

Humor

A LIVELY CHASE.

And the Poor Dear Girls Didn't Enjoy It a Bit.

"Aren't you afraid to go home alone, girls? If you'll wait just a few minutes John will be home, and he will be glad to go with you."

Thus spoke Mrs. Smith to three young ladies who lived 200 yards down the road and who were about to leave her house after an evening call.

"Oh, no, we're not afraid! We'll just get out our hats, and then if any one comes for us we'll give battle!" This was from the youngest of the three, and she flourished a long and dangerous looking pin, finally jabbing it into an imaginary foe. The two others took their hats in their hands, and the three, bidding good night to their hostess, made their way down the path to the gate, all on the alert and in readiness to repel attack. They were as brave and bold as ever warriors were. They turned from the front yard into the road and started toward home.

"Girls, what's that?"

The three stopped and listened, but only for a moment. Away back on the road they could hear the footfalls of a man. They went on at a rapid walk. The footsteps of the man grew heavier, and they could hear that he was walking more quickly than he had been.

The girls walked faster. The man walked faster. The girls almost ran. The man was coming nearer, and he almost ran.

The girls broke from their walk and hurried rapidly on. They were but a little distance from their front gate now.

Then, oh, horrible! The man began to run after them! They did not have the strength to scream out. It was all they could do to keep on running. The villain was almost on them now, but they were just a few feet away from their front gate.

"Then, oh, horrible! The man began to run after them! They did not have the strength to scream out. It was all they could do to keep on running. The villain was almost on them now, but they were just a few feet away from their front gate."

"Well," said he, all out of breath, "you're nice ones to run away from me that way. I was going to stop in at Mrs. Smith's to bring you home, and then I saw you starting out."

The girls did not speak just then, for for many months did they say anything of the fact that two of them could never afterward find their hats.—Detroit Free Press.

The Root of the Trouble.

Crabshaw was too crippled with the rheumatism to leave the house, so his wife went to the doctor's to get something for him.

"So your husband would rather have a medicine to take internally for his rheumatism?" remarked the doctor.

"Why does he object to the liniment?"

"He doesn't," replied Mrs. Crabshaw, with a weary sigh. "You see, doctor, I object to it, because I have to do the rubbing."—Harper's Weekly.

All the Same.

"What is the size of your large man's handkerchiefs?" asks the shopkeeper.


"They are just the same size as the small men's handkerchiefs, madam," explains the affable sales person. "The size of the man doesn't make any difference in his handkerchief."—Judge.

The Gentle Art.

"I'm going to have one of these artificial figures made to have my new gowns fitted over," states the first lovely dame.

"Going to?" smiles the second. "I thought you had one made every time you got a new gown."—Chicago Post.

Dr. Elephant Treats His Throat.



"Too bad! Did she get worse?"

"Oh, yes. Her head began to be turned by it all."

"What happened then?"

"Then she lost her head."—Baltimore American.

Not the Same.

Meeks—My wife's front name is Emma.

Bleeks—Well, what if it is?

Meeks—Oh, I merely mentioned it for the purpose of setting myself right. You may think I am bespecked, but I'm not, even if I do feel slightly Em-bossed at times.—Detroit Tribune.

In His Pocket.

"Gee whiz," exclaimed Luschman the next morning. "I haven't a cent in my pocket this morning!"

"Well," remarked his wife sharply, "who's to blame for that but yourself?"

"I—er—think somebody else has had a hand in it."—Philadelphia Press.

Professional Advice.

"Doctor," said the convalescent, smiling weakly, "you may send in your bill any day now."

"Tut, tut," replied the M. D., silencing his patient with a wave of his hand. "You're not strong enough yet."—Judge.

I FLEE MY PEN.

I flee my pen when heavy grows the brain,
When for a happy rhyme I search in vain.
The ink well closed, the pen laid in its place,
I seek for other scenes in outer space.
What though the wind be keen, what though it rain?
I asked a change, nor can I well complain
If by a wetting I my end attain.
So at a steady, blood bewarming pace
I flee my pen.

Yes; just as piglets see a tempting lane
Leading to meadows ripe with golden grain,
Break from their sodden sty and, grunting, race,
Glad to escape their confines, pent and base,
I—for the taste of freedom that I gain—
I flee my pen.

—Charles Battell Loomis in Judge.

Wasn't Taking Chances.



Sam Sleek—It's dead easy to make money when you know how.

Tom Toots—Do you know how?

Sam Sleek—Sure.

Tom Toots—Why don't you make some?

Sam Sleek—I'm afraid I might get caught while trying to pass it.—Philadelphia Press.

Easily Arranged.

The eminent musician halted the seedy looking man.

"Sharp," he said, "you are just the man I want to see. I have an engagement to play at an afternoon affair at Mrs. De Plunk's, and I can't possibly go there. It means a couple of hundred. If you'll take my place I'll divide with you. Wait; I'll see that you are made up so nobody can detect the difference."

"But the playing! They will detect the difference there."

"Not a bit of it. This is a fashionable gathering, and everybody talks so loud that nobody hears a note!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why and Wherefore.

A minister one day found a little boy in tears and questioned him as to the cause of his distress. The youngster replied that his father had punished him for being naughty, and he was mighty glad that his mother had not done it.

"Why do you prefer to have your father whip you?" questioned the minister. "Is it because he is less severe than your mother?"

"No," replied the boy, "but when he licks me ma says he's a brute and always gives me money to buy candy."—Harper's Weekly.

Her Idea of It.

"So you are going to marry Swell-head?" asks the erstwhile suitor.

"I am," replies the beautiful creature.

"I don't see how—pardon me for being so frank—I don't see how you can admire him at all. He is so insufferably conceited."

"Well, if you were engaged to me it would make you insufferably conceited yourself!"—Chicago Post.

Head Troubles.

"She got so much praise for her attractiveness that her head began to swell."

"Too bad! Did she get worse?"

"Oh, yes. Her head began to be turned by it all."

"What happened then?"

"Then she lost her head."—Baltimore American.

Not Bull Run.

The story was told of an American who happened to be crossing the ocean some years ago on the Fourth of July, which national holiday was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Americans on board.

"I say," asked one of the Englishmen, "what is this the anniversary of anyhow? Isn't it to celebrate the battle of Bull Run or something of that kind?"

"No," promptly spoke up an American, "not Bull Run—John Bull Run."

Takes Him Down.

"Every man has his price," quoted the wise guy.

"Well, I've noticed that a woman can generally make him feel pretty cheap," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

A Wonderful Hand.

Master—I'm sorry to hear, Pat, that your wife is dead. Patrick—Faith an' 'tis a sad day for us all, str! The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket.

Fear and Danger.

Nervous Old Lady (to deck hand on steambot)—Is there any fear of danger? Deck Hand (carelessly)—Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger.

The United States Submarine Tenders.

The United States submarine tenders fly a flag with a black fish on a white background surrounded by a red border.

Know His Limitations.

"I prophesied he'd make a living," Mr. Hobart said, speaking of a New York painter who spent a summer at his farm, "because he knew what he could do, little as 'twas, and didn't try to fly too high."

"Yes," Mr. Hobart continued, with a thoughtful smile, "you couldn't get him to attempt any foolish flights. All that summer he-set out in the hen yard, painting hens, or else out back of the barn, painting pigs. And when I said to him, 'Look a-here, when Abe Fowler comes to paint the house I'll get him to show you how and let you take a look at the side end, where 'twon't show so much and allow it on your board,' he just shook his head and smiled that kind o' gentle, sorrowful smile o' his, and says he: 'I couldn't think of it, Mr. Hobart. I should just ruin the looks o' the house. I'll keep to the pigs and the hens, for I know my limitations.'

"Well, 'twas a real relief to me, for I suppose likely he would have botched the job considerable. And I said to him then real hearty, 'Young man, you'll earn your living yet, for you ain't all et up with pride and ambition,' and my words have come true, by what I hear."—Youth's Companion.

The Retort Final.

The garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was bunched toad-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water? No, there—right over there!"

The guide was busy rebelling the old gentleman's book and merely mumbled, "U-m-m-m."

"Guide," repeated the old lady in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water."

The guide looked up from his baiting, with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the roat went across the ice last winter."—Everybody's Magazine.

Emerson's Memory.

Emerson was a notable sufferer from the vagaries of memory. His biographer relates that he met him one day in Boston apparently at a loss for something and asked him where he was going. "To dine," said Emerson, "with a very old and dear friend. I know where she lives, but I hope she won't ask me her name." And then he proceeded to describe her as "the mother of the wife of the young man—the tall man—who speaks so well," and so on, until his interlocutor guessed to whom he was referring. Even the names of common objects often failed him completely. On one occasion when he wanted an umbrella he said: "I can't tell its name, but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away." This falling of Emerson led to a pathetic scene when he attended Longfellow's funeral and remarked as he gazed at the coffin, "He was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I have entirely forgotten his name."

Nero's Golden House.

The "golden house" of Nero seems from all accounts to have been the most stupendous dwelling place ever built for a mortal man. Even if we regard the ancient descriptions as somewhat exaggerated it remains one of the largest royal houses ever built, and the internal decorations seem to have been incomparably magnificent. It was surrounded by parks, woods and pools of great size, which appear to have been entirely within the walls. The colonnades of the house itself extended a mile in length and crossed one of the main thoroughfares of the city. The cities of the east were ransacked for masterpieces of Greek art for the interior. The walls shone with gold and pearls, and the roof rested on marble columns of enormous size and beauty.—New York American.

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