



FOUND AT LAST.

FARMER TURNIPTOP—Umbrellas recovered. By gum I'm goin' in there and see if I can get back that old umbrel I lost last time I was to town.

HE LIED.

A man rushed frantically into a Kansas depot just in time to miss the train. The crowd sympathized with his evident disappointment.

"Doubtless you were going on your annual vacation and feel the enforced delay keenly," said a tourist from Boston.

"No, stranger," said the left man, almost tearfully. "I am a real estate agent and a customer overpaid me for a corner lot by \$50. He's on that train. I just found out the mistake and was hurrying to give the money back, and—"

"Liar! liar" shouted every man in the depot.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

GENTLEMEN (to intruder)—Why do you begin to beg up here on the fifth story? Why don't you begin at the bottom and beg up?

BEGGAR—You see, boss, if I begin on the top floor, and am kicked down a flight of stairs, I can keep right on begging; but if I begin on the first floor and have bad luck I am kicked right out into the street. See?—*Texas Siftings*.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE DEMON DRINK.

PROHIBITIONIST (to prisoner)—Well, my poor man, what brought you here?

PRISONER (weeping)—Rum.

PROHIBITIONIST (taking out note book)—Ah, how was that?

PRISONER (breaking down completely)—The judge and jury were both drunk.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

JACK SPRATT—I shall come into a fortune next week.

HANK KERNS—Why, your rich uncle isn't dead, is he?

JACK SPRATT—No, but I hear he called in a couple of Christian science healers yesterday.—*Judge*.

DIDN'T SEE THEM.

"I understand you have just been down to St. Louis?"

"Yes; spent three days there."

"Did you see any of the big-bugs of the place?"

"No; I went to a brand new hotel."—*Judge*.

DINGUSS—Shadbolt, can you give me two five-dollar bills for a ten?

SHADBOLT (wondering where Dinguss ever got ten dollars)—I think I can. Yes, here they are.

DINGUSS (feeling in his vest pocket and looking surprised and vexed)—Dash it to stagnation and back! I've left that bill in my other clothes. I'll hand it to you to-morrow, Shadbolt. (Hurries off with the two fives.)—*Chicago Tribune*.

INSURANCE AGENT—Now that you are married, I suppose you will take out a policy?

YOUNG BRIGGS—Oh, no, I guess not. I don't think she's going to be dangerous.—*Terre Haute Express*.

THE OPEN HEARTED SUBURBAN.

"What did the fellow want?"

"Money. He'd spent thirty cents in railroad fare to come here to see me in the hope that I'd give him something."

"Well, of course you helped him?"

"Yes. Gave him thirty cents to go back home on."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

An "anxious inquirer" is informed that it is not called the *Century* "Life of Lincoln" because it is going to take a century to finish it.—*Norristown Herald*.



WANTED CREDIT FOR DOING EVERYTHING

AUGUSTUS—I don't think Dumley is so conceited after all. He admitted to me the other day that he sometimes made a fool of himself.

HENRY—That's just like Dumley; taking credit for himself of doing occasionally, what nature did once for all, in the beginning.