



POLITICAL PING PONG.

WHAT CUBA HAS TO LOOK FORWARD TO IN THE WAY OF A RECIPROCITY GAME.—(Minneapolis Journal.)



SENATOR HANNA—NO! I DON'T WANT THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION JOB. I HAVE A JOB NOW.—(St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

A WEDDING TOUR INCIDENT.

THE BRIDE'S EMBARRASSING MEETING WITH HER FORMER FIANCE.

From The Baltimore Sun.

She is very pretty, and no one wonders that her husband is much in love with her unto this day, but she tells this story of a bad half hour on her wedding journey:

"I was eighteen," she said, "when I was married, and had been engaged to my husband a year, but preceding both engagement and marriage I was sort of engaged, schoolgirl fashion, to another young fellow. It was one of those intangible engagements that melt into thin air when the real prince comes, but fervid enough while they last. In this case my interest in the affair cooled with the rapidity of a collapsing balloon, and as the youth lived in a distant city, no embarrassing explanations were necessary.

"So I was married, and the wedding journey included a stop of several days in a town on the Ohio River, where we had a cosy table all to ourselves at the hotel. It was at dinner one day that the patriarchal waiter approached and asked if we would object to another gentleman and lady being placed at our table.

"Bride like yourself, Missy," he added, confidentially, as he passed my chair. In a moment he ushered to their places the other couple, and I looked up to encounter my former fiance, consternation and amazement written on every line of his face. Lacking the wit or wisdom of experienced years I dropped my eyes without further recognition than rapid paling and flushing of countenance, and he, following my lead, began discussing the menu with his wife.

"The dinner proceeded in such appalling silence, so far as I was concerned, as to fairly paralyze my husband, and explanations were in order as soon as we returned to our apartments. Then how he laughed and went in search of the rival couple, only to find they had left the hotel immediately after the meal, and we have never heard of either of them since."

THE WINNING HOLD.

From The Philadelphia Press.

We all may learn to hold a pen  
When we are very young,  
But he's the cleverest of men  
Who learns to hold his tongue.

HIS HANDY CONSCIENCE.

From The Washington Star.

"I suppose you will vote according to your conscience," said the friend.  
"I will," answered the politician, who is sadly practical.  
"Pecuniary considerations will not figure?"  
"Well, I don't know. There's nothing that hurts

my conscience more than to feel that I have been wasting money."

A CELESTIAL PEACH.

From The Washington Post.

Congressman Landis, of Indiana, was a guest the other night at a dinner given by Dr. Hill, Assistant Secretary of State, among the other guests being Minister Wu, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and Patent Commissioner Allen.

During the course of the dinner Secretary Wilson began displaying his knowledge of things agricultural. "The peach," he took occasion to remark, "originally came from China."

"Indeed," remarked Minister Wu, much interested.

"Everybody knew that," interrupted Mr. Allen, "as soon as they met Mr. Wu."

The Chinese Minister laughed at the compliment until his sides shook. He knows what it is to be a "peach."

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

From The Chicago News.

She was a maiden fair to see,  
In fact, she was a peach;  
But she grew upon a family tree  
And was beyond my reach.

ACCORDING TO THE DESCRIPTION.

From The Philadelphia Record.

La Montt—I wonder what they are selling over there? I just heard them shouting, "Here's something to catch a man's eye!"

La Moyné—H'm! They must be selling ladies' umbrellas.

AN ARGUMENT.

From Lippincott's.

"Friend Charles," asked a Quaker, "why does thee use thy buffalo robe with the hair side out?"

"That is the way the buffalo wore it," was the reply.

"But," retorted the Quaker, "the buffalo wore it with the hair side toward us."

THE SCARCITY OF BAIT.

From The Ohio State Journal.

"This is tough luck," said Ham, mournfully, as he leaned out over the side of the ark.

"What's wrong now?" queried Shem.

"Why, all this water to fish in," replied Ham, "and only two fishin' worms on board."

SHE CAPITULATED.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Maud—Do you mean to tell me that you and George are engaged at last?

Mabel—Yes; he had quit spending money on me, and I thought I might as well let him propose.



NERVOUS LADY—ARE PEOPLE EVER LOST IN THIS RIVER?  
BOATMAN—NO, MA'AM; WE GENERALLY FINDS 'EM IN A DAY OR TWO.—(The King.)

REPAID IN KIND.

From London Tit-Bits.

At a certain ball in the country the other evening a gentleman undertook to introduce a companion to a young but somewhat stout lady, who seemed to be pining for a dance.

"No, thanks, old fellow; I don't care to waltz with a cart."

A "cart" is understood in the district referred to as a partner who does not do her share of the dancing, but has to be drawn around.

A few evenings later the same young lady, who had overheard the conversation, beheld the young man seeking an introduction and asking if he might have the honor, etc.

"No, thank you," she replied; "I may be a cart, but I am not a donkey cart."

NOT LOOKING FOR FIRE.

From The Atlanta Constitution.

An old colored preacher was telling his congrega-

tion that after death they would probably go to the moon. After meeting one of the best informed of the brethren said to him:

"Br'er Jenkins, don't you know dat de moon is col' ez ice, en ain't got no fire 'tall in it?"

"Br'er Thomas," replied the parson, "ef hit's fire you a-wantin', des keep on in de way you gwine en you can't miss it."

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You can't trust a brigand."

"What do you know about brigands?"

"Nothin' special. But I guess mankind is all pretty much alike."

A FEMINE QUERY.

From The Philadelphia Record.

Nell—Yes, George and I are engaged, but you mustn't say anything to him about it.

Belle—Why—doesn't he know it?



THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER—MY FATHER FEELS IT VERY MUCH, MRS. BARKER, THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE THE CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY JUST BEFORE THE SERMON. DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT TRY AND STAY, IN FUTURE?  
MRS. BARKER—I DURS'NT DO IT, MISS. I DO SNORE THAT DREADFUL WHEN I'M ASLEEP!—(Punch.)

Best Line to Chicago and the West—New York Central.