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IN LIGHTER VEIN

"Deah me, Miss Mahala, who's de swell gemman wot den' tuk yo' out walkin'?"

"Dat gemman? He's de one what is financed tuk me, Mistah Johnsing."—Baltimore American.

Boyce—Is he such a fishing cran k?

Joyce—Yes, he has gone to live on a house boat, so that he can fish without leaving home.—Ex.

Wandering over an old cemetery recently a young man came across a large stone inscribed:

"Turn me over."

After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over, and found on the other side of the stone the words:

"Now turn me back again so that I can catch some other idiot."—Ex.

"Which is the cow that gives the buttermilk?" innocently asked the young lady from the city, who was inspecting the herd with a critical eye.

"Don't make yourself ridiculous," said the young lady who had been in the country before and knew a thing or two.

"Goats give buttermilk."—Springfield Journal.

"It's funny," said the long-winded bore, "but nobody ever seems glad to see me."

"Well, and have you never found out the cause of your unpopularity?"

"No. I can't see."

"That's strange, for it's right under your very nose."—Philadelphia Press.

Men are possessed of two great fears: That they will become old, and that they will never live to be old.—Ex.

The Barber—Your hair is coming out on top, sir.

The Crank—Good! I knew it was in me. Now, for goodness sake, don't talk to it or it will crawl back again.—Philadelphia Press.

A brother editor down east thinks that if some kind of a game could be played with lawn mowers it wouldn't be so irksome to push them along.

Jones—"What is the difference between sight and vision?"

Brown—"Do you see those two girls across the street? Well, the pretty one is a vision; the other is a sight."