

### Not That Kind.

Weary Walker—Lady, could yer help a poor feller a little? I've got a back-in' cough an' a headache.

Mrs. Kindling—Well, I've got a little wood outside you could hack, and it might cure your headache.

Weary Walker—Much obliged, mum; but, yer see, my headache ain't of the splittin' kind.—London Scraps.

### Gave Him a Pointer.

George Ade was once stranded in a small town. He went into the barber's shop to get shaved and endured even unto the end. When the barber had completed his operation the humorist arose and, putting a handkerchief to his face, said gravely:

"Sir, you have missed your vocation. You ought to be an oyster opener."

### An Advance.

Clerk (to head of firm)—I wish to

ask you, sir, if you can kindly see your way to giving me an advance of wages? Head of Firm—Certainly, Mr. Phipps, with pleasure. Mr. Blunt (turning to the cashier), let Mr. Phipps have a sovereign on account of his salary and deduct it when you pay him on Saturday.—London Mail.

### Before and After.

She was a frivolous, fashionable young woman with beaux galore, but one man with only a small income seemed to be the favorite.

"You'll have to work hard before you win that girl," said his mother.

"And a good deal harder after you win her," answered his father, who knew what he was talking about.

### Nocturnal Tragedy.

It is a dark night. It is also a dark kitchen. The kind hearted man in his stocking feet is after a drink of water for his fretful youngster. He thinks

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Everything First-class

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IT WAS ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A MISTAKE.

SAY, BUT HE'S MAD! GEE WHIZ!

JUDGE, I'LL BET SOMEBODY HAS TRICKED HIM. THAT'S ORDINARY TOBACCO, AND HE USES THE NEW CUT REAL TOBACCO CHEW.



W-B CUT CHEWING MEANS MORE COMFORT--MORE SATISFACTION. IT COSTS LESS BECAUSE YOU USE LESS TOBACCO. A LITTLE CHEW SATISFIES.

A MAN who uses only ordinary tobacco would probably never kick if somebody changed brands on him.

But W-B CUT Chewing—the Real Tobacco Chew, new cut, long shred—is so different from ordinary tobacco, so much more satisfying that nothing can take its place with a man who knows.

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he can find his way in the inky darkness. He is mistaken. He turns to the left instead of to the right and falls down cellar.

Another good man gone wrong.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Proof In Hand.

"Those fish will cost you just \$10 apiece," said the fish warden as he caught a disciple of Izaak Walton pursuing his sport out of season.

"Great!" exclaimed the fisherman, handing over the money. "Give me a receipt, please. Now the boys will have to believe me when I tell them what I caught."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

### Aids to Memory.

"What's the string tied on your finger for, Bilby?"

"That? My wife put it there."

"To remind you?"

"Yes, to remind me to—to— Bless my soul, what was it to remind me of, now? Oh, yes, I know! My wife tied

that string on my finger so that if anything worries me I'll remember to forget it!"—Pittsburgh Press.

### Why Tennyson Wrote No Letters.

Tennyson once told Sir Henry Taylor that he thanked with his whole heart and soul that he knew nothing and that the world knew nothing of Shakespeare but his writings and that he knew nothing of Jane Austen and that there were no letters preserved either of Shakespeare or of Jane Austen; that they, in fact, had not been "ripped open like pigs."

### All Mixed Up.

"Well, how did you come out with your jury duty?"

"I don't like it," confessed Mrs. Wombat. "When the lawyer for the plaintiff got through I was sure he was right. When the attorney for the defendant finished I felt certain he was right. When the judge got through I didn't know who was right."—Louisville Courier-Journal.