

THE HUMORIST AT THE SEASIDE.
IT IS RAINING LIKE JUPITER, THE PEOPLE UNDERNEATH ARE PLAYING "THE HOLY CITY," AND HE HAS LOST THE KEY OF HIS BAG.—(Starr Wood, in The Sketch.)

ORDERED KNIFE FOR PIE.

Professor George Lincoln Burr, of Cornell, who is making a tour of New-England on his bicycle in order to gather facts about witchcraft, is an authority on the history of superstition and persecution, and he is also an indefatigable wheelman. Professor Burr with his bicycle has penetrated many primitive and secluded parts of the United States.

From these journeys he returns with little stories that are now quaint, now strange, now humorous. A story of the last named sort concerns a visit to Tennessee.

"I arrived one night at a mountaineer's cabin," said the professor, "and asked for shelter for the night. The good people were hospitable. They gave me a comfortable bed and an excellent meal.

"While I was eating the meal my host watched me narrowly, to see that I had everything that I wanted. He kept ordering his wife to fill my glass, to bring me some more bread, and so forth. Finally, when I began to eat a piece of apple pie, he exclaimed in an indignant tone: 'Jane, why don't you bring the gentleman a knife? Do you see him here, tryin' to eat his pie with a fork?'"

NOT THE DUTY OF SIGNPOSTS.

Bishop Frederic Burgess of the Diocese of Long Island, who was nearly drowned last month while sailing on Peconic Bay, has a ready wit that he uses well in argument. A man argued recently with Bishop Burgess

about clergymen. This man asserted they did not practise what they preached.

"Oh, well," said the bishop, "maybe you expect too much of them. Did you ever hear of a signpost that followed its own direction?"

LEARNED LESSON TOO QUICKLY.

Dr. Carl Peters, the explorer, who is soon to try to find King Solomon's mines in East Africa, has an interesting flat in London—a flat decorated with some forty or fifty poisoned darts, arrows and assegais—missiles that were shot at him in various African combats.

On his last expedition Dr. Peters gave employment to a homeless black youth whom he took from the forest and trained in the duties of a valet. Thus his tent, where he kept his outlandish weapons, was always neat.

One day the boy brought an assegai to Dr. Peters.

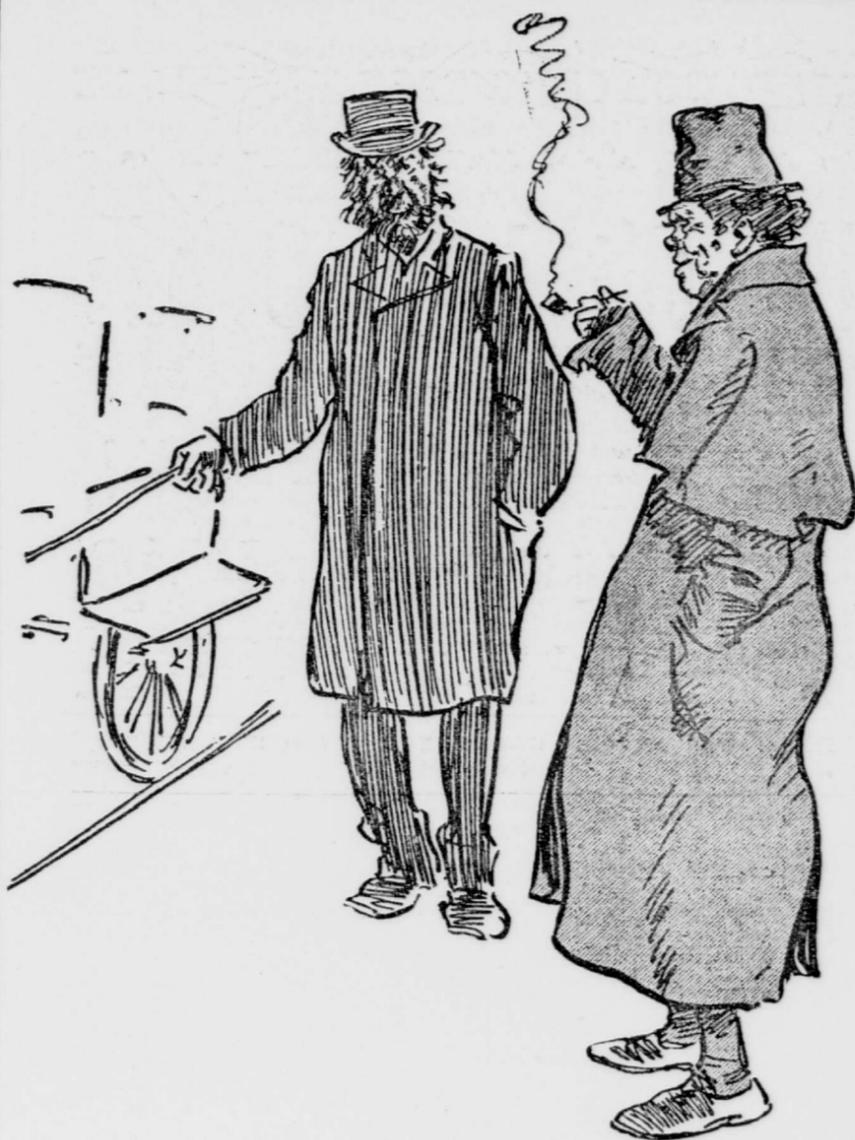
"I found this, sir," he said, "outside. It belongs to you, doesn't it?"

"It does," the explorer answered. He had remarked the interest that the boy took in his collection, and therefore he added:

"You may keep that assegai, Jerome, for your honesty."

The boy appeared properly grateful. A few days later, though, Dr. Peters lost a piece of gold. He knew he must have lost it in his tent. Therefore he waited confidently for Jerome to return it to him. But the boy made no sign.

"Jerome," Dr. Peters finally said, "I lost a gold piece the other day. Did you find it?"



IT IS NECESSARY IN SOME PARTS OF IRELAND FOR CARMEN TO HAVE THEIR NAMES LEGIBLY WRITTEN ON THE TAILBOARD OF THE CAR.
INSPECTOR—WHAT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS, PAT? YOUR NAME'S O-BLITERATED.
PAT—YE LIE—IT'S O'BRIEN!—(Phil May, in Punch.)

"Yes, sir," Jerome answered.
"Well, what did you do with it?"
"I kept it for my honesty," said Jerome.

NO NEED OF TRUNKS.

General Joseph W. Congdon, president of the American Silk Association, was travelling some time ago in Georgia. He says that in a little Georgia town he one day heard two colored lads conversing.

"I've gwine No'th," said the first.
"Dasso?" said the second.
"Yep. I've got a trunk to take wiv me, too."
"A trunk? What am a trunk fo'?"
"W'y, to tote yuh clo's in."
"An' go naked?"

"CHEWIN' WITH HER NOSE."

Dr. L. O. Howard, the government's mosquito expert, was born in Rockford, Ill. They are proud of his fame in Rockford, and they still tell there stories of his childhood.

"When Leland Howard was a little boy," a Rockford old resident said the other day, "he stopped on the street one afternoon to watch

an old woman take snuff. Snuff taking was a thing he had never seen before, and he didn't know what to make of it. When he got home he said:

"I seen a funny thing to-day."
"What did you see?" some one asked.
"Why, I seen an old woman chewin' tobacco with her nose."

"JOSHING" THE PARSON.

"My friend, are you a Christian?" asked an aged Baptist minister of the man who was sharing his seat in a suburban train.

"Sure!" said the man.
"What denomination, might I ask?" from the minister, beaming kindly.

"Baptist," said the man, and he was as much that as anything else.

"Then you have been immersed, of course," observed the man of the cloth.

"No, never immersed," replied the man, but, seeing the look of disappointment on the other's face, he added: "I have been soaked several times."

That seat was silent until the train reached Yonkers, when the minister left it.

THE WINNER AT THE BABY SHOW.

Standing outside on a little elevation, we looked down on a field of bonnets, which seemed to muffle a mighty buzz, now dying, now swelling again, now silent as a clerical looking man stepped to the edge of the platform at the distant end.

"Lot 56!" he cried, reading from a catalogue in his hand. "Lot 56—best boy baby over one year and not exceeding one year and six months—"



SHE WAS THINKING OF GEORGE.
Ethel—What is the height of your desires?
Mabel—About five feet ten. —(Comic Cuts.)



A FAMILY VACATION TOUR OF THE FUTURE.

—(Ull.)

—(Comic Cuts.)