

The Key Under the Door.

"It is customary for the back door key to be put halfway under the door so that I can reach it when coming off duty late at night," remarked an artist to a London Tit-Bits writer. "The other morning at breakfast my landlady said to me, 'Do you know, I had an awful fright last night. I put the key halfway under the door, as usual, when, to my horror, I saw it drawn slowly out of sight. I of course thought some one had got the key and would unlock the door and come in, so I quickly bolted it and shouted through the keyhole, 'My word, if you don't bring that key back!' Not daring to retire to rest, I sat quietly listening for a time. Then I got a table knife and pushed it under the door to see if the key had really been taken right away and to my surprise drew the key back again. So, very cautiously, I unlocked and unbolted the door, looked out and found not a burglar, but our own wicked cat, who, while sitting on the doorstep and seeing the key pushed under the door, must have drawn the key out of sight with her paws, thinking I was playing with her.'"

An American Joke From England.

The typical American, says a contributor to the English Illustrated Magazine, although partial to making jokes, is often quick tempered and unable to recognize a joke made by another, with results that are sometimes unpleasant.

Thus, a senator was once at a fashionable dinner party at Washington when he was asked what fish he would take.

"Waal," he said, "I reckon I'll take plaice."

A wit who chanced to be present remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, "Ah, senator, still a place seeker?"

"Yaas," answered the senator, at the same time whipping out a revolver and shooting the wit dead, "but what's that to you, you dern'd stranger?"

Afterward, when the joke was explained to him, the senator confessed that he had acted rather hastily, and to show that he bore no grudge he went to the funeral of the inopportune wit.

A Queen Elizabeth Joke.

Queen Elizabeth liked her jokes, and, although her pleasantries were of a less sanguinary turn than her father's, she must have been even more formidable than usual when disposed to be frolicsome. A tale may be found in one of Lord Essex's letters with regard to a new dress belonging to one of her maids of honor, over the possession of which the owner had been rash enough to exhibit some elevation. The young lady, it seems, was several inches taller than her majesty, hardly perhaps quite a nice or loyal thing to be. Having desired that the dress should be made over to her custody, the queen, first carefully selecting an extremely wet day, was pleased to put it on and trail it for yards behind her in the mud, the owner of the humiliated garment having to appear as delighted with the royal fun and condescension as the rest of the lookers-on.—London Tatler.

And All With Company There.

"Now, children," said the mother as a whole roomful of company had come in, "suppose you run off and play by yourselves."

"All right, mother," replied Edith. "Can we go up and play Hamlet and Ophelia?"

"Certainly," smiled the mother, while her guests looked on at the tableau. "Goody," replied Edith. Then, turning to her sister, she said, "Now, Maude, you run up to mamma's room and get all her false hair that you can find."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Love.

Properly there is only one verb for love. It is not "amo." It is not "aimer." It is not the softest Italian verb. No printed language of man knows it. But the violin knows it, and the wild bird knows it; even the sea knows it. The rose is it, and the moon is it, and the look of a man's eyes into a woman's is it, and the look of a woman's eyes back again is it. But no man or woman can say it in any language that endures.—"Love Letters of the King."

Woodchopping as a Sport.

In Tasmania is to be found a national pastime that is special and particular to that state alone—the sport of woodchopping. It says much for the grit and vigor of Tasmanians that this really serious and arduous work should be regarded as the finest sport. At Hobart and Launceston they have their turf meetings, their cricket, football, golf, cycling, and so forth, but to a woodchopping contest people will flock from far and near—men, women and children—and watch the ax wielders hewing away at huge blocks of timber as if life and reputation depended upon the issue. Thud, thud, thud, go the axes, and the splinters fly in all directions, the judges calmly sitting near, taking notes of the strokes, the spectators cheering the competitors from time to time as frantically as if they were race horses. To be a woodchopping champion means something to a man in Tasmania.—Dundee Advertiser.

Look Prosperous or Pay In Advance.

"While there is a good deal of the American spirit prevailing in Sydney and Melbourne, they do things there in a peculiar way," said a traveling man. "It is hard to get used to them."

"They have excellent restaurants there, but they run on a peculiar plan. A man goes in and sits down at a table, and a waiter, generally a woman, hands him the bill of fare. He makes out his order on a slip, and before he is waited on the waiter goes to the cashier and has a little private talk with him. The cashier looks over at the customer, and if he appears to be good for the bill he is served; otherwise he is asked to pay in advance. The meals are good and cheap. The same careful scrutiny is made when a fellow registers at a hotel. Good looks will go further than any amount of baggage."—Omaha Bee.

Clear Waste.

"He has a quick temper, you know," was the excuse given by a friend for a boy's rude act.

"Is he quick at his lessons?" was the question.

"No," was the reply. "Is he quick at sports?" the questioner went on.

Again the answer was "No."

"Is he quick in obedience?"

"No."

"Well," said the questioner, with a twinkle in his eye, "if he has so little quickness he'd better use it where it will do him some good. It's clear waste to put it on his temper."

The Town of Bushire.

Residents of a miserable seaport on the Persian gulf called their town Bushire (Boosbeer). It has narrow, dirty, ill paved streets. The city is visited by earthquakes and simooms and stints its children of wholesome air and fresh water. It appears, however, to have enjoyed high repute among the ancient Elamites, who have left buried about under moldering heaps bricks with cuneiform inscriptions. In summer the citizens of Bushire live in a heat that is almost unbearable.

Her Sorrow.

"P-papa," sobbed small Sadie, "m-my canary is d-dead!"

"Never mind, dear," replied her father; "I'll buy you another one."

"Oh, I'm calm now," rejoined Sadie, "but when I first saw the poor little thing I cried like a child."—Exchange.

After the Race.

"So your horse was distanced, was he?"

"Yes."

"Did you have anything on him?"

"I thought I had a jockey on him, but it seems I didn't."

Times to Laugh.

A.—Is the old man always so glum as this? B.—By no means. He laughs twice a year, spring and fall, when the new women's hats come in.—Fliegende Blatter.

Strictly Business.

Theorist—You believe in giving credit to whom credit is due, don't you? Practical Man—Yes, but I make everybody else pay cash.—Chicago Tribune.



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