



CHARLEY (GOING WITH HIS FATHER TO THE RESTAURANT)—MAMMA, HOW MANY GLASSES
FATHER DRINK TO-DAY?—(Meggendorfer Blätter.)



SMALL CHILD (CALLING)—ERE, BILLY! RUN AND FETCH VE BLOOMIN' AMBERLANCER!
BILLY (FROM DISTANCE)—WOT'S UP, VEN?
SMALL CHILD—MUVER'S MET VE LYDY WOT PINCHED AN DOORMAT.—(Sketch.)

LOOKING OUT FOR THE "CHILLUNS."

THE OLD NEGRO DECLARED HIS AUTHORITY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

"There were four of us boys," Major Pelham said, "and we left home together to save the Confederacy. Our mother had the proper things, as she thought, packed for us, and also sent along a faithful old negro, who had been prominent in our bringing up, to take care of us in the Army and 'wait on' us. The last words she said to him at the lawn gate were:

"Now, take good care of my boys, Tom," and Tom was as certain that he would be successful in carrying out her repeated injunctions as he ever had been in former years that he would bring us home safe from a possum hunt.

"Don't you 'nevah' be 'oneasy 'bout dat, Mis' Sue. I gwinter bring dese beah youngsters back safe en soun', en dey gwinter have de best dey is in de lan'."

"Much sooner than we expected we got into battle, and it was a decidedly sharp affair.

"After the brush was over, up came old Tom, ashy, but determined. His clothing was torn and he was loaded down with our belongings. Nearly breathless with fright, fatigue and indignation, he exclaimed:

"Looker beah, Marse Peter, I want you to come right away from heah wid me! I done promise yo' ma dat I gwinter tek good keer er you-all boys. But how is I gwinter do it 'mongst all dis yar foolishness? Dem Yanks—eva one er 'em—ben shootin' aroun' heah en right straight at you-all, till hit's jes' p'intedly monst'ous! En how I gwinter tek keer er you-all? I gwinter tek you right straight home! Dat what I is."

"I told the old man he was foolish; that we couldn't go home. We had come out to fight, and must stay. But all my explanation and remonstrance was lost on him. He persisted that he would bundle us out of that, anyhow.

"You stan' right whar you is till I git de yuthers. I know whar Marse Charles is, en I gwinter fine Marse Bob en Joe, and you gwine right back to yo' ma, kase I done promise her, en dis ain' no place to tek keer er a pasel er chillun. Stan' whar you is now."

"I finally gave the old fellow to understand that I wouldn't go with him, and he declared he was going home to tell mother.

"Ise gwinter tell your ma," he said, "dat you is turned right erkin me, en woan' mine a word I says, en I boun' you she gwinter sen' arter you an' fotch you back outen dis foolishin' an' scrimmagin'."

"At that moment a sharp fire came rattling from the left front, and old Tom struck off toward the right rear, screaming as he went:

"Ise gwinter tek you chilluns' ma 'bout how you actin'."

"And I never saw him again until the war was over."

THE WRONG ENVIRONMENT.

From The Indianapolis Press.

"I hear you tried to start a roof garden on that three story building in your town," said the citizen of Yaller Pup.

"That's what," answered the visitor from Blue Ruin Gulch. "But life is too swift fer that kind of thing over our way."

"Whut wuz the matter?"

"Why, it has been the custom of the Mayor to go to Brannigan's juice shop every night, git full, go to shootin' up the place and git hisself throwed out the winder, and then go home—his official position protectin' him from any more strenuous treatment. Brannigan owned the roof garden, an' when His Honor wandered up there an' started to carry out his reg'lar 11 p. m. programme Brannigan fergot where he was at, so strong is the force of habit, an' chucked 'im over the railin'. If His Honor hadn't o' lit on a Chinaman I guess we would be holdin' another election by now. Any-way, he went straight to his office an' repealed Brannigan's license right off the reel."

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

From Collier's Weekly.

A Coney Island excursion steamer was leaving New-York with but few passengers aboard. The boat had just cast off when a stout man with a very red face rushed down the pier and, flourishing his stick, shouted: "Hey, captain! Put back—back her quick. Here's a large party wants to go."

The captain was at first derisive, but finally shouted from the pilot house, "How large is the party?"

"An instant the fat man hesitated, then he yelled back, "Between sixty and seventy."

"As soon as the captain heard this number he in-



GUEST (TO A POETESS WHO HAS INVITED HER TO DINNER)—COULD YOU GIVE ME THE RECIPE FOR THESE STUFFED PICKLES. (THE POETESS TRIES TO THINK OF IT.) OH, DON'T BOTHER TO GIVE IT IN VERSE.—(Fliegende Blätter.)

stantly ordered the steamer back and made fast again. The fat man waddled across the gangplank, and, picking out a nice deck seat, fanned himself with his straw hat. Meanwhile the captain and his crew waited for the party to arrive. After waiting five minutes and more the captain turned impatiently toward the stout man and asked:

"Where's your party between sixty and seventy? This boat can't wait all day for them."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the fat passenger with a bland smile. "I'm the party; sixty-five to-day, sir."

The captain's face grew redder even than the passenger's as he furiously rang the bell to steam ahead, but the fat man at once became the hero of the boat.

JUST LIKE THEIR ELDERS.

From The Chicago Chronicle.

Coadjutor Bishop Anderson has a wee daughter of four, who is already a staunch Churchwoman and who has inherited much of her father's force of character. The other day the family entertained some friends from Denver. In the visiting family there was a little girl of the same age as the Anderson child. Her family were Presbyterians. It was supposed that the two little girls

share the same bed, which was assented to by the children. When bedtime came they both knelt down to say their prayers in unison.

When little Miss Anderson was saying, "Forgive us our trespasses," she heard her companion say, "Forgive us our debts," and she said sharply: "It's 'trespasses!'"

"No, it ain't," said the Denver Calvinist. It's 'debts.'"

"Trespasses!"

"Debts!"

"Trespasses!"

"Debts!"

Out flew a chubby Anderson fist and struck a Presbyterian eye. There was a mixup immediately.

"Now it's 'trespasses,' ain't it?"

"No," said she, stoutly. "It's 'debts.'" Peace was restored, and the two consented to go on with the prayer. When they came to the end the little Presbyterian said "Amen," giving the flat "a" of the dissenters, while the little Episcopalian intoned "Ah-men," with the broad sound to the first vowel.

"Amen," repeated the Presbyterian.

"Ah-men," said Miss Anderson, with conviction. They were only saved from another encounter by being bundled into bed. As the door was closed

upon them each was still maintaining her idea of pronunciation.

THE BOSS OF THE CAMP DREW THE LINE.

TRADING WITH THE DECEASED WAS NOT ALLOWED.

From The Lewiston Journal.

The boss of the lumber camp refilled his pipe and lighted it.

"Yes," said he, "I drew the line on that.

"We had a man die in camp this winter. He lived just over the boundary. Nice feller he was, too—thrifty and all that. Every one liked him. Sorry to have him go. But after he was gone we did the best we knew how. Fixed the body up and sent two of the men out with it.

"He had bought a new pair of boots at the wongan camp two weeks before he died, and we thought it would be only right to put those boots on. So we did. The men started away and came back in three days. One of the men was wearin' them new boots. The other feller gave it away. Said that just before they got to the house with the deceased the critter pulled them boots off the corpse and swapped. Other feller didn't like it and said so. But the critter allowed that he had had some talk with the corpse about swappin' a few days before he died. Corpse had allowed that the new boots hurt his corns and said that a pair that had been broken in would do better. Critter said that he couldn't bear to think of deceased bein' buried in a pair of boots that hurt his feet. He said that he should wake up in the night, suttin, and think about the thing.

"Wal, course there was somethin' in what he said, but as there warn't no way of gottin' at the deceased's side of the matter, I concluded that I wouldn't let that trade stand. There's a good many things that go in this camp all right, but dickerin' with dead men ain't one of 'em. I draw the line right there, and draw it sharp. I made that feller send them boots back. The deceased has still got the critter's old ones. The feller had to go to the wongan and get some new ones. And that's so much more for the company and a commission for me. Twarn't bad all round. When the feller got to jawin' about the thing I told him he could still have the comfort of knowin' that deceased wasn't wearin' tight boots."

HOW TITLES ARE ACQUIRED.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

"It was just after the close of the Florida war, and General Jackson was in Washington on official business of some kind. It was a beautiful morning in early May, and I was standing with the General and an officer who had acted as his chief of staff before Tennessee's Tavern, a famous old Washington hostelry. We were deeply engaged in the discussion of a bill then before Congress which was directly concerned with the growth and formation of the United States Army, when there came trotting toward us a stout, moon faced little man, whom I at once recognized as the leading tailor of the capital. When opposite to Jackson the little man stopped and held out his hand, which was at once grasped in the General's strong, sun browned fingers, though his eyes wandered over the portly person of the Washington Poole with a puzzled expression. The little tailor (whose role in life it was to be on terms of seeming intimacy with all the political, military and naval celebrities of the day) saw that he was not recognized by the great man, and, standing on tiptoe to reach the tall soldier's ear, he whispered:

"I made your breeches."

"Imperfectly catching the sound of the words, and supposing the fat little man to be some outlandish officer of militia, who had, perhaps, served under him against the Seminoles, General Jackson turned to his friends and said:

"Gentlemen, permit me to introduce my friend, Major Breeches."

"It is scarcely necessary to add that to the end of his days the Poole of Washington was known to all Army men as 'Major Breeches.'"

A CELEBRATION.

From The Washington Star.

"Have you ordered dinner, sir?" asked the waiter.

"This isn't dinner," said the man, who is nothing if not patriotic.

"I beg your pardon—luncheon."

"It isn't luncheon either. This is a Fourth of July celebration. I've bought a red, white and blue striped shirt, red, white and blue hose, and red, white and blue suspenders. Now I want you to bring me some red snapper, some white perch and some bluefish."