

BY OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A sausage skin is a ground hog case.

A good card player—Gabriel, because he holds his trump for the last play.

"The groom is a promising young man," says an exchange. Most grooms are just that.

To Mark Twain, is to mark a miser who would be the funniest rich man and the richest funny man in the world.

MADAME SUMMER (to the clerk of the weather)—Say, you go down to the Spring house, and if you find Old Winter hanging around there, fire him out.

THE DIVISION OF TIME.

MRS. PARKER—Every dog has his day, they say.

MR. PARKER—Yes; and, what is worse, every cat on the back fence has her night.

Grizzly got a notion that there was something in the wind, and went out on the street to see what it was. In a few moments he came back with tears in his eyes, and told the office boy that it was only a little dirt.

RATHER SAVORY.

A gentleman named Salt was met by a friend in the dining room of a health resort hotel, and upon being asked what he was there for replied: "For the season."

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.

MRS. SIMON (exhibiting her first born)—Isn't he a cunning little monkey, Mrs. Tangle?

MRS. TANGLE—Yes, indeed. And he's so remarkably like his father.

"I don't care whether the sidewalks in Portland are wood or dirt," said Meskly, as he entered his office the other morning and began brushing his clothes and rubbing his skin, "but I do object to having both kinds mixed together," and he went out to buy a new pair of trousers.

NOT FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

JOHNSON—Well, doctor, how does your "Sure Cure for Rheumatism" sell?

DOCTOR LORION—Splendidly, splendidly; but I haven't been able to get out much this spring to push it, my rheumatism is so bad.

DIDN'T KNOW THE COMBINATION.

"The 'Funny Man' is away this week. Let's put something good in his department."

"All right. It would be quite a novelty. It must be easy to write such stuff. What shall be put in?"

They are still thinking.

HUMOR ALL GONE.

ERRON-IN-CHIEF—Good morning. How do you feel to-day?
ERRON HUMOROUS DEPARTMENT—Oh, I'm out of humor to-day.

E. IN C.—What's the matter with you?

E. H. D.—Nothing the matter with me; only the foreman just asked me for copy and I had none.

E. IN C.—Well, what did he say to that?

E. H. D.—Said it didn't matter much, as he was out of sorts himself.

SHOWED HIM HOW IT WORKED.

EXCHANGE FRIEND—How d'do? Been any spring poets in here to-day? Ha! ha! Heavens and earth! What d'you throw that ink bottle at me for?

ERRON—Nothing. Sit down. I just had the springiest poet in here you ever saw. He was sitting in that chair you are in now, when suddenly he gave a yell and sprang about seven feet in one jump and bolted out of the door.

EXCHANGE FRIEND—What was the matter with him?

ERRON—Well, you see there is a hole in the bottom of the chair, and under it is a pin fastened to this string on my desk, and I simply took hold of the string and gave it a sudden jerk, just like this—What's the matter? Going, are you? Well, good day.

ON A PUGET SOUND STEAMER.

"I tell you," said the man with the portly figure and general Robinson Crusoe air of possessing all he surveyed, "I tell you Chicago is the biggest city in the world."

"Except Anacortes," interrupted a nervous individual who had a few choice lots to dispose of in that millennial metropolis.

"Oh, of course," said the pompous man with lofty scorn. "No city would want to be compared with Anacortes," and his look of cold disdain made the nervous man fairly shiver. "What I mean is, Chicago is the largest city in the world in big things. It has the biggest auditorium building, the biggest stock yards, the biggest—biggest—"

"Blowers," suggested a quiet man; but the gentleman from the windy city heeded him not, and continued—

"And now it is going to build the biggest building in the world for the World's Fair," and he looked around with an air that showed how equally his admiration was divided between Chicago and himself.

"Say!" asked the quiet stranger, "What is Chicago going to build to equal the Eifel tower?"

"Oh, I don't know yet; but we'll do something that will knock that wind mill post sky high."

"Why not dig a hole in the ground as deep as the tower is high?"

"What would we do with it?"

"Well, you could let people down into it and pull them out again for two bits apiece. Then it would be so handy for Chicago to crawl into when the fair is over."

The silence that immediately enveloped the Chicago man was as voidless as midnight in the Sahara desert. H. L. W.