

The Humorist's Wife.
She—George, dear, why is it that the news-
papers make fun of London Punch?
George—Because the jokes in that paper
are considered dry and pointless.
She—After a while, innocently—George,
why don't you send some of your rejected
jokes to Punch?
George—Did not tell why, but made a men-
tal note of her question to use at some other
time in a joke.—Yankee Blade.



At Nook.
M. le Baron (complacently)—Weally, Miss
Amidon, I can't see what makes Mee Jen-
kins flirt so outrageously wif me. What
can I do to get rid of her?
Miss A.—Propose to her. She's a girl of
sense.—Life.

Mr. Darnelle's Reasonable Request.
"It is so sudden, Mr. Darnelle."
"I know it is," responded the young man
genly.
He stood before her with his weight resting
easily on one foot, his left elbow on the man-
tepiece, his right arm behind him, and his
whole attitude one of careless, unstudied ease
and grace acquired only by long and patient
practice.
"I know it is," he repeated. Measured by
ordinary standards and by the cold conven-
tionalities of society, it is indeed sudden.
We have known each other only twenty-four
hours. Until twenty-five minutes after 8
o'clock last night neither of us had ever heard
of the other. Yet with the heart one day is as
a hundred years. Could we have known one
another better, darling," he went on with a
swoon in his enticed, B flat baritone
voice, "if we had attended the theatre, the
concert, the church, and the oyster parlor
together for a dozen seasons? Does not your
heart beat responsive to mine?"

"I will not pretend to deny, Mr. Darnelle,"
replied the young lady, with a rich blush
mantling her cheek and brow, "that your
avowal moves me strangely."
"I knew it—I felt it," he responded eagerly.
"Love is not the aloof, vegetable like growth
of years. It does not move in its course with
the measured, leisurely step of a man work-
ing by the day. It springs up like a mushroom
like an electric flash. It takes instant posses-
sion. It needs not the agonized coaxing of
—of a young man's first chin whiskers, my
darling. It is here! You will forgive my
presumption, will you not, and speak the
words that tremble on your lips—the words
that will fill my cup of joy to overflowing?"
The evening had passed like a beautiful
dream. Mr. Darnelle, admonished by the
clock that it was time to go, had risen re-
luctantly to his feet and stood holding the
hand of his beautiful betrothed.

"My love," he said, in eager, passionate
accents, "now that you have blessed my life
with a measureless, ineffable joy and made
all my future radiant with golden hope, you
will not think I am asking too much if I
plead for just one favor?"
"What is it?" stily responded the lovely
maiden.
"Please tell me your first name."—Chicago
Tribune.

Making It Right.
Customer (to head waiter)—Here, sir, this
clumsy fellow has spilled over half of my
cup of tea down my back.
Head Waiter (to clumsy waiter, sternly)—
Bring this gentleman a full cup of tea in-
stantly.—New York Sun.

An Unexpected Complication.
Boy—Strange gentleman at the door, sir;
won't give me his name.
Great Statesman—No doubt it's another
reporter to interview me about that \$10,000
election bet I have cast in the teeth of the
opposition. How sweet is fame! Show him
in.
"It ain't a reporter, sir; it's a man what
wants to take up your bet."
"Merciful heavens! Tell him I'm out."
Philadelphia Record.

A Sure Sign.
Jinks—Wonder how Longpursue came out
on the wheat corner?
Blinks—Think he must have been a heavy
loser. Don't believe he's got a penny left.
"Eh! Has he been showing signs of pov-
erty?"
"Yes, siree. He's stopped being slouchy
and now goes about all dressed up as if he
wished people to think he had money. Oh,
he's a goner."—Philadelphia Record.

At the Breakfast Table.
Wee Wifey (looking up from the paper)—
Dear, what are breadstuffs? Is the bread I
make a breadstuff?
Big Hubby (sotto)—Yes, darling, your
bread's tough—quite so.
The social atmosphere touches 20 degs. be-
low zero.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Both of Them Excited.
The smell of gas became so strong that
they burst open the door, and the doctor and
landlord rushed in.
"Open the windows!" shouted the excited
physician.
"Shut off the gas!" shouted the excited
landlord.—Life.

The Meek Novelist.
Tom—Who is that mild mannered little
man who has to brace his feet against the
wall to keep a puff of wind from blowing
him into the street?
Dick—Oh, that's Mr. Deedlars, the author
of "Red Handed Half, the Terror of Five
Oceans."—Yankee Blade.

Work of a Drug Clerk.
People have no idea what a much
abused class of workers are the drug
clerks. They have to spend years study-
ing chemistry and other branches con-
nected with the pharmaceutical profes-
sion, and after they go to work do what do
they get? The answer is—precious little.
Aside from the small compensation al-
lowed us for our services, there are the
long hours and Sunday work. I rarely
work less than thirteen hours a day, and
am required to work even harder on the
seventh day of the week than the first.
Besides filling prescriptions and serving
customers with other articles in the line
carried by the trade, I am kept on the
run to the soda fountain. The drug
clerks generally have but really little
time to enjoy the good things of this life,
and, after serving many years in the
business, I can truthfully say that there
is little in it. The salaries paid years
ago were better than now, but even then
it was not a lucrative profession. The
cause of the present low salaries is the
large accessions to the ranks of the medi-
cine mixers year after year. They are
being turned out of the colleges of phar-
macy in droves every year, and when
beginning do not object to working for
low wages. The consequence of this is
that the salaries of the old timers have to
come down, as the owners of the drug
stores do not care about paying more
than they can avoid.—Drug clerk in
Globe-Democrat.

The Egyptian Heaven.
Earth was not to the Egyptians what
it is to us—a globe carried safely through
space by the laws of gravitation. Every-
body in Egypt knew that it was a flat,
oblong, quadrangular slab, more like the
upper board of a table than anything
they could imagine. It was surmounted
by a flat, iron roof stretching at some
distance from it and supported by four
strong pillars, which prevented it from
falling and crushing what was under-
neath. Thus the world was like a two
storied house, the various parts of which
might be connected, as they are in our
houses, by a staircase or by a ladder. The
Egyptians supposed that there was
somewhere in the west a tall ladder
which went up straight from earth to
heaven. Gods and goddesses watched it
day and night. Nobody was allowed to
climb it unless he had the password, and
even after giving it, those poor souls
were in danger of never reaching the
top who were not helped by the hand of
some piteous divinity. Once on the solid
floor of the firmament they traveled
northward until they came to the brink
of the boreal ocean; there they found
the ferry boat or the ibis of Thot, the
judge Osiris and his assessors, the island
of the happy, where they settled forever
and ever among the indestructible stars,
as indestructible as any of them.—Prof-
essor Maspero.

The Cockroach of India.
"I should like to make your flesh
creep" is the involuntary thought of one
who essays to describe the Indian cock-
roach. Who that has been in India does
not know the flat, shining, ill savoring,
coffee colored thing seen only in dimly
lighted places, the eyes starting out of
the head, the long, ever moving feelers,
the swift, uncertain movements, the sud-
den, uncontrolled flight when he dashes,
perhaps, into your face, and for a brief
and horrible moment his clammy legs
cling to your skin? What a life he must
lead! Ever in cowardly terror of his
life, his perpetual instinct is to hide
himself. From some dark corner he
glars at you with guilty eye. As he
darts from place to place he knows you
will kill him if you can, and he knows he
deserves to be killed. Even in the houses
of the highest in the land the cockroach
is not unknown. Boots, gloves and
books bear witness to his ravages, and a
pungent smell betrays his presence in
your wardrobe.

But the paradise of the cockroach is a
ship. It is in the depths of the ship's
hold, where he may hide among the
cargo undisturbed and feed on all rank
things, that he is in his glory. Happily
he seems unable to live except in tropical
heat, so that in the great passenger
steamers constantly returning to Europe
he is seldom seen. The home of his
heart is the hold of the ship whose course
is limited to the tropical seas. There,
among bales of rice and kegs of oil,
where darkness reigns and the air is hot
and foul and where human foot rarely
intrudes, he roams at will from post to
post. Thence the more venturesome
spirits ascend to the upper decks and
haunt saloons and cabins, and especially
pantries and storerooms, where corners
and crevices shelter them and there are
endless chances of "loot." Hence comes
the chief ingredient of that sickly atmos-
phere which strikes the sense on descend-
ing from the outer air and often makes
a voyage in such a vessel a penance in-
deed.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Russian Priests and Monks.
Although the people are forever in
need of the services of the priest, they
pay him but poorly. For the highest
ceremonies he receives one or two roubles,
and for the smallest and most frequent a
few kopecks. The priest and the monk
being both poor, it is no uncommon
sight to see them bargaining for a mar-
riage or a burial, and disputing the price
as they dispute only in Russia. From
that all sorts of anecdotes have sprung.
On one occasion it was a priest, who, to
be revenged on a father for his avarice,
gave the child a ridiculous name but
baptism.

On another, a peasant asked his min-
ister for permission to get married in an-
other parish. "Very good," said the
priest, "but have you calculated what
your doing so will cost me? Now, in the
first place I would have married you.
Well, that is so many roubles. Then,
you will have children, say seven; that
would be seven baptisms. Next, several
of those children would die, say three;
that would be three burials in my pocket.
After that you would have sons or
daughters to marry, say four; that would
be four marriages I should lose." "Yes,
that's very well counted up," replied the
moujik; "but you are already an old man,
and you might be dead long before
all that could happen." "That's true,"
returned the priest; "we are all mortal,
and for that reason I forbid you to leave
the parish, and I shall only ask you ten
roubles for your marriage."—Stanley
McKenna in The Cosmopolitan.

Work of a Drug Clerk.
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abused class of workers are the drug
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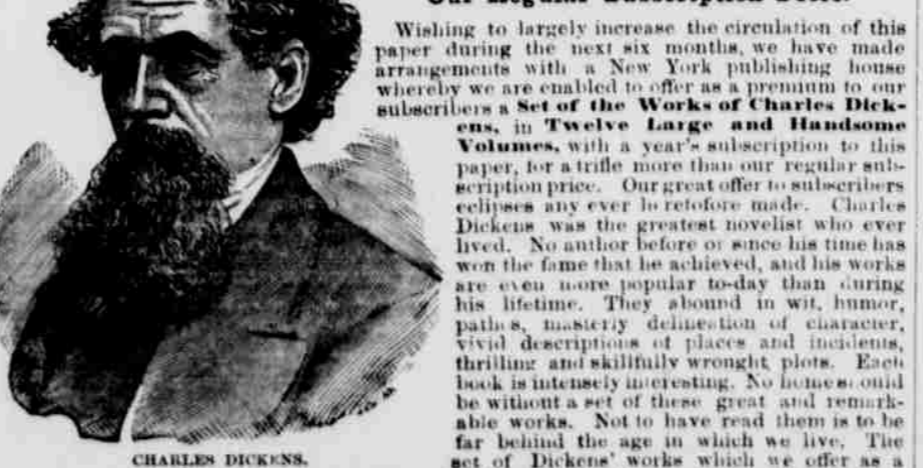
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