

GROUND FOR HIS SUSPICIONS.

"Pshaw! Her father doesn't look as if he were a millionaire.

"Why, he wears elegant clothes and lives on the top shelf."

"Yes; and that's what makes me suspicious."—*Judge*.

AT HIS OWN SHADOW.

A man aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night, saying that he had seen a ghost in the shape of a donkey.

"Oh! let me sleep," the irate dame rejoined, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."—*Texas Siftings*.

NOT A PAYING BUSINESS.

A.—Who was that shabby looking man you stopped to speak to?

B.—He is a lecturer, just returned from a trip in the west.

A.—But do lecturers look as seedy as that after a trip?

B.—Not generally, but he has been giving "A Reply to Bob Ingersoll."—*Texas Siftings*.

JUSTIFIABLE ENVY.

MANAGING EDITOR—You say here that you have cultivated hot-house lilac bushes that have attained a height of over fifty feet?

HORTICULTURAL EDITOR—Yes; why?

MANAGING EDITOR (musingly)—Nothing, only I wish I could lilac that.—*Texas Siftings*.

HE WOULD PROVE HIS LOVE.

AMELIA (in an insane interval)—Oh, Arthur, I fear you do not truly love me!

ARTHUR (struck to the heart)—Not love you, my darling! What can I do to prove my devotion?

AMELIA (frantically)—I know not!

ARTHUR (after a pause)—Will you—will you play something on the piano?—*Puck*.

BUNCO STEERER—Excuse me, sir, but isn't this Mr. William Green, of White Mountain? Dodge is my name, and I remember meeting you one day last summer when I was up in Michigan—in Silas Brown's store under the post office. Glad to see you in New York. How's Silas?

MR. GREEN—How d'ye do, Mr. Dodge! Why in the dooce don't you fellers git some new directories? Silas was burnt out winter before last.—*Lancaster Life*.

A SURE SIGN.

"Ma, I think pa and the men in the other room are playing cards."

"The idea! What makes you think so, my son?"

"Why, I hear them whistling religious songs."—*Time*.

IN ETERNALSUMMerville.

HOTEL WAITER (in Southern California)—Orange rawliced-quarter-dstewedfriedbaked?

GUEST (desperately)—I don't want em' in any shape. I want meat and potatoes.

WAITER—Meat?

GUEST—Yes, meat!

WAITER—Potatoes?

GUEST—Yes, potatoes!

WAITER (to proprietor a few moments later)—Send for the police; crazy man in the dining room.—*Omaha World*.

HAD THE BEST OF THEM.

A bankrupt banker had just made out his schedule of assets. "But what will you say when you meet your creditors?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I shan't meet them; they travel on foot, while I always take a cab."—*Judge*.

THE EXCHANGE FIEND.

Stalks he in with a grand, superior smirk,

And a six-for-a-dime cheroot.

Demands he the Kalamazoo Kejerk,

Or the Jordan Jimplecute.

With a nerve that would make a dodo blush,

And a million volts of gall,

He yells: "I'm in an awful rush,

But thought I'd make you a call.

"Would you like to save the Snagville Skriek

And the Oakkosh Offalgun?

And, while I'm here, will take a peep

At the Frogtown Family Fun.

"Just lay 'em by for me on a shelf

And I'll call fer 'em every day.

Was a journalist years ago myself—

Used to be on the Jimtown Jay.

"Could handle the paste and shears right slick,

And wasn't slow with the pen—

To edit a newspaper ain't no trick

For hustlin', brainy men.

"What am I doin' now, 'dye say?

I drift with the business tides,

Clerkin' for Nixey & Neverpay,

Dealers in rags and hides."

—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

A VALUABLE ANIMAL.

A man, while crossing a lot, was attacked by a young bull calf and was severely bruised. Just as the victim had landed on the safe side of the fence, an old negro came out of a cabin near by, and, calling the man, said—

"Does you wante buy dat animal, sah?"

"No; I want to kill the infernal thing, and I'm going to do it if I have to walk ten miles for a gun."

"W'y, what is you get ag n him?"

"Didn't you see him butt me over the fence?"

"W'y, look yere, he didn' mean dat ter be buttin'. He thought he wuz 'ommerdatin' you, sah, in he'pin' you ober. I's trained him ter he'p folks ober de fence, an' dat's w'y he so valu'ble. W'y, las' wintab w'en I had de rheumatis I couldn'ter got erlong widout him."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

AT THE HENDERSON HOP.

MISS WAITE (who has been a wall flower all the evening)—A waltz? Mr. Henderson, you are too kind!

MR. HENDERSON (host of the occasion)—Not at all, Miss Waite. You know the performance of one's duty is sometimes sweeter than actual pleasure.—*Harper's Bazar*.

TO STAY WITH THE OLD MAN.

"Oh, Angeline, I love you!"

And the maiden shouted, "Stop!

What have you got to live upon?"

I softly answered, "Pop!"

—*Epoch*.