing Room Howl.

Two printers were eating their midnight lunch: Says Sam: "Tom have you got your take up?" to which Tom replied, "No, but I've got my coffee cup."

On another occasion, Sam took umbrage at some remark from Tom, and he sarcastically remarked, "Tom-ass." But Tom's ready wit was equal to the occasion. He replied "Sam-mule."—*Exchange.*

He Could Get Along.

"You know of course" said the old man to the young man, "that my daughter has \$100,000 in her own right."

"Yes, sir."

"And you are not worth a cent."

"I'm poor, sir; but great Scott, \$100,000 is enough for two. Why, I'm economical to meanness."

A Sample.



MRS. BARLEYCORN—"What be them Jake?"
 MR. JAKE BARLEYCORN (reading the sign and appearing very wise)—"Them be [speaking tubes, Marthy."
 MRS. BARLEYCORN (doubtingly)—"You couldn't make me believe them things could speak till I heerd."



VOICE FROM TUBE—"Go away from there, you moss grown ! ! !"
 MR. JAKE BARLEYCORN—"Come away, Marthy, quick! Them 'ere tubes 'pears to have been learned to talk by the man who learns all the poll parrots."

Working Pete In.

"Can't fool these 'ere railroads much!" observed the young man on the seat ahead, after we got fairly out of Mauch Chunk.

"How do you mean?" I asked, suspecting he had a story.

"It's a good one on the old man, and I'm dying to tell it," he grinned. "I live about twenty miles below here, and within half a mile of the railroad. One afternoon, about six months ago, my brother Pete got hurt in our sawmill, and was brought home unconscious. We had just got him home when a neighbor came along and said a passenger train had been ditched at the crossing, and a good many people hurt. This was just at dark, and Pete hadn't come too yet. Soon as the old man heard of the accident to the cars he scratched his head, looked Pete over, and then said to me:

"Jim, it's wuth trying for. We'll take Pete down on a mattress and mix him in and try and get damages from the railroad."

"I was against it, but he said it was a go, and so we got out a mattress and lugged Pete down to the crossing. Four or five cars were off, and lots of people hurt, and we slid Pete in among three or four lying on the grass and groaning to kill. It just happened that one of the railroad attorneys was on the train, and he went about asking names and writing 'em down. By and by he came to Pete. An edging had caught in the saw and given him an awful whack over the head, and the lawyer felt him over and asked:

"Do any of you know this poor fellow?"

"I happen to know him," answers the old man. "His name is Pete Staynor, and he orter git a thousand dollars for this!"

"At that minute Pete came out of his snooze, and sitting up on the grass he looked around in a dazed way and yelled out:

"Why in Halifax don't you clear that saw?"

"And at that the old man got away, and I after him; and Pete went on to tell all about how he got hurt, and to wonder how he got there, and we had to sneak back, and lug him all the way home."

"And what did the old man say?" I asked.

"Say! Why there's half a mile of road with the trees blistered on each side of it, and he's had everybody kicking him, until the whole neighborhood is hip lamed and can't climb a door step."

The Fancies of Fashion.

SMALLEY: How is this, Oppenheimer? You had this same suit out in front of your store labelled "winter style" last Christmas."

OPPENHEIMER: Vy not, mine vriend?"

SMALLEY: And now you've got it out in front marked "summer style."

OPPENHEIMER: Vull, you know der styles vas constantly shanging.

Getting the Wrong Bull by the Horns.



YOUNG LADY FROM THE CITY—"Oh, Mr. Kornstalk, is it that white cow that gives the condensed milk?"
 FARMER KORNSTALK—"Lor, no, Miss, she be the one that gives the ice cream."

The Difference Not Very Great.

REPRESENTATIVE REED was one of the legislative committee sent to inspect an insane asylum in Georgia. There was a dance on the night the committee spent in the investigation, and Mr. Reed took for a partner one of the fair unfortunates, to whom he was introduced;

"I don't remember having seen you here before," said she. "How long have you been in the asylum?"

"Oh, I only came down yesterday," said the gentleman as one of the legislative committee."

"Of course," returned the lady. "How stupid I am! However, I knew you were either an inmate or a member of the Legislature the moment I looked at you. But how was I to know? It is difficult to tell which."

"There, Gol Darn You!"

DEACON Blank of the town of Lee, owned a large farm and hired, among other hands, a man by the name of Jacob. The deacon had bargained that Jacob should have bread and milk for supper every night, but took good care that the milk was first carefully skimmed, the cream for the cream pot, and the skim milk for Jake. Jacob ate his bread and blue milk three evenings without a murmur. The next morning the deacon was awakened by a great commotion in the barnyard. Looking out he saw Jacob hanging to his best Jersey's tail with one hand, while with the other he belabored her with a bean-pole as she flew around the inclosure.

"There, gol dang you," said Jake, "don't you ever dare to give another drop of skim milk as long as you live!"

And the deacon took good care that she didn't.

Modified Maxims.

NATE SALSBUARY and Buffalo Bill, between the afternoon and evening shows, refresh themselves with such intellectual feats as modifying old-time maxims and proverbs. Bill will enter Salsbury's tent hot and dusty from his equine and shooting performance, throw himself into an arm-chair and exclaim:

"Nate, I've thought of another. 'It's a wise dentist that knows his own teeth!'"

"Good; I've got another. 'Too many broths of boys spoil the cook,' and 'every man is the architect of his own misfortunes.'" Nate replies.

"They'll pass; but this is better. 'Girls should always walk on the sunny side of the way,' and 'Beauty is sometimes sin deep.'"

"Appropos of that," said Nate, "I think these two are the best I have done. 'Fools make feasts, and wise men no better than to eat them.' How's that? And here's one I thought of to-day. 'Man proposes, woman disposes, marriage composes and divorce exposes.'"

Better Than Cloves!

COL. Dick Wintersmith of Kentucky not long ago went to John Chamberlin's hotel for breakfast. He indulged in beefsteak and onions. The steak was succulent and the onions were crisp and not greasy. The Colonel enjoyed the meal hugely. After swallowing an extra cup of coffee he called for his check. It amounted to over \$2. He protested strenuously, saying that it was an outrageous price. John Chamberlin laughed at him and offered to chalk his hat." The Colonel, however, with true Kentucky hateur, refused the favor. He paid the bill. Not long afterward an acquaintance entered. Turning to the Colonel, he said.

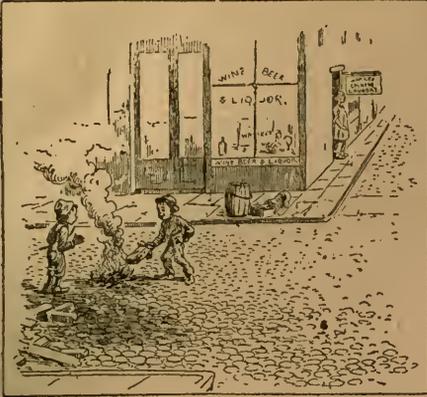
"My appetite is a little off this morning. I hardly know what to order for breakfast."

The Colonel advised him to try beefsteak and onions.

"There is nothing more palatable," his friend responded, "and nothing that would satisfy my appetite so well, but I have to attend several receptions this afternoon, and I am afraid that the onions will taint my breath."

"That needn't trouble you," the Colonel replied. "Sit down and order your steak and onions. When you get the check for it, it will take your breath away."

The Story of a Hot Brick.



1



3



2



4

It Was About Time.

A Young Aberdonian, bashful, but desperately in love, finding that no notice was taken of his frequent visits to the house of his sweetheart, summoned up sufficient courage to address the fair one thus:

"Jean, I wis here on Monday nicht."

"Aye, ye were that," acknowledged she.

"An' I wis here on Tuesday nicht."

"So ye were."

"An' I wis here on Wednesday," continued the ardent youth.

"Aye, an ye were here on Thursday nicht."

"An' I wis here last nicht, Jean."

"Weel," she said, "what if ye were?"

"An' I am here this nicht again."

"An' what about it, even if ye cam' every nicht?"

"What about it, did ye say, Jean? Div ye no begin to smell a rat?"

A Righteous Fine.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—You are charged with assaulting this man.

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor. He called me a Mugwump, but I didn't thump him very hard.

Magistrate—Ten dollars for not thumping him harder.

He Got There Just the Same.

"Edith?"

"Yes, Tom?"

"I—I have a very important question to ask you. And —"

"Yes, Tom?"

"Now, don't work any sister racket on me."

"What is your question, Tom?"

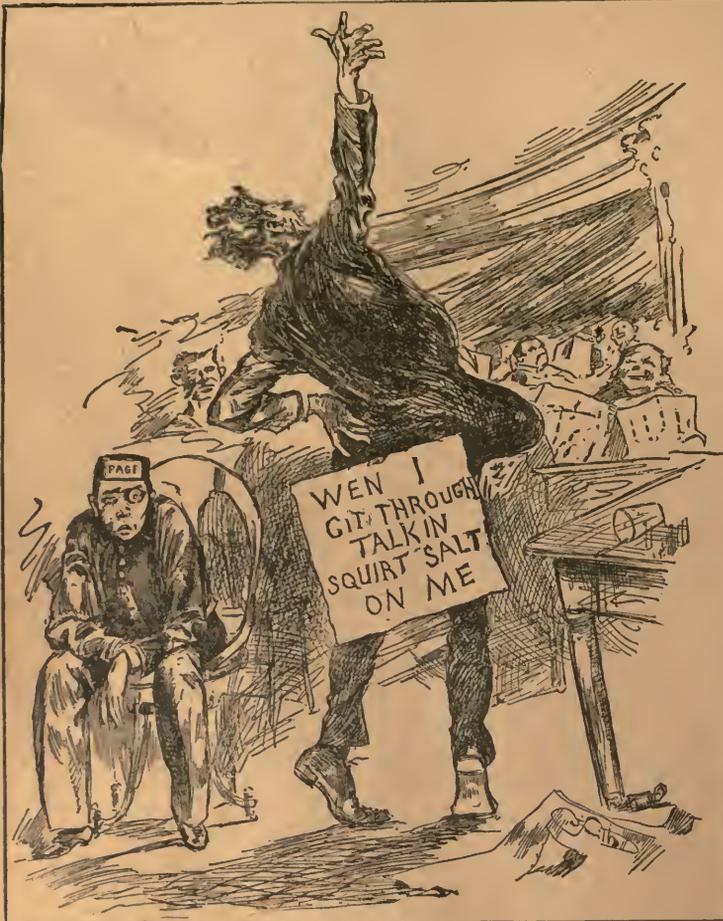
"I—I—well, the fact of it is, my name is going to be printed in the local paper soon—in the local paper, down next to the advertisement, don't you know; and I was wondering whether it would be all alone among the deaths, or with yours among the marriages."

"Oh, Tom! ain't you cute?"

The Apology.

In an affair of honor between gentlemen, one man was sentenced to offer an apology for the affront he had offered to his peers. Being a Frenchman, and not familiar with the English language, he appeared before his judges and said: "Gentlemen; I've zaid you are the vorst old fools I've zeen. Zatis true. I am under zentence to offer you my apology. I am very zorry for it."

In Defence of his Locality.



MR. GENESEE (making his maiden speech in the legislature)—“You may think, gentlemen, that my constituents are what you are pleased here in Albany to term ‘hayseeds,’ but I want you to understand that you can’t fool us—not by a colossal majority.

There were no Flies on Him.

They had just begun their courtship, and were swinging on the garden gate, beneath the silent stars; and they were silent, too, for they were yet in the first dawning of young love, and scarce knew what to say to each other. The silence at last became embarrassing, and she said:

“I must go in.”

“What’s your hurry?”

“Oh, we’re just like fools, swinging here and saying nothing.”

“I don’t know what to talk about.”

“Well, I must go in.”

“Wait a moment. Say you must be awful troubled by the flies in summer time.”

“I?”

“Yes; they must light on you in swarms.”

“Sir?”

“Because you’re so awful sweet.”

She didn’t go in.—*Boston Courier.*

Not the only One.

“My friend,” said one passenger to another in a railroad car, “excuse me, but is that liquor you’re drinking?”

“It is that.”

“And how much, may I ask, did you pay for that bottle?”

“Fifty cents.”

“Fifty cents! I never spent fifty cents in my life for liquor.”

“You ain’t the only one, my friend, that sponges for his drinks, but you ain’t going to get any of this, you bet!”

Could see It.

“Hans, why don’t you get married? You are too particular; just go out, shut your eyes, and put your hand on the first girl you meet, and marry her.”

“Mine Gott! vot you dakes me for? If I shoots mine eyes dot vay, I vould shoost as like ash not fall ofer some tam ash parril in de street, und den somebody vould gry ovid I vas dhrunk, un den—vell, I dont’ vant to marry sum boliceman, mine frent.”—*Judge.*

A Confusion of Terms

Stupid Man: I’ve hired a new typewriter.

Wife (coldly): Indeed!

Stupid Man (enthusiastically): Yes; a daisy. One of the kind that you

can take anywhere with you, and hold on your lap and—

[Conemaug of tears]

Stupid Man (an hour later): But, my dear, it’s a machine, not a girl.—*Omaha World.*

First Horse on the Joker.

Brown (with great solemnity)—You’re the very man I want to see, Smith. I was over to our friend Jones’ house this morning and (dropping his voice to a tragic whisper) I found him—don’t breathe this, now, to a living soul. I hate to mention it even to you, but I think some of his friends ought to know of it and save him if possible. I found him hitting the pipe.

Smith (smiling)—Yes, I saw him myself. It was that long pipe from his hall stove. Stimulants on you?

Brown (with even greater solemnity)—Yes, I suppose so.

Civil Service.

AN Irishman lately landed entered the Mayor's office in New York, last winter, and requested his Honor to give him a political situation, as he had a first cousin of his on the police, and he was told by some of his friends that the Mayor could appoint him. The Mayor thought the best way to put the Irishman off, was to tell him he would have to pass the Civil Service; so the following dialogue ensued:



Mayor.—“Well, my dear man, what can I do for you?”

Pat.—“Well, sur, I come here to see if you couldn't give me a politickel situation, as I understand that you're the gintleman that has the influence. My name is Patrick Mulligan, sur, and I have a cousin by the name—”

Mayor.—“Never mind your cousin, but let me tell you that before I can use my influence to place you in a position, it is necessary for you to pass a Civil Service examination.”

Pat.—“Ah! then phat is the Civil Sarvice?”

Mayor.—“You will have to answer the following three questions I'll put to you; and if you'll answer them correctly, I may be able to place you.”

Pat.—“Well, sur, if there not to hard, I think I can answer them.”

Mayor.—“The first question is: What is the weight of the moon?”

Pat.—“The divil a know, I know.—sure, sir, I couldn't answer that—question at all—at all. Couldn't ye give me somethin' aisier than that?”

Mayor.—“Well, patrick, I'll try you on this one: How many stars are in the sky?”

Pat.—“Ah, now—yer poken fun at me—how can any man tell the number of sthars in the skhey. I'm afraid, sur, I'll never be able to answer any thine questions; so I'll be biddin ye good mornin sur, and go look for somethin' else.”

Mayor.—“Oh, come back, Patrick, I'll

give you one more chance, and if you'll answer this question correctly, I'll forgive you for the others. Now, what am I thinking about?”

Pat.—“Thinkin' about?” How the divil can any man tell phat ye politicians are thinking about. Begorra, I don't belave ye's know phat ye're thinking about, yerself. (Going to the door mad)—Good day, sur, and good luck to ye and yer Civil Sarvice.” The Mayor called Pat back, and told him not to be discouraged, but go home and think over the answers, and come down in a few days and probably he would be able to answer them. Then Pat went home rather disappointed at his not being successful, and told his brother, Mike, what had happened. The brother who was not as easily discouraged as Pat, said to him: “now, never ye mind; I'll fix him—so you give me thim clothes uf yers and I'll answer his questions fur him.” So Mike called down to the Mayor's office the next morning, and the Mayor recognized as he thought, Patrick Mulligan, and says: “Good morning, Patrick, I see you're here sooner than I expected to see you. Are you ready to answer those questions I put to you yesterday?”

“Yis, yer Honor, I am.”

“Well,” says the Mayor, “the first question is the weight of the moon?”

“Well, sir,” says Mike, “the weight of the moon is 100 pounds, 25 pounds to each quarter, 4 quarters make 100.”

“That's very good, Patrick,” said the Mayor, pleased at the Irishman's answer. “Now the second question is the number of stars in the sky?”

“Well, sir, there are one billion, sixty-six million, four hundred and seventy-two thousand an' forty-four.”

“Capital, Patrick, capital. Now look out for the last question, which is, what am I thinking of?”

“Phat are ye'es thinking uf, is it? Well, I know phat yere thinkin' uf.”

“Well, Patrick, tell me what it is.”

“Ye're thinkin' I'm Pat, but ye're terribly mistaken, I'm his brother, Mike.”

The Modesty of Greatness.

Do you expect to do him up?” inquired the sporting reporter as he took out his note book.

“I'm not making any brags about this fight,” answered the celebrated pugilist modestly. “I leave all that to the other feller. I don't mind tellin' you, though, that I'm goin' to paste that gol-blarsted duffer's nose all over his face inside of six rounds jest as sure as the sun rises.”—*Chicago Herald.*

Poor Birds.

YOUNG WIFE—“I wonder the birds don't come here any more. I used to throw them bits of cake I made, and—”

YOUNG HUSBAND—“That accounts for it.”

His Version of Bigamy.

OLD Israel Mildew had been arrested for bigamy. Upon being arraigned for trial he protested his innocence, but in the course of the examination he made some rather damaging confessions. Pursuing, however, a line of reasoning wholly without the law, it is not to be wondered at that his explanations did not coalesce, so to speak, with what the judge considered a righteous interpretation of the statutes.

"You acknowledge this woman to be your wife, don't you, Israel?" said the judge pointing to a rotund wench sitting within the court railing.

"Course I does, Jedge; 'to be sartinly," responded Israel, letting a smile slip out between the ivories that inlaid his lips.

"And *this* one?" continued the Judge, indicating a sallow-looking dame just back of the accused.

"As ter dat one, Jedge," replied the dark-ey, turning about to contemplate the party of the second part, "I tink I kin prove a alliby in dat case on de groun' o' britch er promise. Dat woman promise, jedge, dat ef I'd aksep ter be her lo'ful partner, dat she'd gi' me one half der reseets ob de washin bizness dat she'm inter, but Jedge, we warn't no sooner hitch' dan she done gib up de bizness an' begin ter sop up de income er my carpet-beatin' perfession. Dat wiz cl'ar britch er contrac, an' 'cordin' ter jestic I wuz 'nulled f'om de 'sponsibilities er der same."

"I'm afraid your interpretation of the law is a little oblique, Israel," remarked the Judge, scratching his ear with the quill he held in his hand, "but will consider that point later on. Now, as to number three, this lady with the pickaniny in her arms, has she any claim to membership in your harem?"

The prisoner struggled to his feet at this, and approaching the seat of justice, bent his head so that his Honor could contemplate his bared scalp, and answered rather pathetically:

"Ef yer calls dat de *hariem*, Jedge, yer kin see jes' what sorter rights she'm tuk in der premises. Ef I'd a tablernicked wid dat cat-amount any longer, sah, dey'd been playin' crokay wid my top-knot dese many days."

"That showing makes you something of a claimant for sympathy, to be sure, but it nevertheless proves you to have been matrimonially pared," interposed the Judge, with evident departure from judicial gravity; immediately recovering himself, he continued: "but here is another one yet to be accounted for; how about this lady now confronting you—do you deny that she is your wife?"

A gaunt, wiry, square-visaged anomaly here threateningly posed before Israel, and with bony hand outstretched seemed daring him to denial. Israel put up his hands and shrank from the spectre as he exclaimed:

"Jedge, in dis case dey's what de law 'nominates palpertatin' sarcumstanzas. Dis woman cum ter me an' sez dat she's goin inter de bo'din house bizniz an' wants me ter 'sply der premises an' do de managin'. She

to! me dat she wuz a po' widder, an' wuk so on my feelin's dat I done fo'git mysef an' bleege de lady. But laudy goodness, Jedge! De bo'ders dat she brang wuz fo'teen chill'ens by her fus' husban', two gran'mudders, two gran'faders, fo' sisters in de law an' a few aunts an' onkles, an' I 'clar' ter sakes, dey scrouge me outen m' own cabin so dat I hatter sleep in der dog kannel. Now dats biggermy in yearnest, Jedge; whar a shemale comes along wid false pertences an' makes a man marry her hull perige. Ef de law 'lows dat, den I hain't a blamin' jestic fer wantin' ter keep a bandige ober her eyes dat she can't see sich scan'lousness."

At this Sally Number 4 sank her talons into such wool as remained upon the summit of Israel, and before the court could pronounce a verdict the other claimants had joined in the attachment and were struggling for as much of the husband as their prowess could secure. But for the intercession of the court officers there would'nt have been enough of Israel left to satisfy the demands of the law.—WADE WHIPPLE.

The Husband's Commands

First—I am thy husband whom thou didst vow to love honor and obey; for I saved thee from old-maidenism and the terror of single-blessedness.

Second.—Thou shalt not look upon any other man to love or admire him; for I, thy husband, am a jealous husband, who will visit the sins of the wife upon followers. Therefore keep thee faithfully to thy marriage vows.

Third.—Thou shalt not backbite thy husband, nor speak lightly of him, neither shalt thou expose his faults to thy neighbors, lest he shall hear it, and punish thy perfidity by a deprivation of sundry items such as bonnets, dresses, etc.

Fourth.—Thou shalt purchase cigars for thy husband rather than ribbons for thyself.

Fifth.—Thou shalt not go to the opera or evening parties without thy husband, neither shalt thou dance too frequently with thy "cousin" or thy "husband's friend."

Sixth.—Thou shalt not listen to flattery nor accept gifts or trinkets from any man except thy husband.

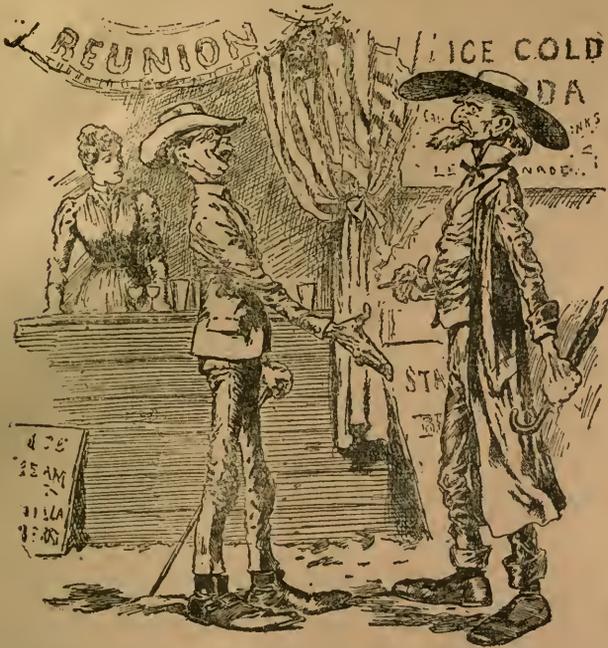
Seventh.—Thou shalt not rifle thy husband's pockets for money when he is asleep; neither shalt thou read any letters thou mayest find therein; for it is his business to look after his own affairs, and thine to let his alone.

Eighth.—Thou shalt conceal nothing from thy husband, nor shalt thou make false representation of the state of thy pantry, thy purse or thy wardrobe.

Ninth.—Remember to rise early in the morning, and be prepared, with becoming good humor, to welcome thy husband at the breakfast table.

Tenth.—Look for no jewelry from thy husband on the anniversary of thy wedding, for it is written; "Blessed are those that expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed"

The Hatchet not Buried.



VETERAN IN BLUE—"I can't be mistaken. Weren't you at Gaines's Mill?"
 VETERAN IN GRAY—"I was."
 VETERAN IN BLUE—"Weren't you shot through the left ear in a hand-to-hand conflict?"
 VETERAN IN GRAY—"I was."
 VETERAN IN BLUE—"I'm the man who did it."



VETERAN IN GRAY—"Well, I've been lookin' fer you fer 'bout twenty-seven years, you mink-hearted buzzard, you!"

He had Lost his Grip.

A middle-aged man with a troubled look on his face stood on the corner near the Central depot and attracted the attention of a passer-by who inquired:

"Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Stranger," said the man, "I've lost my grip."

"Oh, brace up," said the other in a cheery voice, "you'll get hold again if you push in. It happens to us all sometime or other."

"I'm afraid I'll never get it again," said the other sadly.

"Nonsense, man. Don't give up when they've just discovered the elixir of life," advised his friend.

"Take a hold again like a man."

"What air you talking about?" asked the other.

"I lost my grip with four new shirts in it, a new waistcoat, a pair of suspenders, and my wife's photygraft. Just give me a chance and you'll see whether I'll take hold or not," and he walked off with a suspicious look at his late adviser.

Fanning the Flame of Genius.

FOND MOTHER: Well, my pet, did the great dramatic manager say you would quickly become a star if you should adopt the stage as a profession?

AMBITIOUS DAUGHTER: Well, not exactly, but I think he intends to engage me for a new domestic drama of some kind. He told me to go home and learn to cook.

His Mind Flees.

WIFE (sitting by a stream fishing, while her husband, an absent-minded professor, is absorbed in a book): I believe, Thomas, dear something is biting now.

HE: Well, scratch yourself then, dear Sophia!

The Serenade



The Serenade.



5

Seeing Her Off.

Scenes like that described below are so frequent that the traveling public will recognize the picture. A young lady, starting upon some short journey, is accompanied to the train by half a dozen of her feminine acquaintances and a young man or two who have come "to see her off." All come bustling into the car, and a very lively and interesting dialogue ensues.

"Wish I was going with you."

"I wish so, too."

"I hope you'll have a real good time."

"Oh, I'm sure I shall."

"Have you got everything?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Is your trunk checked?"

"Yes."

"You'll write to me, sure?"

"Oh, yes."

"And to me?"

"Yes."

"Give my love to the folks."

"Yes, I will."

"And mine, too. What a lovely day for the trip?"

"Isn't it perfect?"

"Don't you want the window up?"

"No, I guess not. Don't forget to write often."



E. Heinicke. 89.

6

"No, I won't; an' you must do the same."

"Yes, I will."

"Wouldn't it be a joke if we got carried off?"

"Wouldn't it? Oh, there's the bell! Come, girls, quick! Good-by, dear!" with a kiss.

Here follows a hurried chorus of goodbys and kisses, at the conclusion of which the giddy creatures go chattering and hurrying out of the platform. The traveler throws up her window, and they say it all over again, screaming their "good-bys" back and forth, and throwing kisses and fluttering handkerchiefs as long as the train is in sight.

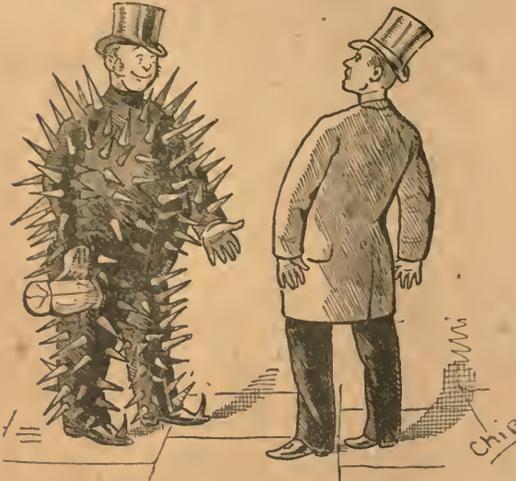
Now the Doctor is Paralyzed.

ANXIOUS MOTHER: I am so glad you came, doctor. Little Johnny did nothing but rave all night. I hope his brain is not affected.

DOCTOR: His brain seems to be normal, but the digestive organs are slightly paralyzed.

"That is very strange. I asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and he said he had not. He always tells me the truth. All he had eaten yesterday was a quart of chestnuts, half a dozen pears, some apples, a few grapes and a water-melon."

An Invention With Good Points.



MR. DOWNTOWN—" Good gracious, Joe ! What in thunder have you got on ?"

MR. UPTOWN—" Well, you know, I live in Harlem, and go up on the elevated train every night. I've got tired of being crowded to death, so I had this suit made. I think I will fix 'em, eh ?"

A Lay of Eggs.

A worldly wise egg bearer laid a nest chock full of eggs.
Then raising from her eggery, stood erect upon her pegs,
Eggs-ultingly eggs-claiming as to what she'd been about,
While Chanticleer in echo said "an egg-cellent lay-out."

"A good eggs-ample," Biddy said, "for other's imitation."
"Eggs-actly," chorused all the breed, in one grand cackle-ation.
Then Chanticleer broke in again, with shrill "Eggs-cel-si-or."
In cock-a-doodle lingo, heard anear and known afar.

And then again with flapping wings and air of eggs-ultation,
He eggs-ceeded all authority, in a sweeping eggs-clamation,
Which these eggs-centric lines, in rhyme, but feebly eggs-press,
Said that his egg eggs-chequer was full to an eggs-cess.

Eggs-citedly eggs-plaining his eggs-traordinary eggs-hibition,
Eggs-plicitly eggs-ulting and assuring eggs-pedition,
In eggs-tracting from this one eggs-ert an eggs-citing chicken match,
For Biddy in eggs-pectancy, would eggs-plicate and hatch.

Then they went to counting chickens, thus, one and two and three,
One egg, one chick, two eggs, two chicks, as many as may be.
But Farmer Brown in eggs-tacy came across that eggs-tra nest,
And eggs-tradited all the eggs—the reader knows the rest.

Oklahoma Hotel Rules.

Gents goin' to bed with their boots on will be charged extra.

Three raps at the door means there is a murder in the house and you must get up.

Please write your name on the wall paper so we know you've been here.

The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it.

If that hole where that pane of glass is out is too much for you, you'll find a pair of pants back of the door to stuff in.

The shooting of a pistol is no cause for any alarm.

If you're too cold, put the oil-cloth over your head.

Caroseen lamps extra; candle's free, but they musn't burn all night.

Don't tare off the wall paper to light your pipe with. Nuff of dat already.

Guests will not take out them bricks in the mattress.

If it rains through the whole overhead you'll find an umbrella under the bed.

The rats won't hurt you if they do chase each other across your face,

Two men in a room must put up with one chair.

Please don't empty the sawdust out of the pillars.

If there's no towel handy use a piece of the carpet.

Prepared for Contingencies.

"There are several champion mean men in this country," said the circus agent, "but my champion mean man lives in a town in Indiana. If any other State can match him I'll let 1,000 orphans into our show for nothing."

"Give us the particulars," remarked one of the group.

"Well, when our advertising car got along there last season the men wanted one side of a cooper shop to display some of our finest pictures. The owner wanted \$25 in cash and ten free tickets for the privilege, but we refused to be robbed. He finally came down to \$20, then to \$15, and we offered him \$10. He said he would take an hour to think it over, and at the end of that time I went to get his answer.

"What do you estimate the tickets worth?" he asked.

"Fifty cents apiece."

"And I can sell mine!"

"If you wish."

"Well, you see how it is. My wife is very sick and liable to die. If she lives we can use two of the tickets to go to the circus. If she dies I can use one, but I'll have to give the other to my sister-in-law for helping at the funeral. That's what I've just agreed to do. Make it \$10.50 and ten tickets and you can have the shop."

"As business is business, I agreed to his terms, but I never ached harder in my life to give anybody a good licking."

Brown's Experiment.



I.—MR. BROWN—"I'm tired of having my wife go through my pockets while I'm asleep."



II.—MRS. BROWN—"Henry's fast asleep. I need a little money to go shopping to-morrow..."



III.—"Help! Murder!! Police!!!"

A Novel Dice Trick.

SEVERAL young men were in a South End resort recently shaking for the drinks, when suddenly one of the fellows, a young man who is reckoned as one of the coming lights of the political arena, said:

"Let me take that dice-box for a minute."

It was handed over to him, and taking out four of the five dice which were in the box, he handed them to the barkeeper, and turning the box on one end placed the remaining dice on it, and taking his hat from his head covered the box and dice with it.

"Where is that dice now?" he asked one of the men standing about.

"On the top of the box, of course," was the reply; "that is, if you haven't shifted it since you put the hat down."

"I have not," said the young politician, and he lifted the hat again, and sure enough there sat the dice on the box, just as it had been before.

He sat the hat down again and took his hands away from it, while he asked the same question he had in the first instance.

"On the top of the box, of course," repeated the man who had been questioned.

"You saw it there, did you?"

"Certainly."

"Would you bet that it is on the top of the box?"

"Of course I would."

"I'll bet you a dollar that it isn't where you say it is."

"All right," and the men put up their money.

The first man lifted the hat and there sat the dice as before. "What did I tell you?" exclaimed the second. "I've won. There is the dice on top of the box."

"Hold a minute," exclaimed the young politician. "When you come to think of it, wouldn't it be a rather difficult task to set up a dice on the top of a dice box when there is only a very narrow edge to set it on. If you will look very carefully you will see that the dice is resting on the bottom of the box instead of the top. I guess the money is mine, Mr. Stakeholder."

"That's so," exclaimed the other man who had bet; "it is the bottom of the box, isn't it?"

"It's a very simple catch," said the winner to the writer; "but it's sure to catch 99 out of every 100."—*Boston Herald*.

The Census.

Miss May Ture—"Are you going to give the census taker your real age when he comes round, Fay?"

Miss Fay Dedrose—"I suppose I will have to. There is a penalty for making false statements, I understand."

Miss M. T.—"I am so glad the census takers are men!"

Miss F. D.—"Because they say men can keep a secret."

Two of a Kind.

HE was a brakeman on a train of one of the "L" roads—and had an impediment in his speech, "Twen-ty th-ir-ird stre-stre-street," says he, as he put his head in at the door of the last car.—A passenger who also stuttered, was sleeping at the further end of the car, jumped up, ran to the door, and says to the brakeman:—"Sa-sa-say, young man, le-le-let me out at for-for-fo-forty, se-se-sec-ond street,



will you?" The brakeman gave him a hard look, and slammed the door without answering the passenger, who returned to his seat, and fell asleep again and wasn't awakened until the brakeman opened the door, and cried out: "Harlem, a-a-all out."

That awoke the passenger, who rushed for the door in a rage, and said to the brakeman: "Wa-wa-wa why in th-th-ma-ma mischief da-da-did'nt you la-la-let me out at fo-fo-forty se-se-second street?" The brakeman turned around and says: "Just be-be-becau-because you made f-f-fun of me."

A Cause of Coolness.

"So you are going to move," said one department clerk to another.

"Yes; I am beginning to feel very lonesome and unpopular at her house."

"What has occurred?"

"I am disposed to think she took offence at a remark I made about a chicken that she had for dinner."

"What was the remark?"

"I wondered whether it had been hatched from a hard-boiled egg.—*Washington Post.*"

Good Enough Reason.

"Why do we call a handcuff a bracelet?" asked the Commissioner of an Irish recruit at a recent police examination.

"Faith, bekase it is intinded for arrist," replied the applicant, and he got the position at once.

A Jovial Party Where One Member was Not Present.

WIFE (with solicitude of tone)—"It must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself at night, balancing your books."

Husband (tenderly)—"It is, my darling."

Wife—"I have been thinking about it for some time, and now I have got a pleasant surprise for you."

Husband—"A pleasant surprise?"

Wife—"Yes, dearest. I sent for mother yesterday, and I expect her this evening. I mean to have her stay with us quite a while. She will take care of the house at night and look to the children, and I can go down and sit in the office with you while you work."

Husband—"The dev—that is to say, I couldn't think of you going down town."

Wife—"It's my duty, dearest. I ought to have thought of it before, but it never came to my mind till yesterday. Oh! John, forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But I will go and sit with you to-night."

Husband—"To-night! Why, I—I—the fact is I got through with my books last night."

Wife—"You did? How delightful! And so you can now stay at home every evening. I'm so glad!"

And the delighted wife ran off to make preparations for the reception of her mother, while the husband, with sombre brow, sat looking at the picture of a poker party, with one member absent, in the glowing grate.

Killed a Lawyer.

THE lawyer had been badgering the witness for some time and finally asked:

"Was any member of your family ever hanged?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, ha! I thought as much. Now, sir, who was it?"

"Myself."

"Yourself? Do you mean to say that you have been hanged and are alive to tell of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come, now, no trifling. Tell the jury what you were hanged for and how you happen to be alive to-day?"

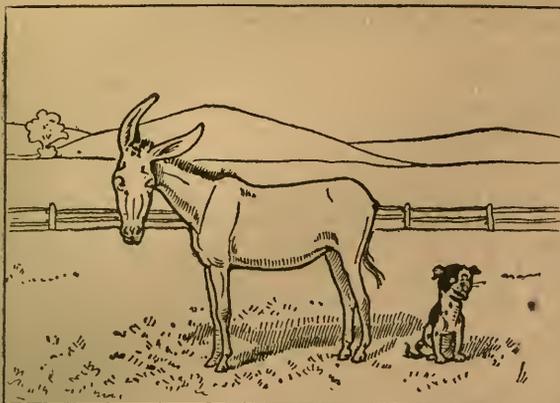
"Well, sir, a man was killed and I was suspected of having committed the crime. A mob took me out, put a rope around my neck, and had just hauled me up to the limb of a tree, when some one in the crowd shouted out that the murdered man had been a lawyer. They couldn't cut me down quick enough! I was filled up with the best whiskey the place afforded and given a banquet as the greatest public benefactor in the history of the town.—*St. Louis Life.*"

"Do your boarders loaf around your parlor in the evening?"

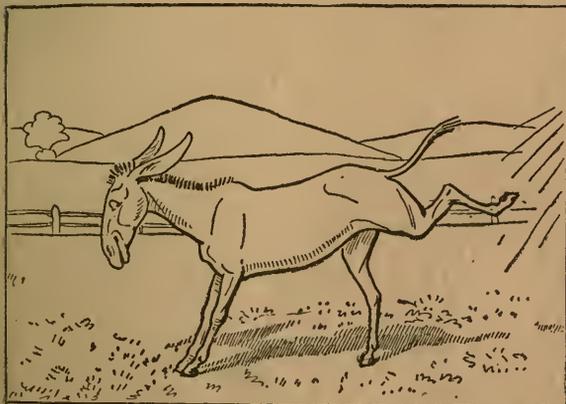
"No; my daughter is learning to play on the piano."

"The Elevator—A Farce."

He Cometh Not.



One o'clock.



One minute past one.



Twenty-four hours later.

ASTRONOMER—"Good Gracious! I never saw a comet like that before."

Something in the Paper.

SMITH—I notice that Robinson had an article in the paper this morning.

Jones—Indeed! I didn't see it. What was it?

SMITH—His spring overcoat. He was taking it to the tailor to be pressed and cleaned.

VERY early yesterday morning an individual appeared on the circus grounds and began a persistent inquiry for Mr. Three-paw. One of the attaches finally answered:

"What sort of a guy is that; do you mean Forepaw?"

"Yes, he's the man, I'd forgot whether it was Three or Four-paw. I want to see him."

"Anything special?"

"I should say there was. We used to wait on the same girl, and I've played with him a hundred times."

"But that ain't business."

"Ain't eh? Well, you just call him out here and see how quick he'll shake hands and offer me a dozen free tickets. Old Five-paw isn't the man to forget the friend of his boy-hood days."

"His name is Forepaw."

"Yes, I suppose so, but I'd forgotten whether it it was Four or Five-paw. It's all right, though. Call him out and see if he don't call me Hiram."

"But he isn't here."

"But he order be. What's he sending this show around for? Young man don't deceive me."

"He isn't here and won't be here till afternoon."

"Then I'll wait. I know he'll never forgive me if I don't, and I don't want to hurt his feelings. I'll sit down right here, and when Mr. Three-paw comes you just yell 'Hiram!' and see what effect it will have. Yes, I'll wait. He'd never forgive me if I didn't."

And at 9 o'clock last night he was waiting still.

What would the World do without Juries.

"My first case in San Francisco," said Attorney James K. Wilder, to a reporter, "was the defense of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court, because the prisoner said he had no money."

"The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and as the defendant was leaving the court room I called him back, and, just as a joke, handed him my card and told him to bring around the first \$50 he got."

"Next day he walked into my office and planked down two \$20s and a \$10."

"Where did you get all that money? I demanded, as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak."

"Sold the priest's watch," he replied, as he bowed himself out."

ONE FLESH.—Technical phraseology, equivalent sometimes to one (or both) flesh.

Queer Jokes.

A LADY noticed a boy sprinkling salt on the sidewalk to take off the ice, and remarked to a friend, pointing to the salt:

"Now, that's benevolence."

"No, it ain't," said the boy, somewhat indignantly; "it's salt."

So when a lady asked her servant-girl if the hired man cleaned off the snow with alacrity, she replied:

"No, ma'am, he used a shovel."

The same literal turn of mind which we have been illustrating is sometimes used intentionally, and perhaps a little maliciously, and thus becomes the property of wit instead of blunders. Thus we hear of a very polite gentleman who said to a youth in the street:

"Boy, may I inquire where Robinson's drug-store is?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the boy, very respectfully.

"Well, sir," said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?"

"I have not the least idea, your honor," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle-aged lady, with:

"Boy, I want to go to Dover Street."

"Well, ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go, then?"

One day, at Lake George, a party of gentlemen, trolling among the beautiful islands on the lake, with bad luck, espied a little fellow with a red shirt and a straw hat, dangling a line over the side of a boat.

"Halloo! boy," said one of them: "what are you doing?"

"Fishing," came the answer.

"Well, of course," said the gentleman; "but what do you catch?"

"Fish, you fool! what do you s'pose?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant-class.

"I have?" exclaimed one.

"Where?" asked the teacher.

"On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

Sometimes this kind of wit degenerates or rises, as the case may be, into punning, as when Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying:

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied:

"I think they are going to thunder."

Also the following dialogue:

"Halloo, there? how do you sell your wood?"

"By the cord."

"How long has it been cut?"

"Four feet."

"I mean how long has it been since you cut it?"

"No longer than it is now."

And also when Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and his bosom sadly begrimed, and was indignantly asked by his officer:

"Patrick O'Flynn, how long do you wear a shirt?"

"Twenty-eight inches, sir."

This reminds me of an instance which is

said to have occurred recently in Chatham Street, New York, where a countryman was clamorously besieged by a shop-keeper.

"Have you any fine shirts?" said the countryman.

"A splendid assortment. Step in sir. Every price and every style. The cheapest in the market, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Then," said the countryman, with great gravity, "you had better put on one, for you need it."

It Pained Him.

JUDGE Asphalt Green arose to a question of privilege. Time after time he had listened to communications in which the colored race was referred to as "coons," and none of the members had been moved to object. He could hardly pick up a newspaper without seeing some reference, and more than once he had heard the expression used on the street and in the shops. He didn't want to be captious, he said, but such things pained him. He hoped the club, as a club, would take some decided action to express its deep displeasure.

"Brudder Green, would you object to being called a fox?" queried the president.

"I reckon not, sah."

"Well, dar am no great difference between de fox an' de coon—not 'nuff to kick about. It's jist a habit sartin white men hev got into, dat's all. Dey would call you a fox or 'possum or woodchuck jist as quick, but dey dun doan think quich 'nuff. I'll spoke to 'em about it an' hev 'em call you a hoss or a mule, if dat will relieve your mind.

"But, sah, do you uphold sich conduct?" protested the judge.

"No, Brudder Green; but I ar' keepin' quiet fur fear of results. De white man has got a mighty long head on him, an' if he was prevented from callin' you a 'coon' he'd hunt up sunthin' a good deal wuss befo' he was a day older. Sot down, jedge—sot down an' rest your back-ache. You hasn't been feelin' well fur de las' week, an' perhaps this change in de wedder has affected your mind."

Not Jealous.

MRS. LUSHLEY—And there you were, when the policeman found you at three in the morning, hugging a cigar sign. Oh, it's just awful.

Mr. Lushley—My dear, it surely is not possible that you are jealous of a cigar sign.

Lucky Woman.

MRS. WICKWIRE—You know very well that your cigar bill for one day amounts to more than all my incidental expenses for a week.

Mr. Wickwire—That's just a woman's luck. I wish I could get along as cheaply as you can.

Young America Still Ahead.



1.



2.



3.



4.



5.

Give the Fly a Chance.

"Good many flies in here," he said to a shoemaker on Champlain Street, as he sat down to have a lift put on the heel of his shoe.

"Yes."

"Never tried to drive 'em out, did you?"

"No."

"Don't want to keep 'em on the outside, I suppose?"

"No."

"Wouldn't put up a screen door then if any one should give you one?"

"No."

"You must be the house-fly's friend?"

"My frendt, I vhas sooch a man dot I like eaferypody to get along all right. If you pitch on some flies he vhas mad; if you gif him a shance maype he goes py himself und does vhell und vhas your frendt."

The Fall of Childe Chappie.



I.
Ah there!



II.
Stay there!

"Sunset" Cox's Mysterious Visitor.

There is a good story relating to the late Samuel Sullivan Cox, which will perhaps bear repeating at this time. One day, years ago, just after an election which had gone against him, he was seated in his study when a piece of pasteboard embellished by a rudely written name was handed in. Notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the card its gaunt and uncouth six-foot bearer was admitted, and, without preliminary formality, lifted up a heavy voice this effect;

"Your name is Cox?"

"I have the honor."

"S. S. Cox?"

"The same."

"Sometimes called Sunset Cox?"

"That is a sobriquet by which I am known among my more familiar friends."

"You formerly resided in Columbus, Ohio."

"That happiness was once mine."

"Represented that district in Congress?"

"I enjoyed that extinguished honor, and may add at a somewhat early age."

"After awhile they gerrymandered the district so as to make it rather warm for an aspiring Democrat?"

"You have evidently read the history of your country to good purpose, my friend."

"Then you moved to New York, where you stood a better show?"

"Well, my friend, your premise is correct. I did move to New York. But your conclusion is hardly admissible in the form of a

necessary sequence. My reason for moving to New York was not wholly political."

"We won't discuss that. After unsuccessfully trying the State-at-large you availed yourself of the opportunity afforded by the death of Hon. James Brooks to move into his district?"

"I moved into the district formerly represented by the honorable gentleman you name, but again I must dissent from your conclusions."

"Let that pass. You were elected to Congress from Mr. Brooks' former district?"

"I was. But let me remark, my friend, that at this moment my time is very much occupied. Your resume of my biography, faulty as some of your deductions are in point of logic, is deeply interesting to me, and at a time of greater freedom from pressing engagements I would be glad to canvass the subject with you at length. But just now being unusually busy, even for me, I must request you to state the precise object of your visit and let me add that I shall be glad to serve you."

"I have no favor to ask. I am an admirer of yours. I always vote for you and always want to do so if I can. I called this morning merely to inquire if you had selected your next district."

The Mighty Fallen.

"He had returned to his village home from a trip to Washington, and that same evening he appeared at the drug store to entertain an admiring audience with his adventures.

"Saw our Congressman, I suppose?" queried the blacksmith.

"Of course, and took dinner with him."

"You did, eh? By George, but that shows we are no one-horse folks here! See the President?"

"I did, by special appointment."

"Shake hands with him?"

"I did."

"Ask you to sit down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Seemed to be glad to see you?"

"He did."

"Stay long?"

"About fifteen minutes."

"Ask you to call again?"

"He did."

"Did you call him Ben?"

"Why, no."

"You didn't dare call him Ben."

"Certainly not."

"Well, that's all I want to know sir! You own the grist mill, woollen factory, three stores, and the tavern, and have been to the Legislature and given us to understand that you were a heap of a feller, but you hain't. You went down to Washington and sat on the edge of a cheer and talked to the President, and dasn't call him Ben, and I don't foller you any further! Come on boys, let's go up to Church's grocery and see that feller who fit seven rounds of a prize fight in Buffalo last week."

At the Masquerade.



Adel's

And now 'tis twelve o'clock, remove I pray that mask which conceals I'm sure a face as beautiful as I know its owner to be charming.



Adel's

The mask removed.

A Natural Inference.

"TALKING about dogs of keen scent, I have one that will compare favorably with any of them."

"Remarkable dog, eh?"

"I should say so. The other day he broke his chain, and although I had been away for hours he tracked me and found me merely by scent. What do you think of that?"

"I think you ought to take a bath."

The Man in The Bushes.

THERE were eight of us sitting on some cotton bales at a little railroad station in South Carolina waiting for a train which wasn't expected for nearly an hour. Right opposite us was a strip of forest, and presently we saw a man bend aside a bush and survey us in a cautious manner. Everyone saw him, and yet no one offered any explanation of his presence until he had stood there for three or four minutes. Then a woman from Arkansas laid aside her snuff stick and observed :

"Really, now, if I was home I should reckon that feller meant shute, and I should hurry to make myself skass."

"He can't want to shoot us," replied one of the men.

"Guess I'll make shore of that by wakin' him up," said a Georgian, as he got out his revolver. Before he could fire there was the report of a gun behind us, followed by a yell, and a native climbed over the bales, gun in hand, and started to cross the double tracks. He was not yet over the first when there was a shot from the bushes and the man in front of us spun around like a top, dropped his gun, and fell upon the rails. Then, before any of us had moved, a second native came out of the bushes with a smoking gun in his hands, and, as he bent over the figure on the ground he laughed.

"Ha! ha! I jist dropped at yer fire so as to get the drop on you! I guess you won't bother me no mo'."

When he had gone we went to the aid of the other. As we pulled him off the track he struggled up, reached for his gun, and looked around and said : "much obleeged, but tain't nuthin'. The onery skunk has just left a bullet in my shoulder — that's all. I thought I had a bead on him but he drapped too quick fur me. Any of you all got any terbacker? Thanks. I reckon I'll go home

and have the old woman try and pick this lead out with a darning needle."

Speak to Pa!

The maid fell overboard one day;

The boat was far from land;
Her frenzied lover cried, "Oh! pray,
Pray, love, give me your hand!"

The maid betrayed no silly fear,
But murmuring said, "Oh! la,
You ask me for my hand, George, dear,
You first must speak to pa."

Tale of a Snake.



1
Hullo! a snake—but what workings. Must be a variety, strange in these parts. Is it now *tropidonotus natrix*—no, may be it is *Pelis Berus*—um



2
Guess I'll secure it as a specimen, and study it at my leisure.



3
Ah—(But the chain was strong and the naturalist escaped.)

A Self Sacrificing Member.

Not long ago a member serving his second term approached silver-haired Breckinridge, who was conversing with Mr. Crisp and Mr. Carlisle. The Western man somewhat abruptly interrupted them.

"The Democratic party, gentlemen," said he, "is suffering for lack of leadership. We are not having fair play in the election contests. The interests of the party and the country demand that five or six prominent Democratic Representatives should take the lead. They should obstruct business by making parliamentary motions. Above all, they should make the most powerful speeches upon each case, and thus arouse the country.

Six of the most prominent will do. You can put me down for one of them."

"Yes," naively replied Mr. Breckinridge, "but the trouble will be to find the other five."

A Virgin Forest.

"JUDGE" Campbell was one of the most popular men in the House. A more genial and obliging gentleman never breathed. He was particularly affable to new members. In the last Congress he introduced a new member to Gov. Gear, who represented the old First district of Iowa. The Governor, who is fully as genial as the Judge, shook hands with the new acquaintance and said: "oh, yes, I remember you perfectly. You were a member of the last House."

"Oh, no, Governor," Judge Campbell remarked, "he is a new member. You're entirely off. This House is a virgin forest to him."

The Representative, who overheard the remark, here broke in with the inquiry; "What is a virgin forest?"

"A virgin forest," Mr. Campbell responded, "a virgin forest is—i—s—of course any man knows what a virgin forest is—a virgin forest is—"

Here he began to move his hands as though working a buzz wheel. "A virgin forest is a place—well, it's a place where the hand of man had never put his foot."

"SISTER told me to come in and talk to you till she found her hair," said a little six-year-old girl to her big sister's beau. "Do you like to have me talk to you? Sister says you sing like a screech owl. Won't you sing for me? Sister says—why, you ain't going, are you? Oh, my! Won't sister be mad, though?"

A LADY wanted her little girl to bathe in a room, the windows of which opened into a yard, in which were some fowls. "But," said the little girl, "I don't want to bathe before the chickens." "O, never mind the chickens," said the mother. "Well," said the little woman, "I won't bathe before the rooster, anyhow."

Santa Klaus Caught in the Act
A CHRISTMAS COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.



ACT I. Solo—"Hel Hel Hel!"



ACT II. Solo—"Ahi Ow! Rats!"



ACT III. Chorus—"Ahi Oh!"

The Alligator Wouldn't Eat.

"Had great fun the other evening," said a young man. "Called on a young-lady friend of mine, and found she had just received a little bit of an alligator from a friend in Florida. The young lady was terribly worried about the little saurian—afraid it would die, and all that. Well, I knew you couldn't kill the reptile, but I didn't say so; I encouraged the young lady to worry and feel bad.

"It wants eggs,' I said; 'that's what it wants—raw eggs; and you had better hurry up and give it some.'

"She had put the beast in the basket. I took it up and said:

"Why haven't you got some cotton in here for it to sleep on?"

"She looked scared, and said, 'cotton?'

"Yes, cotton,' I said. She was mightily alarmed, and hustled around and found a roll of cotton which she loaded into the basket. Then she got a saucer and a couple of eggs and broke 'em and put 'em under the alligator's nose.

"They must be beaten and made frothy,' I told her.

"So she did that. But it wouldn't eat any more than before, of course. I flopped the little beast over into the egg and smeared it all over with the batter, and it got so scared that it jumped around in the cotton and got tangled up. You know egg-paste is great stuff for sticking.

"Then I told her to take the cotton out; that the alligator wouldn't sleep till it had eaten.

"Then I had her fix up a dish of pulverized sugar and cream, and bring some new radishes and some peach preserve and some olives and little onions and cheese.

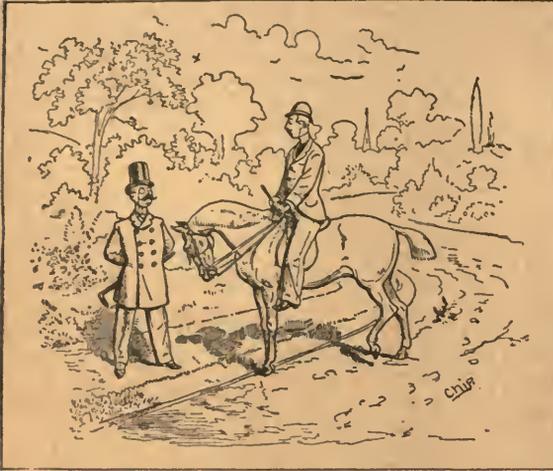
"All this time the poor girl was worrying dreadfully, and two or three times when the beast let the curtains down over its eyes she thought it was dying. But she never suspected that I was making game of her till I told her at last that she couldn't kill the alligator with an ax, and that all it would need to eat for a while would be a dish of water and a lot of pebbles and dirt. Then she chased me out of the house with her brother's big horn-handled cane, and I haven't dared to go back yet."

AT A CAUCUS held in Detroit the other night the burden of all the speeches was that the best man should be voted for. After the ballot it was discovered that every man had voted for himself.

ACCORDING to a florist's magazine "Jacks are becoming cheap." This may be true, but we have known men who would have been willing to pay \$10 for one to put with the two already in their hands.

A human stick—a postman.

Purely Conjectural.



JACK VAN TIPS—"Ah, Bertie, that's a nice horse you have there. Who was he dammed by?"
 BERTIE—"Well, weally, I think it must be my groom, for I heard him swearing at him this morning dreadfully."

He Had Faith.

He was driving an old gray mare to a buckboard, and in a voice high-pitched and cracked he offered to give me a lift into Rhinebeck, relates the New York "Sun." After we had joggled along for a quarter of a mile he suddenly inquired:

"What's this 'ere thing in the papers about the elixir!"

"I know nothing except what I have read."

"They say it sots an old man back thirty-years with one dose."

"Yes, they tell wonderful stories."

"I ain't much given to such yarns," he continued as his bow-back humped over a little more and his chin took on a quiver, "but I'm goin' to see what there is in it."

"Are you going to try it!"

"Sartin. I hitched up sorter quietly this morning, and told the old woman I was goin' to town after an apple parer. I shall drive right down to the doctor's and get a dose of the elixir."

"Well, it may rejuvenate you!"

"I'm kinder expectin' it will. Got to thinkin of it last night, and couldn't go to sleep. I'm 72 years old, and if this thing should put me back to 40 it would take a yoke of oxen to hold me. I've got it all planned out."

"What."

"What I'd do when I get home. My son Bill has sorter bin runnin' things to suit hisself for the last three or four years. Thinks I've got too old to even know how to sell a sheepskin to a tin peddler. If that elixir works on me I'll astonish Bill Joslyn afore the sun goes down. I'll tumble him into the burdocks in a way to open his eyes. Whoop! I'm feelin' a heap better already!"

"That's good," was all I could think of to say in reply. "And say!" he continued, as he astonished the old mare with a sharp cut, "for the last ten years the old woman has been callin' me grandpa and tryin' to make out that I orter sot in the corner and let her handle the reins. She's my second, you know, and only 50, and she feels mighty peart. Lands, you orter be there when I walk in on her this evenin' and tell her to step down off the platform! Woof! but I feel like a steer in a cornfield?"

"Well, I hope you won't be disappointed."

"Thank ye. I don't believe I shall be. I feel it in my bones that I'm goin' to be took right back to 1885. Say! There's another thing I'm goin' to do if that elixir elixes on me."

"Yes?"

"I've got a son-in-law named Pete Shoecraft. Pete beat me out of four hogs last year. Along about sundown to-night I'll walk in on Pete as he is milking the cows, and if I don't belt the stuffin' out of him then my name ain't Absolom Joslyn! Whoop! Durn my hickery shirt if I'm a day over 60 years old this very minit, and I'll bet I kin lift a ton!"

Preferred Sudden Death!

WHEN Colonel Wintersmith first came to Washington, many years ago, he strolled up to the Capitol. While wandering through the corridors he accidentally stumbled into the public gallery of the United States Senate. The galleries were packed. Charles Sumner was making a speech. Everybody listened with breathless interest. When Mr. Sumner closed, Garret Davis arose. Mr. Davis enjoyed the nick-name of Garrulous Davis. As he began to speak there was a rush from the galleries. Colonel Wintersmith was astounded. He recognized Mr. Davis and became indignant. Drawing a brace of revolvers he said:

"Gentlemen, you will please keep your seats. The Senator from Kentucky is talking, and you must hear him."

Every man resumed his seat instantly. Among the number was an old Jerseyman, who was wedged in a front seat between two negroes. Garret Davis talked for three hours. The Jerseyman drew many a long breath, but never swerved. When the speech was ended he walked up to Colonel Wintersmith and with some emotion said:

"Did I understand you that it was the Senator from Kentucky who was addressing us?"

"Yes, sir," responded the Kentucky Colonel, "he was Senator Davis from Kentucky. Have you any fault to find with his speech?"

"N—n—no," the Jerseyman stammered, "but I want to ask one favor of you. The next time you catch me in this gallery when the Senator from Kentucky arises to speak please don't warn me, but shoot—shoot right off—the quicker the better."

His New Spring Hat.



Campbell Tennyson.

While Judge Campbell was a member of Congress there was treachery in one of the Assembly districts composing his Congressional district. The newspapers were commenting on its effect upon the Judge's future political prospects. A brother member, upon meeting him, expressed a fear that it would be so damaging that Mr. Campbell would be defeated, if renominated.

"Oh, no," replied the Judge, with the ut-

most confidence. "I know myself, and I know my people. I've been reading poetry lately. The poets always get things right. There's one verse written by a fellow named Tennyson that just suits my case. I don't believe you ever heard it. It's this:

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I stay here forever."

Then turning to his brother member he raised both hands and said: "You can bet that my house is not built upon a rock of sand."

Monarch of all He Surveys.



PATRON—"Mr. Hardscrabble is not in, I see."
 BOY—"He's been working pretty stiff all this winter, and I've let him off for a week's vacation."

How the Millennium Came.

Just out of Bennington, Vt., lived Deacon Tracy, and one day a brother of his died and willed him a horse. The animal came to him from a distance of seventy-five miles, and whether it was the change of scene or a streak of natural cussedness in him no one could say, but he "took fits." He would balk on the slightest excuse, and often with no excuse at all, and the Deacon would have to hold himself in and fool around until the beast got ready to go on. He would have got rid of him, but nobody wanted the horse, and in hopes that he might have a change of heart the Deacon continued to drive him in and out of town.

One day he got notice that a clergyman of his faith was coming to spend a short vacation with him, and he drove in to meet the train. Instead of the clergyman, who was not very well known to him, he picked up a Boston drummer who was out on a vacation and wanted to go to the next farm beyond the Deacon's. Neither had had time for any questions before the horse balked.

"What's up?" asked the stranger as the rig came to a stop.

"He's balked," answered the Deacon.

"Well?"

"Wall, I can't do nuthin' with him. We've got to wait for him to get ready."

"That's a — of a note!" growled the drummer.

"W-what!" gasped the Deacon.

"Why — him, the way is to get up and cut — out of his hide," said the drummer.

"Say! Say!" called the Deacon as he chewed on his tobacco with fifty times the

usual rapidity of motion; "You are swearing!"

"Well, such a cussed, infernal beast ought to be sworn at. Git up and give him —!"

"Lands! but there you go again! Say, has the millennium come?"

"I guess she has."

"And we can all swear?"

"That's what ails Hanner."

"Good! I've bin holding in for two years on this — beast, thinking it was wicked. If you, a minister of the gospil, can use profanity it can't be wicked in me, and now you hang on to the seat and I'll wallop — out of him so that he will remember it all his — life!"

Too Late.

"Your time has come," said a physician, speaking to an old Georgian who lay stretched out on a bed.

"Air you shore, doc?"

"Yes."

"Ain't no chance fur you ter be wrong, is thar?"

"None whatever. You'll be dead by sun-down."

"Shore nuff now?"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Doc, you ain't trying to get off a joke on me, air you?"

"No, I never joke a dying man."

"Wall, then, I reckon I'm gone, but I wush I'd know'd it a week ago."

"Think you would have been better prepared?"

"Yep, a heep better."

"It is not too late to pray, if that will do you any good."

"I don't keer nuthin' 'bout that, but ef I'd a knowed last week what I know now, why I wouldenter bought that roan hoss. I'd 'a-tuck the money an' had some fun with it. Coulder had a rattlin' time on that forty dollars. Coulder bought lickier enough ter scalded a hog in. That's the way with this here world. A man never knows nuthin' till it's too late."

"Oh, Give Us a Rest!"

On the up-train from San Francisco, a few days ago, was a passenger who had with him a cage containing a parrot. Shortly after leaving Oakland, a newsboy came running through the car announcing "San Francisco papers! Here's your morning papers," etc., when he was unexpectedly interrupted by the parrot, which ejaculated, "Oh, give us a rest!" Under the rules of the company, the parrot was presently removed from the passenger coach to the baggage car. The baggageman was busily engaged sorting out his baggage and putting it just where he wanted it. The confusion, added to the noise and jolting of the train, was too much for the bird, and he cried out, to the astonishment of the baggageman, "Where in — am I?"

Not That Way.



THE GOOD MAN (*Sadly*)—"Ah, my son, you have been to the circus; it pains me greatly to think that one so young should have crossed the threshold of iniquity."

THE BAD SMALL BOY—"I didn't cross no threshold; I crawled in under the tent."

A Straight Tip.

"One of my toughest experiences," said a well-known turfman yesterday, "was the loss of a bet of \$500 occasioned through a Jew money lender's extreme caution.

"A number of us were one day discussing a certain Shylock, who was generally conceded to be the closest man in the country to deal with.

"I'll bet \$500 even that I can borrow \$1,000 of him on my personal recognizance," said I. "Done," answered the crowd, simultaneously.

"As I could not stake enough for more than one bet, they pooled against me. I had a sure thing. The money was placed and off I went with a committee of two to borrow the cash.

"Mr. Isaacs, 'these gentlemen have bet me \$500 that I cannot borrow \$1,000 of you. I do not need the money, but I want you to let me have it for one day only, and I'll divide the bet with you.'

"The effect was not what I looked for. Instead of jumping at the chance of making \$250 he looked at me, then at the committee (who were confounded at my cool swindle, for so they termed it), and finally he buttonholed me, and said:

"Did you make that bet?"

"I did," said I.

"Did you bet \$500 you could borrow the money of me?"

"That's what I did."

"Then," said he in a whisper that I alone could hear, "go and hedge."

It is related of Sothern that once in London he entered an iron monger's shop and, advancing to the counter, said: "Have you the second addition of Macaular's 'History of England?'" The shopkeeper explained that he kept an iron mongering establishment. "Well, it don't matter whether it is bound in calf or not," answered the customer. "But sir, this is not a bookseller's." "It don't matter how you put it up," says Sothern; a piece of brown paper—the sort of a thing you would give your own mother." "Sir!" bawled the shopkeeper, "we don't—keep—it! No books; this is an iron mongering shop." "Yes," says Sothern, "the binding differs, but I'm not particular—as long as I have a fly leaf, don't you know." "Sir!" fairly screamed the shopkeeper, "can't you see we keep no book? This is an iron monger's shop!" "Certainly," said Sothern, seating himself. "I'll wait for it." Believing that his customer was either hopelessly deaf or equally mad, the man called another from the other end of the store and explained that he could do nothing with the gentleman. "What do you wish, sir!," shouted the second man, advancing. "I should like," said Sothern, quietly, "a small, plain file about so long." "Certainly, sir," said the man, casting upon bewildered No. 1 a glance of the most unmitigated disgust.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

The Knowing Barber.

Nat Goodwin, the amiable comedian, says that Lawrence Barrett and he went into a barber-shop in Chicago to get shaved. Barrett fell into a chair that was presided over by one of your talkative barbers.

"Did you see that man who just got out of the chair?" asked the barber.

"No," replied Barrett, indifferently.

"That was Judge Gresham," said the barber. "I didn't know him when he sat down, but when I got to work on him I knew he was a Judge just by the look and manner he had. It's a singular thing, but I can tell a man's trade nearly every time by just looking at him."

"You can eh?" said Barrett, incredulously, "Well, then, what business am I in?"

The barber ran his supple fingers over the tragedian's head, then stepped forward in front of the chair and scrutinized the tragedian's face and person intently, and then, with an expression of countenance and a tone of voice half inquiring, and yet half positive, the barber said: "Shoe store?"

THE new ten-cent stamp to insure the immediate delivery of an urgent letter is all very well in theory, but every married woman knows that it won't work for a cent in practice unless her husband's overcoat pockets are all sewed up.

Hermann's Poker Story.

"I never play cards in earnest," said Herrmann after the show last night. "Those who know me wouldn't play with me anyhow, and, of course, I wouldn't take any advantage of those who don't. But I remember one night, not a thousand years ago, that, in order to amuse a few friends, I sat down to a quiet little game of poker. You see, it was this way: I met the friends, and was introduced to an innocent-looking youth of the dude persuasion, whose face was as vacant in expression as a pound of putty. This youth had been bragging of his powers as a poker player, and had made the others so tired that they whispered me to take the conceit out of him, for the fun there was in it. I was ready, and we sat down."

"In Philadelphia?"

"Bless you, no. They don't play poker in Philadelphia. This was— Well, when we began the game I allowed the youngster to win to get him interested, and, the better to enjoy the circus, the others dropped out and my victim and I had the table to ourselves. Of course I was to give him back whatever I won from him—that was understood. We didn't play with chips, as we had none, but made the game a quarter ante and a dollar limit, so that we could use the money without making any awkward change. Every time my callow friend won a pot he put the silver and bills in his pocket and would chip in the stuff as he needed it. After he had won a respectable pile I began to get my work in, and by handling and dealing the cards in my own peculiar way I soon had his pile on a fair way to innocuous desuetude. Occasionally I would let him win, just to keep the fun up, and I don't know but what I enjoyed my opponent's innocence as much as did my friends. But all things must have an end. Finally, I cleaned him out and ordered a bottle. My friends couldn't keep it in any longer.

"I say, old man," said one, "do you know who you've been playin' with?"

"Yes, replied my victim, calmly; 'Herrmann, the magician, and he's a good player.'

"This was somewhat of a surprise all round. But I laughed and handed him back the money I had won. He wouldn't take it. No, sir. Said I had won it; had he won mine he would have kept it, and under no consideration would he take it back. That was not his way of playing poker. It was no use for me to protest, to tell him that I had deliberately robbed him. He was sorry that he had got in with a man who didn't play a square game, but that was his lookout. He ought to have seen that he was being fleeced and with his eyes open, too, he was not the man to squeal. I tell you I felt mean. I didn't think it half so funny then as I did before. But all I could say or do made no impression on my victim, and with a dignified bow he left us."

"All I can do," I said to one of my friends,

'will be to give the money to some charitable institution.'

"Then I gave the waiter one of the bills I had won to pay for the wine. He came back with it and the information that it was a counterfeit. Yes, sir. That guileless youth had won my good money and rung in over a hundred dollars' worth of paper on me that wasn't worth a cent a pound. I'm pretty good on handling cards, but poker is a mighty uncertain game—mighty uncertain."

The President's Little Joke.

IT HAPPENED to be in the President's office one day, when Senators Camden and Kenna came in. A dozen gentlemen were already present, but Senatorial dignity received due and instant recognition. When the two Senators of a State approach the President together they generally mean business. And so did the West Virginia statesmen. After a few casual remarks, they invited the President to so shape his affairs that in the spring he might spend a week with them, fishing in the matchless bass shoals of their mountain streams. The invitation was followed with glowing descriptions of the scenery through which those clear waters dash, and with inspiring tales of the sport they afforded. Both Senators told good fish stories which evidently interested the President. He thanked them heartily, and said he would be delighted to remove a few West Virginia bass from their present offices. Said he: "Your fish stories remind me of one I once heard. A fellow related to a chance acquaintance a wonderful fish story, and, as he concluded, asked: 'Now, don't that surprise you?'"

"No," was the cool response, 'I am a liar myself.'

Both Senators laughed heartily at this sally of Executive humor.

The Perfect Woman at Last.

JONES came home at an unseemly hour one night, and was surprised to see Mrs. Jones sitting up for him below stairs.

"M-M-Maria," he said huskily, "y-you shouldn't sit up's' late when I'm out on business."

As Mrs. Jones did not answer him, he continued in an alarmed voice:

"Shorry, m' dear, but it's lash time—tell you I'm sorry. Won't speak to me!"

At this moment Mrs. Jones called from above stairs:

"Mr. Jones, who are you talking to at this hour of the night?"

"Thas'h what I like to know myself," stammered Jones.

Mrs. Jones hastened down stairs, lamp in hand. When she saw the situation she laughed, in spite of being very angry.

"It's the model," she said, "the model I bought to-day to fit my dresses on."

"Yes, thas'h so," said Jones, tipsily, "model woman—didn't talk back—make some fellow good wife."

A Study of She.

The more we study She the more we don't understand how it is that She is able to twist us around her little finger whenever She feels like it. But She is.

For whom is that in childhood's happy days we fight with a boy three sizes larger than ourselves, and get so severely punished that we can't sit up for a week? Why, for She—and She only laughs at us for our pains.

Who is it that devours all our spare change in the shape of caramels, and calls for more and gets them, too? She.

For whom do we linger at stage doors with ten dollar bouquets, to purchase which we have to endure a fortnight's martyrdom at free lunch counters! She.

Who is it that at the railroad restaurant deals out the soul destroying sandwich and the death dealing doughnut! 'Tis She every time. If it were He we would slay him on the spot and glory in the deed.

Who accepts our hard earned gold on the pretense of being a first class cook, and then broils our steak in a frying pan and boils our coffee an hour! She.

Who is it that accepts our theatre tickets, our \$\$ suppers, our bouquets and our devotion, and then goes off and marries another fellow! She—and for this we ought to forgive her a good deal.

Who, we ask, is it that when we employ her as typewriter spells summer with one m and February with only one r, and yet escapes without censure! It is She. Ah, yes! It is She.

An Old Proverb Twisted.

"See that man!"

"The one with such a vigorous and healthy look!"

"Yes. You wouldn't think he had one foot in the grave, would you!"

"No, indeed. He looks the picture of health."

"Well, he is."

"What made you say he had one foot in the grave, then!"

"Because he has. He lost his foot in a railway accident, and it was buried. You'd never think he could walk so naturally with a cork."

But the man had gone, and he was left to talk to vacancy.

Her Husband Wasn't In.

"Husband in?" asked the gas collector, cheerfully.

"No," answered the woman, "he isn't at home."

"Expecting him soon?" asked the collector.

"Well," the woman replied, thoughtfully, "I don't know exactly; I've been lookin' for him seventeen years and he hasn't turned up yet. You travel about a good deal and if you see a man who looks as though he'd make me a pretty good husband, tell him I'm still awaitin' and send him along."

Good Little Tommy.



A big bull pup with a spotted tail.



A wicked boy with an old tin pala-



He tried this racket, But it wouldn't do,



So they buried that boy Where the daises grew

It Was Corns.

There was scores of passengers waiting in the Pennsylvania depot, Jersey City, and a prominent figure among them was a real old-fashioned woman, wearing a quaint old bonnet, and having the traditional number of parcels and bandboxes with her. She had eaten a fried cake and drunk from a bottle of cold tea, and after brushing the crumbs away she took from her pocket a whetstone and a pocket knife, and began putting an edge on the latter. There was a general stir of interest around her, and a man who sat near by, remarked:

"Well, you are the first woman I ever saw who could sharpen a knife."

"Lands save you, but I know fifty of 'em!" she replied. "Any women folks up our way who can't sharpen axes and knives are counted no good. This 'ere knife belongs to the old man, and hain't very good stuff."

"What's your object in sharpening the knife?" he asked, as she worked away with much vigor.

"Corns. Got two on the bottom of my left foot, Orter pared 'em down afore I left home, but didn't have time. Got fifty-five minits to wait here, and I'll put it in on the corns. How's that for an edge?"

"Sharp as a razor," he replied, as he received the knife, felt of its edge and passed it back.

"Yes, I guess it will do. You'd better move now. Hate to bother you, but them corns is dreadful."

He moved away, followed by two or three others, and the old lady slipped off her shoe and stocking, turned her back to the crowd, and began operations. She was through in about twenty minutes, and, after replacing her shoe, she bundled her packages together and loudly remarked:

"There! I feel a hundred dollars better, and I'll have half an hour more after I git home to help change them hens into the new coop."

Obedying the Call to Arms.

"I've been working hard for a Federal appointment ever since Harrison was inaugurated," exclaimed a man on Pennsylvania avenue yesterday morning, "and I haven't got it yet. I obeyed the call to arms twenty-eight years ago and I think I am deserving of credit. I suffered many a hard campaign,"

"Oh, rats!" said a man who stood near, "what do know about suffering? I obey the call to arms a dozen times a night and am doing it in caring for the citizens of this Republic. If you are entitled to a Federal appointment so am I."

"What do you mean?" asked the crowd standing about.

"Simply that I have twins up at my house," answered the man sadly.

Is smoking injurious? Very, to tobacco.

"King of the Susquerhanner."

At Lynnburg a grizzly-looking man got aboard and took a seat directly in front of me. Before the train got fairly started he turned around and asked me if I ever did any rafting. I told him that I had ridden on Mississippi river rafts, but had never followed the business as a profession.

"I'm a nat'l raftsmen," said the grizzly man. "I've rafted on ev'ry river in this country. I done my best work, though, right up here on the Susquerhanner. There is where I shone like a new dollar. I used to let 'em all start before me, then I would pull out. I wouldn't go a mile with my fleet before I would begin to find 'em stuck on the bars, I'd throw 'em a rope, pull 'em off and go on. I'd do this for somebody on ev'ry bar, and I alwavs took the biggest and deepest fleet to. Then I would get down, deliver my logs, and go back and get another fleet. That trip I'd have to pull 'em off again same's before. I'd make seven trips to their one. The man I was working for said he never seed anything like it. No man knowed that Susquerhanner River like me. No man could run it like me. All the bosses I worked for said so. They uster call me old Pizen Jones, King of the Susquerhanner. People come miles to see me. But I had to give up the bus'ness.

"Why was that?"

"I was too modest. I didn't blow 'bout myself enough. I didn't go 'round tootin my own horn, and the conserquence was that I couldn't get no job mor'n half the time. Other men without a quarter of my ability blowed 'bout what they could do and got the jobs. It was merit agin gall, and gall got there and merit got snagged on a bar. I remember my teacher when I went to school uster repeat some poetry writ by a man that lived up at Port Byron that pretty near tells it. 'Maidens, like moths,' said he, 'are alwavs caught by a big glare' and Mammon wins the game where Seeriphs might despare.' It's jest the same way with rafting and cheek. Modesty has downed me all my life."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

His Dream Realized.

"Do you believe in dreams?"

"No."

"I do."

"Ever have one come true?"

"Well, no; not exactly."

"Then how do you happen to hold such an absurd belief?"

"Well, sir, one night last summer I dreamed that the devil had been turned loose for a thousand years."

"And what happened?"

"My mother-in-law came in on the morning train, and she's with us yet."

Do the New York policemen belong to the arrest-ocracy?

A Gratified Wish



I.—“Take care, Master Bob, or ye’ll fall in the water.”



II.—“Pshaw! I’d like to see myself!”



III.—“Now, bejabbers, look at yerself!”

She Awoke too Soon.

“For forty long years have my good old wife and I travelled hand in hand adown life’s thorny road” said old Deacon Gush at an apple-paring party the other evening, “and in all these years not one single harsh, hasty, unkind word has passed our lips when speaking to each other. Isn’t that true mother?”

“Mother” had quietly fallen asleep on the sofa by Mr. Gush’s side, and as he laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder, she gave a little snort of defiance and said, sharply,

“Get up yourself and build the fire, Sam Gush, I built it last and I’ll see you in Guinea before I’ll build it this morning, you—oh—oh

—I—I—why, where am I?” I guess I dropped off to sleep.”

“And I guess you’d better have stayed asleep, Lilly Gush!” hissed Samuel into her ear as the crowd made a rush for doors and dark corners where giggling and tittering could be indulged in freely.

A Dissipated Belle.

“ALL that gal thinks of is fine serciety,” said an indignant Montana matron speaking of her daughter. “She thinks she’s got to be on the gad, hither an’ non, a-fritterin’ away her time in serciety the hull indoorin’ time. To-night she’s went to the grand sacred concert an’ free dance up at Sam Baxter’s, an’ las’ night she put off to see that dog fight over to High Bagg’s. The night before she had to go to a candy-pull, an’ the night before that to the pie-eatin’ match an’ ball at the Widder Hopkinse, an’ to-morrer night she’ll be set on goin’ to the kissin’ play party at Nancy Briggs, to say nothin’ of her runnin’ off to the linchin’ o’ them two cattle thieves last Sunday night an’ the turkey shootin’ match yisterday afternoon. I’m goin’ to shut down on her traipsin’ ’round so, even if she is the belle of this county !

Imitative Ethel.

LITTLE Ethel has a bachelor uncle, and she had noticed that when he wanted to be emphatic he used a certain monosyllabic word of four letters. Not long ago Ethel was afflicted with quite a severe pain under her little apron, the result of too free an indulgence in the toothsome cucumber. When Uncle Jack came home at supper time he was informed of the grievous plight of his favorite, and hastened to her comfort.

“Well, Ethel, my dear,” he said, advancing to the sofa, “How do you feel now?”

“Pretty d—n miserable, thank you, Uncle Jack,” she replied with an air of having said quite the proper thing under the circumstances.

One on Quay.

AT Cleveland they put two cars filled with Polish immigrants on the rear of our train, as they had through some accident been belated, and we sped away for Toledo. At about 9 o’clock at night a man came in to our car in which Senator Quay had a berth, and said: “Ladies and gentleman, a child has been born in one of the immigrant cars. It’s a boy. Although we are in Ohio, I’m a Pennsylvanian myself, and as Senator Quay is also on the train it is proposed to name the boy Quay Langkowski. It has been proposed that we all chip in and raise a purse for the boy.”

We chipped. Quay saw our white pile and raised it by \$5, saying that he should be proud of the honor, and the man passed into the next car. An hour later we learned that no child had been born, and that the fellow had raised \$75 and dropped off at some station.

Her Specialty.



MR. DE VIM—"How long have you been studying Rosa Benheur, Miss Spindle? That ox team resting in the shade is going to be your masterpiece, I suppose."

MISS SPINDLE—"Oh, no, adult cattle are beyond my reach. My calves are what appeal to most people."

MR. DE VIM—"Well, you don't look it!"

A Tooth Out.

"Do you want to take gas?" asked the dentist of the young lady who wanted the tooth out.

"Oh, I don't know she said, nervously, "I dread to take gas so. I read once of a lady who took gas and died in the dentist's chair."

"It must have been impure gas improperly given. I've given gas to a thousand people and never had any trouble."

"Well, I—I'm afraid I'll act silly. They say some people do such ridiculous things, and——"

"Oh, well; you needn't take it if you don't want to."

"Will it hurt me, I wonder?"

"It will be over in a second."

"Oh, I dread it so!"

"You'll hardly know when the tooth's out."

"Oh, yes, I will. I've had teeth out before and I just scream every time."

"Well, well; scream if you want to."

"I'm dreadfully afraid I'll faint."

"No, you won't."

"I feel like it now. It's horrid having one's teeth out."

"Better take gas."

"If I thought it would be perfectly safe I'd——"

"I'll guarantee that it won't hurt you at all."

"Well, I will!"

"All right. Sit in this chair. Put this

tube in your mouth. Lean back now and breathe naturally. So——"

"Oh, doctor, I—I——"

"Don't talk—take full breaths, and——"

"I—I—oh, doctor, it won't——"

"Keep perfectly still now,"

"I—I—ev—a—a—ah?"

"I guess she's gone now," says the dentist to his assistant. "Hand me my forceps."

Half a minute later she gasps out:

"Oh—oh—I—is it out? I feel so funny! I—I—Did I act silly? I didn't feel it one bit! It was just like going to sleep. I hadn't the faintest idea when you drew the tooth out! I—I—let me see the tooth—ugh! It just seemed to me that—I'm awfully glad the thing's out! I've suffered everything and—a little more water, please; ugh! What nukes it bleed so? My mouth's as sore, I didn't know when——"

"I'd like the chair as soon as possible for another patient," says the dentist, and she slides out and hurries to the glass to see how she looks with that tooth out.

From an Unquestionable Source.

"MATILDA, that boy of ours is chuck full of slang," remarked Mr. Dusenbury, in a sharp-complaining tone. "He talks about me as the gov'nor, and this morning I heard him tell Bridget to 'Let her go, Gallagher!' Where does he pick up such abominable stuff?"

"Goodness, only knows," Mrs. Dusenbury said, with a well-stimulated look of ignorance.

"At school, I suppose," continued Mr. Dusenbury, "of those Darringer boys. He is altogether too fly, that boy, and if I catch him with those boys again he'll make a home run of the liveliest kind."

"He may hear some of it at home," suggested Mrs. Dusenbury, with motherly kindness.

"At home!" cried Mr. Dusenbury. "You are entirely off your base, my dear. Who uses slang here?"

"Probably I am addicted to it," was Mrs. Dusenbury's meek reply.

"Well, it's a vice you'd better get rid of then, refined conversation is a mark of culture. Let me hear that kid use slang again and I'll give it to him right off the bat. I'll wipe up the floor with him. I'll——"

Just then he saw a commiserating look on his wife's face. He picked up his hat suddenly, and mumbling something about having an appointment at the office, fled.

He Wanted an Ax.

TRAMP (to woman who has given him a loaf of stale bread): "Now, if you'll show me the way to the wood-shed I'll get the ax and——"

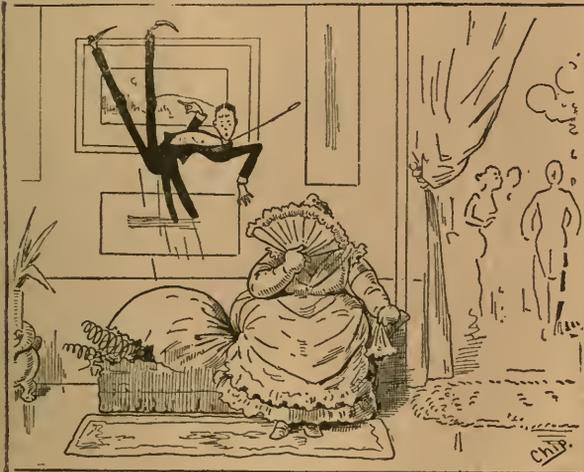
"Why, you dear old fellow, you musn't think of cutting wood; you're too weak."

"Oh, I didn't want the ax for that. I just thought that I'd like to cut off a chunk of this bread—if I've got strength enough."

Van Skipp's Sudden Rise in Society.



1
VAN SKIPP—"Here comes Mrs. Hevywait; I suppose I'll have to give up my seat."



2
The sofa is a springy one, and Van Skipp gives up his seat more suddenly than he expected.

Wasn't Growing Old Gracefully.

HE stuttered terribly, and one day he began to tell a story, prefacing it by saying that it was "im-m-ense."

He kept at it for a long while, but succeeded in getting only a little ways along in it, and at last a country customer from Wayback Centre, rang the bell.

"W-w-what you r-r-r-ringing your d-d-darned old b-b-b-bell f-for? I t-t-tell you this s-s-st-story's a b-b-brand new one!"

"Perhaps it was—when you began it," replied his tormentor.

Why does a man call his sweetheart honey? Because she is his bee-loved.

How the Baby Assists.

Reader, gentle or otherwise, have you ever noticed how the young father and mother of a first baby carry on a conversation?

If you have, you must have wondered how in the world they managed to talk to each other before the baby became a member of the family.

The following is a sample talk in a family of three, one of which trio is a baby a year old.

Mamma (with infant on her lap): Baby, ask popper if he will die mommer ze paper: [The paper is given.]

Papa: Baby, ask 'oor mommer if she knows where popper's slippers are.

"Tell papa his slippers are in the hall closet, girley baby." [The slippers are found and put on.]

"Baby, has oo been a good 'ittle totkins to-day?"

"Girley baby, tell 'oor popper dat oo's been de bestest doodest, sweetest 'ittle popsy wopsy wopsy in the town, so oo has."

"I's dlad to hear dat, baby. Popper's own daughter girлие must always be dood as a doll."

"Baby, now tell popper baby totkins is goin' sleepies, and can't talk any more. Bye, bye, popper!"

"Bye, bye, totkins!"

A Stunning Question—Judge Duffy Nonplussed.

A CASE came up in court over which Judge Duffy presides in which a big colored woman was a witness. She testified that she had whipped her boy very severely, and as she went on with the story of the exceedingly stiff beating she had administered, the

Judge's clear brow grew a little darker, and he interrupted her to ask if it had been necessary to chastise the boy so severely. The colored lady looked astonished at the question. Gazing intently at the court, she inquired:

"Jedge, was you ever the father of a wuthless mulatter boy?"

"No, no," said the Judge hastily.

"Then, Jedge, you don't know nuffin' about de case."

A LOCOMOTIVE does not receive much newspaper notice, but it gets a great many "puffs," nevertheless.

FUNNY. Although a hen may lay one egg every twenty-four hours, it is said a ship can "lay-to" in the same space of time.

Keeping his End Up.



How He Won the Jewel.

"NATHAN, you are married, I understand," said the Governor of Tennessee, addressing a hillside constituent.

"Yes, sir, captured the best-looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter, Rose. You knowed her, I reckon."

"Yes, but I thought that she was engaged to Sam Parker."

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circuit rider we have ever met. I loved Rose and was might'y down-cast, for I thought thar wa'n't no use buckin' agin him. Well, the day for the marriage was set, and a passul of us come to see the weddin', for Rose lowed that she wanted to be married in town, and then take the cars for home, thereby getting a ten-mile bridal tower. When we got up to town lo and behold, there was a circus, with mo' horses than a strong man could shake a pole at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show, but Sam says, says he, 'Rose, you know it's agin my religion, an' therefo' we can't go. Stay here till I go an' git the license.' Rose's under jaw drapped. When Sam was gone I says, says I, 'Rose, wouldn't you like to go to that show?'"

"Yes, but Sam won't take me."

"That's bad, Rose, for they've got a world of hosses."

"Then she tuned up and began to cry. 'Rose,' says I 'if you marry Sam you can't go to the show; that's certain, but if you marry me I'll take you.' She studied awhile and says, says she, 'an' let me stay to the concert airter the big show's over?'"

"Yes."

"An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?"

"Tibby sho'."

"An' won't pull an' haul me aroun' when I get interested?"

"No, sw'ar I won't."

"An' when the show's all over will you let me look at the monkeys again?"

"Yes."

"Nath,' she said, puttin' her hand mighty lovin'ly on my arm. 'I'm yourn.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels together, an' 'in less'n a half hour we was done married an' a-lookin' at the monkeys. That's the way I won't that jewel, governor."—*Arkansaw Traveler*

Talk About Slow Trains.

"I want to go to bed, so give me a room as soon as you can. I ought to have reached the city early this afternoon, and here it is 11 o'clock."

"What made you so late?" asked a Girard House clerk, as he threw down a key to which was attached a rough-edged brass tag about the size of a buckwheat cake.

"Oh, slow trains! Slow trains! They seem to stop everywhere and at all the little cross-roads."

"That's queer."

"I should say it was. Why, at one place they stopped about seven minutes, while half a dozen people came out of the only house to be seen in the neighborhood and boarded the train. Did you ever hear of anything like it?"

"Never."

"I have," said a little old man with long, shaggy hair, who had overheard the conversation while searching the Philadelphia directory for the name of a Boston firm.

"You have?"

"Yes; you may not believe it, but it's a fact. Some years ago I used to travel on the Old Colony Railroad, up in Massachusetts. There was a place called Wheat Sheaf Lane, where the train stopped nearly every day for an old woman, who was always there to send some eggs into town. Now, would you believe it? One day the train stopped as usual for Aunt Betsey, who was there with her eggs, but she only had eleven. She said an old hen was still on the nest, and she wanted the train to wait until she could make up the dozen."

"Yes?"

"Well, I'll be darned if that train didn't wait while the hen laid the extra egg."

The late arrival said he guessed he would go to bed, the bediamonded hotel clerk swooned and the little old man walked down into the corridor and dropped wearily into a chair.

A Job on the Dog.

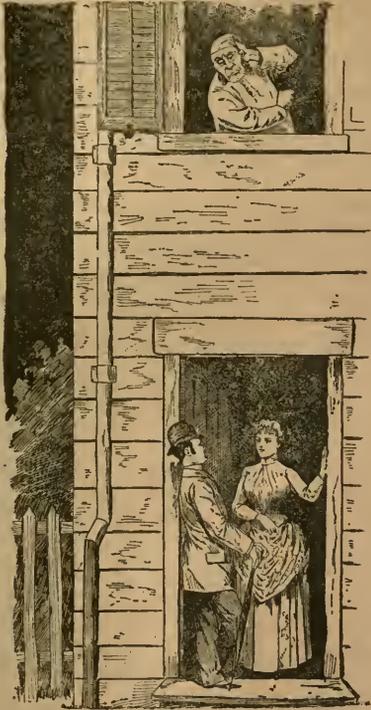
A POLICEMAN who saw a number of lads collected in the alley near the Moffat block yesterday, swooped down on them, and demanded an explanation.

"That boy there's bin bit by a dog on Congress street," replied the oldest.

"Has, eh?"

"Yes; 'n I'm going to rub Paris green on my legs, and go down there and let the dog bite me and get pizened to death!" continued the boy. The officer did not interfere.

A Cool Reception.



1
irate Father.—"That young feller has been going
 for over an hour. I guess I'll hurry him a little."



2—"Why, it's raining, Charlie!"
 "So it is."



3—"As I was saying, etc., etc., etc."
 (For forty-five minutes longer!)

Shoot Him On The Spot.

I have been a raving lunatic for a week, writes a young Chicagoan, and my wife is sick in bed, all because of a party of "forfeits" at our house one evening a week ago, we compelled a young man to pay his forfeit by repeating a verse of poetry. But I don't think he will repeat it any more. Here it is:

"Antony an Cleopatra stood on the burning deck;
 Their feet were full of blisters,
 She put her arms around his neck,
 While a Kyrle Bellow through his whiskers."

We dropped him out the second-story window as quickly as possible; my wife went into hysterics and the guests left, some without their wraps and hats. Please answer if I can't sue that young man for damages or get even if possible with him in some way, or is there any legal punishment for such a case?

True.

LADY: "What! left your situation so soon, Maria?"

MARIA: "Yes, mum, I couldn't stay no longer."

LADY: "Why, Maria?"

MARIA: "Well ye see, mum, my mistress wouldn't let me 'ave my young gentleman to dinner, an' they do say that the only way to a man's 'art is through his stomach?"

An Innocent Drummer.

HE bade his wife a tearful goodby.

"My love, my only one! The time will soon be here when I shall be in a position to snap my fingers at fate and set up as my own boss. Then we shall have no more of these cruel partings." "And you will be true to me?"

"As I always am," he responded.

"You did not forget to put that photo you had especially taken for me in my 'gripsack,' did you?"

"Oh, dear, no! Are you sure you will look at it sometimes, love?"

"You wicked little doubter; you know I should be wretched without at least such a precious semblance of my pet to look at daily, nightly."

Draw the veil of charity over his grief and the treachery of one in whom he had unbounded confidence.

In brief, she, his only love, his pet, his wife, had secretly planned to make him "wretched." She had taken that photograph from his gripsack, and was gloating over his misery when he should discover that only memory remained to him, for the time being of his darling's looks.

"The dear fellow, how he will scold me for the trick," she thought; "but I will send him the photo in the very first letter." Thus appeasing her conscience she waited for his first letter. It came from Chicago.

"My heart's delight," it began. "Got here O. K. this a. m. Have been wrestling with the trade all day, and a tough time I've had of it! Weary and fagged, I have retired to my room, shut the gilded atmosphere of sin that envelopes this terrible city, and taken from my satchel your sweet picture. It is before me as I write. I shall kiss it when I have said my evening prayers. It will rest under my pillow. It is my own solace until I hold you, my sweet wife, in these faithful arms again."

Thus far had she read, then she toppled over on the floor.

What comfort she found there it is hard to say; but a great determination rose with the stricken wife, who went out an hour later and sought a telegraph office.

Her husband had been saying his prayers abroad that evening, and when he got to his hotel about midnight his spiritual emotions received a rude shock by a telegram from his "only love." It was elaborate for a despatch; but under the circumstances one could not expect an outraged wife to transmit her feelings by the slow mail. The despatch read:

"You are no longer the only drummer who is not a liar, as you have always claimed, Let the fraternity make you their chief in the art. Had you taken the pains even to look for the photo you say your prayers to, you would have discovered that I had—to tease you—removed it. My faith in you is dead, dead!"

The husband clutched his hair.

"What the devil did I write to her anyway?" he muttered.

After a while his face cleared.

"By Jove! I must have been piling on taffy. That's what a man gets for trying to make a woman feel good! Poor little dear, what a fume she must be in! Lucky for me she gave her grievance away. What geese women are! Bless her little noddle, her faith shall be resurrected."

Forthwith he telegraphed to a knowing friend:

"Send me, first mail, photo of my wife. Beg, borrow, steal it somehow. Mum's the word. Will write particulars."

About a week later a drummer, in dignified martyrdom, stood face to face with a stern but very wept-out wife.

She expected to see him meek and humble but he gazed upon her with scorn, and then passed into his room in crushing silence.

She was amazed. With quick impulse she followed, thanking heaven he had not locked her out.

"Well!" she began, with wavering courage. "What have you to say for yourself?"

Coldly, cruelly he looked at her.

"I?" he queried.

"Yes, you."

"Woman, if it were not for the over-mas-tering love I bear you, I should never, never look upon you more!"

His face was convulsed with tragic suffering that was balm to her heart to witness but she only sneered.

"Can you explain the deception you tried to practice on me?"

"Can you obliterate the insult put upon your husband in that unwomanly despatch? A woman with so little confidence in her husband had better live alone. For my part, I am not only disgusted but disenchanted."

He turned sorrowfully away and bowed his face in his hands. She approached him and laid the letter, which had caused her such grief, right under his eyes.

"Read that. Knowing you had no picture of mine, what was I to think?"

"What any intelligent, right-minded wife should have thought; you would have said to yourself: 'He is incapable of deceit; he has my picture, anyhow.'"

"But you did not have it."

He looked at her with sad, resigned sorrow. "Oh, woman! without an atom of faith!" Then he put his hand in his pocket and produced the photograph.

"Oh! Darling! Forgive me! You had my picture! The old thing taken before we were engaged! Why I didn't know you ever had one of these?"

The restored confidence made her pretty blue eyes swim in tearful joy. She put her arms around him, asking his pardon, caressing even his coat collar,

"My dear," said he, looking into her face with grave but loving reproach, "let this be a warning. Never doubt me again, no matter what appearances may be. I can always look you squarely in the eyes and say, I am innocent." And she believed him.

He Knew His Lesson.

FREDERICK of Prussia had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to espy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he at once consented.

"But unless you can speak German the King will not give you so much."

"O, be jabbers," said the Irishman, "sure it's I that don't know a word of German."

"But," said the Sergeant, "and these you can learn in a short time. The King knows every man in the Guards. As soon as he sees you he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say 'twenty-seven'; next, how long you have been in the service; you must reply, 'three weeks'; finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations; you answer, 'both.'

Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the King in review. His Majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with "present arms."

"How old are you?" said the King.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"How long have you been in the service?" asked His Majesty.

"Twenty-seven years."

"Am I or you a fool?" roared the King.

"Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guardroom, but pardoned by the King after he understood the facts of the case.

She Reconsidered.

SAYSIT ANYHOWE: Mabel, will you marry me?

(Mabel in a sisterly tone of voice): Oh, Mr. Anyhowe, don't ask me! It pains me so to refuse you.

Saysit Anyhowe: There, there, my dear, don't let it cause you any distress. I only did it on a bet,

Mabel (in staccato accents): Yes! I will!

Blood Will Tell.

LADY (as a blood-curdling war-whoop is heard from the kitchen): What is happening, Walters?

MAID: That is Dinah. She always yells that way, ma'am, when she succeeds in turning the omelette without letting it drop on the floor. She's the daughter of a Zulu chief.

Woman.

"WOMAN, my boy," said a parent to his son, "are a delusion and a snare." "It is queer," murmured the boy, "people will hug a delusion." And while the old man looked queerly at him, the young man hunted up his roller-skates and went out to be snared.

An Indoor Athlete.



MISS COTA ARMS—"You take great interest in outdoor sports, I believe, Mr. Zing?"

MR. ZING—"No-o-o, I can hardly say that I do."

MISS COTA ARMS—"Well, now, I was told by some one that you were quite a counter jumper. I presume he must have been mistaken."

A Fond Baltimore Farewell.

THEY had come into the hall late Sunday evening, after he had made a more than usually protracted call.

The light was dim and romantic in the richly furnished entry-way, the maiden whom he loved as he loved his life looked doubly fascinating, and Young Loverly found it exceedingly difficult to drag himself away.

"Good bye," he said at length.

"Good-bye," she repeated, though she had remarked the same thing some seven times before.

"Good-bye," he said again, with a great hesitation.

"Good-bye," she whispered softly.

"May I have one final kiss?" he pleaded.

He might and did; but still he lingered.

"Why," he queried, with a sudden inspiration, "is our final kiss like a duodecimo?"

"I give it up," the maiden said, after a moment of deep but hopeless cogitation.

"Because," he answered triumphantly, "it means 12mo."

And on that basis was interpreted.—Puck.

The First Joker.

Whatever troubles Adam had,

No man could make him sore

By saying when he told a jest,

"I've heard that joke before."

Baltimore American.

"My goodness! How shocking!" exclaimed Mrs. Slowback, who has been perusing the morning paper. "What's the trouble," asked Mr. S. with a start. "Why, here is an account of where two actors who had been performing in Chicago with the Hardly Able Comedy Company were 'roasted by the dramatic editor of the *Daily Ripper!*'" Mr. S. faints.

His Hat.

A BOY threw his hat on the floor,
And was told he must do so no more;
But he did it again,
And his fond mother then
Used her slipper until he was sore.

The boy then looked up askance,
And his mother cast down a mad glance;
"Do you know now," said she,
"Where your hat ought to be?"
"Yes," he answered, "inside of my pants."

A Bit Of Cord.

"My dear," said young Mrs. Jardine to her husband the other morning, "would you mind running into Plush and Sattins and getting me a half yard more of chenille cord like this sample? It won't take but a moment, and I'm so anxious to finish this cushion to-night."

So Jardine, giving himself five minutes extra time to catch his homeward train, "runs in" to the two-and-a-half acre establishment of Plush and Sattins that evening, and asks the first salesduchess he meets—

"Have you chenille cord like this?"

"Fourth—counter—to—the—left," without interrupting for an instant her gum diet.

"Have you cord like this?" asks Jardine at the fourth counter.

"Next counter."

"I would like half a yard of chenille cord like this," he says at the "next counter."

"You'll find it on the floor above, in the upholstery department; Take elevator to your left."

He doesn't wait for the elevator, but goes galloping up the stairs, and blunders wildly around till he finds the upholstery department.

"Half a yard of fringe like this, as quick as you can, please."

"You'll find it downstairs in the fancy goods department."

Downstairs goes Jardine; with set teeth, his breath coming in short, quick gasps.

"Where's the fancy goods department?" he asks in deep bass tones of a floor-walker.

"Four counters to the left—wall counter."

"I want a half yard of fringe like—"

"You'll have to go to the worsteds counter for it—third counter to left from main entrance."

Pale and panting, with a steely, murderous gleam in the usually laughing eyes, Jardine appears at the worsteds counter.

"Half a yard of cord like that," he says fiercely.

"Have you cord like this, Miss Miggs?" asks the saleslady languidly, of a partner in iniquity, who draws out:

"Naw, I sold the last of it just this minute.

He *might* find it downstairs, in the—"

But Jardine is tearing through the streets, gnashing his teeth as he runs, hoping to catch a train that is already half a mile from the station; and the next one doesn't go for 45 minutes.—*Puck.*

A Gentleman In Disguise.



COUNTRYMAN (visiting a Boston dime-museum)—
"Just see that queer fellow with no pants on to him!
What sort of an Injin do you call yourself, mister?"
BARNEY O'ROURKE, THE PAPUAN CHIEF (insulted!)
—"No pants, indade, ye ould hayseed! It's only
Gents as wear pants, and I'll have ye know that O'm
a Gentleman."

She Caught Him.

EX-GOVERNOR CORNELL of New York tells a good story at his own expense, says the New Haven "Palladium." It seems that when in office at Albany he would sometimes return home late at night, after his wife had retired, and when she asked him what time it was, would answer: "About 12, or a little after midnight."

One evening, instead of making the inquiry, she said: "Alonzo, I wish you would stop that clock; I cannot sleep for its noise."

He stopped the pendulum. In the morning, while dressing, Mrs. Cornell inquired artlessly: "Oh, by the way, what time did you get home?"

"About midnight."

"Alonzo, look at that clock!"

The hands of the clock pointed to 2:30. The Governor was crushed.

A Pointed Moral.

"WE should never complain, whatever may befall us," said the minister. "The moment we grow dissatisfied we become unhappy."

"Do you really think so?" she sighed.

"Yes," returned the good man; "the first woman who complained of her Lot was turned into a pillar of salt."

WHY!—Policeman—How does my club strike you? Vagrant—It's just stunning.

A. Tough Test,



MRS NAGGERS—"Do yo call yourself sober?"
 MR. NAGGERS—"Shertainly, my love."
 MRS. NAGGERS—"Well, you just say 'Oklahoma is a truly rural country.'"
 MR. NAGGERS—"Oglyhhmeza tooral looral loo! Shay Bezzer gidder rooster—hic! ter shay zat for y' in ther mornin'."

A Dude Who Was not Posted on Weaning Infants.

THERE is a real dude in Evansville who is noted for the immaculate whiteness of his linen (but is not noted for paying his bills).

His bosom friends can't understand how he manages to get his washing done, but he has given them to understand that he is very "solid" with his washerwoman on account of his being such a smooth talker.

Next week his linen will not look so well, and the reason is this: He went yesterday to his washerwoman, who, by the way, is an honest, modest, hard-working woman, to get his stock of collars and cuffs for next week.

He walked in and stood sucking his cane, for a moment, wondering what kind of a line of conversation to start in order to put her in such a good humor that she would let him take his duds without paying. Noticing a baby crying and tossing around on her lap, he thought he would indulge in a little taffy.

"That's a fine child you have there." (He don't know as much about children as a buck-saw does.)

"Yes, he is a fine boy."

"He don't seem very well to-day." (He guessed at this, because the child was so fretful.)

"No, poor little fellow. He's awful fretful. I'm just weaning him to-day, and it's hard on him."

"Yes, awful hard on a child," murmured the dude, who, by the way, hadn't the least idea what weaning is; "have you ever weaned him before?"

"Oh, no; this is the first day, poor little

thing. He takes it so hard, too."

"What are you doing for the—the weaning?"

The woman looked at him for a moment, and then, thinking that probably the dude was honest and innocent, said:

"Why, I have been using bitter aloes and—and a little soot."

The dude thought he was getting along nicely, but though he would make himself more solid by taking a still deeper interest in the child, so he hazarded another question.

"Aha, where do you use them."

The question was his last. A child was dropped hastily on the floor, and a raised wash-board banged down on the head of the dude, and in about a second the neighbors thought they saw a pair of compasses flying up the street.

He is at his boarding-house in bed, but so bewildered is he that he hasn't yet mustered up courage enough to ask some married man what the woman got mad at.

She Wanted to be a Christian.

A VERY thin woman had felt the power of the Spirit, and had been converted; and she appeared before the session to pass the preliminary examination.

"Have you experienced a change of heart?" asked the elder gently.

"Yes, sir; I believe I have."

"And you want to live a new life?"

"Yes sir; I hope I do."

"Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?"

"Do I have to do that?"

"Certainly, if you wish to be a consistent Christian."

"Can I give up two of them, and still go into the Church?"

"No; the renunciation must be complete."

"Well, then, you must excuse me. I want to be a Christian: I want to give up the world and the devil; but if a woman, as thin already as I am, has to give up any more flesh, she might as well give up wanting to be a Christian, and go and join a side-show as the great American only living skeleton. Gentlemen you have to excuse me. I want to join the Church; but I'm not prepared to join a side-show this summer."

A Clincher.

OUTRAGED IRISHMAN: "Gintlemin, I wud loike to ashk thim Amerikins wan thing; Who doog the canals uv the country but furriners? Who built the railruds uv the country but furriners? Who wurruks the mines uv the country but furriners? Who does the votin' fur the country but furriners? And who the divil dischoovered the country but furriners? — *Li'l*."

Lost And Found.

With the coming of Easter only a very few of the sojourners at Gray Beach returned to town and the proprietor of the hotel, in appreciation of the esteem thus accorded his establishment, gave during the following week a hop for the benefit of the young folk who had so religiously abstained from dancing during the forty days of the Lenton period.

It was at this hop that Mr. Arthur Lightfoot chanced to pick up from the floor a half-filled dance programme. From the names inscribed thereon it was very evident that it belonged to a lady and it was with a fixed determination to find out which of the many fair girls present was the loser that the young man started on a tour about the room.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed and he was just as far from success as when he started.

"Ah!" he exclaimed under his breath, "how stupid of me! To avoid embarrassing mistake I presume she has sought some nook of the inclosed piazza." And he made his way in the direction the thought suggested.

Though the moon shone brightly enough, there was a semi-gloom outside that was intensified, in Mr. Lightfoot's eyes, by the sudden transition from the brilliantly lighted ball-room.

Nevertheless, his hearing was not affected and he had taken scarcely half a dozen steps before he overheard voices apparently just around the corner of the house.

"But you promised me, you know," a man was saying, "you really did. This is our waltz."

And then he heard, musically feminine:

"But you all excuse me, won't you? I really can't go on the floor again; it would be—"

Mr. Lightfoot thought the last word was "embarrassing," but he was not quite sure.

"Precisely as I expected," he said to himself; "the dear girl, rather than give the wrong man a dance in the wrong place, has determined not to dance at all."

Then he listened again. It was evident the gentleman was irritated. He was saying something about his execrable dancing and accusing the lady, in language more or less polite, with refusing for that reason,

The next moment little Montie Undergrad came flirting by in a pet and disappeared into the house.

Now was Mr. Lightfoot's chance.

His eyes had become accustomed to the dull light and as he turned the corner of the piazza, he, without any difficulty whatever, recognized in the well-wrapped figure in the steamer chair the belle of the hotel, Miss Plumpleigh.

"What are you doing out here?" he asked, as he took the seat beside her that Mr. Undergrad had just vacated; "you are robbing the hop of its chief charm."

Miss Plumpleigh smiled a mischievous smile.

"I'm so sorry, she said, "but I really can't dance any more to-night. If I did it would be to—well, I'm afraid I should lose some of my admirers at least."

"You have lost something," Mr. Lightfoot suggested, with the tone of a man who might be reading one's destiny.

Miss Plumpleigh's face crimsoned.

"You—you—" she began; and then she hesitated. "I mean you—of course you didn't find it."

"Ah! but I did," returned the young man, "I did find it, and I came here to bring it to you."

"But how did you know it was mine?"

"Instinct told me," replied Lightfoot. "I was sure it could belong to no one else. No one of the young women on the floor to-night could half-filled it but you."

"Mr. Lightfoot!" exclaimed Miss Plumpleigh, and there was something of indignation in her voice.

"I'm afraid," the lucky finder went on, "I'm afraid you didn't have it any too well fastened. In dancing, you know, one is apt to drop them unless one has them securely—"

"Mr. Lightfoot!" Miss Plumpleigh protested again.

"Indeed, what I tell you is the truth," the youth went on. "Now let me adjust it this time and—"

Miss Plumpleigh arose, and turning one withering glance of scorn and disdain upon the young man who still retained his seat by her now empty chair, fled.

"What can be the matter with her?" he asked himself, as he got up and started leisurely after her. "One might think that I had offered her an insult."

As he was about to enter the ball-room he met Montie Undergrad coming out.

"See, what a jolly find!" Montie whispered. "I picked it up on the floor. Have you any idea to whom it belongs, old man?"

Mr. Arthur Lightfoot took from the little fellow's hand the article that he tendered.

It was a yellow silk garter with gold and jeweled clasps.

"I have a very distinct idea," he said in reply, "but I cannot compromise the lady by telling you her name."

THE publisher's daughter was to be married in three months, and was busy embroidering a pink dove on the corner of some linen. "What are you getting out now my dear?" asked the publisher, looking up from his desk. "Advance sheets, papa dear," answered the maiden plying her needle with a piquant zest.

CHOLLY (to Irishman ringing fog bell at the ferry landing)—"Aw—my man, why is this bell ringing?" Irishman—"Can't you see, you phool. It's becace Oi'm pullin' th' r-r-rope?"

Nicely Said.



SOFTLEY—"Why hello, Charlie! I hear you've been under the weather?"
 FOGTLITZE—(a distinguished amateur actor) "Yes Softley, I have had a deuced hard time of it."
 SOFTLEY—"Well, you don't show it, old fellow. You look quite like yourself now."

The Meaning of the Word Total.

"WHAT am de meanin' ob de word total, Uncle Rastus; does it mean to tote all you can?"

"No, sah," replied Uncle Rastus, as he ejected a mouthful of tobacco juice at a fly; "you's wrong dis time, chile."

"Well, den, what am de meanin' ob it?"

"Well, sah, it jist means all."

"Well, den, what am de tote put dar for?"

"Well, sah," said Uncle Rastus, trying to look wise, "de framers ob de declaration put de tote in dar to make de all show big, jis like de grocer puts de big taters on de top ob de measure."

"Well, Uncle Rastus, dat may be all right, but I don't git de idee 'zactly."

"Well, sah, I'll expostulate mo' fully. Dar was wunst a Mormon dat had an old wife and a young wife. De young wife would pull his gray ha'rs out to make him look young, and de ole wife pulled his black ha'rs out to make him look old till he had no mo' ha'r dan a curbstone. Dat was total."

"I'se tumbled, Uncle Rastus."

How She Kept Her Age.

MISS BETSY was a remarkably young and handsome looking woman for her years, and she never told anybody how old she was.

"Gracious me, Miss Betsy," said an old acquaintance, admiringly one day, "how well you keep your age."

"Thanks," she replied with a smile.

"How do you manage to do it?"

"Oh, easy enough; I never give it away."

Bankrupt.

He was taking her home, after the theatre and a little supper at Delmonico's.

"Darling," said he suddenly, as he gazed dreamily up at the silvery disk overhead, "why am I like the moon?"

"It isn't because you're full, is it?" she asked, as she edged away from him.

"No," said he sadly; "it's because I'm on my last quarter."

AH!—Sometimes the lover who is fired with passion for the daughter is put out by the father.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

That Pretty Young Girl.



A Boston man looked at the face of a Chicago girl, and fell in love with her.
He looked at her feet, and fell out again.

"Darn It!"

THEY had a terrible time at a wedding up at Petaluma the other day, and which only goes to show how the smallest drawback will sometime take the stiffening out of the swellest occasion.

It seems that the ceremony was a very grand affair, indeed. There were eight bridesmaids, and the church was crowded from pit to dome, as the dramatic critics would say. But, when they got to the proper place in the ceremony, and the groom began feeling around for the ring, he discovered that it wasn't on hand. After the minister had scowled on the miserable wretch for a while, the latter detected that the magic circlet had slipped through a hole in his pocket and worked down into his boot. He communicated the terrible fact in a whisper to the bride, who turned deadly pale, and was only kept from fainting by the reflection that they would inevitably cut the strings of her satin corsage in case she did.

"Why don't you produce the ring?" whispered the bride's big brother, hoarsely, and feeling for his pistol, under the impression that the miserable man was about to back out.

"I can't. It's in my boot," exclaimed the groom under his breath, his very hair, meanwhile, turning red with mortification.

"Try and fish it out, somehow—hurry up!" mumbled the minister behind his book.

"I'll try," gasped the victim, who was rather stout; and he put one foot on the chancel rail, pulled his trousers leg, and began making spasmodic jabs for the ring with his forefinger. The minister motioned to the organist to squeeze out a few notes to fill in

the time, while a rumor rapidly went through the congregation to the effect that a telegram had just arrived proving that the groom had four wives living in the East already.

"I—I can't reach it," groaned the half-married man in agony. "It won't come."

"Sit down and take your boot off, you fool," hissed the bride's mother, while the bride herself moaned piteously, and wrung her powdered hands.

There was nothing left, so the sufferer sat down on the floor, and began to wrestle with his boot, which was naturally new and tight, while a fresh rumor got under way to the effect that the groom was beastly tight, and insisted on paring his corns.

As the boot came finally off, its crushed wearer endeavored, unsuccessfully, to hide a trade-dollar hole in the heel of his stocking; noticing which, the parson, who was a humorous sort of sky-contractor, said grimly: "You seem to be getting married just in time, my young friend."

And the ceremony proceeded with the party of the first part standing on one leg, trying to hide his well-ventilated foot under the tail of his coat, and appropriately muttering "Darn it!" at short intervals.

Um!

I gave my girl an onyx ring
Which filled her with delight,
She looked upon it wondering,
Her eyes with radiance bright.
"It's a charming gift," said she,
"The gem is well selected,
Not only is it fair to see
But also onyx-pected."

Had to Swim for it.

There was a fashionable undertaker a few years ago who gave a tearful experience he had with an Irish assistant upon one occasion, which so disturbed his soul that it had something to do with his early death. Shortly after his engagement of this assistant, the undertaker thought it well to give him a practical lesson in the business, and he detailed him to the care of a Hebrew funeral. Upon his return from the event the undertaker, with considerable interest, asked how it went,

"Foine, foine," answered the Irishman; "but those Jews are quare people, surely."
"In what way are they queer?" asked the undertaker.

"Well, don't you see, when the corpse was in the coffin, some old fellow came up and put a half dollar in its hand. Now, what was that for, I dunno?"

"Oh, that," replied the undertaker, "was on account of a tradition the Hebrews have about crossing the River Jordon before they reach heaven, and the money is to pay their ferriage."

"Well! is that so! Then, bedad, this duck will have to shwim, for I swiped the fifty befo' they screwed down the lid."

Catching A Sucker.



I. "A little pepper will do him good."

No Faith In Gas Meters.

In a suit at law brought to recover payment of a gas bill, a witness for the plaintiff was asked: "On what evidence do you conclude that sixteen thousand seven hundred and forty feet of gas had been burned during the month by the detandant?"

"On the evidence of the gas meter," was the answer.

At which the Judge impulsively exclaimed: "I wouldn't believe a gas meter under oath!"

EVERYTHING is faster in this country. In England they say that a man stands for Parliament. In this country they say he runs for Congress.



II. "Something's going to happen pretty soon."

Parliamentary Inquiry.

One of the best incidents of the Judge, Tim Campell's career in Congress occurred just after the violent debate in the Senate between Senator Ingalls and Voorhees. The words "Infernal liar," "dirty dog," "villianous scoundrel," and other epithets were freely used. Two days afterward Judge Campbell was called out of the House by an importunate constituent. On his return he entered through the main door. A violent spat between two members was in progress. The Judge was half way down the aisle when the word "liar" was used. Throwing both hands aloft, he shouted in a shrill falsetto voice: "Mr. Speaker, Parliamentary inquiry."

The Speaker rapped with his gavel and said: "The gentleman rises to a parliamentary inquiry. He will state it."

"Is this the United States Senate chamber?" Mr. Campbell screamed.

"The House broke into a loud guffaw and the laughter continued for a minute or more. It broke up the row between the irate Representatives, who went to their seats before the merriment subsided.



III. "Help! Murder! I'm poisoned!"

Different Nationalities.

JUDGE CAMPBELL, Nicholas Muller, Jr., and a mutual acquaintance were standing on the steps of the Astor House picking their teeth when a squad of immigrants came up Broadway. They were strong, flaxen-haired fellows, with weather-beaten faces, and overladen with luggage.

The mutual acquaintance said: "I wonder what country they came from."

Nicholas Muller, Jr., who is an expert in such matters, replied: "They are Norwegians."

"Oh, no," broke in Judge Campbell, "you're off there. They are Swedenborgians. I can tell them by their clothes."

Too Much for Her.



SERVANT—"Yis, sorr, Mrs. Jones is in, what's yer name, sorr?"

VISITOR—"Professor Vandersplinkenheimer."

SERVANT—"Och! Sure ye'd better go right in, and take it wid ye."

Bixby's Experiment.

Mr. and Mrs. Bixby had been married ten years and the blessing of children had been denied them, a fact that caused them deep regret. Mrs. Bixby often said:

"It must be sweet and interesting to witness the unfolding and development of the infant mind."

"Ah, yes," said Bixby, "a child in the home must indeed be 'a well spring of joy,' a sort of perpetual poem."

It was soon after making these speeches that they went to an orphan asylum and adopted "little Jacky," an interesting youth of about nine years.

They hurried home with their prize, eager to witness the unfolding of the juvenile mind.

It began to unfold and develop before he had been ten minutes in the house. Latent and unsuspected, as well as undesired tendencies began to manifest themselves in Bixby's "perpetual poem."

Before a week Bixby had changed his mind about a child in the house being a "well spring of joy." He said it was more like a sink-hole of —, but Mrs. Bixby wouldn't let him say it all; she said it sounded too much like swearing.

At the end of six weeks Bixby transferred the boy and all his right to a ranch-owner out West, who was on a hunt for "perpetual poems" out of which he might make good cow-boys.

Bixby thought Jacky was just the boy the ranchman wanted. He had formed this opinion from the "unfolding" he had witnessed of Jacky's young mind and the development of six weeks.

In summing up his losses afterwards Bixby said to a friend:

"I wouldn't have one of these things in the house again for five hundred dollars a week. If I thought I'd ever have one of my own now I'd go and take Rough on Rats, and Mrs. Bixby would drown herself. That

boy I had for six weeks didn't leave a whole piece of furniture in the house. He poisoned our splendid old Maltese cat the second day; he killed my Plymouth Rock rooster the next day; he broke nine of the piano keys and scratched his name on each of the four legs with a nail. He broke our pier-glass with a tack hammer; tore all the engravings out of ten costly books; tied my mother-in-law's wig on the dog's head and turned him loose. Then he took her teeth and fixed them so that he could work them with a string, and carry them off to school, where he traded them for four glass marbles. He set fire to the barn twice and tried to paint all the white parts of my house red. He broke or tore or smashed something every ten minutes. He insulted everybody who came to the house. He fought like a tiger when I tried to take my revolver from him, I think he had two fights a day every day for six weeks. Next time I want to see anything unfold itself I'll go off and get a half-grown hyena and turn it loose in the house, so that I can have some peace during the unfolding process."

Yeller Clay.

Here is the first recorded instance of a hotel clerk being "sat on." He said there was one small, vacant room on the fifth floor.

Bill Nye said that would do.

Still suspicious, he said the elevator was not running.

Nye said he didn't care or that. He could climb.

The clerk had one more show to turn him out. He sprang it: "You have to pay in advance," he said.

Nye said that was all right, and was told in reply to his question that the tariff would be \$2.50.

Nye reached for a roll and threw out a \$100 bill. The clerk stammered, seeing that he had made the mistake so often fatal in this country. Then he said he had no change. Nye pulled back the \$100 bill and threw out a \$50. The clerk managed to break that one, and as he did so, the lines of good nature expanded all over his face and tickled the roots of his hair. He had been entertaining an angel unawares. Nye gazed at this auroral display of humor on the clerk's face and said:

"You remind me of Clay."

The display of vanity and good nature on the clerk's front would have been worth a good price as an attraction in the window at that moment.

"Indeed," he said, "Henry Clay?"

"No," replied Nye; "just the common every day, mean, yeller clay, out of which they make bowls and platters in a country pottery."

And then he sought his couch.

Ripples.

"Ah, I say, old chappie, did you call on Miss DeSmith last week?"

"Yes, my deah boy; had an awfully jolly time, dontcher-know. Miss DeSmith is such a delightful punster."

"Tell me, old fellow, what did she say?"

"By jove! vewy amusing, you know. She asked me this question: 'If a crazy optician by his antics made a spectacle of himself, what would two opticians in the same condition make?' I said I couldn't see through it, you know, and, haw! haw! she said I ought, because they would make a pair of spectacles."

The Easiest Way the Best.

A two hundred and fifty pound colored womar got into the Fifth avenue stage and insisted on riding for nothing. Expostulation did no good, so the driver called a policeman to put her out.

"So you won't pay your fare?" said the policeman, looking at her from head to foot.

"No, I'll die first. They should have given me a transfer."

"But I am obliged to put you out if you don't pay your fare," said the pollceman, rolling up his sleeves.

"You jes' try it," said the old lady, with glaring eyes.

The policeman took another look at the giantess, thought a moment, and then quietly dropped a nickel in the box. "I guess that is the easiest way to adjust this case," he said, as he went whistling along on his beat.—[ELI PERKINS.

The Strange Case of Mr. Tweackle and his Strange Disappearance in Six Acts.



1
"By jove! this is a nice retired spot, guess I'll take a plunge."



4
"Scott here comes Miss Browne and her father. Now is the time for disappearing."



2
"He there! those are not your clothes. Ha! I say there! Well I'll be—"



5
"How shall I ever get over this?"



3
"Not a very becoming suit but—oh, if I should meet any one!"



6
"See you later."

A Householder's Pride



MRS. HOULIHAN (of Harlem)—“Don't ye let me hear you spakin' to them O'Tooles again, Mary Ann? Payple what have their own houses shouldn't make so free wid thim as lives in a mere sloice av a flat?”

He Wanted Blood.

THE man who is brave when there is no danger is very numerous. The hero of the following incident, described by the New York “Sun,” was one of this numerous class:

I had been riding in the same seat with a very plain sort of a man for the last twenty miles, when a couple boarded our car at a junction and he suddenly uttered a tuss word as long as my arm. I saw that he was excited by their advent and naturally inquired if he knew them.

“Know 'em! Why, that woman is my wife!” he hissed.

“And who's the man?”

“It's a feller she's eloping with.”

“They haven't seen you yet, and they are nicely caught. How long ago did she leave?”

“Three days. I'll have a terrible revenge.”

“Are you armed?”

“I'm too dangerous when I'm armed, and I left my revolver at home.”

“Then you'll swoop down on the man and break him in two?”

“I orter, I suppose, but when I begin to swoop I don't know where to stop. I might damage a dozen others. My revenge must be sweet and terrible, however.”

“How do you propose to do?”

“I dunno. How would you do?”

“I should go for the man without delay.”

“Yes, that is the proper way, I suppose, but if I get wild who's to hold me? I once started in to lick a man, broke loose, and finally cleaned out a whole town meeting. I must take blood vengeance, however.”

“Perhaps if you would show yourself the man would slink off and the wife return to your bosom,” I suggested.

“I dunno. If he would it would be all right, but suppose he tried to bluff me. That

would make a fiend of me in a moment, and I should probably kill everybody in the car. I must have blood, however.”

“Perhaps you could buy him off?” I said, meaning it for a stab.

“Yes, I might, but I guess he'd want more'n I've got.”

“Well, do you propose to sit here and let another man walk off with your wife?”

“No! By the canopy of heaven, no! I demand his heart's blood. Let me think. He's purty solid, Isn't he?”

“Yee.”

“Would probably fight?”

“I think so.”

“Don't look as if he'd let go for \$12?”

“No.”

“Well, I must plan for a deep and lasting vengeance. Let me collect my thoughts.”

At this moment the woman turned and saw him and she at once arose and came back to the seat. He looked at her with open mouth, and she pointed her finger at him and said:

“Thomas Jefferson Bailey, you open your yawp on this kyar and I'll make you wish you had never been born! At the next stop you git off or my feller will make your heels break your neck. I've gone and left you, and that's all there is about it, and it 'tain't no use to bother us. Mind now or you'll hear from me!”

And she went back to her seat, and Thomas Jefferson rode nine miles without another word, and as a stop was reached he dropped off as humbly as you please. He stood beside the open window until the train moved, and then whispered to me:

“I got off to collect my thoughts. Look out for me when I turn loose for vengeance.”

Rather too Smart.

A St. Louis dry-goods house advertised for a “smart boy,” and they got him. They put him behind the counter. The following conversation passed between him and his first customer:

CUSTOMER (picking up a pair of gloves): What are these?”

SMART BOY: Gloves.

CUSTOMER: Yes, yes; but what do you ask for them?

SMART BOY: We don't ask for them at all; customers do that.

CUSTOMER: You don't understand me. How do they come?

SMART BOY: Why they come in pairs, of course.

CUSTOMER: No, no! How high do they come?

SMART BOY: Just above the wrist, I believe.

CUSTOMER: But what do you get for them?

SMART BOY: Me? I don't get nothing for them. Boss pockets all the money.

CUSTOMER (losing patience): What is the price of those gloves per pair?

SMART BOY: Oh, that's your lay, is it? Why didn't you say so afore! One dollar--
Exchange.

Mean to the Last.



O'FLYNN—(reading a death notice)—“Poor Jim! It says he left a wife and two children.”

MRS. O'FLYNN—“Och, ye might know that, He was too mean to iver take them anywhere wid him.”

Why She Could Not Comply.

THERE is a spicy story of a peevish old farmer who had married a young wife, and, being lately on his death-bed, with his dearest beloved in attendance, was giving her directions how to go on with the management of his estate after his decease; when, after some other questions, she asked him:

“As you have been so kind as to leave the whole stock on this farm to me it is not to be supposed that I shall be long without a number of suitors; pray, my dear, have you any desire that I should marry any particular person in preference to another, for it is my intention to act agreeably to your wishes?”

“To which he very waspishly replied: “Marry?—why, you may marry the devil if you like!”

“Oh, my love,” she replied, in a very tender tone, “that can't be done, for, if you recollect, my dear, it is not lawful to marry two brothers.”—*America.*

She Was Modest.

MR. JONES—“I was thinking of going to the Howard to-night, Mary. Do you care to go?”

Mrs. Jones—“What kind of an entertainment is it?”

Mr. Jones—“Variety, I guess.”

Mrs. Jones—“Young women in short skirts, I suppose.”

Mr. Jones—“Very likely.”

Mrs. Jones—“Well, I don't care to go. I think it very indecorous for young women to appear on the stage in short skirts.”

Then Mrs. Jones went to her bureau and took out of a little envelope her last season's bathing suit and began to look it over to see if it needed any repairs.—*Boston Courier.*

Widow O'Brien's Toast.

Father Foley, parish priest in a New England fishing town, was a clergyman much beloved by his flock, and well liked by “the heretics,” likewise, for his genial manners and capital stories. His reverence, though, of course, a strict disciplinarian, went not a step further than the letter of the law allowed. He was far from ascetic in his religious devotion, being a jolly lover of good living, and by no means averse to a glass of “something hot,” when paying a visit to a member of his parish. On one of the fast days—a cold, bleak one, too—Father Foley, on his way from a distant visitation, dropped in to see Widow O'Brien, who was as jolly as himself, and equally as fond of the creature comforts, and, what is better, well able to provide them. As it was about dinner-time, his reverence thought he would stay and have a

“morsel” with the old dame; but what was his horror to see served up in good style a pair of splendid roast ducks!

“Oh, musha! Mistress O'Brien, what have ye there!” he exclaimed, in well-feigned surprise.

“Ducks, yer riverence.”

“Ducks! roast ducks? and this a fast-day of the holy Church!”

“Wisha! I never thought of that; but why can't we ate a bit of duck, yer riverence?”

“Why? Because the Council of Trint won't have us—that's why.”

“Well, well, now but I'm sorry fur that, fur I can only give ye a bite of bread and cheese and a glass of something hot. Would that be any harrum, sir?”

“Harrum! by no manner, woman. Sure we must live any way, and bread and cheese is not forbid.”

“Nather whiskey punch?”

“Nather that.”

“Well, thin, yer riverence, would it be any harrum fur me to give a toast?”

“By no names, Mrs. O'Brien. Toast away as much as ye like, bedad!”

“Well, thin, *here's to the Council of Trint, fur if it keeps us from atin' it dosen't keep us from drinkin'!*”

No one enjoyed this story better than Father Foley himself, who never tired of telling it.

What he did Know.

“Do you know,” asked the temperance worker of Old Burton, “that every drink of malt liquor drives a nail in your coffin?”

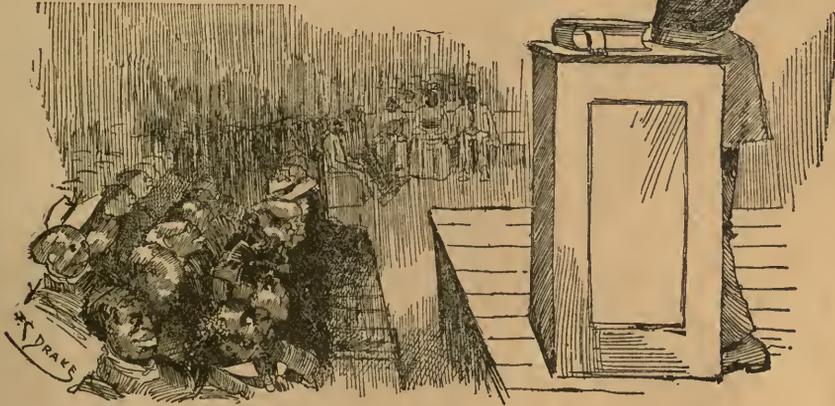
“I don't know that; but I know it drives an ale in me,” he replied.

WHEN a Detroit policeman marries he is in a very short time confronted by a great problem of his life, viz.: Where to hide his clut so that his wife can't find it.

Dat Mule of Sin.

"In de X, V, three I's ob two Samuel, an' nine verses from de beginnin', I fin' dese rema'kable wo'ds: 'An' de mule dat was undah him went away.' "Who gwine to doubt de troof ob de Scriptahs aftah dat? Dat was put down in writin' about de mule 'way back in ole King Dabid's time—mo' yeahs ago den all yo bruddahs an' sistahs kin ma'k down on bofe sides ob a clapbo'd wid a bit ob coal, in a week; an' heah am dat very same kind ob mule libbin' to dis very day—de very mule dat was undah you an' gits away. Who gwine to doubt de troof ob de Scriptahs aftah dat?"

"An' dat very mule dat h'isted Absolem, an' went away an' lef' him, jes' ez like ez not 's libbin' yit.



"Dat mule ain't no bettah fo' bein' a Scriptah mule. It was jes' his own ohn'riness dat took him undah de limb ob a tree fo' to scrape Absolem off. 'An' den de mule dat was undah him went away!' He went away jes' ez fast ez his legs 'u'd cayah him, an' lef' young Absolem hanging dah.

"You bruddahs and sistahs is all ob you ridin' some mule ob sin. You is settin' on sideways, an' straddle, in carnal security. You is starin' all about you at de vanity ob vanities; you is holdin' on to de eahs an' de tail. Some ob you sistahs is sittin' up behin', in your carnal security, huggin' de bruddahs; an' some ob you bruddahs is reachin' 'round ticklin' de sistahs; an' dah you go on de back ob dat mule ob sin, prancin' and dancin' an' cumfilootin. You ain't takin' no notice ob how soon dat mule is gwine to h'ist you. You ain't taking no notice ob how soon dat mule dat is undah you is goin' to went away from dah an' leab you. He's gwine to leab you in a pile 'longside ob de road, to de debble. He's gwine to souse you in de mud ob perdition, er flam you into de fence co'ner of iniquity, er leab you sittin' straddle ob de sha'p rail ob wickedness. Den he'll leab out a hee-hawnk, hee-hawnk, an' flop his tail, an'

kick up his hoofs an' went away fo' to fotch the debbel, to show him whah he dump a load ob sinnahs fo' him. Dat mule ob sin is libbin' yit!

"Las' wintah was a yeah, you all mind young Richa'd William got religion in dis sanctua'y. Dat same night he was ridin' home 'cross 'Possum Bottom Ford, an' de mule dat was undah him went away an' left him sittin' dah. An' I hain't nebbah been able fo' to git dat young Richa'd Williams neah enough to de watah to baptize him since. Dat mule of sin is libbin' yit, shoo!"—Puck.

In a Nut Shell.

When a wife tells her tipsy husband to come straight upstairs to bed, she asks him to do something impossible.

Sir Isaac Newton made money by seeing an apple fall. Some women make money by keeping an apple stand.

The man who dances pays the piper. So it is just as well not to dance in these days.

Any man can marry comfortably if he has sufficient money to procure a license. The hitch comes when the knot is tied.

Orderly sages always file their wisp saws.

There can never be any objection to a cigar manufacturer puffing his own goods.

Men who have horse sense know when to say neigh.

Will Stockton Sign Her:

"That cook would make a good baseball player."

"Why so?"

"A fly got into the batter when she was serving the griddles, and the way she caught that fly from the batter was a sight to rush an umpire into an early grave."

Thoroughly Disguised,



Mrs. LUSHINGTON—"Oh, it's you, is it? I thought it was a burglar."

MR. LUSHINGTON—"No, dear, I ain't no burglar (hic) I'm a temperance lecturer in disguise."

A Whist Player who caught a Tartar.

The late Josh Billings was once on a passenger train bound for his old home at Lanesborough, Mass. On the train were several commercial travelers, who, to while away the time, proposed a game of whist. A fourth man was wanted, and a gentleman sitting near was requested to take a hand.

"No; I do not play. But there is an old fellow who is a capital player; try him"—pointing to the "old fellow," who sat demurely on the seat in front.

"Good player, is he?" said the commercial man. "Then we'll have some fun with old Hayseed;" and, accosting the quiet, farmer-like passenger, the young man, whose cheek was his fortune, blandly said: "My venerable friend, we would like to have you take a hand in a game of cards with us, just to while away the time. Will you oblige us?"

Looking the young man in the face a moment, "Old Hayseed" answered, "Ya-as, we'll be there in about three hours."

"You don't understand, my friend; we want you to take a hand—"

"Ya-as, the stand o'corn is very good—on-common handsome."

"The commercial man was annoyed. "Speak a little louder," suggested the gentleman in the seat behind; "he is somewhat hard of hearing."

"My friend!" shouted the young fellow, "will—you—take—a—hand—in—a—game?"

"Ya-as, game is oncounon plenty; all you want is—"

"Oh, go to the devil! You're as deaf as a post!" and the man of cheek subsided, amid the laughter of his companions.

"When Lanesborough was reached, "Old Hayseed" arose to depart, when he quietly handed his card to the commercial man, who sat glum in his seat, and in a particularly comical way, remarked: "Young man, when you travel on your cheek, don't get hayseed in your eye. See?"

The young fellow glanced at the card. The superscription was—"Josh Billings."

Josh got off the train, and the man of cheek had to find a seat in another car to escape the "run" on him by his companions.

Gallantry Rewarded.

Billy Emerson, the minstrel, while attending a theatrical performance in London, says the N. Y. "World," saw a lady drop her programme from the box she occupied.

"I picked it up," he goes on to relate, "and handed it to her. She was a great swell, I could see, and I noticed that she looked at me pretty hard. 'Hello,' thinks I, 'I guess I've made a mash.' I had on a bang-up suit and looked pretty natty. So I looked at my lady again with a sort of half eye. Just then the curtain went down and she made a beckoning motion with her head. 'Aha!' I says to myself, 'I've made an impression on her Royals!' I leaned forward and I'll be smashed into pulp if she didn't hand me a sixpence!

"What's this for!" said I.

"Ah, you were kind enough to hand me my programme," she said.

"Well, you can bet I was mad.

"Excuse me, madam," said I, putting the coin on the edge of the box, "I am an American!"

Reformation Goes Bravely On.

"Have you any poll parrots," asked the elderly lady, as she went into the bird store.

"Yes, ma'am; here is one that is a beauty, and highly educated."

"Does he—does he swear?"

"No ma'am; I would have recommended you this one, only the old fellow is very profane at times."

"How much is the—the profane one?"

"Why ma'am, you wouldn't take him!"

"Yes, I would. There are no men in the house, and I think it would be such a Christian act to reform him."

CAREFUL MAN.—Gamin (to street peddler)—Say, mister, are you really blind?

Peddler—No. I sell these cough drops for my blind brother, who stays around the corner to look out for cops.

The Rise of Silas Clapham, or the

Romance of the Railroad Torpedo.



Not Incommoded at All.

The street-car gave a sudden lurch in rounding a curve, and the charming young girl who was clinging to a strap nearly sat down in the lap of the man with a fur-lined overcoat who was sitting in the corner. "I beg your pardon, sir," she exclaimed, hastily.

"Not at all, miss," he replied encouragingly. "Try it again."

Another kind of Halo.

"A telephone girl always reminds me of a pictured saint."

"Why?"

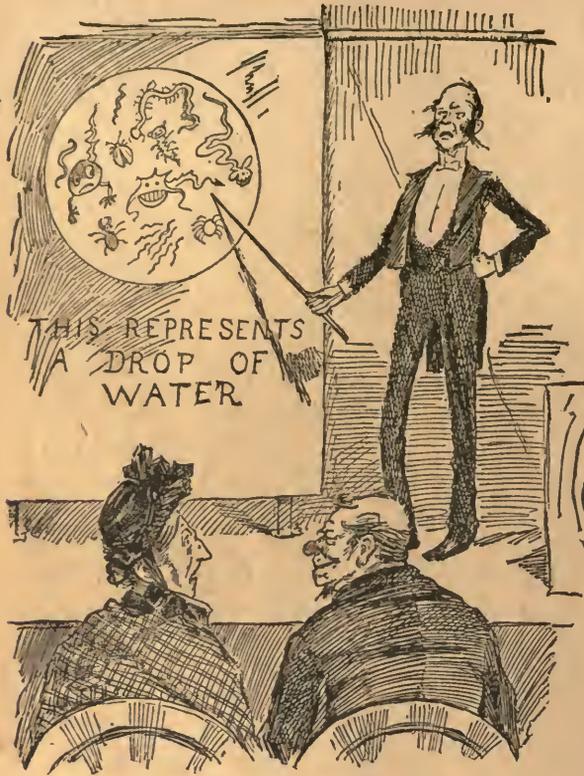
"There is a continual 'hello' around her head."

The Elevator Boy's Turn to Wink.

The elevator was full as he got on the seventh floor, and as he stepped in he said to the boy in an off-hand way, with a wink at the other: "Does this train go the bottom?"

"No," snapped the boy, giving the rope a sudden jerk, "it don't but the car does, and it don't stop for water on the way, and no repairs ain't going to be done on it between trips, and it never run away from me, and it ain't too fast for such a slow crowd, and we don't issue no insurance policies to those who ride on it, and there ain't no draft in the shaft, and say," as the car stopped on the ground floor and the would-be funny man darted from the car and started for the street, "if you come back here I'll tell the rest of your old jokes," and the elevator-boy winked.

Some Changes in Expressions.



1.—MR. SOKER (at the lecture)—“There, Mandy!”

It made a Difference.

Some years ago in a certain town in Connecticut, there dwelt a Baptist minister who, at the period of which I speak, was without a church. In the same town there also dwelt a gentleman who was a strong Universalist, and who so closely resembled the minister in form and feature that he was often mistaken for that gentleman. One Saturday evening a good old deacon of one of the Baptist churches of the town, in passing down one of the streets, met, as he supposed, our good friend the minister; and, as the pastor of his church was on a vacation, he thought it would be a good plan to engage this minister to take his place for one day; so he addressed him as follows:

“Brother, what will you charge to preach to our Baptist friends to-morrow?”

Our Universalist friend—for, of course, it was he, replied as follows: “If I preach your doctrine, deacon, it will cost you ten dollars, but if you will allow me to preach mine it shan’t cost you a d—n cent.”

The horrified deacon shot around the nearest corner. Doubtless thinking the minister had taken leave of his senses.

A Story as is a Story.

The reader is expected to believe the following story in every particular:—“When a young man, I was traveling in Western New York, and late of a stormy night applied at a log cabin for lodging. The occupant, a woman, refused it, saying her husband and sons were out hunting, and if they found me there would murder me. I preferred the chance to the storm, and she consented that I might lie down before the fire. In the night I heard them coming, and scrambled up the chimney. Thinking I was safe when at the top, I stepped over the roof, and jumped down back of the cabin, struck plump into a wolf-trap. A scream of pain from me brought the man and boys out, and they declared I deserved a much more severe punishment than death, so they kept me both in the trap and suspense until morning, and then heading me up in a hogshhead with no light or air but a bung-hole they put me on a sled, drove me some four miles up a hill, and then rolled me off to starve.

This I undoubtedly should have done, but for a very singular occurrence. The wolves smelt me out and gathered round my prison, when one of them in turning round happened to thrust his tail into the bung-hole. It was my only chance. I caught a firm hold, and held on like death to a nigger, which frightened the wolf, of course, and he started down the hill followed by the hogshhead and me. It

was a very uneasy ride over the stones and stumps; but I had no idea how long it was, until the hogshhead striking a stone fairly, the staves worn by long travel were broken in and I jumped out, and found myself way down the lower end of Cattaraugus county, some thirty miles from the scene of the disaster.”

A Conditional Offer.

A recent jury case in this city, in which one juror agreed to vote for conviction if a certain other juror would, recalls the story of two Dakota citizens at a revival meeting.

After an earnest exhortation by the speaker, one of the citizens remarked:

“What d’ye say, Bill—see anythin’ in it?”

“Well, I dunno,” was the reply; “what do you think ’bout it?”

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do, Bill,” said the first speaker, somewhat excited; “I’ll confess religion, if you will.”

WHEN !—Crowd (in elevator)—How soon does this elevator go up, boy?

Elevator Boy (reading)—Jes’ as soon as I find out if the gal who leaped from the cliff was caught by her feller, who stood on the rock, one thousand feet below.

An Inveterate Joker's Little Racket.

Jack Pringle is a man who never wasted an opportunity, or puts off for to morrow the joke that can be done to-day. Going down street last Wednesday he was accosted by a little nervous man who had an impediment in his speech.

Said the stranger: "C-can you t-tell me w-where I can g-get s-s-some t-t-tin t-tacks?"

"With much pleasure, sir," replied Jack who realized the position at once, and, having directed his interlocutor to the shop of a neighboring iron monger, by a somewhat circuitous route, he himself hurried off to the spot by a short cut. Now the iron monger was having his dinner in a little back parlor, but when Jack entered the premises he came forward briskly, bowing and rubbing his hands together in that peculiarly servile manner that is characteristic of the British shop-keeper.

"Do y-you s-sell t-tin t-tacks?" said Jack, assuming a stammer.

"Oh, yes, sir; certainly, sir."

"G-g-good long ones!"

"Yes, sir; all sizes, sir."

"W-with s-s-sharp points?"

"Yes, s ir, very sharp points."

"W-w-well, then, s-s sit down on 'em, and w-w-wait till I c-call again."

Having "given his order," Jack thought it prudent to retire at once, as there were several heavy articles within easy access of the proprietor's hands.

The old man had hardly cooled down and returned to his meal, which had also cooled down unpleasantly, when the real "Simon pure" entered the shop, and again the iron-monger came forth, "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water."

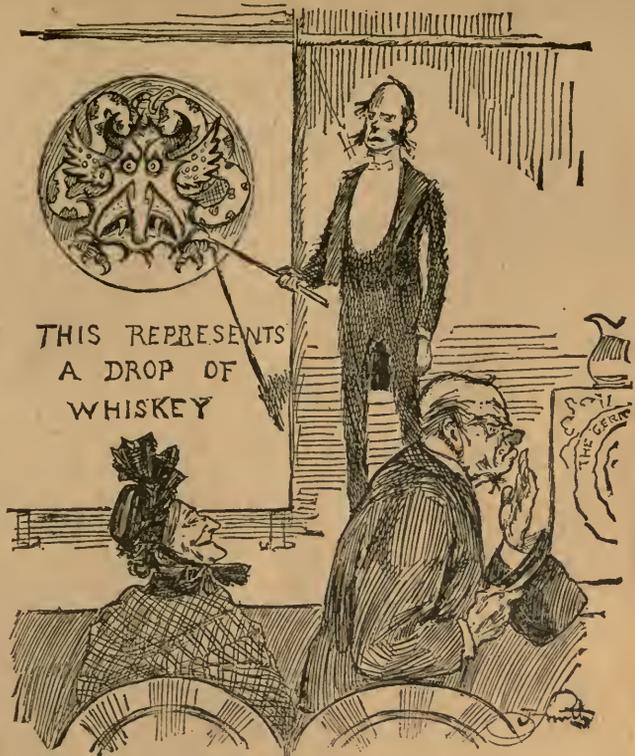
"Do y-you s-sell t-tin t-tacks?" said the little man.

Luckily the door was open, so the customer successfully avoided the two flat-irons hurled at him.

As to the remarks made by the dealer in ferruginous goods, the printer says that they "run too much on sorts," and "he is not going to cut up a lot of rule to make dashes."

Wade Hampton's Story

According to a Washington letter, Senator Wade Hampton is a good story teller. As far as is known he is up to this time the only man who has had the temerity to tell the President an impious tale, and General Harrison was actually very much pleased with the narrative. "I always did like army stories," he says, "and you can't expect army stories to be good enough to tell a Sun-



2.—MRS. SOKER—"There, Silas!"

day-school class. I forgave the profanity of Senator Hampton's story out of consideration for it's wit."

"One day during the war," said the Senator, "the Colonel of a South Carolina regiment was making a round of inspection. Sitting lazily on a rail fence whittling at a piece of shingle he found a man whose face was not familiar to him. The Colonel was indignant. Approaching the loafer he called out to him with all proper severity. 'Who the — are you, sitting here in this fashion?' 'I sir,' responded the man on the fence, continuing his whittling, 'am the chaplain of the —st regiment. Now, who in — are you?'"

A matter of daily Bread.

"My friend," said the long-coated old man, solemnly, "have you made preparation for the day of judgment?"

"Sir," replied the young man, "that's how I make my living."

"Young man!"

"I'm employed in the sheriff's office."

"I've just read some statistics about the frequency of divorces in the United States."

"It seems to me they ought to change 'Until death do us part' into 'Until divorce do us part.'"

Beauty on All Fours.

THE other day I accidentally ran across a member of the new school of physical culture women, whom I take to be the same women who recently made a man rich by letting him prescribe hot water by the quart three times a day, as the great Catholicon and beautifier.

"Is it possible," I asked, "that there are ladies who will walk around and around their rooms on their hands and knees—"

"Hands and feet," she said, interrupting me: "on their four palms."

"There really are such persons?"

"I am one," said she.

"And there are ladies who lie on their backs and gesticulate with all their limbs, like an overturned beetle endeavoring to right himself?"

"Yes, yes," she said; "and its most beneficial. You don't know how beneficial it is."

"Will you kindly tell me where your sense of humor is when you are engaged in these most peculiar performances?"

"I don't know," said the lady. "I think it must be wherever it belongs. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied, picturing in silence to myself the utter impossibility of my locking my chamber door and transforming myself into a circus of such dimensions. Breaking the silence, I asked: "And do you go up and down stairs on all fours, as some do?"

"Oh, no," she replied, with a sigh. "It is impossible for most persons to do that. One must be alone in a house to make it possible. It is a pity, for it would be very beneficial. As we can't do that, we are ordered to take carriage rides over the roughest roads in town."

He Makes the Line Popular.

IN the smoking-car, along with half a dozen others of us, was an engineer who was going down to Peoria, and after a time the Judge started to draw him out by saying:

"I presume you have had your share of close shaves, along with other engineers?"

"I have, sir," was the reply.

"Been in many smash-ups?"

"A full dozen, I guess."

"Any particular adventure that might be called wonderful?"

"Why, yes, I did have one," replied the man, after relighting his old cigar stump. "I didn't think it any great shave myself, but the boys cracked it up as something extra."

"Let us hear about it," said the Judge, as he passed him a Havana.

"Well, one day about three years ago I was coming west with the lightning express and was running to make up lost time. Down here about twenty miles two roads cross, as you will see, and there are a lot of switches and side tracks. I had just whistled for the crossing and put on brakes when the coupling between the tender and the baggage car broke."

"I see, I see," murmured the Judge.

"At the same moment something went wrong with old No. 40, and I could not shut off steam. She sprang away like a flash, and as she struck the crossing she left the track and entered a meadow filled with stumps."

"Good heavens!"

"She kept a straight course for about forty rods, smashing the stumps every second, and then leaped a ditch, struck the rails of the D. and R. Road, and, after a wobble or two, settled down and ran for two miles."

"Amazing! Amazing!"

"Then, at a crossing, she left the metals, entered a cornfield, and bearing to the right, plowed her way across the country until she came to our own road again. She had a long jump to make over a marsh, but she made it, struck the rails and away she went."

"You—don't say—so?"

"I was now behind my train, and, after a run of two miles, I got control of the engine, ran up and coupled to the palace car, and went into Ashton pushing the train ahead of me."

"Great Scott? And was no one hurt?"

"Not a soul, and not a thing broken. The superintendent played a mean trick on me, though."

"How?"

"Why, the farmer who owned the meadow paid the company \$18 for the stumps I had knocked out for him, while the cornfield man charged \$9 for damages. The superintendent pocketed the balance of the money."

"The scoundrel? And how much are you paid a month?"

"Ninety dollars."

"That's for running on the road?"

"Yes."

"And nothing for lying?"

"Not a red."

"That's an outrage. The superintendent is an old friend of mine, and I'll see that you get the \$9 on the stumpage and a salary of \$200 a month as long as you live. It is such men as you who make a line popular."

A Debtor's Paradise.

"It appears to me," said Serena to Sylvester, "that you kiss me entirely too often. I suppose, when we are married people—and she slightly blushed—"you will not think of kissing me more than nineteen or twenty times a day whereas now—"and she blushed again.

"Very true," replied Sylvester. "Twenty kisses a day is, I believe, the normal standard. But consider, I am twenty-eight years old; consequently have spent ten thousand unknissed days. Ten thousand multiplied by twenty equals two hundred thousand. That is to say, this alarming deficit will not be made up until I have received two hundred thousand kisses. You understand now what is meant by paying the debt of Nature?"

"Dear me, yes," replied Serena; "but I never knew it meant that!"—Puck.

No Danger.



YOUNG SKIPJACK—"Ah, I would like to cross that field, do you think—ah—that cow would hurt me?"

FARMER—"Did you ever hear of a cow hurtin' a calf?"

She Knew Him By His Credentials.

A traveler called at nightfall at a farmer's house, the owner of which was away from home. The mother and daughter, being alone, refused to lodge the traveler.

"How far is it, then," said he, "to a house where a preacher can get lodging?"

"Oh, as you are a preacher," said the old lady, "you can stay here."

Accordingly he dismounted. He deposited his saddlebags in the house and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was.

"He cannot be a Presbyterian," said the one, "for he is not dressed enough."

"He is not a Methodist," said the other, "for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist."

"If I could find his hymn-book," said the daughter, "I could tell what kind of a preacher he is," and with that she thrust her hand into the saddlebag, and pulling out a flask of liquor she exclaimed, "La, mother, he's a Hard Shell Baptist!"—*Mercury*.

Can Anybody Who Chews Tobacco go to Heaven?

"By the way," exclaimed the Major, "I heard a funny conversation to-day, coming up from Fort Madison. The talk on the train had drifted upon the subject of prohibition and the duty of anti-liquor people to forcibly restrain their neighbors from drinking, looking at it from a moral and religious point of view.

"The affirmative was maintained by a farmer's wife and her husband, the former doing nearly all the talking, while the nega-

tive was taken by two traveling men. One of the latter, in reply to an expressed conviction of the farmer's wife that nobody who drank would enter the kingdom of heaven, I said: 'You might as well say that no man who chews tobacco can go to heaven.'

"The lady asked: 'Do you think that anybody who chews tobacco can go to heaven?'"

"Why not?" was the rejoinder.

"The farmer's wife braced herself for a clincher, while her husband settled back in his seat to enjoy the discomfiture of audacious drummer at a chestnut which he knew his better half was about to fire at him.

"Because, said she, 'Heaven is a clean place; chewing tobacco is a dirty habit, and a tobacco chewer is an unclean thing, and the Bible says no unclean thing shall enter the kingdom of heaven.'

"Having delivered herself of this forcible logic the old lady looked around upon the passengers with an air of superiority and triumph.

"The commercial man waited patiently until the farmer and his wife had got through laughing, and then quietly asked:

"Where do people go who eat with their knives and blow their nose with their fingers?"

"The rural couple said something about getting personal, and remained quiet until they got off the train, while the wretch who had knocked them out solemnly took a bite from the end of a plug half a foot long."—*Chicago Herald*.

Breaking it Gently.

Young wife: "My dear, you were the stroke oar at College, weren't you?"

Young husband: "Yes, love."

"And a very prominent member of the gymnastic class?"

"I was the leader."

"And quite a hand at all athletic exercises?"

"Quite a hand?" My gracious! I was the champion walker, the best runner, the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying! Why, I could shoulder a barrel of flour and—"

"Well, love, just please carry the baby a couple of hours. I'm tired."

Demanding a New Trial.

A verdict of murder in the first degree had just been brought in.

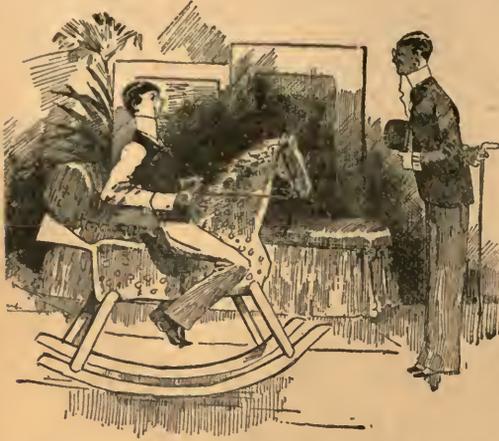
"Your Honor," said the prisoner's counsel, rising and addressing the court. "I demand a new trial."

"On what ground?" asked the Judge.

"On the ground that some members of the jury are incompetent to render a just verdict. Among them are an undertaker, a rope manufacturer, a florist, and a dealer in mourning goods."

A new trial was granted.

Reggy's Precaution.



ALGX—"Why, Reggy, deah boy, what are you doing?"

REGGY—"Well, we sail next week, you know, and weally I must pwactice some against sea-sickness."

Another from Chauncey.

"I had spoken the night before in the opera at a little New York State town," said Mr. Depew, in relating another story of a man he met while speaking in the last campaign, "and was standing on the station platform the next morning with the local committee, waiting for the train, when a lean backwoodsman, with the lower portion of his trousers lost in the depth of his boot-legs, came up to me and said:

"I liked that air speech o' your'n last night."

"I'm glad you did," I replied.

"That was straight talk," he went on, "and it takes an all-fired smart man to roll it out that way."

"I blushed becomingly, of course, at this, and thanked him."

"I wished that I could talk like that," continued the man, "I'd give my back twenty to be able to make such a speech as that."

"You never did anything at public speaking, then!" I said.

"Me? Not a thing—couldn't say 'boo' in public, I don't s'pose. There are things I can do, though. Give me an ax, a draw-shave and a log o' wood and I can make as pretty an ox-yoke as there is in four counties! Yes, sir, that's all I want—ax, draw-shave and log an' 'bout two days' time and there's your ox-yoke. That's what I can do. Now I s'pose, give you them things and you couldn't do nothing with 'em, less mebbly it was to hop up on the log and make a speech to the ax an' draw-shave 'bout the tariff on iron. I'll be snaked if I don't believe I'm pretty well satisfied with my lot after all."

"Soup."

HE was a meek-looking old gentleman from the country, and as he took his seat at the dining-room table, the drummers looked at him over their soup-spoons. They noted his weather-beaten face, his wet hair carefully parted and brushed around over his ears, and his air of diffidence as he nervously fingered his fork; and when the waiter girl stood demurely at his side and winked at the boot and shoe man, they were all attention.

"Soup?" she asked.

The old man seemed a bit surprised at the brevity of the bill of fare, and fidgeted about as though waiting for her to say something more.

"Would you like some soup?" said the girl with a side-glance at the coffee-and-spice man.

"I ain't particular about soup as I know of," answered the old man.

"Boil' mutt'n capersauce, roas' beef, r's' lamb, lamb, r's' veal, fricasee chicken, cole ham-tongue, chick'n-salad, fritters, boil'n 'n' baked p'tatus, said the girl with lightning-like rapidity,

The old man looked kind of helpless, and the boys felt a little sorry for him as he kept his eyes fastened on the fork, which he showed from side to side with his fingers.

"I guess I'll take—I guess you'll have to say that again," he said, looking up, and the girl rattled the whole thing off in exactly the time as before.

The old man looked around the table, and caught sight of a drummer winking at the girl; then he jerked his head around, and then looking her straight in the face, he said:

"You may gimme s'm bile cornbeef 'n' cabbage roas' beef, veal 'n' mutt'n, cole chick'n, 'n' turkey an' tongue, 'n' s'm ham an' eggs 'n' codfish-cakes 'n' sassage 'n' beefsteak, 'n' a piece o' punkin pie 'n' cup o' coffee, sis; 'n' now see ef yer kin make yer little legs fly's as fast as ye kin yer tongue, for I wanter git home; there's a shower comin' up."

The girl hesitated, turned red, and then made a brake for the kitchen, while the drummers laughed and the old man gazed out of the window at the gathering clouds.—*Puck*.

A Correct Diagnosis.

GEORGE.—"Eh! You got engaged last night? Gus, my old, my dear friend, tell me how you did it."

Gus.—"Really, I hardly know myself. Couldn't help it. Just like falling down stairs. I was on the edge of a proposal, she gave me a push, and there I was—engaged."

"Well, I have'n't had any such experience. Every time I try to start, my knees knock together, and my teeth chatter, and my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I've tried a dozen times to pop the question to Miss De Pink, and slumped every time."

"And did she let you slump?"

"Yes."

"You are courting the wrong girl."

The Hornet's Nest. A Serio-Comic Tragedy.



ACT I.



ACT III.



ACT II.



ACT IV.

Very Seasonable.

"What do you call that act?" said the bass singer to the acrobat.

"Oh, that's merely a backward spring," answered the acrobat.

"Ah?" said the bass singer, "if I should try it there'd be an early fall, en! Let's go and have a summer!"

"A what?"

"A summer; more than one swallow, you know."

And then as the Irishman said, they winter way together.

The Humorous Job Printer's Practical Joke Didn't Work.

A QUIET-looking man entered the printing office and approaching the job printer engaged him in low conversation for a few moments. Seven or eight other printers were working in the immediate vicinity. Suddenly the humorous job printer ostentatiously broke out in a loud voice :

"No, sir; not a cent."

"I have not asked to borrow any money," continued the quiet-looking man. "You make me ridiculous by such language; all the men are watching me."

"Can't help it," continued the humorous job printer, "I've no money to loan to-day."

The other printers tittered and the quiet man's face grew scarlet. Seeing this, they attributed his expression to embarrassment over the refusal of his request for money and they began to make side remarks of an uncomplimentary character.

"It's no use," said the humorous job printer, shaking his head solemnly.

"It isn't, eh?" said the quiet man, suddenly hauling off and landing a left-hander squarely on the humorous printer's nose. He went down under his case like a brick blown from a chimney. The quiet man commenced to dance around the prostrate joker.

"Come and see me!" he cried, excitedly : "I'll learn you to play your scurvy tricks on an old friend who dropped in to invite you to meet better company than you deserve to mingle with. Want to make the boys think I came to borrow money, eh? That's a gag that's too old to play on me. Come and see me and I'll feed your flesh to the fowls of the air, paint an Italian sunset on one cheek and the battle of Solferino on the other."

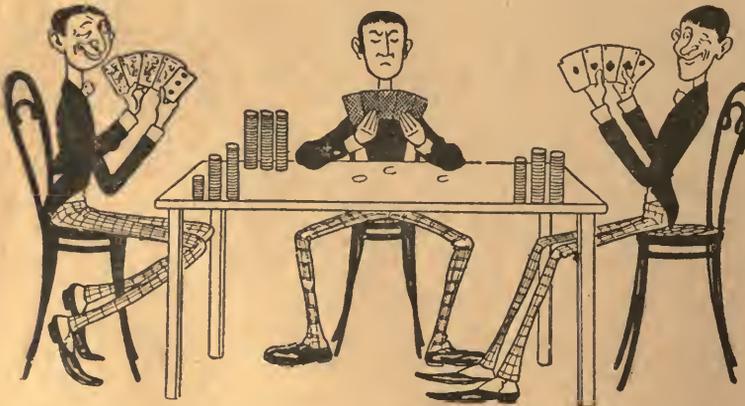
No, the humorous job printer did not stand any more display types on end during the balance of that day.

The Ups and Downs of Poker.



I

Brown, Jones and Robinson sat down to a little game of "draw," they take a careful look at their hands, Brown and Jones seem pleased.



II

The cause of Brown and Jones pleasure is evident. Robinson seems somewhat disturbed.



III

Brown and Jones see "everything and go better" very freely. Robinson's melancholy increases.

McKinley's Retort.

The following conversation is said to have occurred on the floor of Congress the other day, and is given on the responsibility of the Hon. Isaac R. Hill. The talk took place between Major McKinley (Ohio) and Major Martin (Texas):

"Major McKinley you ought not smoke those interstate cigars."

"What do you mean by interstate cigars?"

"Why, I mean cigars that when smoked in one State can be smelled in all the other States."

"And you, Major Martin, should not smoke those Robinson Crusoe cigars of yours."

"What do you mean by Robinson Crusoe cigars?"

"Why, castaways, of course."

Consolatory.

Wife (tenderly)—"Do you love me as much as ever, John?"

Husband (affectionately)—"Of course I do. More than ever, I should say."

Wife (carelessly)—"If I were to die would you marry again, darling?"

Husband (impatiently)—"Oh, what's the use of asking such foolish questions? Wait till you're dead first."

One thing Needful.

"These are my household gods," he said to her as he entered his bachelor apartment.

"But you lack something," she remarked.

"What?"

"A household goddess."

Destructive to Business.

"Oh, live and let live, my man."

"Yes, I'd look well, wouldn't I? I'm a butcher."

The Age of Reason.

Mr. Chevy Chase —“ I think I'll take that copy of the Society Scorpion home with me. I want to square myself with My wife.”

Harry Hounds —“ But why will that square you, as you put it, with Mrs. Chase?”

“ Because there's an article in it pitching into Mrs. Busby.”

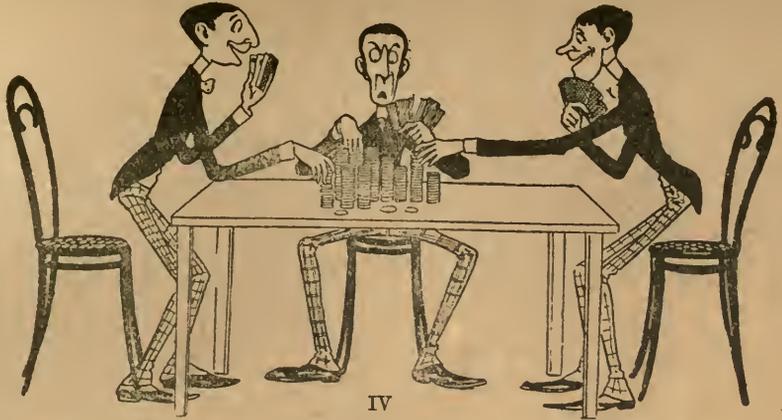
“ But is she down on Mrs. Busby?”

“ Certainly she is. It was at Mrs. Busby's house that I met Mrs. Crasher.”

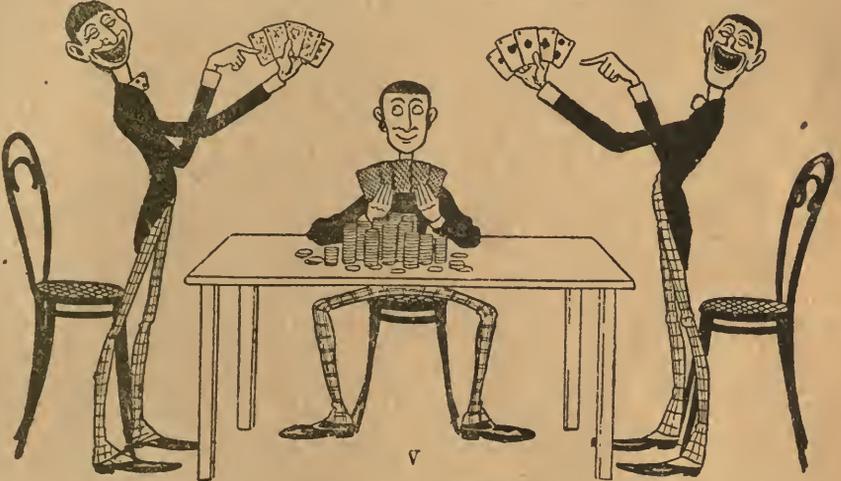
“ And what's the matter with Mrs. Crasher?”

“ Why, it was Mrs. Crasher who committed the unpardonable sin. She told somebody, who told my wife, that it was a wonder to her that such a fascinating, agreeable man as Mr. Chase, meaning your humble servant, had remained single. Somehow, I never told her I was married. That's the reason Mrs. Chase will be glad to see Mrs. Busby roasted. If you were married, my boy, you'd know something about the subtleties of a woman's logic.”—*Puck.*

“ This is rail hard work,” said the car-horse. “ Woe to you if you stop,” said the driver. “ Brake away,” cried the conductor, and the driver did it wheelingly.



IV Everything is up—Robinson down in the depths—but he “calls.”



V Brown and Jones seem sure they have a cinch on the pile. Robinson seems to have recovered his spirits somewhat.



VI The show up. Robinson's straight flush has done its fatal work on Brown's four kings and Jones four aces. —*Life.*

That Bloomin' Young Gal.



A YOUNG man in corduroy pantaloons, and with the bloom of a foreign country still lingering on his cheek, told the following story at police headquarters yesterday :

"You see, I was waitin' in a daypot, as you folks call it, down 'ere in a town called Toledo, when a bloomin' young gal comes hup to me hand says :

"'Could I hax a great favor of you, young man ?"

"'You could,' says I.

"'Hare you a fighter ?' says she.

"'Sunthin of one,'" says I, 'aving taken twenty-four lesson in boxin' of the Liverpool Kid, hand 'aving put hup me dukes along with several good-uns.'

"'Then sit beside me, young man, hand protect me from a-duffer who is takin' had-vantage of the fact that I ham hall alone 'ere in this daypot.'

"'I'll do it,'" says I, 'hand hif he dares to wink at you hagin I'll bust the bloomin' 'head of himself wide hopen.'

"Hand I sat. Hand she sat. Hand haf an 'our, without no bloomin' duffer showin' hup. I took the train for this town, hand arrived 'ere to find that I 'ad neither watch nor wallet. That bloomin' young gal 'ad despoiled me."

"Well ?"

"Well, that's hall, hexcept that I should like to strike a job, hand that 'ereafter the bloomin' young women hof America will not pull wool hover the heyes hof yours truly."

One of Chauncey's Latest.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW tells the following story of another of the many interesting characters he encountered last fall while addressing his fellow citizens on the vital issues of the campaign. It doesn't sound so much like a true story as some that are extant, but it is getting pretty late in the day to doubt his word.

One night after the meeting was over and while the hall was clearing a weather-beaten man button-holed me, and took me to one side and said :

"I'm postmaster out here on Shingle Corners. Blaze away and elect your man if you want to."

"You don't care for the office, then ?" I said,

"No, that ain't it," he replied "It don't

pay but \$14 a year, or mebbey good years, when I boom 'er a little, \$15, but it's powerful handy to have in the house. No, my idee is that we can keep it in the famly anyhow."

"How's that ?"

"The old woman, you see, she's a rip-snortin' Republican, powerful so, reg'ler uncompromisin'. If Cleveland gets it I stay ; if Harrison slides in the old woman comes to the front for her reward. Nobody else wants it, so there we be."

"Well, you're all right then."

"You bet we are. If we git tired of it or too old for it, or anything ever happens, there's my boy, a red-hot Republican, and my oldest gal, Democrat from 'way back. Oh, we're hustlers in our family when it comes to politics."

"But suppose the Mugwumps should develop power some day and carry things ?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "we will soon be fixed for that too. Tho baby is a Mugwump—I know it 'cause he howls all the time. If you see anybody lookin' for p'intos on keepin' a good thing in the famly jess send him out to Shingle Corners."

A Row to see who'll be Boss.

A young fellow was inquiring of Officer Button at the Third street depot about the train for the north, when the officer queried in return :

"Didn't you come in this morning ?"

"Yes."

"With a young woman ?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. I took you for a bridal couple."

"Yes, so we were."

"And you are going back alone !"

"That's what's the matter. We were married day before yesterday and came here on a tour. She was all right when we got here, but in about an hour we had a fuss. She wanted a diamond ring and I couldn't buy it. Diamonds! Just think of it! I've got \$25 in cash and twenty acres of land and expect to have to live on beans for the next six months to pull through."

"And where is she now ?"

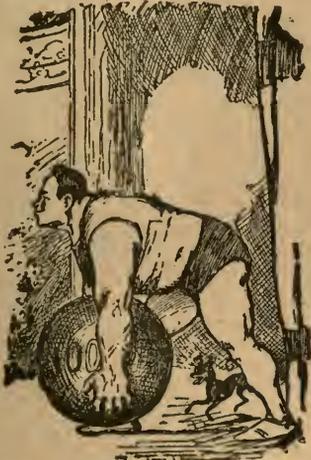
"Over at the hotel. I left her money to pay her bill and get home and she can stay or come. Better have this thing decided at the start, you know. Some folks are built to wear diamonds and some to eat johnny cake. I'm a johnny cakist. There's my train. If she comes in to take the next just see her aboard, but don't encourage her any. It's a row to see who shall be boss and the best man is going to win."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PEARS SOAP and Raspberry jam. Are they like one another. Yes, One washes the dirty and the other dirties the wash.

**Professor M'C. Hercules and His Pet,
OR HOW A FRAUD WAS GIVEN AWAY.**



1.—Professor M'C. Hercules bows to the audience before performing his celebrated feat of lifting a 1,000 pound ball.



2.—His first attempt to seize the ponderous ball.

Essay on Woman.

AFTER man came woman.

And she has been after him ever since.

She is a person of free extraction, being made of man's ribs.

I don't know why Adam wanted to fool away his ribs in that way, but I suppose he was not accountable for all he did.

It costs more to keep a woman than three dogs and a shotgun.

But she pays you back with interest—by giving you a house full of children to keep you awake all night and smear molasses candy over your Sunday coat. Besides a wife is a very convenient article to have around the house.

She is handy to swear at whenever you cut yourself with a razor, and don't feel like blaming yourself.

Woman is not created perfect.

She has her faults—such as false hair, false complexion and so on.

But she is a great deal better than her neighbor, and she knows it.

Eve was a woman.

She must have been a model wife, too, for it cost Adam nothing to keep her in clothes.

Still, I don't think she was happy.

She couldn't go to the sewing circles and air her information about everybody she knew, nor excite the envy of other ladies by wearing her new Winter bonnet to church.

Neither could she hang over the back fence and talk with her near neighbor.

All these blessed privileges were denied her.

JUVENAL—He was a rising young man.

Ovid—Who was ?

Juvenal—He who sat down on the stove.



3.—It's up!

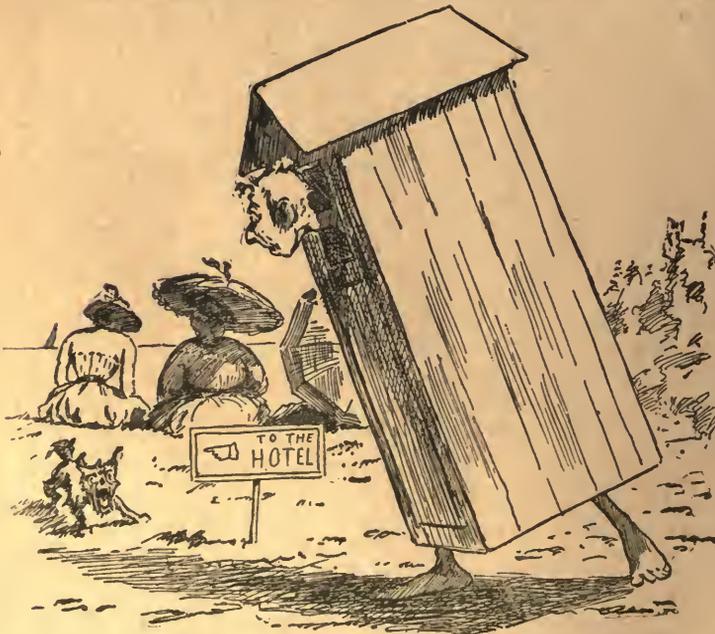


4.—The professor walks proudly away amid the plaudits of the audience, so does the playful and affectionate Fido, who walks off with the ball. Judge.

A Tragedy of a Bath.



1.—MR. SHELLEY—"Here there! Bring those cloths back!"



2.—"I do hope those ladies won't turn around til I get by!"

Playing the "Umpah."

A SMALL boy leaned out of the rear third story window of his father's house in Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, looking at the sky, and at times breaking out with the tune, "In the North Sea Lived a whale." His noise attracted his newspaper neighbor who also leaned out and said, "Well, Georgie, how are you?"

"I'se a prisoner locked up on bread an' water," Georgie replied, just 'cause I didn't know it was loaded. You see, father was in the army, and last week when you heard him firin' off his pistols he was shootin' at a cat. He shot five times, and the cat looked up and smiled when he got frou'. Says I, 'Father, did you ever kill a man when you was a soldier? thinking you know, that he couldn't shoot fur a cent. He says, 'I s'pose so.' Well, I says, 'you muster bin close enough to hit him with an ax,' and he sent me into the house. Well, I seed where he hid his pistol in his overcoat, and yesterday I got it out, an' there was an accident. I felt sure it wasn't loaded, for didn't I hear father fire it off? I put it under my piller, 'n' I waited for supper to be over, 'cause I wanted to scare the girls. Girls always holler when they see a pistol. Well, our minister

come to tea. Ministers are the greatest hands to come to tea; it's half their work to go 'round an' eat suppers with the ladies. Father went down to the Convention, and Bess and Lilly, them's the girls, went into the parlor to see the minister didn't get sleepy. 'Bess,' says I, 'lend me your blanket shawl fer a few minutes, I want to be a Indian brave,' I wrapped the shawl 'round me, put father's cane over my shoulder for a gun, 'n' then I got the pistol, 'n' crept softly down to the parlor so they wouldn't know Indians was skirmishin' 'roun' their camp. I pushed open the door, an' there was the minister and Bessie sittin' at opposite ends of the sofy, an' Lil was crocheting an lamp mat. All was still, 'n' I says, 'the hour has come.' Then I gave three war whoops, 'n' rushed in

and said, 'surrender, or I shoot!' There was a panic. The girls went into hysterics, an' the preacher said, 'My son, mebber that pistol's loaded.'

"Says I, 's'render, pale chief, or I'll shoot yer dead in yer tracks.' They all made a rush at me to take the pistol away, 'n' I fired. Lordy, what a noise. I was skeered most to death. The bullet went into a picture of the signers of the Declaration of Independence,

and took off the head of one of the signers. The preacher turned pale 'n' said I was a wicked boy. I knowd it, 'n' I knowd what I was going to ketch. The girls cried like as though there was a funeral, 'n' I was whipped. I dreamed all night I was fightin' the Indians, an' when I woke up this mornin' I felt sure my name would be in the papers. They gave me bread an' water for breakfast, an' wouldn't let me see a new's paper. So I'd thought I'd escape. I tore up the two sheets, tied one end to the bureau drawer, and was climbin' down like folks do at a fire, when somethin'-give way. I fell about a thousand feet, I thought, I come down so hard. I hit the stone area, 'n' t seemed to me as if it was night and I was lookin' at about a million stars. I didn't know nothin' for a minute. Then I come to."

"What broke?"
 "Nothin' broke; the bureau drawer come out. I oughter tied on to the gas fixture. Father wouldn't give me a newspaper, but he gave me another lickin' and some more bread an' water. I s'pose now I'll be a month on bread 'n' water."

"But you musn't make so much noise."

"That was op'ra I was singin'. Don't you like op'ra? Well, you don't care if I play the umpah?"

"What is the umpah?"

"Why, didn't you never hear a brass band going down the street? One man with a little horn goes 'Ta-te-rent ta-ta-ta-ta,' and a man with a big horn goes 'um-pah, um-pah, um-pah.' That's the umpah I play."

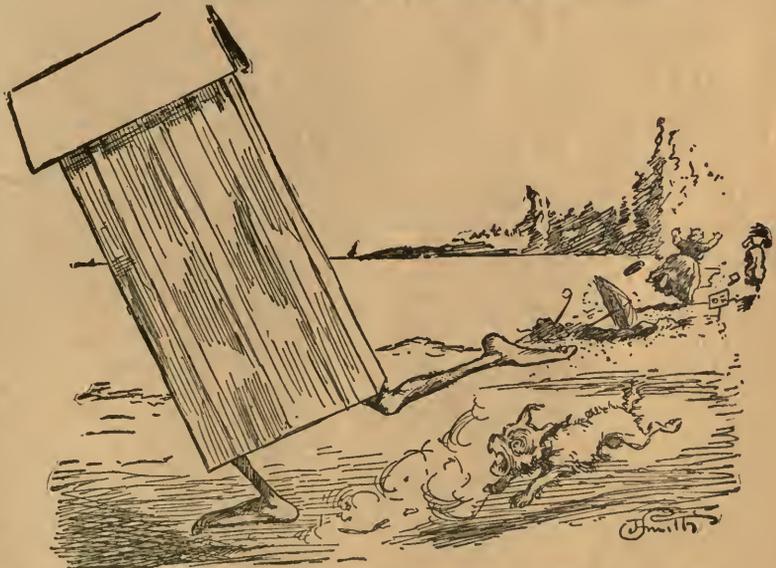
As the neighbor drew in his head the small boy began on the "umpah," and he was playing it when the reporter went away.

Left her Feet Behind.

A good old minister in Scotland is no stickler for etiquette, and likes his visits to his flock to be as informal and as homely as possible; but he has a great regard for truth, and is invariably down on those whom he detects in any deviation therefrom. Recently calling



3.—CHORUS—"Why, where can that have come from



4.—MR. SHELLEY (in a very much muffled tone)—Poor doggy—good doggy."

unexpectedly on a widow who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, he surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind a clothes-horse, and told her little boy to say that she was out. The visitor knocked at the door.

"Well, Jamie," he said "and where's your mother?"

"My mother's no'in; she's doon the street on a message," replied the lad with promptness.

"Indeed!" replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen, "Well, tell her I called, and say that the next time she goes down to the village she might take her feet with her!"

The Fountain of Youth.

"Fine country, this," squeaked a little, dried-up specimen of humanity to his fellow passenger, on a Florida railroad, the other day.

Fellow passenger nodded assent.

"Quainted 'round here?"

"A little."

"Are we very far from the spring?"

"What spring do you mean, this spring or last spring?"

"Oh, come now, don't spring that old chestnut on me. You know what spring I mean well enough.

"Well enough I don't, thought."

"Why, the spring that Mr. Pounce D. Lion discovered in Florida. A man bathes in it and he comes out just as young and frisky as he ever was."

"You mean the Fountain of Eternal Youth?"

"That's it; but I'll be eternally durned if I could remember the name."

"Oh, that's right on this line; we'll come to it by and by. The railroad company uses it to supply a water-tank."

"You don't tell me! Must make a locomotive pretty friskily to draw water from that spring."

"It does. It fairly jumps the track once in a while."

"Well, I should think it would. I believe I would jump the track myself if I could get a sight of it. Let a feller bathe in it?"

"In the locomotive?"

"No; in the spring."

"Yes, and fall too. Say, where are you from?"

"I'm from Connecticut."

"Looking up an orange grove?"

"Well, p'r'aps. Did you ever see this Pounce D. Lion?"

"Oh, yes; I know him well. He's a neighbor of mine."

"You don't say! Did he really get young again after taking a plunge into that spring of his'n?"

"Young! Why, he was so young a guardian had to be appointed over him right away, he was put in the infant class at school, and it was years before they would accept his vote at the polls."

"Say, stranger," cried the little old man, springing up and looking out of the window, "are we any where near that tank now?"

"You want to find it, do you?"

"Well, I kinder promised my wife when I left home that I would sort er look it up. Any land around there for sale? I jes' want a little building lot, you understand. I can put up with anything till I can move the old woman down here. She'll be disappointed, I know, if I don't locate near that spring, for she's no spring chicken herself."

"Now, own up; you've come down to Florida just to find that spring?"

"Could you pint out a man who has tried it?" said the little old man, evasively.

"See that young fellow sitting on the wood box?"

"Yes."

"Well, he was near a hundred when he came down here. But he fell into the fountain one day—"

"You mean he stumbled in?"

"Yes, he just stumbled right in by accident, because he wasn't looking for it as you are, and he was changed so quick that a policeman standing by arrested him."

"Under what ordinance?"

"Under the ordinance forbidding boys bathing in public in the daytime."

"Junction City! Change cars for Orangeville!" cried the brakeman, and as I was going to Orangeville I wasn't able to hear any more of this interesting conversation.—*Texas Siftings*.

Mixed Pickles.

"There was some skylarking at the club the other night, and Jack broke two of Tom's ribs."

"What of it?"

"Jack thought it a side-splitting joke, that's all."

"Did you ever notice the resemblance between a billiard ball and a passionate young lady?"

"In what way?"

"Why they both delight in kissing."

"I HEAR that Chumley lives on his interest?"

"Yes he's the 'interest clerk' in the Richville Bank."

"ANY curtain lectures since you've wed?"

"I should say so. Wife lectured me two hours because I said a hundred dollars was too much to pay for a pair of lace things to hang before a window."

"CHAPPY ought to be arrested for assault. He did a rather unusual thing for him."

"What was it?"

"He struck an idea."

"I DON'T want any of this theatre butter," said a woe-begone actor to the waiter in a cheap restaurant.

"Theatre butter?"

"Yes, it's full of flies."

"I MADE a regular 'sour mash' this morning."

"What, turned bartender?"

"No; flirted with a girl in a vinegar factory."

It's a wise child that won't go a stepfather.

THE grip is bad, but it's sneezy thing to cure.

"Do write," said the paper to the pen. "The ink stands ready to help. You need a little sand." "Learn to rule yourself before giving advice," replied the pen, with a sneer.—*"Texas Siftings."*

No wonder he was not
Afraid.

The grim little man who attends the menagerie at Wonderland had just emerged from the lion's cage one day last week when a timid maiden inquired.

"Say, mister man, do you ever get frightened when you are in the cage with that awful monster?"

"Na ma'am," the keeper boldly made reply, "I am not afraid of anything that walks."

"Why," pursued the inquirer, meekly, "do you possess a natural charm over wild animals?"

"I have been married twice," quoth he.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A Friendly Hint.

Temperance Apostle: Do you know that whiskey will eat a hole through sheet iron?

Inebriate: Why don't you try beer?

HIS HONOR—"What made you steal this gentleman's door mat?" Prisoner—"Sure, your Honor, isn't 'Welcome' on it, in letters as long as yer a-r-r-m."

The Force of Habit.

THE curtain had just risen, and the audience was silently absorbing the heroine's pitiful story. Shiver music with ice down its back was being played by the six thirsty German gentlemen inside the railing, and an asthmatic wind machine was giving a cheap and inferior imitation of a March blizzard. The villain entered, and stealthily aimed a blow at the defenceless woman, which she dodged. Then a voice in the gallery said:

"One strike!"

There was a faint stir in the audience, but the play went on. Soon the hero and the villain had a scene together. The villain raised his cane, and the hero hurled a paper weight at him with miserable aim. Again the voice was heard:

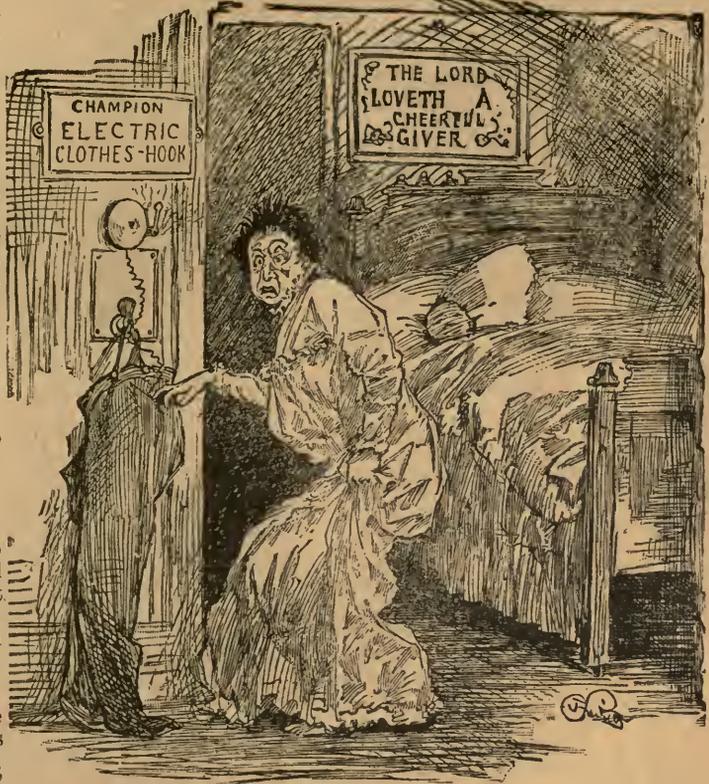
"One ball!"

Again there was a moment's confusion, which soon settled down. The seen went on, and as the hero turned to leave the stage, the villain stabbed him in the side. Then the voice screamed:

"Foul! Foul!"

Once more there was confusion, and people in the orchestra began to look towards the

The Wonders of Electricity.



MR. HAGGENRATH—"Just wait till I get up, my dear, and I'll give you some change myself."

gallery, The play proceeded. The low comedy man had a scene with a policeman. As the Comedian was preparing to make his exit, the policeman made a motion as if to strike him with his club, but he did not do it. Instantly the voice in the gallery said:

"Balk! Take your base!"

The thing was becoming monotonous now, and an officer was sent to hunt out the offender. Before the officer reached the gallery, however, the hero and the villain had another meeting. Words passed between them, and the hero knocked the villain down. Again that voice was heard:

"O-o-o-o-o! A three-bagger!"

The villain sprang to his feet and rushed upon the hero, drawing a huge bowie-knife as he advanced. Then the owner of the voice stood upon the seat and yelled:

"Slide! You've got to slide!"

A hand reached forward and grasped the offender's collar. The shouter turned and saw the officer. The voice sank to a pleading whisper.

"Say," it said, "don't put me out. I've been travelin' round the world as umpire with the All Rhode Island team, and I've almost forgot how to express my feelings at a show in any other way."—*Puck.*

A Check on Humor.



1.—VERY FUNNY BROKER—"I haven't smashed a hat for a week. Think I'd better take a crack at that new one of McCord's."

Coaxing Sarah.

Justice Alley had hardly been opened to legal business yesterday morning when a sleigh containing seven or eight persons from beyond the city limits drove up to the door of a popular Justice and piled out with an air of business. His Honor was poking up the fire, when an old man beckoned him into a corner and whispered:

"Got a job of splicing here for ye. My darter Sarah here is going to hitch to that chap there with the blue comforter, and then we're going out to have some oysters."

"All right—all right," was the reply, and in two minutes the official was all ready.

The man with the blue comforter peeled his overcoat, laid aside his hat, and extended his hand to Sarah.

"I won't do it—I'll die first!" she said, as she shrank away.

"She's a leetle timid—a leetle timid," explained the old man, while the mother rebukingly observed:

"Sarah, don't you make a fool of yourself here. William will make you a good husband."

"And don't you forgit it!" added William. Come Sarah."

"I won't unless we can go to New York on a bridle tower!" she snapped.

"You'd look nice bridle towering around New York with no better duds than you've got!" said the mother. "Now, Sarah, you stand up and git married!"

"Be keerful, mother—don't make 'er mad," warned the old man. "Now, Sarah, if yer back out everybody will laugh at us."

"I don't keer! I want to travel."

"You shall," answered William.

"Where?"

"We'll all go up to the House of Correction."

"Taint far 'nuff."

The old man beckoned William and Sarah aside and began:

"Now, Sarah, William jist dotes on you."

"But I want a bridle tower."

"Yes; but you can't have one. The railroads are all snowed under, and towers have gone out of fashion, anyhow."

"Then I want a diamond ring."

"Now don't say that, Sarah, fur I went to every store last Saturday and they was all out of diamond rings."

"Then I want a set of mink furs."

"Mink furs! William, I know you'd buy 'em for her in a second, but they've gone out of style, and can't be had. Sarah, I'm yer father, ain't I?"

"Yes, dad."

"And I've alway bin tender of ye?"

"Yes."

"Then be tender of me. I want to see ye married to William. You can't have a tower, nor a diamond ring, nor a set furs, but I'll buy ye a pair of new gaiters. William will pay for the oysters, and I'll see that mother divides up the dishes and bedding with ye. Sarah, do you want to see my gray hairs bowed down?"

"No-o-o."

"Then, don't flunk out."

"Will they be two-dollar gaiters?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And all the oysters we can eat?"

"Yes, all you can stuff."

"And a tower next Fall, if wheat does well?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess I will. Come, Bill, I don't keer two cents for you, but I want to oblige father."

Leaving Out the Joke.

SOME people are bright enough to enjoy a good joke, but do not have retentive memories, so as to be able to repeat it to others. Failures of this kind are sometimes very ludicrous. We give some good specimens.

The most famous of this class was the college professor, who, on parting with a student that had called on him, noticed that he had a new coat, and remarked that it was too short.

The student, with an air of resignation, replied: "It will be long enough before I get another."

The professor enjoyed the joke heartily, and going to a meeting of the college faculty just afterwards, he entered the room in great glee and said:

"Young Sharp got off such a joke just now. He called on me a little while ago, and as he was leaving, I noticed his new coat, and told him it was too short, and he said: "It will be a long time before I get another."

No one laughed, and the professor sobering down, remarked: "It doesn't seem so funny as when he said it."

A red haired lady who was ambitious of literary distinction found but poor sale for her book. A gentleman in speaking of her disappointment said: "Her hair is red (read) if her book is not." An auditor, in attempting to relate the joke elsewhere, said: "She has red hair if her book hasn't."

The most unfortunate attempt at reproducing another's wit was made by an Englishman who didn't understand the pun, but judged from the applause with which it was greeted that it must be excellent. During a dinner at which he was a guest a waiter let a boiled tongue slip off the plate on which he was bearing it, and it fell on the table.

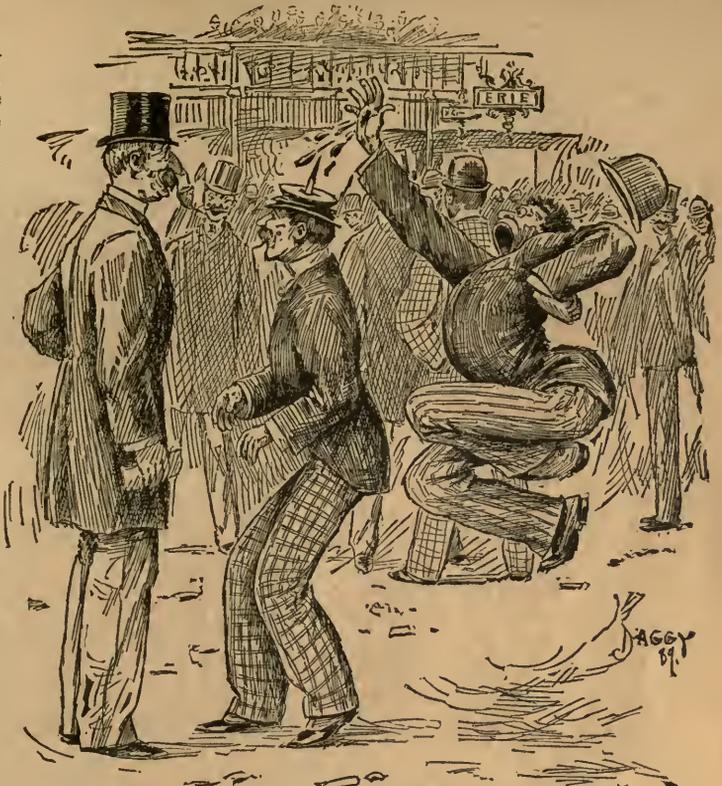
The host at once apologized for the mishap as a "lapsus linguæ" (slip of the tongue). The joke was the best thing at the dinner, and our friend concluded to bring it up at his own table.

He accordingly invited his company and instructed his servant to let fall a roast of beef as he was bringing it to the table.

When the "accident" occurred, he exclaimed: "That's a 'lapsus linguæ,'"

Nobody laughed, and he said again, "I say that's a lapsus linguæ," and still no one laughed.

A screw was loose somewhere; so he told



2.—McCord (after the blow falls)—"That's what I call my fool-killer, Tommy."

about the tongue falling, and they did laugh.

"Why is this," said the waiter, holding up a common kitchen utensil, "more remarkable than Napoleon Bonaparte? Because Napoleon was a great man, but this is a grater." When the funny man reproduced it in his circle, he asked the question right, but answered it, "Because Napoleon was a great man, but this is a nutmeg grater."

A Kind-Hearted Woman.

Mr. Fainwed: Then you refuse to marry me?

Mrs. Mainchance: For the present I must. My husband is in good health, and we are the best of friends.

Mr. Fainwed: And you can give me no encouragement?

Mrs. Mainchance: I will keep your address, and if a vacancy should occur I will drop you a line.

(N. B.—This happened in Chicago, of course.)

ATTORNEY (to witness)—"Mr. Chalkley, if I mistake not, you said a few moments ago that you sold milk for a living."

Witness (guardedly)—"No, sir; I said I was a milkman."

A Lightly-clad Somnambulist Visits his Sweetheart at Midnight.

A young man, whom we will call Tom Jeffreys by way of illustration, was very much infatuated with a young lady who lived on the public road, three miles from his home, near Interlachen. Everybody who has traveled that part of the country knows that the neighborhood is thickly settled, and for miles you go without getting out of sight of some one's house.

One night about eight o'clock, Jeffreys retired early. It was bright moonlight. In his sleep he got out of bed, and in his night clothes walked undisturbed to the house of his lady love. As is generally the case in this country, stairways run up to the second floor on the outside of the buildings, and this one in particular leads from the ground to the young lady's room door. Young Jeffreys walked up those stairs and sat down unconsciously near the lady's door. How long he remained there he does not know, but when he finally awoke his head was resting on his knees, and it was ten o'clock.

Imagine his surprise. There, at his affianced's home, in his night clothes, three miles from home. As easily as possible he crept down the stairway. He could hear the old man down in the fields attending to his horses and cattle. Everything was still. The people in the house were quietly chatting. An open space of about twenty feet separated the kitchen from the main building. The young man went around to the corner of the house and saw the young lady and her mother going to and fro in discharge of household duties. He couldn't speak to them because he wasn't dressed that way. His trouble was to get back home without being discovered or noticed.

When he was quietly stealing his way out of the yard into the road two ferocious dogs awoke from their slumbers, and with grinning teeth took after the flying night shirt which was making its way to the thicket on the side of the road. The animals overtook the object, and what part of the white garment they did not tear off, the briars and brush did, and that young man found himself in a most unpleasant fix with half his skirts torn off. The night was cold and he felt it. On getting into the thicket he got out of the way of the dogs, but for two hours he was wending his way home, dodging passers-by in the public road and shivering like a leaf in the arctic regions.—*Palatka (Fla.) Enterprise.*

Herrmann's Joke.

During his recent visit to this city Herrmann, the magician, related an amusing instance which happened several years ago when he visited the Chinese theatre. The performance was the adjourned act of a play that had been started a month before. In the lobby were a lot of Chinese peddlers sell-

ing sweetmeats, oranges and other fruits. Herrmann made a dead set at the orange man, a thin-faced, avaricious-looking fellow, who wore a queue about five feet long. Herrmann bought an orange and cut it open. With an exclamation of delighted surprise, his eyes sparkling and his face lit up with smiles, he drew a five-dollar gold piece out of the pulp and held it up so that the Chinaman could see it. The latter's eyes bulged from their sockets and a pained look of disappointment crossed his expressionless face. Herrmann bought three more oranges, and from each he drew a shining fiver. By this time the perspiration rolled in beads down the Chinaman's face, and he looked so sick I felt sorry for him. He gathered up his stock, muttering to himself, and when Herrmann wanted to buy another half-dozen the Chinaman refused to sell them.

"I'll give you one dollar for them," said Herrmann.

The price was only ten cents, but the Chinaman was tired of giving away gold pieces.

"Me no wantee sellee," he said shrilly.

A few minutes later he retired into a corner and with the air of a conspirator he began to cut up the oranges.

One after another they went, and his look of disappointment became darker and darker as the magic gold pieces failed to appear. It was actually tragic when the last one was gone, and Herrmann gave him one dollar to prevent his committing suicide.

Why She didn't want an American Husband.

A gentleman from Indiana told me the other day a story about Bayless W. Hanna, now United States Minister to the Argentine Republic. Some months ago at Buenos Ayres, a rich Spanish banker gave a dinner to some friends, and Mr. Hanna was seated on the right of the hostess. She inquired as to the health of Mrs. Hanna, who was not present, and asked how many children they had. Bayless, not understanding Spanish very well, thought she wanted to know the age of Mrs. Hanna and said, "Forty-eight, madam." To his surprise the lady threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Gracious a Dios, que no tengo esposo Americano!" which being translated is, "Thank God, I have not an American husband." The next day the Spanish banker called on Mr. Hanna and said: "You astonished my wife yesterday when you told her you had forty-eight children." "Why, my dear sir," replied the Minister, "I thought your wife inquired as to the age of Mrs. Hanna and I gave her the forty-eight figure. I have only four children, and they are enough." The banker went home and gave his wife the benefit of Judge Hanna's statement, but the story got out and the Judge has to stand up and take the jokes of his friends.

Job Lots.



FIRST BALLET GIRL—
“You are a hateful, spiteful thing, and I won’t bandy words with you!” Second Ballet Girl—“Never mind, dear, you can bandy-legs with any of us.”

“MAMMA dear what is that funny locking machine?” “That my dear is your father’s office typewriter.” “So! and where is the place for the Champagne? The champagne my child, what do you mean? Well

I heard papa tell Mr. Oldhand the other evening that it often costs him ten dollars to fill his typewriter with champagne. Tableau with blue fire.

HE—“Now that you have made me the happiest of mortals, can I kiss you?” She—“Never having any personal experience of your osculatory ability, Mr. Geyser, I don’t know if you can, but if you hadn’t eaten quite so many onions to your breakfast you might have tried at once. S’mother day.

SHE (as he steals a kiss)—“Why, you robber! I shall have you arrested for larceny from the person.” He (kissing her once more) “Very well; I have given it back. If you make that complaint against me I shall charge you with receiving stolen property, knowing it to be such.”

OVERHEARD IN THE KITCHEN—“What did you wear last night?” asked the celery. “A lovely mayonnaise,” replied the lettuce. “And you?” “Never was so mortified in all my life; I wasn’t dressed at all,” said the celery; and the beet blushed.

“Look here, those eggs you sold me the other day were all bad.” “Well, it ain’t my fault.” “Whose fault is it?” “Blamed if I know. How should I know what’s inside ’em. I’m no mind reader.”

YOUNG M. D.—That jig is up.

Old M. D.—What do you mean?

Young M. D.—That fellow with St. Vitus’s dance died this morning.

MAMMA—“Well, did you tell God how naughty you have been?”

Lily—“No, upon reflection, I thought it had better not get out of the family.”

DUDELET—Is this cigar—aw—offensive to you—aw?

Laborer—No, I can stand it, I’ve just been cleaning out a sewer!

On the Avenue.

Frenchman (to American): “Pardon, monsieur, vate ez zat?—a man or a—?”

“That? Oh, a dude. And”—waving his hand toward a block of stores—“here’s where he’s made.”

Frenchman (reading the sign): “‘Felt & Beaver—hattaires’—vat eez ‘hattaires’?”

“They supply the hats, you know.”

“Hats? Oh, vraitment; chapeaux. ‘Lisst and Woollie—cloziaires’—zey ze cloze supplai—oui?”

“Ye t, mongseer. Really, you do very well.”

“Ah, merci! You vair kind. And zees—‘Shears, tailor’—ah, je comprends!—he supplai ze tails—n’est-ce pas? Mais—but vat eez ‘tails’?”

Thought he saw Double.

Nickleby: I just met Bjinks. He was drunk.

Squeers: Why, impossible. He is a very temperate man. What made you think he was drunk?

Nickleby: He told me I looked double the man I did a year ago.—*Lawrence American.*

Does not see Her so much Now.

Singleton (who has been away for years): “I haven’t seen you with Miss Bjinks since my return. Do you see much of her now?”

“Benedict (sorrowfully): “No; I don’t see her very often.”

“I thought you and she were engaged. Did she break it off?”

“No; we were married.”

Methodical Madness.

Physician—Your husband is quite delirious and seems utterly out of his mind. Has he recognized anyone to day?

Wife—Oh, yes. He called me a dragon this morning, and he constantly speaks of the governess as an angel.

Made Clear.

Little Frankie—What does bustle mean pa?

Pa—Something noisy.

Little Frankie—Oh, now I know.

Pa—Know what, my child?

Little Frankie—Why women make so much noise.

WHAT is the difference between a married man and a widower? Get out! The one kisses his missus and the other misses his kisses.

MINISTER (to wicked man)—Sir, why are you so wicked?

Husband—Well, yer see, the good people they die young—I want to live to be high old ’un, I do. See?

DENIS—“Do you drink, Tooley.”

Tooley—“Faith, and I do.”

Denis—“Well, Here’s a clove.”

The Gallant Oyster and the Sponge.

A gallant oyster loved a sponge
In the depth of the dark blue sea.
And the sponge which the gallant oyster loved
Was as fair as a sponge could be.

But the sponge the oyster's love disdained,
With a manner most cold and curt;
To feel that his love by a sponge was spurned
Did the pride of the oyster hurt.

Fate came at last, the sponge caught cold:
And she died of membr'ous croup,
While the gallant oyster who loved the sponge
Found he was in the soup!

The Dominant Instinct.

From the Crowd—"Horrors! Look there!
A runaway!"

Crash—bang! (Horse thrown and carriage
overturned.)

Terrified Voice from the Wreck—"Helb!
My Gott, quick! Dot horz will smash my
prains out mit his hoof. Hold his feet, some-
body." (Crowd rushes forward.)

"Lay still!"

"Climb out over the back!"

"Don't move!"

"Crawl out for heaven's sake!"

"Get under the seat!"

"Wriggle around on top!"

"Wrap the cushion around your head, so
you won't get hurt!"

(A brawny drayman thrusts his arm
through the buggy top and drags the man
from his perilous position.)

The Rescued (casually)—"Many tanks."
(Turning to the Crowd.) "Which shows,
gentlemen, the necessity for accident insur-
anz. I reprezend the Hustlers, of Hartford,
Conn. Capital, two millions, and assets, six.
We would be pleased to write you up for any
amount you choose on the most reasonable
terms. First-class indemnity for the smallest
money. Do I hear any one speak?"

(No one speaks. The horse faints from as-
tonishment.)—*Life*.

Convivial Pastimes.

WHAT is the difference between the man-
ager of a theatre and a sailor? A sailor likes
to see a light house and the manager don't.

When was the theatrical business first
spoken of in the Bible? When Eve appeared
for Adam's benefit.

Why does a dog turn around twice before
lying down? He wants to satisfy himself in
his own mind that one good turn deserves
another.

Why cannot a deaf man be legally convict-
ed? Because it is unlawful to convict any
man without a hearing.

Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive?
She sends off the sparks, transports the mail
and has a train following her—and sometimes
switches off on the wrong track and bursts
her boiler.

Why is a pig with a curly continuation
like the ghost of Hamlet's father? Because
it could a tail unfold.

What's the difference between kissing a
young lady and making cider? One you
have to squeeze before you can get cider and
the other you have to get cider [side her] be-
fore you can squeeze her.

Why is a piano player like a pickpocket?
Because they are always fingering notes.

What time of day was Adam born? A lit-
tle before Eve.

Why is a dog's tail the biggest curiosity in
the world? Because it was never seen be-
fore.

Why is an old maid like a bad lemon? Be-
cause neither is worth squeezing.

Why is a chicken on a fence like a penny?
It's head on one side and tail on the other.

When is a candle like a tombstone? When
it sets up for a late husband.

When is water most liable to escape? When
it's only half tide.

Why are tight rope dancers the greatest
favorites with the public? Their perform-
ances are always on cord [encored.]

Why is a hill like a pill? One is hard to
get up and the other is hard to get down.

Why are musicians the laziest people in
world? Because they work when they play,
and play when they work.

Why are women like prize fighters? Her
fingers are always ready to enter a ring, and
she's always more than a match for any
man double her size.

When does an audience resemble a flock of
geese? When they sit down, look up and
hiss at the stars.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? First
it's got to be cradled, then thrashed before it
becomes fit for family use, and finally becomes
the flower of the family.

Uncle Eph's Candor.

A pretty good story is told of the late Con-
gressman Taulbee, from Kentucky, which is the
more humorous because told by himself. An
old colored man called Uncle Eph had lived
in the Taulbee family many years, and was
considered an honest and faithful old servant.
After the election for congressman, Taulbee
having been a candidate, he was taunted by
some of his opponents with the statement that
Uncle Eph had voted against him. Loath to
believe it, he asked Eph: "Is it true that
you voted against me at the election?" "Yes,
Massa William," replied Eph. "I voted the
'Publican ticket.'" "Well," said Taulbee, "I
like your frankness, and here's a dollar for
your candor." The old colored man stood
scratching his head, when Taulbee asked:
"Well, Eph, what is it?" "Well Massa
Taulbee," said Eph, "if you is buying candor
you owes me fo' dollars mo', kase I voted
agin ye five times."

If a man's teeth were knocked out with an
axe, would he have an accidental resemblance
to any other toothless man?

An Old Country Seat.



Some Mistake There.

We were having a good time in a St. Louis gymnasium one night when the question of self-defence came up to be argued by half a dozen different persons. Among them was a man from Cincinnati, who contended that a gentleman ought always to be able to thrash a mudsill, provided the latter would make a fair scrap of it. Two or three opposed this theory, and to test it the Cincinnati offered to strip while a committee went out to pick up a victim. It was a committee of one, and I went out upon the street and picked my man hap-hazard. He was going past with a bundle under his arm, and I said to him:

"Will you come in and box a man five or six rounds for \$5?"

"Regular fighter?" he asked.

"No, only an amateur."

"I'm your huckleberry."

He was a plasterer, and he had some of his tools in the bundle. He got ready without seeming to care who his opponent was to be, and as they entered the ring it was seen that they were about even in size and weight. Time was called, and the fun began. It didn't last long, however. Inside of two minutes the plasterer planted a straight right-hander at the other's nose, which floored him and kept him on his back for sixty seconds.

"Is that all!" calmly inquired the plasterer as he took off the gloves.

"Yes. Here's your money."

"Thanks. Good night."

When the Cincinnati came too and got his nose repaired he sat for a long time wondering how it all came about.

"Can't you explain it?" he was finally asked.

"No."

"Well, I can."

"What is it?"

"He was a mudsill all right enough, but you are no gentleman!"

Advantages.

"That cigar you smoke has its advantages."

"Like it?"

"No; that's just it. A friend doesn't feel hurt if you don't offer him one."

The Reason He Ran Away With Three Sisters.

A MAN in Texas was arrested for running away with three sisters—triplets—and was placed on trial.

"You are a nice fellow," said the judge, as a preliminary.

"I know it Judge; leastwhile that's what the gals said."

"What do you mean by running away with three women, and ruining the peace of a happy family?"

"I meant to marry em, judge."

"Insatiate monster, would not one suffice."

"Put it a leetle plainer, judge."

"Wouldn't one have been enough?"

"It mought looked that er way to you, judge, and did to me at fust, but you see there was three of 'em, kind of one set like."

"That doesn't count in law."

"Mebbe it don't, judge, but them gals and me talked it all over, and they was mighty attached to each other, and said it was a pity for me to take one of them triplets and break the set, so we just concluded to hang together, and I'll be durned if we was'n't a hangin' right out fer Utah, and no mistake."

"The law does not recognize any such excuses."

"All right, ole man; go ahead. There was three agin one, and if I have to suffer, I kin stand it; but I want to say right here, judge, if any fool cuss breaks that set while I'm sufferin', I'll break his durned skull as shore as I'm a dyin' sinner, and you can bet a rawhide on it."

The case was continued.—*The Drummer.*

Ancient Prayers.

WILLIE (coming home from church)—"Papa, they hadn't learned how to pray very well in Bible times, had they?"

Papa—"I suppose, my son, people could pray then as well as they do now."

Willie (positively)—"No, they couldn't. The Lord's prayer is only a minute long, and our minister can pray for a quarter of an hour.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Popular Polly.

YOUNG Lady (at bird store)—"Has th^e parrot any accomplishments?"

Proprietor—"He can speak a little, but he's to old to learn anything new."

(Hesitatingly)—"Would he imitate any sounds he might hear, such as a sneeze or a cough, or anything of that kind?"

"No. The girls were trying the other day to teach him to imitate the sound of a kiss, but he wouldn't do it."

"I'll take him."

It is supposed that a hen lays an egg because she can't stand it on end.

A Strange Story.

A well known American after-dinner speaker related the following story at a dinner in Delmonico's on the eve of his departure for Europe. While abroad he heard what was supposed to be the same story, told by an English Lord at a dinner in London: "A prominent lawyer named Jno. B. Strange, lived in Chicago, Ill.; on his death bed called his wife to his bedside and requested her not to go to any expense to erecting a



monument or head-stone over his remains, but to place a marble slab, and on it have the following inscription engraved thereon: "Here lies an honest Lawyer." His wife was astonished at such a request, and then said: "But, my dear, how will the public know who it is?"

The husband then replied: "That when people read it they would say: 'Well, that's *Strange*.'"

The Englishman arose in response to a toast, and said: "That before he gave the toast, he would like to tell a story he heard while at a dinner in America. "A prominent lawyer, or barrister as we call it here, which, of course is the correct title, lived at one time in Chicago, Ohio; (a few miles outside of New York,) his name was—was—never mind the name for the present; as its of little consequence, called his wife to his bedside after he died, and requested her to put a plain tombstone on his grave and the following inscribed on the same: "Here lies an honest Barrister." The wife was rather dumbfounded at the peculiar request of her lord, and then remarked: "Why John—John—I can't think of his last name, but as I said before, it's of little consequence, and nothing to do with the story—"John, will the people at large know who it is?" The husband then replied: "Why undoubtedly, my dear, when they read that simple epitaph, they will remark: "Well that's most *extraordinary*."

The Ten Dollar Bill, the Baby, and the Good Deed.

FRANKLIN MURPHY brought sympathetic tears to the eyes of his hearers at the dinner of the Leather Manufacturers' Association, by relating a story of benevolence, says the *Newark Journal*. A friend of his, he said, was walking down to business one morning, when he saw a young woman with a baby in her arms sitting on a church step and weeping. The man, whom Mr. Murphy called Jones, was touched by her apparent distress, and asked her what was the cause of it.

"I walked into town," she replied, "to have my baby baptized, and now it will cost me \$3 to have the service performed. I haven't the money, and I don't know what to do."

"Well, that's a small matter," said Jones, "I haven't \$3 in change, but here's a ten-dollar bill. Take it, and I will wait here for the change."

The woman returned in a short time and handed Jones \$7. He patted the child's head and went down town, rejoicing in his own goodness. He felt good all day, and his countenance shown with an unusual brightness. His associates all noticed the change, and finally one of them asked him the cause of it.

"I am happier than usual to-day," said Jones, "and the reason of it is that I did three good things on my way down town this morning." He related the occurrence, and wound up by saying,—

"So I performed a deed of charity, started a little child on its way to Paradise, and got seven good dollars for a counterfeit ten-dollar bill.

Why Didn't He!

One Sunday morning, Mr. Moody, the revivalist, entered a Chicago drug store distributing tracts. At the back of the store sat an elderly and distinguished citizen reading a morning newspaper. Mr. Moody approached this gentleman and threw one of the temperance tracts upon the paper before him. The old gentleman glanced at the tract, and then, looking up benignantly asked: "Are you a reformed drunkard?"

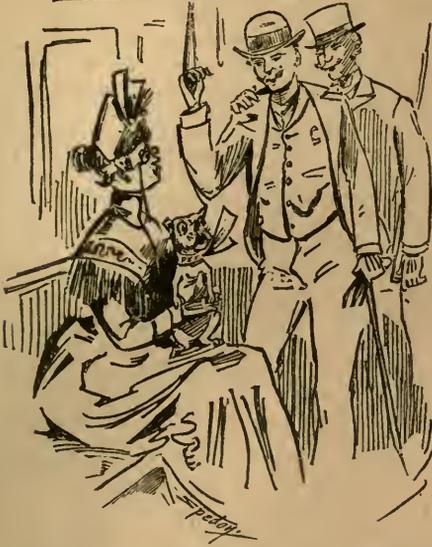
"No, sir, I am not!" cried Moody, drawing back indignantly.

"Then why in— don't you reform?" quietly asked the old gentleman.

Who Makes the Laws.

At a recent examination in a girls' school the question was put to a class of little ones: "Who makes the laws of our government?" "How is Congress divided?" was the next question. A little girl in the class raised her hand. "Well," said the examiner, "Miss Sallie, what do you say the answer is?" Instantly, with an air of confidence, as well as triumph, the answer came: "Civilized, half-civilized and savage."

His Sympathy.



"SEE her kiss that ugly dog," said one gentleman to another in a horse-car, in a loud whisper, calling attention to a woman who was lavish with her endearments of a pet poodle. She overheard the comment, and, glowering upon the unfortunate man, said, in vinegary accents: "It won't hurt me if I do." "Oh, I beg your pardon, Madam; but my sympathy was wholly with the dog."

He Mashed a Hat.

ALONG about the middle of the coach was a young lady, not a beautiful girl, but just ordinary, although she had a very jaunty hat and a sealskin sacque. A young man got on at Castile, who stood at the door and looked the passengers over for a minute or two, and he then walked deliberately down the aisle and plumped himself down beside the girl. As he did so there was a crash and a crush, and he sprang up to discover that he had sat down upon a handbox and mashed it flat.

"I'm so sorry—so sorry!" he stammered as he turned all sorts of colors.

"Mister man," she replied as she inspected the ruin, "have you got \$12 in cash about you?"

"W-what! I really beg your pardon. Indeed I did not—"

"Fork over!" she interrupted, holding out her hand.

"Twelve dollars!"

"Exactly. You have mashed a \$12 bonnet, and I want the money."

"But, Miss—but—"

"My brother Bill is forward in the smoking car, and if you don't pay I'll call him! There's nothing cheap about Bill. He'll knock \$50 worth of jaw off your chin before he gets through with you."

"I'll pay, Miss."

"That's business. Fifteen dollars, eh! Twelve from fifteen leaves three, and here's the change and the hat. Next time you go to

kerplunk down beside anybody look out for breakers."

"I beg to apologize, miss," he replied.

"Oh, you needn't, you got off cheap. If you hadn't smashed the hat I'd have pulled \$25 worth of hair out of your head anyhow."

Everybody felt sorry for the man. He got into a seat at the end of the car, closed himself up like a jackknife, and every time the door opened what we could see of him turned pale for fear it was her brother Bill.

The Tunnel Joke.

ONE day while traveling from Glasgow to Carlisle, relates a writer in "Scottish Nights," I enjoyed a pleasant joke, perpetrated by a wag of a fellow who was in the same compartment. This young man appeared to be a commercial traveler, from the confident, sell-you-anything-you-like manner he had. His face was sallow and as grave as a priest's, but the twinkling light in his fine brown eyes showed the latent fun that was in him. Our companions were a young couple, apparently newly married, an old clerical-looking gentleman, and a solid looking farmer. The young man looked calmly about him for a minute or two, and then asked the young husband:

"Ever been on this line before?"

"No!" he answered with a smile.

"Two awfully long tunnels!" solemnly said the stranger.

"Where?" asked the husband eagerly.

"Oh, here is one!" replied the stranger, as we entered the Eglinton tunnel.

During our passage through the dark we heard a faint "Oh John!" and a faint odor of spirits pervading the carriage. When we emerged into the light the young couple sat looking as innocent as two doves, and the old fellow opposite leaned back in his seat as if pleased with all the world. The stranger looked significantly at me, as much as to say, "Now we'll have fun?" and then, turning to the bridegroom, said:

"That is nothing to the one we will pass through in a little."

For a moment or two all was silence, and then as we approached the bridge near Rutherglen, the stranger said:

"Here we are again!" and laid himself back on his seat with the air of a man about to sleep.

In a second we were out into the light, and what a scene the carriage presented! The old farmer and the clergyman each had a flask half raised to their lips, and stared at each other in blank amazement, while the bride, blushing like a peony, did her best to look composed. Slowly and sadly the two old fellows took their drinks, glaring at the stranger the while, and the bridegroom looked as if he could have eaten somebody. The young man lay back seemingly unconscious of the scene; but the dancing light in his eyes showed the mirth he was suppressing. I laughed comsedly, and ran great risk of being murdered, but I could not help it, and I never pass through a tunnel without remembering the tunnel joke.

A Happy Family.



"BE thim all your children, Mrs. McSorley?"
 "Phwat! Thim all moim! D'ye take me fer an incubator?"

A Pint of Order.

A valued member of the Texas Legislature had died, and the House was paying tribute to his memory. In an affecting speech a colleague, in referring to the deceased, said:

"He left a front room unfortunately vacant at the house of Widow Jones's on the aill, whar it is fittin' to remark that the members of this yer Legislatur are boarded at the price of four dollars a week, washin' not included."

At this a tall member from Tom Green county shouted: "Pint of order, Mr. Speaker!"

"The gentleman will state his p'int," the Speaker replied.

"Are it in order?" said the member, "for a man in a speech on to a dead man to ring in a boardin' house kept by his aunt and furnished by hisself?"

He Could Not See The Joke.

"WHICH would you rather have," said Jones to Brown, "a five-pound note or five sovereigns?"

"Seems to me there's no difference," was the reply.

"Oh, yes there is; I'd sooner have the note, for when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it in creases!"

Brown was so tickled with the riddle that he went into his club and promptly asked it to the first man he came across.

"Give it up," said the latter hopelessly.

"Why, the note, of course; for when you put it in your pocket you fold it in half, and when you take it out you find it all crumpled—ha, ha!"

But his friend looked more hopeless than before, and to this day Brown can't make out why he did not see the joke.

He was no such Person like dot.

With a fly screen under one arm and a bundle of sticky fly paper under the other, an honest agent entered a grocery store on Second avenue yesterday morning and said:

"Why don't you keep 'em out!"

"Who vash dot?" asked the grocery man.

"Why, the pesky flies. You've got 'em by the thousands in here, and the season has only begun. Shall I put fly screens in the doors?"

"What for?"

"To keep the flies out."

"Why should I keep der flies out! Flies like some chance to go aroundt und see our city der same as agents. If a fly is keep on der street all der time he might as well be a horse."

"Yes, but they are a great nuisance. I'll put you up a screen door there for three dollars."

"Not any for me. If a fly vphants to come in here and behaves himself I have nothing to say. If he don't behave I bounce him outt pooty qveek, and don't yer forget her!"

"Well try this fly paper. Every sheet will catch five hundred flies."

"Who wants to catch 'em?"

"I do—you—everybody?"

"I don't see it like dot. If I put dot fly paper on der counter somebody comes along and vipes his nose mit it, or somebody leans his elbow on her und vhalks off mit him. It would be shust like my Shake to come in und lick all der molasses off to play a shoke on his fadder."

"Well I'll put down a sheet, and if it does not catch twenty flies in five minutes I'll say no more."

"No my agent friendht, flies must have a shance to get along und take some comfort. I vhas poor once myseluf, and I know all about it."

"I'll give you seven sheets for 10 cents."

"Oxactly so, but I won't do it. It looks to me like a small beesnes for a big agent like you to go aroundt mit some confidence games to shwindle flies. A fly vhas born to be a fly und to come into my sthore ash he likes. Vhen he comes shall treat him like a shentleman, und I give him a fair show. I don't keep an ax to knock him in der hedht, undt I don't put some molasses all ofer a sheet of baaper und coax him to come und be shuck mit his feet till he can't fly away. You can pass along. I'm no such person like dot."

Both of Them Confused.

THEY were passing under the elevated railroad, and the din overhead was almost deafening.

"This bustle makes my head ache," she said.

"Probably," observed he, "if you were to wear a smaller one—"

"Sir!" she indignantly cried. "I mean the noise confuses me."

"I beg your pardon," stammered he. "I am confused too."

An Interesting Interview.



1.—“The Senator from Wayne County declined to talk for publication.”



2.—“He accompanied our reporter down stairs, however.”

Tit for Tat.

Cross-examining Council: Isn't your husband a burglar?

Witness: Y-e-s

Cross-Examining Council: And didn't you know he was a burglar when you married him?

Witness: Yes; but I was getting a little old, and I had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer, so what else could I do?

Beastly Weather.

“Is it raining, girls!” asked Fangle.

“No,” broke in Cumso; “only cats and dogs.”

A Midnight Accident.

“Say, did you hear of Smithers' accident?”

“Smithers? The chap who married a woman whose face would stop a Waterbury watch!”

“Yes. He always keeps a revolver under his pillow. Got up for a drink last night and was feeling his way back to bed when he accidentally laid his hand on his wife's face——”

“And she shot him? Horrible!”

“No, no? Her face sprained his wrist?”

He Knew

“Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ellie last night and nobody told me, either.”

“Well, then, what is it, Bobbie?”

“Why, George Don't. I heard her say George don't in the parlor four or five times hand running. That's what his name is.”

A Yankee at the Theatre.

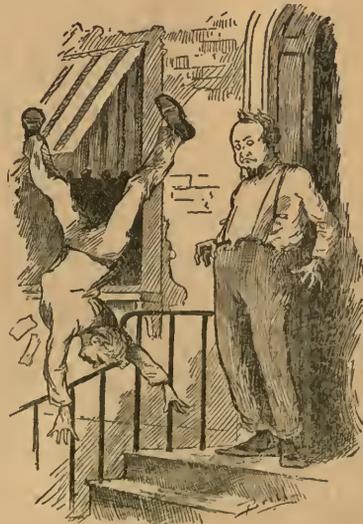
On a certain occasion, at a certain dramatic temple, a farce was in course of representation, and had just reached the scene where the lover enters seeking, almost distracted, his lady love.

“Where, oh Heaven? where has my Julia fled?” exclaimed the actor, in despairing accents.

A specimen of the genus Yankee, in the pit, now exhibited symptoms of impatience, and as the actor repeated his impassioned inquiry, he was answered by our Yankee with:

“Right behind you, you darn fool, in the tater patch!”

The effect of this can be better imagined than described. The applause was tremendous.



3.—“And ushered him into the street in his usual courteous manner.”

Straight Ahead.



1—"Fools! If those people would only keep their eyes open and look where they are going they'd never suffer such—"



2.—"W-o-w! Hi! Help!"

Another Game Altogether.

"Well," remarked the Justice, "what is this young man accused of?"

"I caught him playing poker, sir," replied the policeman.

"Yes," returned the Court; "but I have no objections to poker you know. If that is all the charge against him I shall discharge him. What have you to say for yourself, young man?"

"I was sitting down with some friends of mine, Your Honor, playing a friendly game of cards."

"Yes."

We had a jack-pot on the table. It was opened, and I came in on a pair of deuces. The man who opened it stood pat and bet ten dollars, and I called him."

"Called him on deuces? Twenty-five dollars fine. Call the next."

"Yes," gasped the prisoner, "but I thought you didn't object to poker."

"I don't; but to call a man on deuces isn't poker. Call the next."

Did you ever hear a Man Crow.

Going over on a Weekawken ferry-boat the other day, was an old fellow attired in an 1840 sporting costume, the principal element of which was an Irish cape-coat reaching from his hat brim to his heels.

His little ferret eyes snapped uneasily from under a pair of moustachio brows and it was evident that he was pining for somebody to talk to.

That somebody, in the person of a Washington market butcher came in presently and taking an adjoining seat opened the ball by remarking that it was a wet day.

"Wet ain't no name for it," was the prompt rejoinder. "it's a reg'lar soaker. Whar' yer from?"

"Noo York."

"Sho! I didn't know but what yer might be from Sennygamby. Did yer ever hear a man crow?"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Ever hear a man crow like a rooster?"

"Git out!"

"Betcher life, I kin."

"Le's hear ye," and the marketman's eyes betrayed an overwhelming curiosity.

"Costs a quarter, my friend, and if yer ain't satisfied, yer gits yer money back. If I can't crow ter beat any Shanghai you ever heard, I'll go 'n jump overboard. Thanks. Any one else wanter hear me?"

Several coins were handed to the original professor, and an air of expectancy prevailed the cabin, as he prepared for the performance.

Turning around sideways, and burying his chin deep down in the recesses of his collar, he suddenly let out a clear shrill penetrating "Cook-a-doo-dle-doo!" that was absolutely perfect in it's imitation of a big-lunged barn-yard king, and his effort was followed by a thunder of applause with shook the boat. "I told yer so," he said as his face came into view again. "They ain't no flies on Crower Hal-pin. Wanter hear another?"

More quarters were produced, and he was just going to repeat the feat when the butcher by a quick spasmodic movement reached down under the skirts of the great-coat and pulled a fine specimen of a Jersey chanticleer with the terse remark: "Say, friend, th' next time you try a chicken bunco game, be partic'lar that your pal keeps his tail feathers from showin'." It was very fortunate for the Ferry Company that even the boat was left when the crowd followed that old man ashore.

She Was Padded.

"What a plump figure Norah has!"

"Yes? If it were only her own!"

"Why, I saw her out yesterday, and I'll swear she was padded."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"But she was. She had Paddy Murphy's arm."

"Oh! Paddied! Very good."

A Star explains his Position on the Stage.

"We were playing in a small town, back in the seventies," said a theatrical man, "when our leading heavy man had a rather tough experience. All the miners were in the theatre. Well, the heavy man had been persecuting a poor maiden through two acts. In the third act he came to the powerful scene of the play. 'At last,' he said, 'I have you in my power, and nothing on earth can save you. I, who was the slave, am now the master.' So saying he advanced toward his trembling victim.

"Mercy!" she moaned.

"Mercy," he retorted. "You had no mercy for me, and I will have none for you."

"At that moment a gruff voice was heard from the gallery: 'You blamed varmint, I'll settle with you.' There was the crack of a pistol, and a bullet whizzed near the heavy man. 'Plug the son of a gun, boys,' continued the voice, and a shower of bullets saluted the stage villain. He didn't stop long, but fled from the stage.

"In the wing he met the stage manager, who was white with anger.

"You have broken up the scene," he said.

"Well?"

"Go back to the stage, sir, and wait for your exit."

"I guess not."

"I tell you I won't have a man in my company who is so easily disconcerted. Go on with the scene, or you leave the company to-morrow."

"That was serious. To be stranded in that forsaken town was calculated to make the heavy man appreciative.

"I'll go back," he said.

"He tore off his wig just before going on, and, stepping down to the footlights with an injured expression of countenance, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen (there were no ladies there, but that didn't matter,) with your kind permission I will resume the scene. Before doing so, however, I want to call your attention to the fact that the young lady and myself are merely acting parts. In reality we are the best of friends. I bear you no ill will for your display of heroic chivalry? I trust, however, that you will curb your generous sentiments, for if you should hit me the play would be interrupted. Many of the gentlemen will meet me after the show at McCarty's they will find out that I am not a bad fellow."

"Loud cheers greeted this speech and the play was resumed."

A Jewel of Honesty.

Caller: Is Mr. Jones in?

The New Servant Maid (a jewel of honesty from the country): Yes, sir; but he's not well. He can't see you.

"Ill, is he? I hope it's nothing serious."

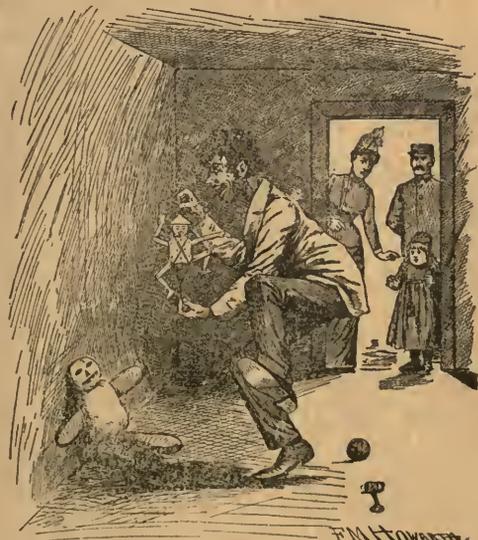
"Not very serious; he's drunk, sir."

"Amusing the Baby"

OR CAUSE AND EFFECT.



1.—WIFE.—"Good by, John. I'll be back in about three hours. Be sure you amuse the baby and keep her quiet while I am gone. I know you'll enjoy having her all to yourself."



2.—MOTHER (five years after)—"Yes, Edna, that is your father. When you were three months old I left him well and happy one afternoon,—minding you. He was brought here the next day,"

After the Whipping.

"Pa, why am I like Jonah?"

"I'm hanged if I know. I'll have to give it up."

"Because I've just been whaled."

It cut Him Short.

A farmer drove up as we were sitting on the side porch of the hotel, and after fastening his horse he came around to us, and began:

"Gentlemen, mebbe it so happens that one of you is a preacher?"

We put in a denial one after another, and he continued:

"Wall, the case is this. My hired man died yesterday. He ain't got no friends around here, and he didn't amount to much, but we've got to hold some sort of a funeral over him. Kin ary one of you do any talking!"

It was finally decided that an Ohio man, who represented a windmill manufacturer, should "do the right thing by the late lamented," and, that afternoon the landlord carried us out to the farmhouse in a wagon. Four or five farmers had assembled, a grave had been dug down on some waste land near the railroad, and the coffin was the cheapest affair to be had for the money. It was evident that the deceased hadn't laid by any cash for such an occasion. When all was ready for the windmill man he stepped out from his chair and pitched the tune and we joined in singing. Then he said:

"My friends, death is a sad thing. It must come to all. Our poor friend here was hardly prepared for death when he took to his bed. He had been carrying water to the stock a long distance, and this exertion pulled him down. Had this farm been supplied with one of our 'None Such' windmills, warranted to pump 150 gallons of water per minute, this man's life might——"

"Hold on a bit," interrupted the farmer, as he rose up. "I've got that very windmill on this farm, and it was owing to the blamed thing being out of order and then falling down that Jim got his death. This hain't much of a funeral, gentlemen, but what there is of it has got to be straight. Proceed, brother, and perhaps you'd better skip windmills and git in sunthin' about our loss bein' his grain, the good die young, death cometh to the high and low, and so on."

But the windmill man had lost his grip, and he led off with the "Doxology" and closed the business in seven minutes from the start.

Another Sort of Thing.

Miss Arabella Liepyer—I do not mind your poverty, George. Until your fortunes mend, I could be happy in your wealth of affection; and in some vine-clad cottage—

Mr. Wardoff—Pardon me, dear; you know I am only a poor city clerk, and cottages are out of the question. Do you think you could be happy in a third-floor-back furnished room, with a sewing machine buzzing overhead and some fiend below cooking cabbage?

Miss Arabella—May be, George, dear, we'd better wait, after all.—*Puck.*

The Joke on the Joker.

A laughable but rather embarrassing case of mistaken identity occurred the other day in one of Boston's largest retail stores. A gentleman who is a little too fond of joking, entered the store for the purpose of meeting his wife at a certain counter. Sure enough, there stood a lady well-dressed, to his eye, at least, just like the woman he was after.

Her back was turned, and no one was near her; so he quietly approached, took her by the arm, and said, in a voice of simulated severity; "Well, here you are, spending your money as usual, eh?"

The face turned quickly toward him was not his wife's; it was that of an angry, acrid, keen-eyed woman of about 50 years, who attracted the attention of everybody in that part of the store by saying, in a loud, shrill voice:

"No, I ain't spending your money or no other man's and I'll——"

"I beg your pardon, madam," cried the confused gentleman, "I supposed you were my wife, and——"

"Well, I just ain't your wife, nor no man's wife, thank fortune, to be jawed at every time I buy a yard of ribbon! I pity your wife if you go round shaking her like you did me. If I was her, I'd——"

The chagrined joker waited to hear no more, but made his way out of the shop amid the titters and sly chuckles of those who had witnessed the confusion.

Suicide Anyhow.

Antiquarian Bore: "Now, do you think Cleopatra really killed herself with an asp?"

Business Man (rudely): "N-o, of course not. Most likely, while in search of youth and beauty, she tried somebody's Elixir of Life."

His Mind was Elsewhere.

"Anything new in kids?" inquired the stylish young lady while on her shopping tour.

"Yes," replied the polite salesman absent-mindedly, "twins last night—I beg your pardon——"

But the stylish young lady was out of sight. "RACKET."

Must be New.

Old Lady—I'd like to git a pair o' shoes, young man.

Polite Clerk—Yes, ma'am. Something pretty nice, ma'am?

Old Lady—I want 'em good 'n' stout.

Polite Clerk—Well, ma'am, here's a strong shoe, an excellent strong shoe. It has been worn a great deal this winter——

Old Lady—Man alive, I don't want no shoes that's been worn this winter nor any other winter; I want a bran' new pair!"

—*Puck.*

The Latest Snap.



1.—Bob Samson—"You ought to buy one of these health pulls, Charley. You grasp the handles, lean forward, and then go—"



2.—Back!"

Improved Fly-Paper.

Inventor—I would like to get you interested in my improved fly-paper.

Capitalist—What makes you think it will be successful?

Inventor—Because it's gotten up in imitation of a bald head.—*Life.*

His First Offense.

Mr. Cash—"Mr. Cypher, you were absent without leave yesterday."

Mr. Cypher—"Yes, sir. I was married very unexpectedly yesterday."

Mr. Cash—"Well, sir, you will please see that it does not occur again."

He had Quit it.

"Do you ever go to bed with cold feet?" asked the physician.

"No," replied the patient. "My wife died seven years ago, and I never remarried."

—"RACKET."

Times Had Changed.

At Sumter, S. C., there was a large crowd of colored people at the depot as the train pulled in. An old bald-headed Uncle Jerry had his head out of the coach set apart for colored passengers, and a man on the platform recognized him and called out:

"Hello, Misser Stivers! is dat yo'?"

The old man looked straight at him, but made no response.

"Hello! Misser Stivers!"

No response.

"Say, Misser Stivers, has yo' losted yo' hearing?" persisted the man, as he drew nearer.

"Boy, was yo' talkin' to me?" demanded the old man.

"Sartin. What's de matter?"

"Boy, does yo' want anything of me?"

"Why, how yo' talk! Reckon yo' has got de hoodoo."

"Does yo' evidently reckon yo' knows me?"

"Of co'se I knows yo'. Yo' is ole man Stivers."

"When did yo' know me?"

"Last fall. Why, I dun worked wid yo' fur three months."

"An' when yo' dun worked wid me what was I a-doin'?"

"Driven' dem mewls for Kurnel Johnson."

"Exactly, sah. But I want yo' to understand dat dere is a heap o' difference atwixt driven' dem mewls fur Kurnel Johnson an' ridin' on de kivered kyars along wid white folks. I might a-knowed yo' last fall, sah, but if yo' now desiah to permeate any alongated conversashun wid me yo' mus' git some 'sponsible gem'len to introduce yo'?"

How he sold them.

Lady of the House: I don't need any of your burglar alarms.

Agent: That's just what the lady next door said.

Lady of the House (on the alert): Said what?

Agent: That it was no use of me calling here, as you wouldn't need any, because you had nothing to steal, but I thought I—

Lady of the House (gritting her teeth): Give me three.—"RACKET."

Flexible Keyholes.

"Anything else, sir?" asked the hardware clerk.

"Well, yes," mused Dusenberry. "I'd like to have some flexible keyholes. The trouble I have in getting my latch-key to fit depresses me every night."

"Your wife, I suppose—"

"Oh, the bother is n't with her, but with the neighbors, who poke their heads out of the windows and laugh at me. Keyholes that will enlarge and ensmall, assorted sizes, please."

A Straw Sleigh Ride.

THE essential ingredients of a "straw sleigh ride" are from fifteen to twenty-five young men and women, a box sleigh without seats, and a quantity of straw. There is one serious drawback to the pleasure of such an excursion. The cold will penetrate the bottom of the sleigh in spite of the straw, and will exercise a chilling influence upon the mirth and geniality of the party. On this particular occasion a thoughtful young man undertook to provide means for keeping the young ladies thoroughly warm, and the latter placed unreserved confidence in his wisdom and skill.

Everybody knows that bricks when thoroughly heated and wrapped up in paper will preserve their warmth for many hours. The young man determined to warm the young ladies of the sleighing party with bricks, and by an elaborate calculation arrived at the conclusion that each young lady should require four bricks. As the party was to consist of eleven girls and seven young men, he laid in no less than forty-four bricks, all of which he heated for several hours in the furnace of the town hall and subsequently placed in the bottom of the sleigh, having first wrapped them in paper. At about eight o'clock in the evening the sleigh received its precious freight and the young man was overwhelmed with thanks for his thoughtful conduct in protecting the young ladies from the cold. The heat from the bricks was at first exceedingly welcome, but after a time a certain uneasiness on the part of the young ladies was manifested. They conversed in an absent-minded and preoccupied manner and evinced that constant tendency of uneasy movements which is said by scientific persons to characterize a hen when placed on a hot griddle, although there is no authentic record that any such brutal experiment has ever been tried. A little later and the girls abandoned all attempts to join in general conversation and whispered together with every appearance of anxiety and alarm. Presently they began one accord to grope nervously and stealthily in the straw and several of them suddenly shrieked and blew quite violently upon their fingers. At last the much astonished young man was unanimously called upon with frenzied energy to instantly stop the sleigh, and as soon as the order was obeyed the young ladies sprang out with a haste that disdained any masculine assistance. The smell of singed paper had by this time suggested an explanation of the mystery, and the demand which was presently made that every brick should be thrown out of the sleigh left no doubt in the mind of the young man. He burned his fingers severely while handling the bricks, but he cared not for his own physical pain. The thought that instead of making the girls comfortable he had inflicted upon them the tortures of St. Lawrence, filled him with humiliation. The girls were merely human, and

it was natural that they should feel extremely dissatisfied with him, but it was scarcely just for them to treat him with cold disdain. The conduct of one particular young lady whom he admired, and whom he provided with an extra brick, pierced him to the heart. She persistently sat on a snow bank and refused to be comforted, or to concede that he was not a hateful, unfeeling brute. When the cargo of bricks was finally thrown out and the girls resumed their places in the sleigh, the whole pleasure of the excursion was manifestly wrecked, and the young man, who had exiled himself to the driver's seat, felt that he was a combination of half a dozen distinct and infamous kinds of criminals.

The way She Surprised Him.

His wagon was heavily loaded and it stuck in the mud. He pulled, he twisted, he beat the horses, he roundly swore. He did everything he could think of, but most of all, he beat the horses. He was aware that two women were watching him, and presently one of them came wading out through the mud straight toward him.

"Now, hyur comes one o' them 'prevention o' cruelty t' animals' fiends," he reflected, "an' if I don't give 'er th' biggest piece o' my mind she ever saw, then my name haint McGintry! It's high time these 'ere females was set down on, an' I'm a-going ter show ye how to do it."

He struck the rail, with which he had been inviting the horses to proceed, into the mud, folded his arms and faced the enemy.

"Now, look-ee 'ere miss," he began, threateningly, "I don't want none o' yer preachin.' Thet wagon's stuck in thet mud, 'n this fence rail's a-goin' to lam them horses till they pull 't out, if it takes till sundown, 'n' all the preachin' you er any other female c'n do hain't a-goin' to prevent it!"

The lady smiled. "I was going to suggest," she said, producing a stout hickory, "that I should whip the horses with this while you pried the wheel with the rail. It will not hurt the wheel so much as it does the horses, and will do more good."

"Y'u cud a-knocked me down 'ith a feather," he said, when he was telling it to the "boys." "W'y, she was a whole s'ciety fer th' prevention o' cruelty to animals, herself."
—*West Shore.*

Not that Kind of Man.

Harry (horrified at seeing Kate puffing at a cigarette)—Mercy! Do you smoke, Kate? Kate—Not because I enjoy it, Harry. I want to fill the room with smoke, so that should a burglar break in, he'll think there's a man in the house.

Harry—Well, you're only losing your time and soiling your lips. A man never smokes cigarettes—leastwise no man that a burglar need be afraid of.

A Night in a Sleeper.

"It seemed as if the devil had broken loose among our passengers last night," said the conductor of the sleeping-car to two of his comrades. "We had the liveliest kind of a time pretty nearly all night. Oh, I could split my sides laughing when I think of the two Dutchmen, the nervous man, and the old lame in berth 10. Then there was the bald-headed man, too. Ha, ha!

"You want the yarn, do you? Well, I'll begin by telling you that we had a big load—that is, a big load of passengers. We were so full that in several cases we made two friends occupy the same berth. The first incident that occurred to make things lively was a row—or, rather, a sort of outburst of popular indignation against the pest of the sleeping-car, the restless chatterbox. It was a little after eleven o'clock, and we were bowling along at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. Most everybody had retired to their berths and were trying to get to sleep.

"They were seriously disturbed in this attempt by a couple of German fellows who occupied upper berths close together, and who persisted in jabbering away to each other. Had they talked German it would have been bad enough; but, like most foreigners who cannot speak our lingo, they chose to talk English in preference to their own language. And never has English been worse maltreated than it was by those two fellows. As for the nature of the conversation it was just of that kind which is calculated to put murder in the heart of the man who is compelled to listen to it. It was like this:

"Du, Yustav!"

"Chaw."

"Kaun you schliep, you?"

"Haw!"

"Kaun you schliep?"

"Op, I schliep kaun!"

"Yaw."

"Naw?"

"Or the talk might turn something like this:

"Du, Yustav!"

"Chaw."

"It was about the fifty-ninth time that 'Du, Yustav' had been begun, when suddenly the head of a thin-faced man, with small black eyes and a big black frown, protruded from the curtains of a berth next to that occupied by Fritz. He was evidently a nervous man, and it was also evident that he was wrought up to the highest pitch.

"You dodgasted Dutchman," he cried, furiously, "who in the name of ensanguined Hades can get a wink of sleep with that infernal yaw-ing and naw-ing dinging in one's ears? It's worse, I swear, than two tabby-cats on a house-top. You've kept it long enough. Shut up, now, both of you, or I'll build a head on you as big as Pike's Peak."

"Murmurs of approval of this threat came from behind several curtains in the immediate vicinity. For a few minutes there was quiet. But presently Fritz's voice was heard again:

"Du Yustav!"

"Chaw."

"Vot was it dot feller say apout der Bike's Beak?"

"Haw?"

"Vot dot feller der Bike's Beak apout say?"

"Op I know der Pike's apout?"

"Yaw."

"Naw."

"N—"

"At this instant the curtains of the nervous man's berth flew wide apart, and the nervous man sprang out upon the floor. He stepped up to Fritz's berth. All the fury of his manner had dis-

appeared, and had been replaced by a sort of calm, cool, determined deliberation. There was a glitter, though, in his eyes which was not pleasant to look at.

"See here, Mr. Dutchman," he said, very slowly and quietly; "it's a question of either you or me leaving this car. If this thing were kept up much longer there would be a homicide here; that's what's the matter. Either you'd pitch out of the window, or I would. Now, shall I murder you, or will you murder me? Which is it to be?"

"After some little argument between Fritz and the nervous man, the affair came to an end something in this wise:

"Shall we stay here to be murdered in der gombany's gar?"



"Op we here stay shall und murdered be?"

"Yaw."

"Naw."

"Den we stay up und go smoke a piper?"

"Yaw."

"Yaw."

"A few minutes later, followed by withering looks from the nervous man, the two Germans were heavily plodding their way toward the smoking-car.

"For a time there was peace and quietude in the sleeper. The car-lights burned with a dim and yellow light as the train rushed through the darkness with a gentle swaying motion. Scarcely twenty minutes had elapsed from the time of the Germans' departure when suddenly a loud, piercing shriek rang through the car. In an instant curtains were dashed aside to make way for sleepy-looking heads; all the attaches of the car who were on duty came running forward, and the voice of the nervous man was heard in angry protest:

"'In the name of a thousand furies,' he cried, 'what's the matter now? Has the engine burst her boiler or is it somebody that?' cut one of those infernal Dutchman's throats. All this car needs is a throttle-valve and a stretch of river to turn it into a first-class callopie."

"In the meantime the initial scream had been repeated several times with added energy and strength. The screams came from berth 10, from which could be seen protruding a pair of legs and the coat-tails of a stout man. The colored porter seized these coat-tails and asked their owner what the matter was. In reply there came a smothered voice exclaiming:

"'There's a devil in my berth and she's got me by the ears.'

This remark was supplemented by another shrill scream and an equally shrill voice, which cried out:

"'Take him away, take him away! the villain, the scoundrel!'

"The porter squeezed his head into the berth and a moment later was heard saying:

"'Perhaps if you stopped screaming, ma'am, and let go of the gentleman's ears, he may be able to get himself out.'

"'Oh, the rascal! the villain!' cried the shrill female voice, there."

"At this moment there was an exclamation of agony from the owner of the legs, as if his ears had been violently wrenched, followed by an agitation of the coat-tails. The next instant a bald head and a very red face were withdrawn from the berth. Glancing into the vacancy just made, we all perceived an elderly lady, thin and grim-looking, and with her hair done up in crimps, sitting half upright in the berth. Beside her lay another female form.

"Hastily throwing a shawl over her head and about her scraggy shoulders, the old dame just opened on Mr. Baldhead for all she was worth. She called him a 'mean, cowardly villain, a shameless old scamp, who insult-

ed unprotected women.' She said that he ought to be lynched, and would be 'if there were any men around.' At last she was calmed down a bit and her story was got out of her. She was occupying the berth with her servant-girl. She had been awakened by some one trying to get into the berth. She had at once seized the intruder by the ears and had called for assistance.

"'And very effectually you did it, too, madam,' remarked the nervous man. 'Considering the disturbance that has been made, I don't know but what ye're right in that there remark as to there being a call for a case of lynching in this car.'

"The bald-headed man protested. He told his story. He had engaged a berth, which he was to occupy with his nephew. The latter had left him some time before to go to their berth, as he thought. He had just finished reading his book in the parlor-car and had come in to go to bed. He thought he recognized this berth as his, and in the semi-darkness it was impossible to distinguish the figure in the berth from that of his nephew. Just as he had put his head in he had been seized by the ears and the screaming had begun. He really thought that the devil had taken possession of him. Such a vicious and unreasonable wretch of a woman it had never been his misfortune to come across before! And the old gentleman put his hand feelingly to his outraged ears.

"What was the number of the gentleman's berth? Number 14. Oh, yes, that was two berths futher up. And the porter took the old gentleman in hand and showed him the way. His nephew was not yet in bed? No: he had been in the car a few minutes before, and had remarked that he would join some gentlemen in a game of cards in the smoker.

With an angry glance toward berth No 10, the old gentleman clambered into bed.

"It seemed that the elderly lady had some difficulty in getting to sleep, after the excitement. Anyway, in less than half an hour after her encounter with the elderly gentleman, she was seen to emerge from her berth and go farward, presumably bent on a visit to the ice-water tank. Before starting out, she loosely pinned a pocket-handkerchief with a violet border to the curtains of her berth, so that she should have no difficulty in recognizing her resting-place on her return. Hardly was her back turned when the two Germans, Gustav and Fritz, came blundering back to their beds. In passing number 10, Fritz clumsily knocked against the handkerchief, brushing it away with his shoulder. It dropped on his arm, and after having been carried a few steps by him, fell to the ground. In so doing it attracted Gustav's attention. He pointed to it, and Fritz picked it up and saw the pin sticking in it.

"'Where it belongs?' he asked of Gustav.

"'Where belongs it?'

"'Yaw.'

"'Daw,' replied Gustav, pointing sleepily to the curtains opposite which it had fallen.

"In another instant Fritz had pinned the handkerchief with the violet border to the curtains of number 14.

"Five minutes later the elderly lady reappeared. She stopped in front of where the violet bordered handkerchief hung. She parted the curtains and with a chilly shiver crawled hastily into the berth,

"Fully twenty-five minutes must have elapsed after the Germans had sought their respective berths, when from number 14 there came an unearthly, blood-curdling shriek, followed by angry exclamations in a deep bass. Again the car attaches rushed forward, again affrightened and sleepy heads appeared from behind curtains, again was the voice of the nervous man to be heard upraised in a flowing and prolonged outburst of profanity. The curtains of number 14 were torn apart by the porter, and the elderly lady and the bald-headed man were found struggling desperately in each other's arms. With some difficulty they were torn apart and assisted from the berth. The elderly lady was speechless with rage, the bald-headed man was almost equally angry. He managed to get the floor first.

"'I think I am in my own berth this time,' he cried; 'I have not moved from it since I got in. This is a conspiracy, I say. I shall sue this company for loss of character.'

"'What?' screamed the elderly lady. 'This your berth, you old villain? Where is the girl? Where are you, Mary Jane?'

"'Here, if you please, ma'am,' answered the girl, her head protruding from the curtains of number 10,

"'What are you doing in that berth, you hussy?'

"'Please, ma'am, this is our berth. I have not stirred from it since we went to sleep.'

"'Sure enough,' put in the porter, with a broad grin. 'that's your berth, ma'am, and this 'ere berth belongs to this gentleman.'

"'My berth—his berth—in the berth with a man—Mary Jane—Oh! oh! oh!—'

"'And the elderly lady was in hysterics.

"'I shall sue this company!' repeated the bald-headed man, with austerity.

"'Sue this company? Sue this company, is it?' howled the nervous man, with dilating eyeballs. 'Well, I should smile if we wouldn't. Call this dodgasted den a sleeping-car, do they? All that's needed here is a pinch of brimstone and a pitchfork to convert it into first-class Inferno?'

"The lull of silence which followed the nervous man's stormy anger was broken by two voices from the upper berths:

"'Du, Yustav, kaun you schliep you mit all dot noise?'

"'Op I mit all dot noise schliep kaun?'

"'Yaw?'

"'Naw!'"

The usual good Time.

"Did you have a good time at the picnic, Libbie?"

"Oh, *elegant!*"

"What 'd you do?"

"Oh, *everything.*"

"But what?"

"Well, we swung in hammocks, and had a lovely time."

"What else?"

"Oh, we swung in swings, and Mr. Lillybud swung me *ever* so high. We had a *lovely* time?"

"Do anything else?"

"Oh, yes; *lots* of things—waded in the brook in our *bare* feet. Just think! Oh, it was awfully awful jolly!"

"What else?"

"Oh, we played tennis and had a *splendid* time."

"That all?"

"Oh, we got *bushels* of daises. It was lovely! We strung them all around our hats and all the boys put them in their button-holes. Oh, it was jolly fun!"

"Do anything else?"

"Oh, no—we flirted *fearfully!* I *never* had so much fun. You really *ought* to have gone!"

"Do anything else?"

"Oh, yes—everything you can think of to have a jolly good time. It was just perfectly splendid!"

"Glad I did n't go," said Miss Kittie as she walked away. "same old thing over again."

Even Up.

Husband: I'll retract that remark I made this morning about feminine curiosity,

Wife: And are n't women in every way more curious than men?"

Husband: No; I saw something that changed my mind to-day. On my way down town I saw a man standing on the corner apparently trying to decipher the letters on a small sign near the roof of a high building. Every man that passed the spot stopped to gratify his curiosity about what the first man saw to gaze at so steadfastly. Soon the sidewalk was blocked but there was not a woman in the crowd.

Wife: No?

Husband: No. They stopped on the opposite corner; it was nearer.

He Didn't Miss Her.

Mr. Smith: You feel the loss of your wife as keenly as you did three months ago, do you not, Brother Jones?

Brother Jones (a widower): The truth is, Brother Smith, I do not. I missed her for a month, but, since I have been putting a piece of zinc in my bed every night, everything appears as real as if my poor wife was lying with her feet against the small of my back.—*Arcola Record.*

SHE gave me her precious bathing breeches,

Dear little things without any pocket,
I promised to treasure their sweet sacred stitches
Shut tight in the back of a pretty gold locket.



A Milk Shake.

McCullough's Marriage Bargain.

To show the sort of standing McCullough was in with our best society, I will mention a little incident about him which I don't think has ever been made public before. At a dinner party at one of the then leading families he and one of the belles of the day were among the guests with others. During dinner Miss —— said in the course of conversation on the theatre :

"Mr. McCullough do you think I would make a good actress?"

"Think it?" said he, in his positive way ; "I know it."

"Suppose I did go on the stage, would you act with me?"

"Indeed, I would." He thought for a minute. "I'll tell you what. Suppose we get up 'A morning call.' It's a two-part comedietta. You play Mrs. Chillington and I will be Sir Edward Ardent."

"Oh, will you?" clapping her hands.

"Deed I will."

"But where shall we do it? At the California? I'm afraid I shall never muster up courage for that."

"Oh, no. We'll try it here, if Mrs. —— will allow it," bowing to the hostess, "here in the parlor."

"When?"

"Just as soon as you can learn your part. I only make one condition. You must be letter perfect."

"What's that?"

"Know every letter of it."

"You won't back out?"

"I'm afraid it's you who will want to do that."

"Will I? You can make whatever penalty you like."

McCullough's eye twinkled. "All right. You must marry me if you don't play."

It was a bold venture, but the belle stood it.

"Agreed," she said. "And if you fail, why —ahem—" She paused, for the first time realizing the situation.

"I'll marry you?" exclaimed McCullough, gallantly. "To-morrow I will send you an acting copy of the play, and you can begin to study your part at once."

But the play never came off. There were a few rehearsals, but the actual performance, it was soon seen, would have to be postponed indefinitely. Miss —— seemed never able to get "letter perfect."

He got it to his Satisfaction.

Among the passengers on a Western train, recently was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse-girl and a self-willed tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continual shrieks and kicks and screams and his viciousness toward his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands and finally spat in her face, without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother chided her sharply. Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fifth time a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said coaxingly :

"Harry, musn't touch. Bug bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother without opening her eyes or lifting her head cried out sharply :

"Why do you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But ma'am, it's a——"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The scream that followed it brought tears of joy to the passengers' eyes.

The mother awoke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it!"

Mary turned in her seat and said, confusedly :

"He's got it, ma'am."

He'd Proved It.

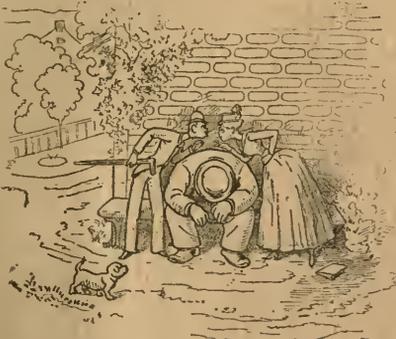
Angelina—"But, Harold, are you quite sure you can support me?"

Harold—"Sure? Why, haven't I supported you for hours nearly every evening for months past?"

Mashed both Sides.



I



II



III



IV

Survival of the Fittest.

In going out of Savannah the cars were pretty well crowded, but a drummer for a Philadelphia house had preempted two whole seats just the same, and was taking things mighty cool. Just after leaving the depot he went into the car ahead on some errand, and he had no sooner disappeared than the drummer for a New York house took the vacated seats. He removed all the baggage to the aisle and put his own on the seat, and he was reading a paper when the Philadelphian returned.

"By heavens! but you are a cool one!" he gasped as he took in the situation.

"Thanks," replied the other, as he lifted his hat. "Please repeat in a loud voice, so that all can hear."

"W-what do you mean?"

"Speak of the coolness of the thing as loud as you can. It will be a big ad. for me."

"An ad?"

"Certainly. I represent the artificial ice machines of Blank, Blank & Co., and you can throw me \$500 worth of advertising and not hurt yourself a bit."

"I'll see you and your machines and your ice in ——— first!" exclaimed the Philadelphian, and he gathered up his traps and took half a seat and sulked for the next fifty miles.

A Popular Courtesy Ignored.

"There are very few smokers who will hesitate to ask an utter stranger for a match, and men who might pass each other on the street everyday for weeks without even a nod of recognition, will exchange 'lights' in a smoking car without the slightest restraint." So spoke a young man to a group of friends the other day.

"But," he continued, "I met a man yesterday on the cars who was an exception to the rule. I was passing through the smoker with a cigar all ready to light, I felt in my pocket for a match. He gave me a cold stare, and paid no attention to my request."

"Was he deaf?" asked one of the crowd.

"No, he was handcuffed, and I felt like a thief when I discovered it, too," was the sad reply.

An Uncommon Disease.

"Here's an account of a hen which layed three eggs at once, and then died," remarked Mrs. Sumway.

"From over-eggserption, probably," commented her husband.

Two Objects.

Charming Widow: And what are you doing now-a-days?

He; Oh, amusing myself; looking out for number one. And you?

Widow: Looking out for number two.

Ending the War.

As we lay facing the rebel lines around Petersburg that last winter of the war, the men in the rifle pits refrained from firing at each other, except when ordered to do so to cover some new movement. One night I was in a pit about half a mile from what is known as the "crater," and I soon found that there was a "Johnny" in a pit facing me, and only a stone's throw away. Everything was quiet in that neighborhood, and I had been in the pit about an hour when he called out:

"Say, Yank, what about this hyar wah?"

"What do you mean?"

"When are you 'uns gwine to quit?"

"When you are licked out of your boots."

"Shoo! you can't do it in a hundred years."

"Well, we are going to keep trying."

He was quiet for a few minute, and said:

"Say, Yank, this is an awful wah?"

"Yes."

"Heaps o' good men being killed."

"Yes."

"Heaps o' property gwine to wreck."

"Yes."

"Does you uns lay it to me?"

"Well, you are helping to keep the war going."

"And I hadn't orter?"

"Of course not."

"And if I should come over to you uns it might end this fussing?"

"It would help."

"Wall, seems that way to me. 'Pears to be sort o' duty. If I kin stop this bloodshed an' won't do it then I'm onnery mean, hain't I?"

"You are."

"Hain't got no true speerit in me, eh?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll come. I'm headin' right fur you, and do you be keerful that your gun don't go off."

He came to my pit, bringing his gun along, and as I passed him to the rear he said:

"This ends the wah and I'm powerful glad of it. Reckon your General Grant will be surprised when he wakes in the mawnin' an' finds the rebellion all petered out and me a-eating Yankee hard tack."

Didn't Feel that Way.

There was a woman about midway of the car who was dressed in widow's weeds, and her mourning looked so fresh that any one could argue that she had but lately laid her husband to rest. By and by a passenger, whose white choker and sleek cut proved his profession, felt it his duty to go over to her, a Bible in his hand, and as he sat down beside her he said:

"Madam, I see you have met with a loss?"

"Have I?" she replied as she turned on him.

"Your husband has been laid away?"

"Yes."

"I trust that he died happy, and in the faith?"

"Well, I don't believe he did. He wasn't one of that kind."

"Yes—ahem—yes," he stammered, greatly put out by her replies, "you must keenly feel your loss, and in your bereavement you should turn——"

"What bereavement?" she demanded.

"The death of your husband."

"See here, sir!" she answered as she turned to face him, "my husband was about the meanest and most contemptible reptile on earth. I lived with him for five years, and he made a hell of every day. Then I applied for a divorce and had paid the lawyer \$50, when he sneak up and died and left me free, but out of docket. I've put this mourning on to go and see his mother and settle some property matters, and when I get back it goes into the rag bag. Don't talk to me about bereavements. I don't feel that way."

Disgusted With the Men.

The dignified girl was on the street-car the other evening, and her lower lip pouted out as if she were at odds with things generally. "You seem out of sorts," said her companion stenographer, "what is the matter?" "Oh," replied the dignified girl, "I get sick of men and their ways. They are messy; they sling paper all over the office and loll about on the desks and chairs in such undignified attitudes. They smoke and chew; we have fourteen drummers who come into our office and only one of the fourteen has ever had the courtesy to ask me if cigar smoke is offensive to me. Then they are silly; they talk such nonsense as 16 years old girls wouldn't be guilty of. It is all about neckties, new hats, ballets, good dinners, and so on. If you think man is the superior animal, you just spend some time in a business office with assorted sizes of him and you will see. I am beginning to believe that a trashy dime novel is better society than the average man and equally improving."

The Road to a Man's Heart.

A girl in town married a very particular and exciting young man six months ago. Her girl friends predicted at the time she would fail to satisfy him, and that consequently they would not live together six months. That period having elapsed and their being no evident signs of any separation between the happy pair, the girl friends felt called upon to visit the young wife and ask her how she had managed to please the young man who had never been known to be pleased before. Mustering all their impudence they called upon her in a body and asked for her secret. "What is the recipe?" they asked.

"We may need it."

"Well, I'll tell you," she replied, "if you'll never tell. Feed the brute."

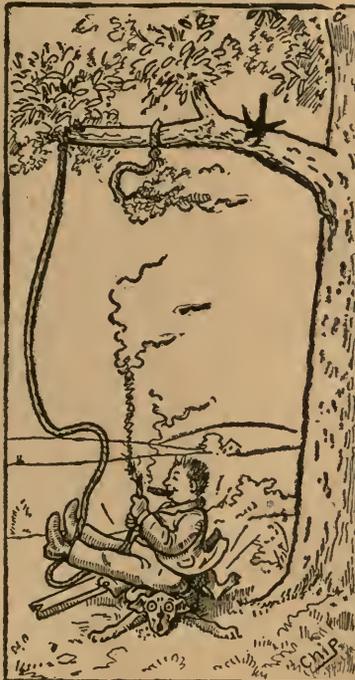
What a Cigar Did.



I



II



III

A lost Opportunity.

Six men of us had come out of the mines in Montana to take a train for the East, but the train we intended to take met with an accident and was several hours late. The station was a small one, the weather very bad, and after a while one of the party went to the agent, who was also the telegraph operator, and asked how long before we might expect the train.

"Dunno," was the brief reply.

"You don't? Well, then, find out!" exclaimed the other.

"When I do I'll let you know."

"Oh, you will, eh? Now, then, you ask Rosenberg if the train has left there yet."

"I'll be — if I do!"

One man out with his gun and was going to shoot, but two or three of us drew him away and talked to him, and finally cooled him off. The most solid argument we advanced was that if he killed the operator we could get no news of the train, and would be even worse off than we were. This argument was what decided him, and five hours later the train came along and we got aboard. We were all seated together and had got a fair start when some one observed:

"That operator had a narrow escape."

"Yes, I meant to shoot him," replied the man who had pulled his gun, "but these gentlemen argued that in case I did we could not hear from the train at all."

"Thunder!" gasped a third. "Why, I'm an old operator myself, and had you shot him I was all ready to locate that train in five minutes."

"Then may I be teetotally kicked to death by jackass rabbits!" groaned the would-be slayer, and he leaned back and nursed his disappointment, and would not speak to any of us for the next three hours.

THERE is no one so sure that honesty is the best policy as the man

who is in jail for stealing. And the man who has lost his good money can readily see the wrong of gambling.

Two mean Men.

A man of a very selfish turn of mind was drinking a glass of beer in a saloon, when a very important business called him out of the locality for some minutes. To save his half-emptied glass of beer against intruders, he put a piece of paper under it with the following legend:

"In this beer I have spit!"

Coming back our hero was very much horrified to read the postscription:

"So have I!"

A Farmer's First Deposit.

They had opened a bank at Medina, the first one in the history of the town, and one day after it was in good running order, Farmer Adams hitched his horse and wagon in front of the building, looked to see if the crock of butter and basket of eggs were safe and entered the building. He was well known to all of the officials, and each had a word for him as he entered. He looked around him in wonder, and then addressed himself to the President:

"Wall, Steve Smith, you've gone and opened a bank, eh?"

"Yes."

"Git a reg'lar charter?"

"Oh, yes."

"Got things so that robbers can't git the money?"

"Yes."

"Wall, now, look-a-here, Steve, I've knowed you a long time, haven't I?"

"You have, Mr. Adams."

"Knowed you when your father run off and left the family as hard up as a spring coon with a broken leg?"

"Yes."

"Knowed you when you growed up and married Hannah Taylor?"

"Yes."

"How is Hanner and the young ones?"

"Well, thank you."

"That's proper, but what I was goin' to say was that I guess I'll put some money in your bank—not a great deal, but jist 'nuff fur a nest egg, like."

"We shall be glad to number you with our patrons."

"Yaas, but look-a-here, Steve, I don't want no foolin' about this bizness. When I want my money I want to find it right here,"

"Certainly."

"And I want to find you here."

"Of course."

"And if you bust up the bank and run off with the cash, as some of 'em hev done, do you know what I'll do? I'll hitch up the old mare and foller you to the end of the airth, and when I overhaul you I'll give you the all firedest drubbing any man on this globe ever got."

"You need have no fears, Mr. Adam."

"Waal, you hear me, and now here is four dollars to begin on. It's to sort o' try you, and, if everything is all right, I may put in four more when I sell that steer. That's all, onless you bust up and run a way."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Puzzle.

She was a fine lady who tried to pose as a deep thinker. She said:

"Truely the world is very strange! People are in ecstacies over a singer or magician, and close their eyes to more surprising things. How do bakers get the soft part of bread in'to crust! I have long pondered over it and made thorough examination, yet I have never been able to divine it."

It was a Plot.

A stranger entered a well-known saloon 63 Woodward Avenue the other day, and after imbibing a weak drink he said to the proprietor—

"I want to wait here a few minutes for a man who borrowed some money of me."

He was motioned to a chair, and when an hour had passed away he was asked—

"Are you a stranger in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you lend money to a stranger to you?"

"I did."

"How much?"

"Forty dollars."

"Humph! Under what circumstances?"

"Said he had a freight bill to pay and couldn't get into the bank. He gave me this check for 200 dols. to hold as security. Said he'd meet me here at eleven o'clock."

"My friend, you have been bamboozled."

"No!"

"Yes, you have. This is the old freight bill dodge. That check is worthless, and you'll never see the man again."

"But I can't believe that. He looked honest and talked straight."

"So they all do. Sorry for you, but you must read the papers."

"Say! I don't pretend to be awfully smart, but I'll bet that chap was honest."

"You will! What'll you bet?"

"Even twenty. I do honestly believe he will come here by 11 o'clock and pay the money."

The bet was taken, the money put up and the greenhorn sat down to wait. At five minutes of eleven a man came in, handed him \$40, expressed his thanks, and took the check and placed it in his wallet.

"I told you he was honest," said the greenhorn as he reached for the stakes.

They were handed over but half an hour later, after much serious thought, the bartender suddenly slapped his leg and exclaimed—

"I see through it now? They were pals, of course?"

A Poser for St. Paul.

While hurrying through a blinding rain-storm a Cleveland young man saw an inebriated individual clinging to a lamp-post for dear life.

"What are you doing in the rain?" he said, stopping a moment.

"I'z waitin' fer m' house to go by," answered the old soak.

The gentleman kindly took him by the arm and escorted him home. Once inside the door he turned round and said:

"Shay, misher, whaz yer name?"

"St. Paul."

"St. Paul; shas so. Shay, misher St. Paul, did y' ever git an answer to shat epistle yo' wrote to the Ephesians?"

An Illustrated Lunch



I.—Bread.



II.—Butter.



III.—Sauce.

Talking Goods up in a clever
Forcible Way.

"Never let a customer go away without making a purchase," said Mr. Threads to a newly-engaged clerk. "Talk the goods up in a clever, forcible way and you'll be certain to make a sale every time."

"All right," replied Fearless Gall, the new clerk, who had been an auctioneer for a year out West. "I think I know just what you mean, sir, and you can rely upon me. I know the tricks of the trade."

Ten minutes later he was going on in this fashion to Mrs. Marshalie Neale, one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic patrons of the house:

"Damask towels, is it, madam? Well, I should smile! If you can't get damask towels here, there's no place in this city where you can get 'em. Look at that towel, my friend! Doesn't it fairly warm your heart to look at it, eh? And just glance at this pair, marked down from four dollars to a dollar and ten cents. Doesn't it fairly make you look young again to gaze on a bargain like that? And suppose you just concentrated your intellectual capacity on this towel for a second! A-ha! makes you fairly hold your breath to gaze on it, doesn't it? Did you ever see anything more perfectly irresistible since you were born in this world of sin and sorrow? Of course, you never did. Oh, it's a cold day when this firm gets left on damask towels! Look at this one. Look at it, woman, it won't bite you; now, tell me, tell me if you ever bought a towel like that for less than two dollars. Of course, you didn't! You've paid that for dish-towels, and thanked Heaven for the privilege of doing so, haven't you? Course you have, sweet friend of my childhood days!" Mr. Threads happened along just in time to have his blood curdled by this last remark and also in time to assist the gasping and livid Mrs. Marshalie Neale to her carriage, where she bade him adieu forever, and two minutes later he was going through the same ceremony with Mr. Fearless Gall.

How He got it.

"I heard yesterday," said Mrs. Jinks, "that Featherston, the coal dealer, has acquired a fortune of fifty thousand dollars."

"Yes," said Mr. Jinks, "and it's about time he got it too. He's been lying in wait for it for the last five years."

It is not the use of money, but the abuse of it, that makes it an evil.

A Standing Explanation.



FAT LADY (*sternly*)—"Is this the ladies' cabin."
 USURPING MALE—"Yes'm."
 FAT LADY (*angrily*)—"I dont see why the men should monopolize all the seats then!"
 USURPING MALE (*politely*)—"I guess it's because all the standing room is occupied, mum."

The Mild-Looking Stranger.

It is always well to be courteous to every one, for one may thus be entertaining an angel unawares. Though it was by no means an angel the character the New York "Sun" describes below, yet he was about as unexpected as an angel:

"Ha! Caught you at last, have I!"

"The tall, powerful man who uttered these words stood in the center of a group at a street corner in a far western town. As he spoke he brought his hand down heavily on the shoulder of a mild looking stranger who was passing by, and turned him half-way round.

The tall, powerful man had previously winked at the bystanders.

"You don't remember me, I s'pose?" he continued, with a fierce frown, as he tightened his clutch on the stranger's shoulder.

"Why, no; I can't say I do," replied the mild-looking man, looking at him wonderingly.

"You've forgot all about the time you leaned out of a car of a train jest pullin' out of Cheyenne, and knocked my hat off, I reckon!"

"I certainly don't remember anything of the kind," protested the bewildered stranger. "I never saw you before."

"Oh yes, you did! You may have forgot it, but I haven't." And he emphasized the assertion with a vigorous shake. "I haven't forgot it, an' I've said a thousand times since then that if I ever met you ag'in I'd make you apologize or fight."

"Now that I think of it," said the mild-looking stranger, stooping to pick up his hat which had fallen to the ground during the shaking process, "it seems to me I do remem-

ber something. I suppose I am bound to give you satisfaction for it. Put up your dukes!"

His bewildered look had gone by this time. Placing himself in an attitude of defense he danced about the big man in a way startlingly suggestive of previous practice.

"Before, I mop the sidewalk with you," said the other, "I want to be sure I ain't mistaken. Your name is—is Snaggs, ain't it!"

"Snaggs," replied the stranger planting a blow on his antagonist's jaw; "certainly! Snaggs will do as well as anything else Snaggs it is!"

"But hold on! I want to be dead sure! The man I'm looking for is Jerusalem Snaggs!"

"You've found him, my friend," exclaimed the stranger, as he banged him on the nose. "I'm Jerusalem Snaggs!" he continued, making a feint with his left and administering a vicious upper cut with his right. "Oh yes, I am Snaggs [biff] from [whack] Snaggsville, Snaggs county [bang], near the headwater of Snaggs creek! Office hours from 1 to 24. Come early and avoid the rush!"

With a final blow under the ear he laid the burly fellow flat on the ground.

"As he turned to go he said:

"My name, gentlemen is Jerusalem Snaggs, of course, but for convenience sake I go around under an alias."

And he took from his vest pocket a card and threw it on the prostrate body of the big man. After he had gone away somebody picked it up and read:

D. JEMPSEY,
 Professor of Scientific Boxing.

The Wrong House.

He was a keen, sharp-looking young man, and he said to the lady of the house on Second Avenue, as he stood in the hall:

"Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which needs brushing and fixing."

"What suit?" she asked.

"Your husband's Sunday suit, ma'am. He called as he went down this morning."

"And he said I was to let you have them?"

"Yes'm."

"Did he appear in good health and spirit?"

"Why, certainly."

"Look and act natural?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

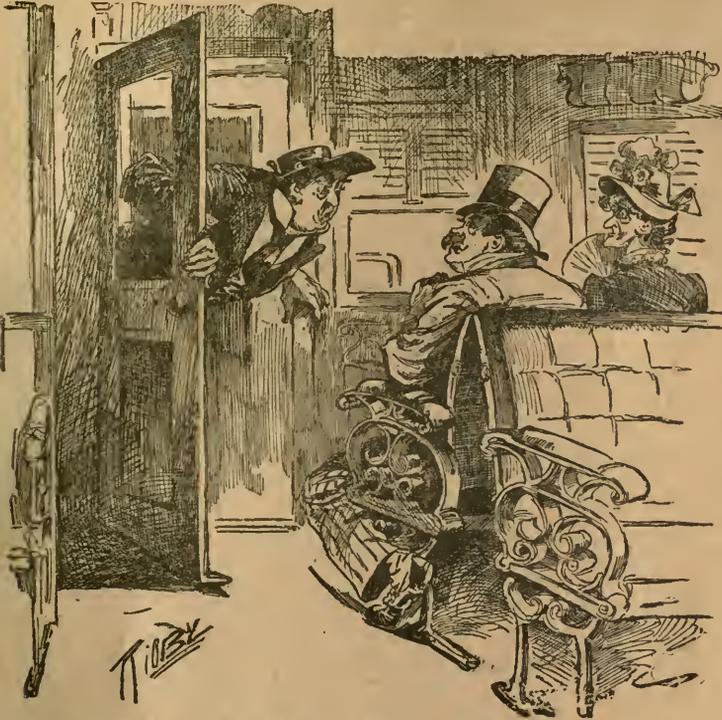
"Because he has been dead eighteen years, and I have some curiosity on the subject."

"I—I have made a mistake, perhaps?" stammered the young man.

"Perhaps you have. The man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. Good morning."

SMOOTH water is not necessarily deep. It may be a stagnant pond.—Chicago Ledger.

Accommodations of Travel.



N. Y. & N. H. R. R. BRAKEMAN—"All out for Rye!"
Mr. OSSENESSEN—"Say, young feller, how far we hef to go to ged Rheinwino?"

How Romulus White was Deceived.

"Human natur' is powerfully deceptive, ain't she?" remarked the old man to the *N. Y. Sun* reporter, after we had been silent for some time.

"Sometimes."

"You bet she is. I'm a-living in the village of R—, forty miles down the road. I've got a gal named Mollie. She's about as dandy a country gal as you'll find in the State. Last winter a stranger struck the town, and at once fell in love with Mollie. I didn't like his looks, and I said to the gal:

"Mollie, beware of that chap. I kin read him like a book, and I tell you he han't honest nor honorable. I'll bet a wheat stake to a pumpkin that he's a sharper."

"The gal differed with me, and about a month ago they were married."

"And how did the husband turn out?"

"Mighty honorable sort of a man. They had been married three days when along came a woman from Dunkirk and claimed him, and showed a certificate. I expected he would deny her, but he didn't. Owned up like a little man. She was still there when a second one came on from Oswego. Looked bilious for my new son-in-law, and I looked to see him flunk, but he didn't. Jist acknowledged the corn and said he was willing to do the fair thing."

"And how did it end?"

"They had him arrested for bigamy; they wanted us to go agin him, too, but when I mentioned it to him he said:

"Father don't do it. Here's my watch and \$60, and they are yours if you don't."

"And you didn't?"

"No. He was a-tryin' to do the squar' thing, and when a man tries to do the squar' thing by Romulus White I can't go back on him. I gin the gal the money and I kept the watch, and I guess we couldn't have done better."

Was it Love or Law.

The other night, said Eli Perkins, I met a young law student at a party. He was dancing with Miss Johnson. "I have an engagement to dance the 'Flying Galop' with Miss Johnson," I remarked—"number ten."

"You have an engagement? You mean you have retained her for a dance."

"She has contracted to dance with me," I said.

"But contracts where no earnest money is paid are null and void. You must vacate the premises."

"But will you please give me half a dance? I ask the courtesy."

"Why yes, Mr. Perkins," he said, "take her;" but recollecting his legal knowledge, he caught hold of my coat-sleeve, and added this casual remark:

"I give and bequeath to you, Mr. Eli Perkins, to have and to hold in trust, one-half of my right, title, and claim, and my advantage, in a dance known as the 'Flying Galop,' with Amelia Johnson, with all her hair, paniers, Grecian bend, rings, fans, pelts, hair-pins, smelling bottles, and straps, with all the right and advantage therein, with full power to have, hold, encircle, whirl, toss, wriggle, push, jam, squeeze, or otherwise use—except to smash, break, or otherwise damage—and with right to temporarily convey the said Amelia Johnson, her hairs, rings, paniers, straps, and other objects heretofore or hereinafter mentioned, after such whirl, squeeze, wriggle, jam, etc., to her natural parents, now living, and without regard to any deed or deeds or instruments of whatever kind or nature whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

A Disappointment.



DUMLEY—"And how much are kisses to day my dear?"

MISS PERT—"Ten cents apiece—at the next counter."

(Dumley looks, and concludes not to purchase.)

An awful lot of Practice.

Chauncey Depew spoke one evening during the last campaign at a town in the interior of this State, says the New York "Tribune," which it is not necessary to name. The next morning the chairman of the local committee took him in his carriage for a ride about the place. They had reached the suburbs and were admiring a bit of scenery when a man wearing a blue shirt and carrying a long whip on his shoulder approached from where he had been piloting an ox-team along the middle of the street and said:

"You're the man that made the rattlin' speech up at the hall last night, I guess?"

Mr. Depew modestly admitted that he had indulged in some talk at the time and place specified.

"Didn't you have what you said writ out?" went on the man.

"No," replied the orator.

"You don't mean to say you made that all right up as you went along?"

"Yes."

"Jess hopped right up there, took a drink o' water out of the pitcher, hit the table a whack and waded in without no thinkin' nor nothing?"

"Well, I suppose you might put it that way."

"Well, that beats me. You'll excuse me for stoppin' you, but what I wanted to say was that your speech convinced me though I knowed all the time it was the peskiest lie

that was ever told. I made up mind to vote your ticket, but I'd 'a' been willin' to bet a peck o' red apples that no man could stand up and tell such blamed convincin' lies without havin' 'em writ out. You must 'a' had an awful lot of practice."

Somewhat too Witty.

It's a great thing to be ready-witted, says the "Chicago Mail." We saw an instance of it the other day. Over at the Union Depot, in Canal Street, they have an "information bureau," and a neat sign over the open window announces the fact. It's a very clever idea, since a great many people frequently want to know something about the town or about trains, but it is the only one in town and it strikes so sophisticated folks as very queer.

I saw a very flip young fellow look at the sign the other day and smile. Then he went up to the window and I knew he was going to try to be funny at the bureau man's expense. I edged up carelessly and heard him ask:

"What kind you got!"

"Kind o' what!" asked the information man.

"Kind of information," said the flip young man.

The bureau man "tumbled" in a second. He saw he had run against a joker, but he didn't show it in his manner. He just said in a business-like tone and a perfectly straight face:

"All kinds."

"Does it come with or without!"

"Both ways. Which'll you have it!"

"Got any cut bias?"

"Plenty, and strips down the side."

"Is it red, white and blue!"

"It is, and shot with stars; also fringed. How much'll you have!"

The humorist seemed to be disappointed in some way, for he mumbled something and sneaked away, looking as crushed as a banana-peel under a 200 pound man's boot. I asked the man at the window if he had many customers of this kind. He laughed and said that the traveling men usually had fun with him when they had time.

An American's Adventure in Paris.

He climbed into an omnibus. Opposite him sat a lady that in the half gloom he judged, through her veil, to be young and handsome.

"Why do you wear that veil?" he asked after he had succeeded in getting conversation with her.

"To protect me from the stares of men."

"But to gaze upon beauty is our greatest delight."

"So long as a man is not married."

"Well, I am unmarried," said he.

"Truly?" said she throwing back her veil and—it was his mother-in-law! His recovery is doubtful.

What a Key Chain Did.



1.—“I Guess the governor won't hear me coming in.”

Feline Sagacity.

“Bridget, has Johnny come home from school yet?”
 “Yis, sorr.”
 “Have you seen him?”
 “No, sorr.”
 “Then how do you know he's home?”
 “'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr.”



2.—But just as young Staylate puts his key in the lock the door opens from inside.

An exchange of courtesies is usually an attempt by two men to get something for nothing.

Phew! and Far Between,

After Mr. Tooter Bareatone had sung “The Harp That Tears Through Overalls,” Mr. Celluloid Dickey asked of the interlocutor:

“William, can you tell me why angels' visits are like Chicago sewers?”

“I don't know, Richard,” replied the interlocutor, in his rich bass voice; “why are angels' visits like Chicago sewers?”

“Because, sir,” said the comedian, with a mighty effort, “they are phew! and far between.”

Then, while a solemn hush fell upon the audience, the interlocutor announced that Mr. Laring Greetis would sing “Down where the Sandwich Blooms.”—*America.*

THE world turns over and keeps everything even. The coal man is on top now, but soon he will have to bow to him who sells ice.



3.—“Well, young man, what do you mean by coming home at one o'clock, eh?”

Fancy and Fact.

An Irishman, waxing eloquent upon the glories of the old country, declared that a certain nobleman's palace, not far from where he used to live, had “three hundred and twenty five winders, one winder for every day in the year.”

Another man, who was always complaining of the hard work he had to do, broke out one day: “Well, now, I wish I was home again in my father's foine old castle.”

“Your father's foine old castle, is it?” said one of his companions. “Sure it was a foine old castle and no mistake. Ye could stand on the roof of yer father's castle, put yer arm down the chimney and open the front door.”

THE street-car horse is not in favor of rapid transit.

Broken Ribs were Extra

When a man gets sick or meets with an accident in a Canadian lumber camp, say the *New York Sun*, he neither expects nor receives any good nursing. If he is patient, the men will do what they can; but if he shows a disposition to whine he is not considered worth any extra trouble. At camp "B" two or three winters ago a man named Peters was hurt by a falling tree—badly hurt. The camp was forty miles from a town or doctor, the snow three feet deep, and all they could do was to rub the man with whiskey and put him in his bunk. While no bones were broken, it seemed certainly that he was internally injured and that he could not live beyond a day or two. Business was driving, and there were no men to spare, and, after Peters had been rubbed down, the boss said: "Now, Peters, you understand how it is; you'll probably die?"

"Yes."

"Probably die within twenty-four hours."

"Yes."

"And so, you see, anything extra will be a dead loss to me."

"I see; but in case I die you'll have manners enough to knock the men off for half a day, won't you? I also want a good, square grave."

"But, Peters, we are rushed, and to do that will cost me \$50 worth of time."

"How much will you give me not to die?"

"I'll say \$35—that is, if you'll forego a funeral if you do die."

"That looks fair," said Peters, after a little thought, "I'll do it. Shake."

They shook, and Peters set his teeth hard and determined to live. His only medicines were kerosene oil, whiskey and vinegar, and his only delicacies fat pork and bean soup; but in three weeks he was out and at work.

"Couldn't you make it \$30?" asked the boss, as he came to settle.

"For why?"

"Because if you had died I should have had to wrap the body in a \$3 blanket, and the boys would have insisted on a drink all around after the job."

"Couldn't possibly think of it," replied Peters. "After I made the bargain with you I found three broken ribs, and I had to splice and grow 'em extra."

She Knew Him.

"You say you know the defendant?" asked a judge of a woman on the witness stand in an Arkansas court room.

"Do I know the defendant? Why, Judge, ye make me larf."

"But do you know him?"

"Do I know 'im? Do I know ole Bill Jasper? Lookee here Judge, I shall bust right out larfin' if ye ask me that again, I reely shell!"

"If you know him say so."

"Say so, Judge? If it don't fairly tickle me now, to think you've fetched me ten miles

an' plunked me up here on the witness stand to arsk me if I know ole Bill Jasper."

"Then you know him?"

"Lands, Jedge, stop, or I shall larf right in cote. Does I know ole Bill? Hee, hee, hee! Say, Bill, did ye ever hear tell o' me, ole Nancy Badger! If ye hev—"

"See here, woman, this has to end right here. If you know William Jasper, say so."

"William! Hee, hee, hee! How do it sound to be called 'William,' Bill? An' does I know William Jasper, Esquire? Why Jedge, an' ladies an' gents of the cote, Bill Jasper's father an' my dad, both of 'em dead an' gone, was both born in the same county, and Bill and me was born in—"

"Then you are personally acquainted with him?"

"Pussonally acquainted with Bill? Haw! haw! hee, hee! Lawdy! if this aint better'n airy side show I ever went to. Say, Bill, is it forty-nine or fifty years this October sence—"

"Address your remarks to the court, and not to the defendant, madam."

"Oh, all right. Only it tickles me an' Bill so to have to be sworn to our 'pussonal acquaintance' when his sister Huddy Jane an' my brother Cyrus Alexander was married together, forty years ago, and my old man's cousin Pennylope an' Bill's half-brother Jack—"

"The court cares nothing about those persons. Say simply, once for all, if you *know* the defendant."

"There you go ag'in makin' me larf! I only wish I'd a cent for ev'ry time Bill's et to my house an' I've et to his'n. His wife an' me was gals together, an' Bill used to say—"

"That will do madam. The witness evidently knows the defendant. Proceed with the examination."

Evolution of an Idea.

A couple of old salts met after a long absence and the following animated conversation ensued:

"Well, old man, how are you getting on?"

"First rate; I have taken a wife."

"A very sensible idea."

"Not a bit of it; she's a regular Tartar."

"Then I'm sorry for you, mate."

"There's no need; she brought me a large vessel as her marriage portion."

"Then you made a good bargain, after all."

"Nothing to boast of, I can tell you; the ship turned out a worthless old tinder-box."

"Then I'm sorry I spoke."

"Bah! You can speak as you like! The old tub was well insured and went down on her first voyage."

"So you got the pull there, anyhow?"

"Not so much, mate; I only got 5,000 thalers out of the job as my share."

"That was too bad."

"Too bad? Nothing of the sort! Wife was on board and went down with the rest."

—*Zeitgeist*.

A Question of Authority.



NEIGHBOR—Roof leaking up there?
 MR. CASSIUS—“Nope. See that shot-gun sticking out of th’ scuttle?”
 NEIGHBOR—“Yep.”
 MR. CASSIUS—“My wife’s behind it. I ventured to remark this morning that I was th’ head of th’ house, an’ she’s kept me in th’ position ever since.”

Cash Talks.

“Madam,” he said, as he doffed his hat to a woman he met in Clinton place, “if I could be so bold as—”

“Take care, sir?” she cautioned in reply.

“If I dared suggest to you, madam, that—”

“Be careful, sir, how you suggest!”

“If you would permit me to observe that—”

“Permit nothing, sir! Who are you and what do you want?”

“I sell this soap, ma’am—soap which is warranted to remove paint and grease. If I might be allowed to—”

“No, sir! Now, what do you want?”

“I want to sell you a cake for ten cents, ma’am.”

“Well, here’s your money for it. Why on earth didn’t you say you had soap to sell? Why all this beating about the bush?”

“I beg to be allowed to—”

“No, sir? If it’s one cake for ten cents you’ve got your money. If it’s two for fifteen here’s another nickel. And now do you go on about your business. I’ve no time to fool away this morning.”

THE man with the large nose is not necessarily a humanitarian. He may have secured the large nose by calling some one a liar.

Jake’s Diversion.

“Dot boy Shake—dot boy Shake!” he mournfully repeated, as a friend asked him if he was no longer in business in St. Louis.

“Jake is your son?”

“Yes, my son; my idiot.”

“What did Jake do?”

“Vell, I goes oop to Chicago to see my sister, who vhas dead. Shake vhas left to run der store. Peesness was a leetle off, und Shake plans dot he vhill make a diversion. I belief it vhas a diversion, but my head aches so hard I vhas not sure.”

“Yes, it was probably a diversion.”

“Vhell, he goes down cellar, und starts a leetle fire—not mooch, but shust enough to bring out der engines und a crowd, und smoke up der goods. It vhas for a great fire sale, you know—goods slightly damaged—feeteeen dollar suits for five—greatest bonanza for working peoples eafter known in St. Louis.”

“I see.”

“But he gets too much fire, und avhay goes der house, der clothing, und der peesness.”

“But you were insured?”

“So help me gracious, but der policies run out at noon, und Shake makes dot diversion at 5 o’clock in der afternoon! All vhas gone oop—all except a determination to go to work und build oop anew. I vhas shust starting in a small vhay again. Maybe you like me to sell you a better suit dan you haf on for four dollars—all wool, well made, indigo dye, und computed to stand in any climate?”

A Disease not Wholly Unknown.

Smith.—Hello, Jones, I hear you’re to be married next week. Congrat—

Young Benedick Jones.—Yes, I’m going to be married Monday. Say, Smith, what’s the address of that doctor you think so much of?

Smith.—Why, you ain’t sick, are you?

Young Benedick Jones.—I d’no’, Smith—I feel awful queer, I have chills every few minutes, and a kind of sensation as if all my bones were sort of melting away cold. Ever hear of any thing like it?—Puck.

A Ten Strike.

“Never strike a man below the belt,” is my motto.

“You don’t live up to it. You struck me on the pocket the other day.”

Went Out to Drop Smith.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon I came along to a Kentucky "squat," which differed from a hundred others only in the fact that a woman and a boy sat on a log in front of the opening in the brush fence, which might be termed the gate, and because six dogs were lying in the sun instead of the usual three or four. I asked after the man of the house, and the woman replied:

"He un' hain't home just now."

"Be back soon?"

"I reckon. He 'un has gone down the road a piece to drop that Dave Smith."

"To what?" I asked.

"To drop Dave Smith."

"Do you mean he has gone to shoot Smith?" "Sartin. They 'uns has bin wantin' to pop at each other fur a long time."

"Thar she clatters!" shouted the boy as the report of a gun reached our ears, and he was off down the road like a deer.

"Reckon the old man dropped him," calmly observed the woman as she went on with her work of patching an old woolen shirt.

I expressed my unbounded surprise at this sort of man hunting, but she said it was one of the customs, and had to be lived up to. In about ten minutes the boy reappeared, and, sitting down on a log to get his breath, he said:

"Pop's a-coming."

"Drop Smith!" she queried, without even looking up.

"No; Smith dropped him. Pop's got buckshot in the shoulder. Better get things ready."

"Reckon I had, Jim," she said, and, getting up, she folded her work and moved into the house without the least sign of excitement. A few minutes later the husband came up at a slow work, with the fresh blood dripping from his shoulder, and halted long enough in front of me to say:

"Evening to you, stranger. Sort o' make yourself to home. I went out to drop Smith, but the onery varmint was waitin' behind a bush and dropped me. Git the blood washed off and the shot picked out, and we'll hev a visit. You, Jim, take his knapsack and show him whar' to wash up."

That was Different.

"Can I—I have a word with you in private?" stammered the young man, as he stood at the door of the private office.

"Come in!" replied the head of the firm.

"Now, what is it?"

"You—you are aware of the fact that I—"

"That you have been with this house for four years. Yes' sir, I am aware of the fact. Want to leave?"

"Oh, no."

"Didn't know but you had had a better offer. If so, you can go."

"That's not it, sir."

"Oh, it isn't? Want an increase of salary,

do you? Well, you won't get it. We are now paying you all you are worth, and a little more."

"It isn't that, sir."

"It isn't! Then what are you driving at?"

"I want your daughter, Molly."

"Hump! That's different. Go and take her and be hanged to you! I thought you were fishing for a raise of salary!"

Had Him There.

The celebrated novelist, Count Leo Tolstol, as is well known, gave up literary work to a great extent, and busied himself chiefly with manual labor and the spread of the "gospel of brotherly love." A short time ago, when driving in the streets of Moscow, he saw a policeman arrest a peasant because of some slight offense against the police regulations, and lead him along the street. Ordering his coachman to halt, the Count rushed up to the policeman and asked him if he could read.

"Certainly."

"Have you read the Bible?"

The answer was in the affirmative.

"Then," continued the Count to the surprised officer, "do not forget that we are commanded to love our neighbors as ourselves."

The policeman looked at him in astonishment for a moment, then began inquisition of his own.

"Can you read?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Have you read the police regulations?"

The Count was obliged to reply in the negative.

"Then," answered the officer, as he proceeded on his way with his victim, "read them before you come here to preach."

Not Uncertain, Coy or hard to Please.

"Miss Clara," he said tremulously, "I want to tell you—er—the old, old story—" and then for a moment, his agitations got the better of him.

"Go on, Mr. Sampson," said the girl with shy encouragement; "never mind if it is a chestnut; perhaps I never heard it before."

She was a Woman.

"Wait a minute, dear," she called coaxingly, as she was leisurely putting on her gloves.

"Time and tide wait for no man," he responded, impatiently, at the foot of the stairs.

"And I am no man," she said with a mocking little laugh that he felt like throwing a hundred dollar vase at.

Sinking Rapidly.

Robinson—"Hello, Smith! Glad to see you back. How did you leave Jones?"

Smith—"Poor fellow! The last time I saw him he was sinking rapidly."

Robinson—"Indeed! What was the matter with him?"

Smith—"He fell overboard from the steamer."

The Bridge of Small Size.



SHE—"You go over first and I will follow after."



HE goes over, but she changes her mind, and does not follow.

She Knew all About a Boat.

They were registered Mr. and Mrs. Brown at the hotel in a little village on the Sound. In half an hour after their arrival Mrs. Brown was overheard to say to her husband, "See here, Brown, I want to take a ride in one of them boats."

"Of course, love, but wouldn't it be better to wait until after dinner? Nobody goes sailing at this time of day. Don't you see that all the boats are tied up or drawn ashore?"

"Botheration! Brown, get a boat."

Brown yielded, and arm-in arm they marched down to the landing.

"See here Brown, (his name wasn't See here Brown, but she addressed him in that way oftener than in any other), did you ever row a boat?"

Brown had to acknowledge that he never did, but he was willing to try.

"Then I'll teach you," said Mrs. Brown confidently.

The little craft rocked lightly on ten feet of clear water, at the bottom of which were strewn the usual assortment of oyster cans, broken crockery, mussel shells and old boots legs.

"Now, my dear," said Brown, "be careful how you get into the boat. Don't jump into it, or try to get into it head foremost, or upon all fours, but put one foot on each side and——"

"See here, Brown, do you s'pose I've never been in a boat before? Don't I know that them two little pegs in the side of the boat are a sort o' stirrup for a lady to put her foot into, this way, so as to——"

"No, no!" shrieked Brown, but it was too late. The lady *had* put her foot into it. Her 165 pound avoirdupois was too much, and as the boat ported and turned up its keel for the sun to kiss she keeled too, and went to the bottom of the bay among the oyster shells, etc. And the boat-hook that hauled her out ruined her best dress.—*Texas Siftings*.

It was not Leap Year, either.

"What a genius you are!" exclaimed a young lady visiting an inventor's work room. "I believe you could make almost everything."

"Yes," replied the young man, modestly. "Is there anything you would like to see me make?"

"Make me an offer," whispered the girl shyly.

VERY LIKE LAST SEASON'S—"What is the latest style in hugs?" asked Coyly of the fair young dressmaker.

"Oh! something rather quiet, and very close fitting," she answered sweetly.

Talking in Slang.

She was a Boston maid of high degree,
With eyes that shone like incandescent lights,
And just such pouting lips as seem to me
The kiss invites.

I met her on the Common's grassy sod,
Near where the fountain plays in squirtive mood;
She stood reflective, while a passive wad
Of gum she chewed.

"It does one good to see this spot," said I,
"When weary of the city's hum and buzz,"
Ehe ceased her waxic pastime to reply:
"That's what it does."

"This sylvan spot," then softly I avered,
"The foot of man seems almost to defile."
Her voice came sweet as notes of woodland bird:
"Well, I should smile."

"The balmy breezes whispering overhead
With such enchanting softness kiss the brow."
In tones of liquid melody she said;
"You're shoutin' now!"

"And have you noticed, fair one, how each bird
Seems here to choose its sweetest vocal gem?"
I dwelt in rapture on her every word:
"I'm onto them."

"And how the leaves like moving emeralds seem,
When in response to the sweet breeze they shake!"
Her voice came soft as echo from a dream:
"They take the cake."

"Dost wander often to a sylvan spot,
The dreamy sense of quietude to speak?"
Soft purled her answer: "Well, I take a trot 'bout
Once a week."

In converse sweet I lingered by her side,
And felt that there forever I could dwell,
And as I left her after me she cried:
"So long, old fel."

I was not captured by her voice so rich,
Nor with her lovely face, so fresh and young,
But with the sweet dexterity with which
Her slang she slung.

Human Nature on the Highway.

It was on a highway running into a city in Pennsylvania. One man was driving out with a load of brick and the other driving in with a load of hay. Both attempted to get the best side of a mud hole, and as a consequence their teams came head to head and stopped.

"You, there!" shouted the brick man.
"You there, yourself!" replied the other.
"Going to turn out?"
"No!"
"Neither will I!"
"I'll stay here a whole year first!"
"And I'll stay ten of them!"

Both proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and to appear careless and indifferent as to results. Other travelers took the other side of the hole, and passed them by, and so it became a question of endurance. At the end of an hour the hay man said:

"If there's any one man I hate above another, it's a human hog!"
"Then it's a wonder you haven't hated yourself to death!" was the retort, and silence reigned supreme again.
Another hour passed, and the brick man observed:

"I'm going to sleep, and I hope you won't disturb me."

"Just what I was going to ask of you," replied the hay man.

Both pretended to sleep, but at the end of the third hour the hay man suddenly called out:

"Say! You are a cussed mean man!"

"The same to you!"

"Where you going with those bricks?"

"Four miles out, to John Dayton's. Where you going with your hay?"

"To Stiner's brick yard."

"Say, man, I'm John Dayton, myself, and I've traded this hay for brick!"

"Well, I'm young Stiner, and I was driving the first load out!"

"What fools we are! Here, take all the road!"

"No—no—let me turn out."

"I'll turn."

"No—let me."

And in their haste to do the polite thing the load of hay was upset and a wheel taken off the brick wagon.

Paralyzing.

"That's a right smart little gal of yours," said a benevolent-looking old gentleman on a Western railroad to a lady sitting in front of him. "I've been watching her for some time."

"Yes, I have noticed you," remarked the lady; "you have children of your own, perhaps; but I daresay yours are all grown."

"No'm; I've some grown up, but I've got a little tot to home only eight months old, and another one a year old, and one fo'teen months and one two years old, and a pair o' real cunnin' twins two years and a half old, and a boy of three and a little gal the same age. Then there's Marv, an' Arvilly, an' Jonas, an' William Henry, an' Peter, and Salviny, an' Antoynetty, an' Victoriav, an' Wellington, an' Charles Sumner, an' Angeliny, an' Cyrus, an' Naomi, an' Ruth, an' Diany, an'—. I have to git off at this station to take the Salt Lake train. If you should ever be out in Utah come an' see the children. There's some I ain't named.—good bye!"

Which was the Sweetest.

Young Man.—"I want to ask you a question." Widower.—"All right; ask away." Y. M.—"You have been married three times; tell me which wife did you love most?" W.—"You bite three sour apples, one after the other, and then tell me which is the sweetest."

Didn't need It.

Old Gentleman (from head of stairs)—My daughter, I think Mr. Tarrylate and you have burned enough gas for one night.

Mr. Tarrylate—All right, sir; I'll turn it out.

Her Symptoms Dangerous.



MISS TWIRLER—"I'm afraid, doctor, that I have heart trouble."

DOCTOR—"Why, what makes you think so? You look well."
MISS TWIRLER—"Yes, but for the last few weeks my affections have been so terribly fickle."

How She Restrained Herself.

A certain young married lady of Harlem, is fortunate in having a good, kind husband, whose devotion to her has never flagged for an instant since the first day he fell in love with her several years ago. She, unfortunately for her own happiness as well as his, was born with a temper like gunpowder. The following little dialogue took place between them the other morning just after breakfast, during one of her lucid intervals. It leaked out, no matter how.

"Tell me," said he "just for my own curiosity how it happened that I never discovered this unhappy weakness in you in our courtship days, when I thought you a paragon of perfection? How did you ever manage to restrain yourself then?"

The poor woman hesitated a few moments before answering, and then, sobbing bitterly, dropped her graceful little head upon his sturdy shoulder and said,—

"I used to excuse myself from you for a few minutes and g-g-go upstairs and b-b-bite pieces out of the top of the bu-bu-bureau."

And he was as well satisfied with this explanation as he could have been with any.

Patrick's Casey's Scheme.

One day a man who spoke with the Irish brogue came over to the store, and inquired for me by name, and when I stepped out of the office he inquired,—

"Would you like to make \$75,000 in a year?"

"Why, certainly."

"It may cost you as much as \$7 per week, but you'll be sure to get your fortune in twelve months."

"Explain."

"Well, I know a man named Mulcahy who's got consumption and must die. He used to be a robber, but has reformed now. He made \$75,000 in cash at one haul, and it lies buried up the river. He says he'll never touch a cent of it, but I know that the man who takes care of him until he dies will be told where that money is."

"Why don't you take him?"

"I'm a widower, sir."

"But you must have friends."

"So I have, but I'm giving you the first choice. If you don't want it, I'll find others."

The result was that Mulcahy came to see me. He looked like some one I had seen before, but I could not tell who. I saw that he had only a few months to live, and, without referring to the \$75,000 or the fact of his having been a robber, I sent him to a comfortable boarding-house, and agreed to furnish him with \$7 per week. For ten straight months I paid his keep, and he dressed well and had plenty to eat and drink. One day I was sent for to find him dying. I was sorry, of course, but business is business, and as soon as I could make opportunity I said,—

"John, you are going to die."

"Yes, soir."

"And that—that money up the river, you know."

"Yes, soir."

"Hadn't you better tell me just where to find it?"

"There's none there, soir."

"What?"

"Niver a cent, soir."

"But Casey said there was."

"He did, soir. Casey is my brother, and we fixed on that story that I might be properly cared for in my last days. You are a gentleman, soir, if I do say it, and I'll leave you the razor that I've owned these four and twenty years. Good-bye, to ye, soir, and if you could do the fair thing by me, and pay the funeral expenses, and buy headstone. I'd go feeling quite content."

PAY as you go, and if you can't pay don't go.

No Bank There.

There was an Eastern man with us in the stage as we were making a route in Kansas, and at noon, as we stopped at a new town for dinner, he said to the landlord of the board shanty tavern:

"This seems to be a brisk sort of a town."

"Yes. She's gaining right along."

"Is there a bank here?"

"Regular bank?"

"Yes."

"Regular bank, with President, cashier and so on where they receive deposits, give drafts on Chicago, and so forth?"

"Yes."

"No, there isn't any such bank here now."

"Then there was one?"

"Yes, but it closed up. The President and cashier are here, though."

"Then, perhaps I could have a little talk with them before dinner."

"Hardly. They are lying underground, out here in my back lot."

"What! Dead?"

"As door nails."

"Sickness or accident?"

"Well, sort o' betwixt. The bank tried to fail and pay fifty cents on the dollar, and the boys turned out and hung 'em to that telegraph pole there, and divided the cash, so that we got \$1.10 apiece on our deposits. If you want to start a bank, however, I'll —"

"Oh! no! I had no idea of it. I'm going on to Emporia to go into business."

True Enough.

Unnatural and illogical as it seems, quickness of thought and ignorance of grammar now and then go together. The result is often amusing and sometimes picturesque.

Teacher—Now, children, I will give you three words—boys, bees and bears—and I want you to compose a sentence which will include all three words.

Small Boy—I have it.

Teacher—John McCarthy, you may give us your sentence.

John McCarthy—Boys bees bare whin they go in swimmin'.

How he Knew he was of Age

While one of our citizens was judge at the Democratic primary, a young smooth-faced fellow offered his vote, and was asked by him if he was old enough to vote.

"Yes," says the fellow, "I am twenty-one."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I have had the seven-year itch three times," was the response.

At the Ballet.

Little Girl (fearfully): Mamma, when are the Indian girls coming on?

Mother: Hush, dear; there are no Indians.

Little Girl: Then who scalped all the men in the front seats?

Presence of Mind.

A good story is told of a well-known local politician. His wife had been out of town for the summer, and during her absence the politician stopped at a hotel. Mrs. Blank returned to town on Friday, and on her way from the boat to the hotel the lady asked:

"Did they treat you well while I was away?"

"Oh, yes; excellent! I'll show you what a fine room I had. It will make you smack your lips."

And then, as they approached the hotel:

"There's my room. See! they have the gas lighted and everything in readiness for our return. Nice location, isn't it?"

"Ye—"

Just then a lady came to the window of the room and drew down the shade. There was so much silence that it cracked the pavement. The gentleman pointed out the wrong window, but his wife wouldn't believe him until he had gone up and waved his hat out of the window of his own room while she stood on the other side of the street and watched him, and even then she doubted, and said that he had been a good while getting up-stairs, and then spent half the night hunting around the room.

He dined at the White House.

"I understand you were royally entertained during your sojourn at Washington."

"Oh, yes; I had a delightful time, and received no little consideration."

"Visited the monument, and the National Museum and Capitol?"

"Yes."

"Called upon the President and other distinguished gentlemen?"

"Yes."

"Visited the White House?"

"Oh, yes; and I had the pleasure of dining there."

"On invitation of the President!"

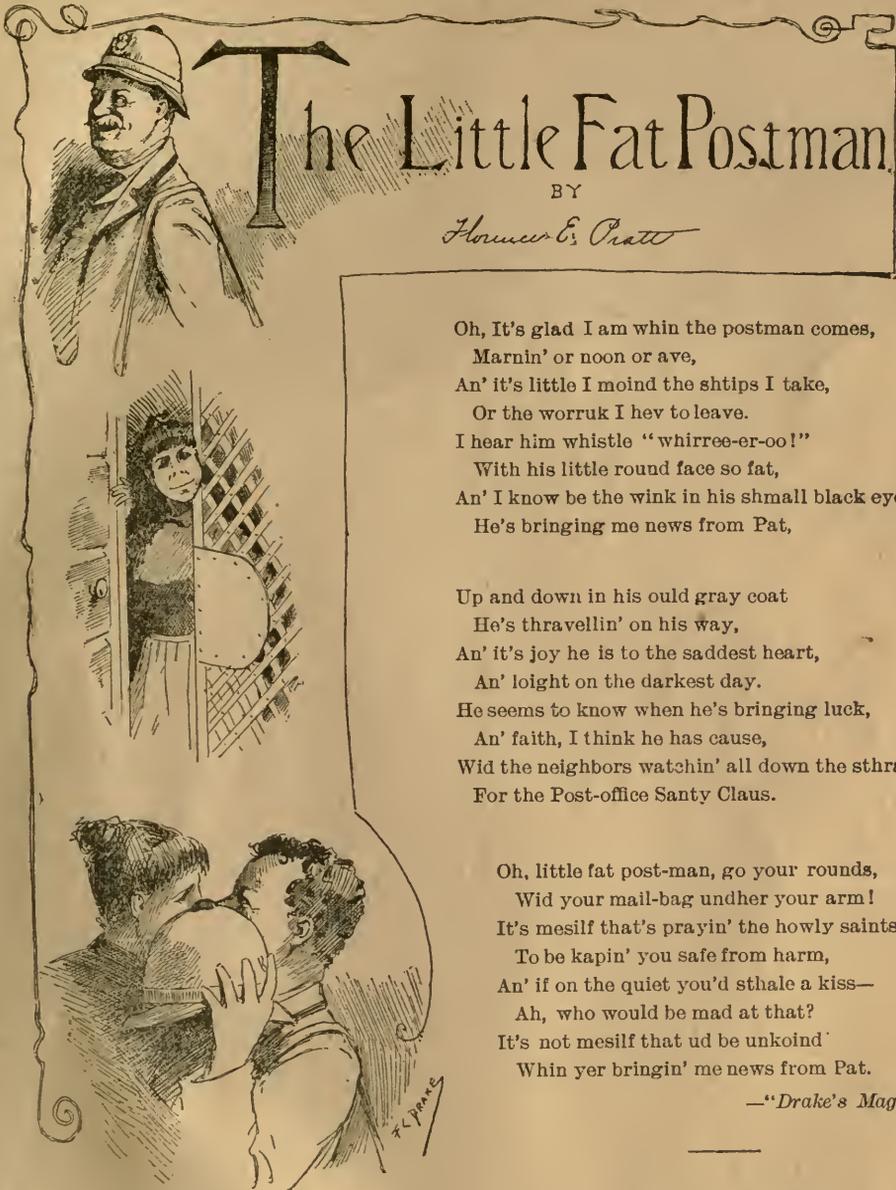
"Not exactly on his invitation. I took a little lunch with me and ate it from my pocket in the reception-room as fast as I could without attracting attention."

A Delecate Compliment.

Perhaps one of the wittiest things from the greatest wit of the world was that of Sidney Smith to the Duchess of Marlborough. She was a great lover of flowers, and had just procured a rare pea-vine from India. It did not seem to thrive, and when Sidney Smith came to the house one day, she knowing his fondness for flowers, showed him through her conservatory. Going toward the pea-vine, she exclaimed:

"O, Mr. Smith, I'm so afraid my beautiful pea will never come to perfection."

"Then permit me, my dear madam, to lead perfection to the pea," taking her arm and conducting her to the vine.



The Little Fat Postman.

BY

Flower E. Pratt

Oh, It's glad I am whin the postman comes,
 Marnin' or noon or ave,
 An' it's little I moind the shtips I take,
 Or the worruk I hev to leave.
 I hear him whistle "whirree-er-oo!"
 With his little round face so fat,
 An' I know be the wink in his shmall black eye
 He's bringing me news from Pat,

Up and down in his ould gray coat
 He's thravellin' on his way,
 An' it's joy he is to the saddest heart,
 An' loight on the darkest day.
 He seems to know when he's bringing luck,
 An' faith, I think he has cause,
 Wid the neighbors watchin' all down the sstrate
 For the Post-office Santy Claus.

Oh, little fat post-man, go your rounds,
 Wid your mail-bag undher your arm!
 It's mesilf that's prayin' the howly saints
 To be kapin' you safe from harm,
 An' if on the quiet you'd sthale a kiss—
 Ah, who would be mad at that?
 It's not mesilf that ud be unkoind'
 Whin yer bringin' me news from Pat.

—“*Drake's Magazine.*”

Cornfield Philosophy.

ICE is of little use to the small boy who has no skates, and of still less use to the one who is barefooted.

THE stranger who gives you his confidence unasked is either a fool or he takes you for one.

SMALL shoes will hurt her feet, but still a girl will wear them. She cares more for her beau than for her feet.

ONCE knew a man who was careful to eat pie with his fork, but he was not careful to eat but one piece.

Her Last Request

“I have seen some laughable things, too,” said the doctor. “Human nature comes out when people are very sick. I was called in once to attend a lady who was taken suddenly ill and was quite sure she was going to die. There was nothing very serious the matter with her, but she was quite sure her end was near.

“‘Doctor,’ she said, ‘I know I am going to die. Don’t tell my husband, but let me ask you one favor before I go.’

“‘What is it?’

“‘Whisper, doctor. Ask Mary to fix up my bangs before they bury me.’”

He Loved His Niece.



NELLIE—"And which of the Italian cities did you like best, Mr. Flei?"
 FLERI—"Well, my choice may be naughty, but it's Nice."

After Tennyson.

If you'r waking, call me early,
 Call me early, m'other dear;
 Fry me a chunk of the fattest bacon,
 And get me some bottled beer.

I PUSHED the wavy golden locks
 From off her forehead fair,
 And where a frown had lately been
 A kiss I printed there

I hold the tresses shining fair
 As yellow buttercups.
 "Was that a good kiss, love?" said I,
 And she replied, "Bang up."

I CANNOT sing the old songs,
 As I have been requested;
 Last time I tried to warble them
 The Mayor had me arrested.

Only Looking for Accommodations.

As the steamboat from New London was about to leave for New York the other evening, a young man leading a blushing and buxom damsel by the hand, approached the polite clerk and said in a low and confident tone:

"Mister, me and my wife have jest got married and are looking for accommodations."

"Looking for a berth, I suppose," said the clerk, as he passed tickets to others who were waiting.

"A birth! Thunder and lightning, no!" gasped the astonished rustic. "We hain't but just got married. We only want a place to stay all night, you know, that's all."

A Good Time to Start.

"You haven't a cent, and yet wish to marry Miss Bilyan. Don't you expect her father to kick you out?"

"Oh, no. I intend to go before the foot-lights."

Couldn't Expect it.

"There will have to be some new rules made, or something like that, or else I will have to quit," said the young lady in the telephone office to the chief clerk.

"What's the trouble?"

"Some of the things that are said over the wires are exceedingly disagreeable, and not proper for me to hear."

"Oh, that's all right," was the brutal reply.

"You can't expect to work around electricity and not get shocked."

Nothing Separated Them.

"Perhaps," said the fresh young man, as he plumped himself down on the sofa between the two giddy girls, "perhaps you were discussing some choice secret?"

"Oh, no," said one of them, "I was just saying to Minnie that 'nothing should separate us,' but really I didn't expect it to happen so soon."

And the beating of his own heart was all the sound he heard.

A New Emancipation.

Jim Robinson is telling a story around Toledo which is worth printing. Of course, it is about electric street railways, but that doesn't hurt it. It seems a Northern company recently put in an electric road in Nashville, Tenn., and an old darkey was showing it to his wife:

"Look at it! Look at it!" he said. "Bress the Lord, these Yankeees are great people. Twenty-five years ago dey come down heah and freed the niggah, and now dey come down and free de mule!"

What Made Mrs. Buffins Despondent.

Muggins—"I understand that Mrs. Buffins has presented you with a son and heir. Accept my congratulations."

Buffins—"Thank you; but unfortunately it was not a son and heir, but a little girl. I don't mind myself, but Mrs. Buffins is quite despondent about it."

Muggins—"Why did she want it to be a boy so particularly?"

Buffins—"Well, you see, she'd made up her mind to dress him in a Lord Fauntleroy suit, and you can't do that with a girl, you know."

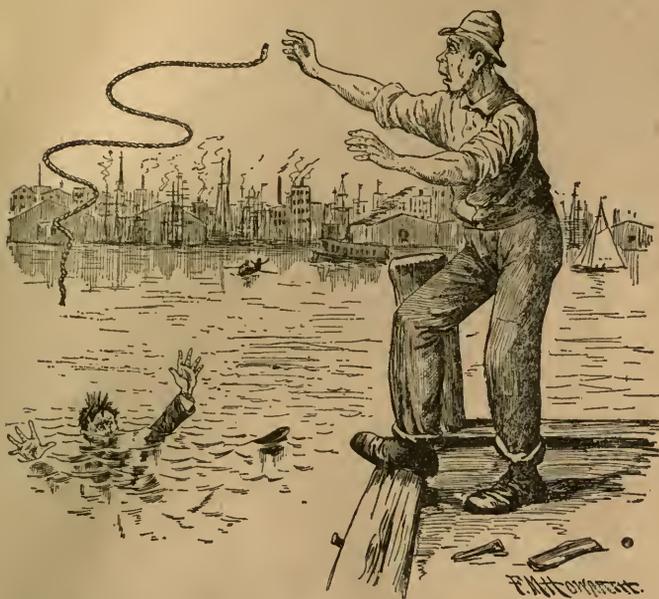
A Test for a Champion.

Mr. Downs—Did I understand you to say, Carrie, that that young man of yours is an athlete?

Miss Downs—Only an amateur, papa, but he's one of the strongest men in the athletic club. He lifted a thousand pounds the other day.

"Just hint to him that the young man who marries you must be able to lift the mortgage off this house."

Timely Assistance.



DROWNING PARTY—"Help! help! somebody h-e-l-p!!"
PARTY ON WHARF—"Hould on, I'm wid yer! here's a rope."

Not Square.

The Teuton is a long time in learning American idioms. One who had been here for a year or more, and could speak some English before his arrival; a very short and corpulent man, by the way, went to his grocer's and paid a bill which had been standing for several weeks.

"Now, you are all square, Hans."

"I vas vat?"

"You are square, I said."

"I vas square?"

"Yes, you are all square, now."

Hans was silent for a moment; then, with reddening face and flashing eyes, he brought his plump fist down upon the counter and said:

"See here, mine frent, I vill haf no more pee-zness mit you. I treat you like a shentleman, I pay my pill, und you make a shoke of me—you say I vas square ven I know I vas round as a parrel. I don't like such shokes. My pee-zness mit you vas done!"

A Roland for his Oliver.

Irish Car Driver (to American tourist): Is it true, misther, that the New York hotels are that big that it wud tak' the whole city of Dublin to hould wan of thim?

American Tourist (concealing a smile): Certainly, quite true.

Irish Car Driver (to himself): 'Tis a truthful sort of person he is, entirely.

American Tourist: Was there ever such a person as Kate Kearney?

Irish Car Driver: Ay, that there was, yer honour! An' whin she stood on the top o' that mountain her hair rached down to the say, an' it's many a poor sailor was saved from drownin' by gettin' hould o' the end o' it, an' climbin' up it the way he wud do a rope. Why, I seen thim mesilf, yer honour!

Simple when you know It.

On board an ocean steamer a gentleman wished to help a lady, who was of an inquiring mind, to comprehend the principle of the steam engine. This is how he cleared away all difficulties:

"Why you see ma'am," quote he, "its just one thing goes up, and then another thing comes down, and then they let the smoke on, which makes the wheels go round. That's what they call the hydraulic principle. It's quite simple when you know it." "Law me, I never understood it before! But then, I never had it properly explained," replied the fair listener.

Licking a Man Softly.

Two men met on Sixth street, near High, the other day, and both stopped and looked hard at each other. Then one said:

"Jim, I'm going to lick you."

"When?"

"Right off—now."

"I don't believe you can do it."

"Then I'll die trying. It shall be a fair fight."

"Very well."

Then one took out his false teeth and laid them on the fence, the other hung his new hat and overcoat on a picket, and the first observed:

"Be careful of my left leg, Tom. I've had a boil there."

"All right; and you look out for my right ear, as it is sore from neuralgia."

At this moment a policeman happened along and warned them against raising any row, and one said:

"All right, Jim; I'll lick you next week."

"I'll be there, Tom. Good-bye."

Boiled.

"Gustus," said a fond wife to a brute of the period at dinner the other day, "would you like to be cremated when you die?"

"Nup—I prefer to be boiled."

"Why dearest?"

"Because I've had enough burnt meat in my life-time."

She went home to mother.

An Earnest Appeal.

That's a rib-tickling story which they used to tell out in Missouri at the expense of its once famous Governor, Claiborne F. Jackson. Before he solved the enigma of love-lock, he had married five sisters!—in reasonable lapses of consecutiveness, as a matter of decency. After one wife had been lost and appropriately mourned he espoused another, and he kept his courting within a narrow circle of his own relatives, for he rather liked the family. Some of his predilections were widows ere he again transformed them from Niobes into willing, if not blushing brides, but it was all one to the conquering Benedict.

The antiquated father of these girls was quite deaf. Not, perhaps, as deaf as a post, nor as Tom Hood hath it,

Deaf as the definite article!—

neither quite as deaf as a miser usually is to the entreaties of poverty; but certainly deaf as a man who has been wedded for half a century to the same women has every right to be.

When the governor went to this octogenarian to ask for his surviving daughter, a conversation, thus faithfully reported, ensued:

"Pop, I want Lizzie!"

"Eh?"

"I want you to let me have Eliz-a-beth!"

"Oh, you want Lizzie, do you? What for?"

"For my wife!"

"For life?"

"I want—to—marry—her!"

"Oh, yes! Just so! I hear you boy."

"I'm precious glad you do!" muttered the governor.

"Well," slowly responded the veteran, "you needn't holler so that the whole neighborhood knows it! Yes; you can have her. Claib. You've got 'em all now, my lad; but for goodness sake, if anything happens to that 'ere poor, misguided gal, don't come and ask me for the old woman!"

Jackson solemnly promised that he never would.—*Judge.*

The Joke was on Dr. Depew.

When Chauncey Depew is out of the way some people like to have fun with him. Wall street men are now telling of his alleged experience on the way over to England this last time. Every evening a dozen or so clustered in the smoking-room to tell stories and yarn about things in general. Every soul save one in the party kept his end up. The one exceptional member of the party did not laugh or indicate by even a twinkle of the eyes and interest in the funniest jokes, and was assilant as a door-knob at the best stories.

This conduct began to nettle Dr. Depew and the other spirits, and when the final seance came around they had lost all patience with the reticent and unresponsive stranger. Dr. Depew, the story runs, was selected to bring

him to terms. They were all comfortably seated and in came the stranger.

"See here, my dear sir," said Mr. Depew, "won't you tell a story?"

"I never told one in my life."

"Sing a song?"

"Can't sing."

"Know any jokes?" persisted Mr. Depew.

"No."

Mr. Depew and all were prepared to give it up when the stranger stammered and hesitated and finally made it known that he knew just one conundrum.

"Give it to us," said Mr. Depew and the others in chorus.

"What is the difference between a turkey and me?" solemnly asked the stranger.

"Give it up," said Chairman Depew.

"The difference between a turkey and me," mildly said the stranger, "is that they usually stuff the bird with chestnuts after death. I am alive."

He also had Rules.

He had opened a restaurant in Buffalo, and after two or three weeks he called at a bank to get the cash on a small check received from some one in Philadelphia.

"Have to be identified, sir" said the teller as he shoved it back.

"But I am Blank of the new restaurant around the corner."

"Must be identified."

"This is payable to me on order, and I've endorsed it," protested the restauranter.

"Can't help it, sir. Rules of the bank."

The man went out and brought some one back to identify him, and the money was handed over. Three days later the teller dropped in for a seat at the new restaurant. He had taken his seat and given his order, when the proprietor approached him and said:

"Have to be identified, sir."

"How! What?"

"Have to be identified before you can get anything here, sir."

"Identified? I don't understand you," protested the teller.

"Plain as day, sir. Rule of the house that all bank officials have to be identified. Better go out and find some responsible party who knows you."

"Hanged if I do!" growled the teller, and he reached for his hat and banged the door hard as he went out.

Scared zway the cat.

"What a lot of bright ideas you have," exclaimed the young wife admiringly to her husband.

"But I haven't such bright eyes, dear, as you," exclaimed the young husband to his wife.

And then the family cat got up disgusted from her warm resting place by the sitting-room stove, and walked solemnly and slowly out into the open air.

It might be her last Visit.



FIRST WIDOW—"Why, Mrs. Verdant, what do you intend to do with the pail?"

SECOND WIDOW—"Well, you see, my poor husband requested that his grave be kept green, and as I am about to be married again, I thought I would give it a coat of green paint."

Cause for Divorce.

I came near having a divorce case myself. I was waiting at the depot for the east-bound train. I was going down to Wall Street, New York, to see about some securities. A young man came from the lunch counter and approached me. He was smoking a cigarette and looked effeminate. He said to me: "Don't you know——" "No," said I, "I don't know. I am a stranger in this place. I don't know any of the parties; didn't see what happened; don't know any of the circumstances, and don't want to be called as a witness." He looked up at me in somewhat of astonishment, and reached into his inside pocket and pulled out fifteen dol—a package of cigarettes with a picture of a woman dressed in a bathing suit and asked me to take one. "No," said I; "young man, you may not know what you do. If I accept the photograph of the tobacco woman at all she must put on more clothing. Suppose Angemima should find that picture in my pocket. Oh, no! I am not ready for a divorce yet." Just then the train pulled out and I had to go. I bade the young man good-by, and as a parting advice, said I: "Young man, mind your mother and stop smoking."

"Of two evils, Choose the Lesser,"

Mrs. Lumkins: Joshua, I am going to the dentist's to have a tooth pulled out. You mind the baby while I'm gone.

Mr. Lumkins (jumping for his hat): Say, you mind the baby and I'll go and get a tooth pulled, you know.

What time her Husband got Home.

Mr. Loshier (4 a. m., with shoes in hand creeping up the hall stairs): Jewhitaker! Thunder and General Jackson!

Mrs. Loshier (hanging over the banisters): Is that you, love?

Mr. Loshier: I should say I am here, if pain is convincing. Who spilled these tacks on the stairs?

Mrs. Loshier (soothingly): I did, lovey. I wanted to make sure at what time you got home. A little bit after 12 to-night, isn't it, dear?

Sweet Revenge.

Voice from speaking tube—"Help! H-e-l-p! I've caught a man in my room. Oh, what shall I do!"

Clerk (to himself)—"That's that funny old maid in 49."

Clerk (through the tube)—"Lock the door; you'll never have a chance to catch another."

One of Eli Perkins' Stories.

One day, when they were criticising Dr. Bliss, General Sheridan came to the doctor's defense.

"Dr. Bliss was a good physician," said General Sheridan. "He saved my life once."

"How? How did Bliss save your life?" asked Dr. Hammond.

"Well," said Sheridan, "I was very sick in the hospital after the battle of Winchester. One day they sent for Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, and he gave me some medicine, but I kept getting worse. Then they sent for Dr. Frank Hamilton, and he gave me some more medicine, but I grew worse and worse. Then they sent for Dr. Bliss, and——"

"And you still grew worse?"

"No; Dr. Bliss didn't come; he saved my life!"

Not a Spendthrift.

"And how do you sell you smiles?" asked Jones of old Mrs. Rougemup, who was presiding over a table at a fancy fair.

"A dollar apiece, sir; for the benefit of the poor."

"Well, my dear madam, as it's for a good cause you may give me fifty cents' worth."

On His Defense.

A defendant walked into court with an enormous bludgeon under his arm.

Judge—What have you brought that bludgeon here for?

Defendant—I was told in the summons to come provided with means of defense, I first thought of bringing my ax, but then I thought this would do.—*Charivari.*

Saw them both.



SUMWAY—"So you have returned from Paris?"

SAWNTER—"Yes."

SUMWAY—"Saw the Bois de Boulogne, I suppose?"

SAWNTER—"You are just right. And the girls too."—*Drakes Magazine.*

Technical Points used in Poker.

Age.—Any gray-headed player.

Ante.—An unpopular relative always present at games of poker.

Blaze.—Something seen when four aces are held against a Westerner with an ace high flush.

Blind.—A term applied to a man who don't see you playfully steal a blue chip off his pile. In such cases, keep it.

Call.—The sudden sense of duty that calls some men home when one hundred dollars ahead.

Chips.—Ivory or bone tokens, representing a fixed value in money—or "wind."

Chipping, or to chip.—Betting money, or "blowing in wind."

Discard.—Throwing away the cards given you by the dealer, and playing those in your boots.

Draw.—The act of drawing a player's attention while you deal yourself six cards.

Eldest Hand, or age.—The oldest baldhead present.

Filling.—Working the decanter often.

Foul Hand.—Any hand that beats yours.

Frozen Out.—Going home in the morning, quite broke.

Going Better.—Going home with ten dollars.

Going In.—The time when you feel sure you will win.

Jack-Pots. A cross between a turkey-affle and a chicken-shoot.

Limit.—An imaginary quantity.

Pass—A term used when you want a friend to pass you a heart.

Say.—This is the word applied to the remarks you make after a four-hour run of bad luck.

Table Stakes.—Where the man, on the dealer's left forgets to put up, and you play to see who has the table.

—!—! !—? ?.—

Marks used to indicate what you know your wife will say to you when you get home.—*Puck.*

The Man with the Coonskin Cap.

One night, a year ago there were half a dozen of us to go up to the village hotel in the rickety old bus, and among the crowd was a solemn-looking old chap, dressed in very plain goods and wearing a coonskin cap. It was the typical village hotel-landlord in the bar-room, a very fresh young man behind the register, mighty little for supper, and that poorly cooked, and there was more or less growling. The man with the coonskin cap was treated very brusquely by the clerk, and the frowsy-headed waiter girl didn't seem to care whether he had anything to eat or not. He didn't say much, but it was evident that he was mad.

After supper the landlord and "Coonskin" had a private confab. When it was ended the old man came down stairs, opened the front door, and then turned to the clerk and said:

"You git?"

"What do you mean!"

"I have rented this hotel. Skip!"

The clerk put on his coat and hat and walked out. Then "Coonskin" sent word to the cook and waiter girl to be out in half an hour, for the hostler to be gone by midnight, and for the barkeeper to vacate by noon the next day. He kindly allowed us to stop over night, but we had to get our breakfast at a bakery. By noon the doors of the hotel were nailed up, signs of "Closed" posted, and as we footed it down to the depot the solemn old man thawed out sufficiently to observe:

"I'm after seven more of 'em along this line of railroad, and if I can shut 'em up the public will be in my debt. I have figured it out to my entire satisfaction, and I truly believe that three-fifths of the crime in this country is incited by poor hotel keeping."

Infelicity.

"Why, Jones, old fellow, you seem altered. Don't things work well in double-harness?"

"Oh, yes, Smith; only my wife is sulky sometimes."

"Well, that comes of being saddled to a wife. But I hope there is no serious breach in the family."

"No; but I've found the check-rein ever since my bridal day, and I don't like it a bit."

"I thought I saw traces of trouble."

"Yes, a little. What galls me is the waggin' tongue."

"Yes, I see. I'm sorry for you. It's my opinion that a man is best, sir, single. 'Ta 'ta!"

"A NEW PRACTICAL WORK."

"KNOW THE LAW AND AVOID LITIGATION."

PAYNE'S LEGAL ADVISER



Is a new epitome of the Laws of the different States of our Union and those of the General Government of the United States, and will be found invaluable to those who are forced to appeal to the law, as well as to the large class who wish to avoid it. The whole is alphabetically arranged so as to make reference to it easy. The author in preparing this work has taken especial care to lay down the rules of Law of every day use and importance, without the use of technical expressions, and in such a manner as to be readily understood and practically applied by persons who have given no attention to the study of law.

NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

"The Legal Adviser." Mr. Payne has made up a very good volume, in which is to be found what almost everybody wants to know, and which is understandable by persons who have given no attention to the study of the law. Nine people out of ten know no difference between executors and administrators or what are the responsibilities of common carriers, or what is a contract or what a delivery. Apart from the useful character of legal adviser, it has its particular interest. There are the various State exemptions from levy and sale on execution. At the conclusion, what is of great general interest, the laws in regard to patents, the forms to be employed, are all given. The book commends itself to general use, having quite everything one wants to know.—*New York Times*. March 17th, 1890.

"The Legal Adviser" has just been published by the Excelsior Publishing House in this city. It

gives in brief and intelligible language the various laws of the several States of the Union, and of the general government, concerning the making of wills, the construction of contracts, and the conduct of business affairs. It will be found very useful as a work of reference, and will answer questions which arise in many a bank and counting house almost every day of the year.—*New York Journal of Commerce*, Jan. 24th, 1890.

"The Legal Adviser," by F. M. Payne, New York, Excelsior Publishing House.

This volume is intensely practical and valuable. It is an epitome of the business and domestic laws of the several States of the Union and those of the general Government of the United States. In fact it makes every man his own lawyer, and should find an abiding place in every office and household.—*The Albany Sunday Press*, February 2d. 1890.

This work contains 317 pages, bound in elegant cloth, price, \$1.50.

AGENTS WANTED, LARGE PROFITS. SEND FOR TERMS.

EXCELSIOR PUBLISHING HOUSE,

P. O. Box 1144.

Nos. 29 & 31 Beekman Street, New York.

A NEW VALUABLE WORK.

PAYNE'S BUSINESS POINTERS



Containing much information necessary
in business, comprising **U. S.**
Laws; Passport Regu-
lates of Foreign Post-
ation Laws; How
to Indorse Checks, Debt o; Official Titles—
Military, Scholastic, Naval and Profess. Statistics of the
World; **Business Laws; Legal Fe** **Business,**
such as Power of Attorney, Notes, Drafts, Le **tests;**
Bills of Lading, Private Marks of Prices, and **;**
Dictionary of Mercantile Terms; How to
Legal Rates of Interest; Rates of Postage
American Value of Foreign Gold and Silver Coins; some In
Facts; Interest Laws of U. S.; Copyright Law; Interest Tables—5,
8 and 10 per cent.; Table of Compound Interest; Table of Weights and
Measures and the Metric System; List Abbreviations used in business;
Latin, French, Spanish and Italian Words and Phrases; Marks and
Rules of Punctuation and Accent; Use of Capital Letters; **Complete**
Dictionary of Synonyms, &c., &c., making in all the most complete
and cheapest Business Encyclopedia ever issued. 160 pages, bound in
leatherette cover, **price 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents.**

For sale by all booksellers, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.

Excelsior Publishing House,

AGENTS WANTED.

Nos. 29 & 31 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

39033

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

SRLF
QL

OCT 18 1993

Found in Alice at farm -
Had more birds

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 675 484 0

Uni
S