

ploded but the charge in the barrel failed to go off. This appeared to puzzle him considerably for a while. Then he turned the gun around, glanced into the barrel and saw that the charge was just starting. Quick as thought—in fact very much quicker—he clapped the gun to his shoulder and aimed it so that when the charge exploded an instant later it brought down the squirrel."

PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS

It is pretty well known that a great many apparent cases of distress are fictitious, and at least four-fifths of the street beggars are imposters, but it is to be hoped that very few benevolent people are so highly deceived as the lady who recently investigated the wants of some pensioners on her bounty, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Where is the blind man?" she asked a little girl she met at the door of a tenement house.

"He's readin' the paper, mum," was the answer.

"Ah! where is deaf man?"

"He's talkin' politics with the dumb man."

"And what has become of the paralytic?"

"He's abed, mum."

"That's strange! He ought to be running a race," said the lady sarcastically.

"He is the only honest beggar in the house. Why is he in bed?"

"Because he's dead."

WHO'S YER BEAUTY?

A young countryman came to town with his best girl. Passing a flower store, they stopped to admire the display of flowers.