

To The Dying Century

Dying Century! a health
to thee! ☒ ☒ ☒
Take it to Eternity;
Tell the gods to whom
you go— ☒ ☒
Where the winds of
Heaven blow—
That you brought
me here, anon,
Heritage of tasks
undone; ☒ ☒
Robbed me of my
strength at noon;
Granted but a
single boon—
yet that was Love.

Marion Thornton
Egbert

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

He—Philosophy, my dear madam, is something it takes all one's life to acquire.
She—What, then, is the use in acquiring it?
He—The supreme satisfaction of knowing that one's whole life has been a mistake.—Life.

Blame It on the Moon.
The moon exercises a marked influence on commerce, astronomers say.
"Oh, yes; whenever a man walks with a girl on moonlight nights he buys her a lot of caramels and other stuff."—Chicago Record.

Sarcasm.
Wiggles—They say that a man and his wife grow to look like each other after they have lived together for a long time.
Mrs. Wiggles—Do they? That's lucky for the men, now, isn't it?—Somerville Journal.

No Had It.
"The fact is," said the fat man, "I married because I was lonely as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy."
"Well," said the lean man, "you have mine."—New York World.

Wing Repartee.
The Easy Mark—She said she had 'other fish to fry.' I wonder if she insinuated that I was a fish?
The Soubrette—Impossible! All lobsterers are crustaceous.—Chicago News.

Happy Matrot.
"Now, don't gimme any song about misfortune an' wantin' to be a hard worker 'n all that," said the hard-faced lady. "I can see right through you."
"Gee!" said Dismal Dawson. "I knowed I ain't had nothin' to eat for three days, but I didn't know it had thinned me down like that."—Indianapolis Press.

Widow of Solomon.
Teacher—Who was the wisest man? Little Boy—Solomon.
Teacher—Give an example of his wisdom.
Little Girl—He had 600 wives.—Detroit Free Press.

A Compromise.
Parson—Why, Johnnie, I'm sorry to see you stealing. I shall report the matter to your father.
Johnnie—I'm sorry, too, parson, but now I'm caught I'll divide with ye, if ye won't tell dad. Come now, what do ye say?

In the Wrong Class.
Mrs. Rheedem's boarders seem to be nearly all students who belong to the normal class.
"Yes, but she tells me that their appetites are abnormal."

Looking for Bargains.
Mrs. Bargainhunter seems to be dreadfully worried about the health of her children.
"Why, they looked to me exceptionally strong and well."
"Yes; that's what worries her. A cut-rate druggist has just opened in the neighborhood, and she's crazy for an excuse to see what kind of bargains they have."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Congenial Fellow.
Blobbs—What a companionable young fellow young HJones is.
Blobbs—Yes; he frankly acknowledges that he doesn't know anything about politics, religion or golf.—Philadelphia Record.

Circumstances A'fer Cases.
She—I like him because he's so extravagant.
Her Aunt—That isn't the best possible quality in a husband.
She—Of course not! I'm not going to marry him!—Puck.

What's in a Name?
Mrs. Waggles—Do you know why this is called a golf hat?
Waggles—Yes, my dear. It is because people who play golf don't wear them.—Judge.

Jealous Beauties.
Rob—What does that mean? Both of those pretty girls out you dead just then.
Roy—Alas, yes. I made a stupid mistake. I told Lily she was as sweet as a rose, and Rose that she made me think of a lily.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Homerio.
The following very little classic comes from Cornhill:
A few years since two gentlemen, each bearing the surname of Homer, not an unusual one in Dorset, contested a county division, and at a public meeting one of them, feeling suddenly unwell, had to retire, when a local humorist, on his opponent's side, remarked:
"Homer's Odd, I see."
"Homer's Ill, I add!" promptly rejoined an adherent.

The Open Door.
The Empress Dowager trembled with rage.
"Shut the door!" she shrieked, bestowing a terrible look upon the Christian powers. "Don't you see you're letting in about a million flies!"
Her majesty's strenuous resistance to the inevitable is thus shown to proceed upon the promptings of her basic femininity, and is hereupon a mystery no longer.—Detroit Journal.

To believe that a task is impossible is to make it so.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Things Appear Differently to Different Eyes.

One of the essential things for one that would influence others is the ability to see things as they look to those whom he addresses. A lack of this ability has been responsible for the failure of many persons that would otherwise have been successful as teachers, missionaries, lawyers before juries, and even orators and statesmen. Striking illustrations of the different aspects things wear in the eyes of different people are constantly coming to light.

A party of American travelers, journeying leisurely up the Nile, expressed a desire to celebrate Washington's birthday in some appropriate manner. Their chief accordingly prepared a great frosted cake, upon which he executed in confectionery a representation of George Washington, after having familiarized him self with the life and achievements of his subject.

As represented in sugar, Washington wore a turban on his head and a great sash across his breast; he was smoking a long pipe, and before him some dancing girls were performing. This was the way the greatness of George Washington looked to the Arab chef.

In China, that land of strange contrasts, many amusing instances of a similar kind may be found. "Pilgrim's Progress," as recently translated and illustrated by native artists, shows a Christian with a long pigtail, the dunce of Giant Despair as the familiar wooden cage of Chinese criminals, while the angels are arrayed in the latest productions of Pekin dressmakers.

A Chinese publication describes Americans as "living for months without eating a mouthful of rice," and never enjoying themselves "by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves," but, instead, jumping around and kicking a ball as if paid for it.

How does this thing look to the Turk, the Chinaman, the Boer, the Englishman, the northerner, the southerner is the question that we should answer, in any controversy, before becoming too sure of our own position. All the world does not look through the same spectacles. —St. Louis Star.

HOW THEY TRADE IN CHINA.

Americans Won't Be Exasperated by Such Absurd Methods.

When a man or a woman goes into a shop in China a clerk, with much ceremony, brings fragrant tea, which is served in the style. The compliments of the season are exchanged, there are talks about the weather—in fact, every kind of evasion is employed to keep away from the real reason of the visit, which is to buy something. The proprietor solemnly watches these proceedings from afar. The style of compliment is of this order: "In what celestial country did your exalted excellence purchase the superfine garments upon which I feast my eyes? Surely in no miserable and unworthy land like our own?" When the tea and talk are exhausted the little pipe bearer, who always attends his master or mistress out of doors, lights a pipe for his employer. There are only a few whiffs in each pipeful, so the process has to be frequently repeated.

Then business begins. The shopper asks the price of the required article and makes an offer that is much lower. This is promptly refused in language that is courteous and polite beyond description. Then the possible purchaser departs with great dignity and elegance. When a bargain is completed the purchaser never pays it himself. The chief steward is called, notified that the article has been accepted, and when the bill comes in the "boy" settles it, giving an account quarterly to his master of money disbursed for the household. Money as we have it is unknown in China. There are no silver dollars, no fractions of dollars, as quarters and 10-cent pieces, no paper bank notes. There is a coin called "cash" with a hole punched in the middle that is used for small transactions. "Cash" can be strung like beads on a string. It takes 100 pieces to equal the value of one standard cent. Gold is only used for ornaments in China, never for current coin.

A Famous Vine.
Everybody has heard of the famous grapevine now one hundred and thirty-two years old at Hampton Court. Its roots are popularly supposed to extend as far as and under the Thames, which is nearly four hundred yards away. A visitor was actually heard the other day telling his friends quite seriously that the roots of the vine reached as far as Ditton, on the other side of the river, a mile or more away, and the same person asserted that the annual crop consisted of three thousand bunches of grapes. As a matter of fact, the roots of the vine have been found at a distance of about twenty-five yards from the main stem, and, although every year the vine "shows" about three thousand bunches, only twelve hundred are allowed to remain.

Domestic Arts.
In France, Germany, Belgium and Holland girls are drilled from the cradle in every branch of the domestic arts. A French or German maid-of-all-work is a household treasure—just because she has been taught her business. Cooking and housework do not come naturally. We don't expect a carpenter or plumber to learn his trade by instinct, but we expect miracles in our kitchen, and we ask Ann to perform duties she has never been taught. There is plenty of capacity in the working girl, but she needs to be helped and technically trained in domestic arts and crafts.

Child Workers in Europe.
Switzerland allows no child under 14 years to become a wage earner, the age at which, under the English factory law, he ceases to be a child and is ranked as a "young person." English boys of 12 years of age may still work in the mines for fifty-four hours a week, which is longer than the hours for men in the mines of Northumberland and Durham, England.

We imagine that disappointment in a love affair is featherweight grief compared with putting up with a cross husband who was defeated at a election.

It is the want of motive that makes life dreary.

NEW RECIPE FOR SOUP.

Newark Man Discovers How Italians Live So Cheaply.

The cheap way in which Italian laborers, pushcart men and others of that class live has very much impressed a resident of Brooklyn, whose dad it has been recently to poke around in odd places in this city and its vicinity, says the New York Times.

"I was in Newark a week or two ago," said he, "when a friend of mine pointed out a number of Italians who were buying small baskets of tomatoes in large quantities. They cost 15 cents each. I expressed wonder at what they were going to do with so many, whereupon my friend replied that he would show me. He led me to the backyard of a house, where a number of Italians live, and there I found the baskets piled high. Near by was a receptacle which looked like a section of a beer vat. It had been sawed in two. The Italians who were handling the tomatoes cut them up into small pieces and threw them into the vat. Then they took crushers made from blocks of wood, with handles, and pounded those tomatoes into a pulp.

"My curiosity increased with every plunge of the crushers and the Italians looked at me with quiet amusement. Presently they stirred some cornmeal in the mass and then some flour until the stuff became a pulp. The next step was to throw this on what bakers would call a molding trough and knead it, adding enough flour to make it a stiff pulp. The less said about the state of their hands the better, but that is a trivial matter. Then the mixture was molded into little pattis about the size of a fishcake. These were placed on boards and taken to various roofs to dry. In a short time they became as hard as brickbats and can be used as missiles in case of emergency.

"What do you do with those things?" I asked one of the Italians.
"What-a-we do?" he answered. "We make 'a da-summer food 'n da winter food."

"Each cake, I learned after much questioning, will make enough soup for six men. This, with a little black bread, constitutes a meal for many of those fellows. One can see how cheaply they can live and still eat food that is quite nutritious. These cakes are peddled to their fellow countrymen by some of the Italians and sold at a ridiculously small price. When I had departed from that backyard after a two hours' investigation the saying came to me with greater force than ever that 'one-half the world does not know how the other half lives.'"

FREAKS IN LUNCH ORDERS.

Waiter Calls Attention to the Imitative Habit Among Patrons.

One of the amusing things to be noticed at the lunch counters is the habit of imitation. If the man on the end studies the bill of fare and then orders a ham sandwich, pumpkin pie, a glass of milk, all his neighbors are likely to duplicate his order and soon there will be a whole row eating exactly the same things. Sometimes this similarity of appetite causes serious embarrassment. This is invariably the case if the occupants of the high chairs shift about the same time and the men on the end have numerous chances to set examples for twenty or thirty patrons. Then the pumpkin pie or sandwiches are sure to give out before the noon hour is past.

"It's funny how lazy people are," said one of the waiters at a downtown lunch place. "There are lots of men who won't look at a bill of fare and they just stare over the counter and ask for anything that comes into their heads, if they don't happen to see another fellow eating just what they want. If we have something sort of out of the ordinary, like fried oysters, something that can be written on the card in ink so it will make a good impression on the public, it's a losing investment if the fellow on the end near the door happens to pick it out. Then every one that passes him sees the oysters and soon there is a regular chorus of yells of oysters. There ain't a patron that wants corn beef hash or cold tongue.

"People are just like sheep or geese. They like to follow a leader if it's in nothing but eating. I've seen big-winded articles about thoughts and ideas being catching or contagious. Any philosopher who has a chance to wait on a lunch counter would believe in that theory. Ideas is as catching as the measles and don't you forget it."

A Tame Gull.
Vincent S. Stevens, in the Christian Advocate, says that birds do not become tame nearly so readily as most other animals, and then relates the story of an exception which he noticed when living in the coast country.

Looking over my neighbor's fence one day, I was surprised to see on his doorstep these queer companions: A beautiful white sea gull and my neighbor's pet cat, sitting quietly together.

Becoming interested, I jumped the fence, and asked Jones about his feathered pet. He told me that some boys had shot the gull a few days before and broken its wing, and as they were passing his house he noticed the poor suffering thing and bought it. He bandaged the broken wing, and the gull, seeming to understand his kind intention, became quite tame and nestled its pretty head against his hand.

Jones entertained me by showing how the gull usually took its meals. Bringing a plate of oysters and a fork, he called: "Goosey, goosey, goosey!" and the bird came running to him. Then he held out an oyster on the fork, and the gull seized it quickly with its yellow bill and ate it as demurely as if oysters had been served to it in this way all its days.

The oddest thing occurred one day when my neighbor gave the gull some small pieces of meat for dinner. He placed the meat on the ground near the gull, but the gull, spying a pan of water near by, took the meat piece by piece, and walking over, dropped it into the water. Then, true to its nature, it began fishing for its dinner.

The World's Highest Chimney.
Antwerp has the highest chimney in the world. It belongs to the Silver Works Company and is 410 feet high. The interior diameter is 25 feet at the base and 11 feet at the top.

MISAPPROPRIATING A SMILE.

I was seated in the corner of a car, when I got a most exasperating jar—Not the ordinary kind. To which gripemen are inclined, but a jolt that shocked me more than that by far.

From across the aisle a fascinating girl set my senses in an amatory whirl. When she turned a pretty smile toward my corner, and the white showed the tips of teeth that glistened as the pearl.

I responded with a twinkle of my eye (Tis a little trick I studied, by the by), and although I passed my street, still I kept my corner seat. For the hope within my heart was running high.

Then it was I got the dolorific jar: Just behind me, on the platform of the car, stood the man at whom 'twas plain, she was smiling through the pane, and I'd ridden half a mile or more too far.

—Life

A Walk with Ishbel.

DON'T mind talking to you, you know," said Ishbel—she insists on being spelled that way—"because you are not a stupid boy and you have a nice detached point of view, but you must promise when I tell you things not to imagine I mean myself."

"How could I imagine you a thing?" I asked reproachfully.
"You know what I mean," said Ishbel with severity. "When I was quite young," she pursued—she is 22—"I used to fancy that authors put themselves into their stories. Now I know they never do."

"Well, I am not quite young," I said crossly. "Go on."
"But you didn't promise."
"I promised."

Ishbel adjusted her hatpin. "Once there was a girl," she began, "who at the age of 17 was sent to England to visit her father's people. That's rather a nice beginning, isn't it?" she interrupted herself. "It sounds as if you saw a story with a beginning like that you would read it?"

"Candidly?" I inquired.
"Of course."
"I don't think I should."

"But," I hastened to add, "reading a story is very different to have you tell it, you know. I could listen to you for a thousand years."

She was mollified. "It won't take that long," she assured me with a smile. There is no word for her smile but delicious.

"Do go on," I said. "Did she like the people?"

"Well, some of them," doubtfully. "You see they were English and she was an American."

"Yes."
"And—and young, they bullied her a little. The next time," with animation, "I mean, when we go over, I don't think they'll bully me."

"I don't fancy they will."
"And so you see she didn't have as good a time as she might exactly. But she did have a love affair."

"Oh," said I.
"Yes," said Ishbel. "He was a sort of distant connection of hers, a lawyer, what they call over there a solicitor, you know. He—she said he was very much in love—and so was she."

"Confound"—I began.
"I beg your pardon," said Ishbel. "I meant," I said, sternly, "it is very wrong of determinations to make love to girls."

"It is," agreed Ishbel. "But he was very—oh, very honorable. Things had gone, well, they had gone rather far, you know, but the week before she sailed, when he proposed—at least he didn't exactly propose, but he told her he had only 200 a year, and that, of course, it was out of the question in England to marry on that, and he couldn't bear the idea of hampering her with a long engagement and—what did you say?"

"He said she wasn't to be engaged to him, but he would hold himself engaged to her, and some day when the senior partner dropped off—I do wish," petulantly, "you wouldn't mutter like that."

I groveled.
"Where was I?" demanded Ishbel. "Oh, well, then they said good-by, you know, and she was perfectly miserable—if you look so horribly cross I shall send you home—oh, dreadfully miserable. She felt that she didn't care a straw about other men, and there were—she said there were some very nice men in the steamer coming home, too. Balls and parties had no attraction for her, and fancy, for ever so long she hardly took any interest in her frocks. Oh, it was horrid. She only lived for his letters—and somehow they—well, they were not exactly satisfactory. She supposed it was because he was so very honorable, and they were not really engaged, you know. But one day she thought it all over and decided that sort of thing would have to come to an end. She knew she would never be happy for a moment till he came out, as she knew he would some day, to claim her, but she made up her mind to stop thinking about him as much as possible and try to seem happy, no matter how perfectly miserable she was in reality. The idea was, you see—I think she got it out of a poem—to lock his image up in her heart."

"I see," said I. "And how did it work?"

"It worked very well," said Ishbel, reflectively. "She knew she was wretched, but she didn't allow herself to think about it."

"And what happened?" I asked briskly.

"Well, after three years he came."

"Oh, he did?"

"Of course," said Ishbel sharply. "Did you imagine he didn't?"

I coughed. "And she unlocked her heart?"

"Yes," said Ishbel.

"And the image—"

"It's a very odd thing," replied Ishbel, slowly, "but it wasn't there."

I coughed again. "Was her heart—did she find the receptacle—er—empty?" I asked.

"She didn't tell me that," said Ishbel. We walked on. "So that," I remarked, presently, "was the reason why that long-legged English fellow—"

"But you promised," cried Ishbel.—Boston Post.

RAFTERS OF LIVING GREEN.

Description in "Eben Holden" of a Day in the Cornfield.

We climbed the wall as he ate, and buried ourselves in the deep corn. The fragrant, silky tassels brushed my face and the corn blazed at our intrusion, crossing its green sabers in our path.

Far in the field my companion heaped a little of the soft earth for a pillow, spread the oilcloth between rows, and as we lay down drew the big shawl over us. Uncle Eb was tired after the toil of that night and went asleep almost as soon as he was down. Before I dropped off Fred came and licked my face and stepped over me, his tail wagging for leave, and curled upon the shawl at my feet. I could see no sky in that gloomy green aisle of corn. This going to bed in the morning seemed a foolish business to me that day and I lay a long time looking up at the rustling canopy overhead. I remember listening to the waves that came whispering out of the further field, nearer and nearer, until they swept over us with a roaring splash of leaves, like that of water flooding among rocks, as I have heard it often. A twinge of homesickness came to me and the snoring of Uncle Eb gave me no comfort. I remember covering my head and crying softly as I thought of those who had gone away and whom I was to meet in a far country, called heaven, whither we were going. I forgot my sorrow finally in sleep. When I awoke it had grown dusk under the corn. I felt for Uncle Eb and he was gone. Then I called to him.

"Hush, boy! he low!" he whispered, bending over me, a sharp look in his eye. "Fraid they're after us."

He sat kneeling beside me, holding Fred by the collar and listening. I could hear voices, the rustle of the corn and the tramp of feet near by. It was thundering in the distance—that heavy, shaking thunder that seems to take hold of the earth, and there were sounds in the corn like the drawing of

members and the rush of many feet. The noisy thunder clouds came nearer, and the voices that made us tremble were no longer heard. Uncle Eb began to fasten the oil blanket to the stalks of corn for a shelter. The rain came rattling over us. The sound of it was like that of a host of cavalry coming as a gallop. We lay bracing the stalks, the blanket tied above us, and were quite dry for a time. The rain rattled in the sounding sheaves and then came flooding down the steep gutters. Above us beam and rafter creaked, swaying and showing glimpses of the dark sky. The rain passed—we could hear the last battalion leaving the field—and then the tumult ended as suddenly as it began. The corn trembled a few moments and hushed to a faint whisper. Then we could hear only the drip of raindrops leaking through the green roof. It was dark under the corn.

UPON A CATARACT'S BRINK.

Thrilling Experience of a Voyager on the Ottawa River.

The horrible experiences of one who has been swept away by some merciless current and finds himself at last at the brink of a cataract may possibly be imagined, but there are few who survive to relate to us the particulars of such an ordeal. Yet there is one in stance where a man was saved at the very edge of the falls.

There are few more imposing bits of scenery in Canada than where the Ottawa River pours thundering and foaming over the Chaudiere Falls. When the water in the river is low, as it is in autumn, there is a fall of about forty feet, but when the river is swollen by melting snows in the spring the apparent depth of the fall is lessened. At any time the rush and swirl of the great river over this ledge of rock is a sight worth seeing.

In some places the water pours over in a dense and irresistible volume, while at other points a shallow stream will spray itself over a higher table of rock.

On the upper Ottawa are floated booms of logs which feed the large lumber industries of that region. Handling these wet logs is a treacherous business, and it is easy to lose one's foothold and fall into the swift stream. Accidents of this kind occur frequently. The only case that did not have a fatal termination is the one referred to here.

The man was busy forking these logs with those sharp tongs used to swing them about and draw them in, when he missed his footing and fell into the river. Though a strong swimmer, he could not withstand the current and was swept out into the stream and on toward the falls. Nearing the falls, he found himself still conscious, and it happened that he was being floated over one of those tables of rock where the water was so shallow that he felt his feet, and was successful in so doing, so that he found himself standing in, perhaps, a foot of rushing water, at the brink of the cataract, a great current surging by him on every hand.

But it seemed hopeless. He saw no way of getting to shore, and no one from the shore could get to him. Many people on the banks of the river were watching him and trying to study out some plan to save him. Finally a large derrick was brought to bear, such as is used in building operations. A great arm with ropes was swung out over the current, and when the man had fastened himself securely with the ropes he was raised up high and swung in, just as a large stone would be raised in constructing a building.

Work and Atmosphere.
During the building of a railroad in Switzerland, at an altitude of ten thousand feet, the discovery has been made that the atmosphere is so rarified that men employed upon the work cannot continue their labors for half so long a time as is possible when working in a lower atmosphere. The cold also may have something to do with it, for, as every one knows, the atmosphere becomes colder and colder the greater the distance it is above the surface of the earth. Were it not for the atmosphere, indeed, the ordinary temperature of the world would be below zero to the extent of three hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

Too many culinary assistants are sure to impair the flavor of the consommé.



"Oh burnt me hand terribly bad."
"How did you do it?"
"Sure and Oi put me hand in 't' wather to see if it was bilin'."
"And was it?"
"No, fraisin'."

An Injustice.
"The fact that you were disgusted makes the case against you very dark," said the magistrate to the prisoner.
"Your honor," replied the prisoner, courteously, "you do me an injustice. I was not in disguise. I was merely traveling incog."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Reconsidered.
He—You need not fear. I shall do nothing desperate just because you have refused me.
"Then, darling, I repent. It was only the thought that you might do something romantic that made me refuse you."—Life.

Intervals in an Exciting Life.
"Ma, when I get big I'm goin' 'way off to be a pirate."
"Are you, Bobby?"
"Yes, but don't you be scared; I'll come home at night to sleep."—Chicago Record.

An Admirer of Honesty.
"Yes, sir," said Farmer Cornsossel, "if there's anything I do like an' admire, it's an honest man. An' that's why I'm so proud of our new neighbor down the road a piece. Ef there ever was an honest man he's one."
"Certainly; one of these frank, generous, sincere kind."
"How do you know?"
"Traded horses with him day before yesterday, an' I reckon I got at least sixty dollars the best of him."—Washington Star.

The Fickle Thermometer.

"Here, young lady, I've brung back this thermometer you sold me."
"What's the matter with it?"
"It ain't reliable. One time ye look at it it says one thing, and the next time it says another."

Just Like Other Men.
She—Which would you rather marry—the prettiest woman in the world or the homeliest?
He—The prettiest, of course. Why do you ask?
She—Merely to find out if you weren't just like all the other men.—Detroit Free Press.

His Views.
Jack Bachelor (engaged)—Of course, I realize that matrimony is a very important step, and all that!
Ned Newlywed (hoarsely)—Step? Great Scott, man! It's a whole flight of steps and something to fall over on every step!—Puck.

No Limit.
"I understand that you are a distant relative of the wealthy Goldmans."
"Yes."
"How distant?"
"As distant as they can keep me."—Philadelphia Record.

Favorable Chances.
Rudolph—If I should ask old Bullions for his daughter's hand what do you think of my chances?
Harold—Very fair. You have youth, health and a good constitution and should pull through with careful nursing.—Puck.

Many Lines There.
Tellit—To be successful in business a man must confine himself to one line. Askit—What if he is a palmist?—Baltimore American.

Woman's Rights.
Stox—Do you believe in women having the same rights as men?
Striggs—Yes, I do. There was one stood in front of where I sat in a car to-day and tramped all over my feet, and if she'd been a man I would have hit her one, sure.—Detroit Free Press.



Parson—Why, Johnnie, I'm sorry to see you stealing. I shall report the matter to your father.
Johnnie—I'm sorry, too, parson, but now I'm caught I'll divide with ye, if ye won't tell dad. Come now, what do ye say?

Looking for Bargains.
Mrs. Bargainhunter seems to be dreadfully worried about the health of her children.
"Why, they looked to me exceptionally strong and well."
"Yes; that's what worries her. A cut-rate druggist has just opened in the neighborhood, and she's crazy for an excuse to see what kind of bargains they have."

A Congenial Fellow.
Blobbs—What a companionable young fellow young HJones is.
Blobbs—Yes; he frankly acknowledges that he doesn't know anything about politics, religion or golf.

Circumstances A'fer Cases.
She—I like him because he's so extravagant.
Her Aunt—That isn't the best possible quality in a husband.