

### A MAKESHIFT

A little boy of five was invited to a children's party. The next day he was giving an account of the fun, and said that each of the little visitors had contributed either a song, a recitation, or music for the pleasure of the rest.

"Oh, poor little Jack!" said his mother, "how very unfortunate you could do nothing!"

"Yes, I could, mother," replied the young hopeful. "I stood up and said my prayers!"

### A HABITATION AND A NAME

Jigg—My landlady is a regular old hen!

Jagg—A what?

Jigg—Just that! Because I owe her a little money, she is always laying for me!—Puck.

### MEAN

"Flubdub is pretty mean, isn't he?"

"Mean? Why, say, that fellow is mean enough to have his name engraved on the handle of his umbrella."—Life.

# SAY

DID' CHR EVER NOTICE  
FELLERS DAT TH'  
BURDEN OF WEALTH  
IS TH' ONLY BURDEN  
THAT EVERY FELLER  
IS WILLING TER HELP  
YA' CARRY?

YOURS TRULY  
WILLUM.



HE GAVE HISS SEAT TO A  
PRETTY GIRL HE HAD. PRESENTLY  
HE SAID: "MISS JONES, I THINK  
BOTH MY FEET ISS  
ASLEEP."



### GETTING BACK AT HER

The teacher, a lady of uncertain age, was having a hard time teaching Johnny the names of the presidents.

"Why, when I was your age," she said disgustedly, "I could recite the names of the presidents backward and forward."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, "but when you was my age dey wasn't so many presidents."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### A SAD CASE

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."—Youth's Companion.

### THOROUGH

He—When I proposed to Flossie she asked me for a little time to make up her mind.

She (the hated rival)—Oh! So she makes that up, too, does she?