



A DAMPER.

When I was young and passionate I fell in love with Gretchen;
I went to see her one Sunday and found her in the kitchen.
I split the kindlings and the wood, and helped her build a fire.
And as the cook stove hotter grew, my hopes waxed higher and higher.
"Oh, Gretchen, dear, behold!" I cried; "this flame is like my passion—
It burns, at touch of your sweet hands, in most tumultuous fashion.
Beware, sweet girl, with fire and love 'tis dangerous to tamper."
"Why, yes," she said, "of course it is, Joe; suppose you shut the damper."

PERTAINING TO ELECTIONS.

FOND PARENT—What are the elective studies at your college, John?

JOHN—Political economy, I guess. That's about politics and elections and such things, isn't it?

FANGLE—Have you read "Miss Nobody of Nowhere?"

CUMSO—"Miss Nobody of Nowhere?" No, I haven't read it. I'm tired of these novels of Boston life.

AFFECTING NATURE EVEN.

TROTTER (a returned traveler)—Montana is a great place for bad liquor.
DOGLY—Is it?

TROTTER—Yes; even the mountains are Rocky.

A FAVORABLE IMPRESSION.

AMY—Papa, do you know anything of Mr. Rustle, who has called on me once or twice?

PAPA—He's a young business man.

AMY—Ah! I like a man who means business.

HE WASN'T A TEETOTALER.

NEW PASTOR (on his first parochial visit)—Is your husband a teetotaler, madam?

EMBARRASSED PARISHIONER (hesitatingly)—Well, no, he isn't quite as bad as that; but he makes a night of it once in a while with the boys.

When a fair young girl begins to faint,
A young man's chance is slim;
He must either let the maiden drop,
Or she'll get the drop on him.



JAYSMITH (gloomily)—Larkin called me a liar today.
MRS. JAYSMITH (indignantly)—Did you tell him to prove it?
JAYSMITH—It wasn't necessary.

A DELICATE LUNCH.

"Mawnin', Marse Wilson; does yo' wan' to buy a bale ub cotten?" remarked Uncle Amos as he halted the rickety conveyance which contained the sole product of his year's farming before the door of the village store.

"What are you asking for it?" inquired the merchant.

"Specs nine cents am 'bout a fair price, sah."

"Can't give you more than eight and three-fourths. The Liverpool market is lower this morning and there's a regular panic in New York."

"All right, marsa; dat am powerful low, but I tink I'll hab ter tuk de money. De ole woman wants some sugah an' calico, an' I s'pose yo' wouldn't trus' fur much mo'. How much does I owe yo' now, sah?"

"About thirty dollars, I think. But I will make up your account while the cotton is being weighed."

"Yes, an' say, marsa, it's nigh on ter noon, an' dis ole nigger has been drubin' all de mawnin'. Ain't yo' a gwine ter throw in some crackers an' cheese on de strength ub de trade, sah?"

The store keeper got out a pound of soda biscuit and gave them to Uncle Amos, and then, in a spirit of waggery, reached up to the shelf and handed him one of those small, round packages of axle grease which come neatly wrapped up in tin foil, saying, as he did so:

"Here's some very fine imported German cheese, uncle. Just try it and see if it doesn't make those crackers slip down as though they were greased."

"Hya! Hya! No doubt 'bout dat. Much 'bliged ter yo', sah," and the old darkey retired to the wagon to enjoy the prospective repast.

The store keeper busied himself in the tangled account for a few moments, then glancing through the open door he called out:

"Have a good lunch, uncle?"

"Well, dem crackers was mighty fine, fur suah. I ain't sayin' nuffin' agin dem. But de cheese! I done got away wid it, sah, but I mus' say one thing; it was de ransomest cheese dis nigger ebber et!"

HARRY ROMAINE.

STORY TELLERS.

Your confidences never share
With novelists, I pray,
For they will but increase your care—
Such tell tale fellows they.

Ingall's pieces are virulent fractions, for now that he is not "in" he is all "gall."

ACCOUNTING FOR THE RISE.

GOFER—Your necktie is working up above your collar.
SPATTS—Is it? Gosh darn the McKinley bill, anyhow.

EARLY PUNCTUATION.

TEACHER—Freddy Fangle, you may tell us about the antediluvian period.

FREDDY—The antediluvian period is the full stop that the flood brought on the world.



SHOWS WHAT HE THOUGHT OF HER.

SHE (delicately plaintive)—I am so unfortunate as to possess the gift of divining exactly what every one thinks of me.

HE (absent-mindedly)—Well, that is unfortunate, by Jove!