

DERE HE IS,  
STILL SNUG IN  
DER HAY, UND I  
HAF TO TROEZE  
MAKING DER  
FIRE.



### CURED

The missionary smiled benevolently on the native tribes around him. "I will cure them all of cannibalism," he said hopefully. "They have treated me kindly so far, and I am sure I shall convert them all."

After being introduced to their chief he retired to the special hut the tribe had prepared for him, where he was shortly afterward joined by a native.

"The king has sent me to dress you for dinner," said the man.

"Ah!" smiled the missionary. "How thoughtful of him. You are the royal valet, I suppose?"

"No," replied the native, "I'm the royal cook."

### THINKING OF HIMSELF

Two Irish soldiers stationed in the West Indies were accustomed to bathe daily in a little bay which was generally supposed to be free from sharks. Though on good terms with each other, they were not what might be called fast friends.

One day, as they were swimming about one hundred yards from the shore, Pat observed Mike suddenly making for the land as hard as he could, without saying a word. Wondering what was the matter, Pat struck out vigorously after him, and landed at his companion's heels.

"Is there anything wrong wid ye?" inquired Pat feelingly.

"Nothin'—nothin' at all," replied the other.

"Thin what did ye make sich : suddint retrate for an' lave me?" continued Pat.

"Bedad," answered Mike coolly, "I spied the fin of a big shark about twenty feet ahead, an' I thought while he was playin' wid you it wud give me time to rachie the shore!"

### His Implements.

The small daughter was setting the table for company when her mother called to her:

"Put three forks at each place, dear."

Having made some observations on her own account when the expected guests had dined with her mother before, she inquired:

"Shall I give Uncle John three knives?"