

Stories With a Smile

The Teacher Taught.

MISS NIXON, a charming society girl, had spent the entire summer in trying to elevate the simple country people with whom she was boarding. When she was about to leave she said:

"Good-by, Mr. Ingersoll. I hope my visit here hasn't been entirely without good results."

"Sartin not," replied the old farmer; "you've learnt a heap since you first come; but, by neck, you was about the greenest one we ever had on our hands."

Such a Compact.

"Uho, Mrs. Murphy!" cried Mrs. Pinker to her neighbor at Bolton's Court. "Why, you looks quite festive today. Wot's up?"

"Wot? 'Ain't you 'eared?" exclaimed the excited Mrs. Murphy. "My son comes out today."

"Today? I thought the judge gave 'Im seven years!"

"Yes, but they're lettin' 'Im out two years earlier 'cos he's be'aved hisself so well."

Mrs. Pinker held up her hands in pious approbation.

"Well!" she gasped. "And what a comfort it must be to you, Mrs. Murphy, to 'ave such a splendid son!"

Taking It All.

"Before I agree to undertake your defense," said the eminent criminal lawyer, "you will have to tell me the whole truth. Did you embezzle the \$100,000 you are accused of having taken?"

"Yes, sir," replied the accused man. "I'll not attempt to conceal the fact from you. I stole every cent of it."

"How much of it have you still?"

"It's all gone but a couple of dollars."

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lawyer, buttoning his coat about him and putting on his gloves, "you had better plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

"I'd do it if you say so, sir. What are you going to charge me for the advice?"

"Two dollars."

Grandmother's Story.

Two old ladies were once talking of how small babies sometimes are when they are born. One old lady said, complacently:

"When I was born, I was so small you could put me into a quart tankard and shut daoun the lid.

And the other old lady said, astounded: "W'y, did—you—live?"

And the first old lady said: "They say I did, and grewed nicely."

Entitled to a Doubt.

One afternoon a man rambled into the grocery store and in about two minutes his fine \$7 trousers had wiped up a large quantity of fresh paint.

"It's your own fault!" unsympathetically declared the groceryman. "Didn't you see that sign, 'Fresh Paint'?"

"Yes, of course I did!" was the peevish response of the other. "But I didn't believe it!"

"Didn't believe it!" said the groceryman, with a puzzled expression. "Was there any reason why you shouldn't have believed it?"

"Yes," quickly responded the man. "There isn't a day that I don't come in this store and see something marked 'Fresh' that isn't fresh."

The Last Straw.

One day a Scottish boy and an English boy, who were fighting, were separated by their respective mothers with difficulty, the Scottish boy, though the smaller, being far the most pugnacious.

"What garred ye fight a big laddie like that for?" said the mother, as she wiped the blood from his nose.

"And I'll fight him again," said the boy, "if he says Scotsmen wear kilts because their feet are too big to get into their trousers."

The Curb.

"Fortunes, thanks to our new trust laws, will never be made in the future as they were made in the past."

The speaker was Senator La Follette. He resumed:

"Our new trust laws are the people's cash register. You know, of course, the cash register story?"

"A young man said to an old one: 'But, sir, isn't \$8 a week rather low for this job?'"

"'Low for it?' the old man answered. 'Why, I started on that very same job, back in 1879, at \$3 a week, and today I own the business.'"

"'Ah, yes,' said the young man, 'but your employer didn't use cash registers. Mine does.'"—Washington Star.

Axes to Grind.

Sir George Parish the English economist, said to a New York reporter:

"There are world-wide prospects of good times. They who bewail bad times have no rhyme or reason to do so, except that they've got an ax to grind.

"They remind me of the ragged urchin crying in the slums.

"'What are you crying for?' the rich lady visitor asked.

"'Dunno,' he replied. 'Wotcher got?'"

Cold Feet.

During a marriage ceremony in Scotland recently the bridegroom looked extremely wretched, and he

got so fidegly, standing first on one foot and then the other, that the "best man" decided he would find out what the trouble was.

"What's up, Jock?" he whispered. "Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," answered the unhappy one, with a woeful look, "the ring's safe enough, but man, I've lost my enthusiasm."

Snapping It Back.

"Bruddren and sistahs," severely said good old Parson Bagster, glar-

ing omniously at his congregation, "mo' dan one pusson widin de sound o' muh voice will pay 50 cents to go to de circus tomor' dat wouldn't dig up a single dime to he'p out de revival dat, as de yumble inst'ument in de hands o' de Lawd, I was conductin' last week!"

"Well, sah," replied Jim Dinger, the gambling man, who seemed to think the ministerial gaze was directed at him, "de revival had on'y one clown, whilst de circus adve'tises twenty."

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