

'A Little Humor Now and Then,'



The Gould boys establish their legal status as New Jersey farmers.—New York Press.



Impecunious Author—all of whose manuscripts are being taken by a burglar, who can find nothing else.—'At last!'—N. Y. World.



One way in which Uncle Sam could make use of the Dogs of War.—New York World.



Mrs. Hairewski counts her husband's locks after every concert to make sure that he hasn't given any away to his admirers.—Fliegende Blätter.



Singleton: "So you can't come, Jack? But a woman's 'no' often means 'yes.'"
Mrs. Henpeck: "Not after marriage, sir. Never!"—Truth.

The Evolution of Revolution.
Mr. D. H. Parry, in writing the story of Waterloo for Cassell's "Battles of the Nineteenth Century," gives an interesting series of speculations from the Monticour, announcing the escape of Napoleon from his first exile in Elba and his advance on Paris. The evolution of phrases is amusing, from "cavalier" to "usurper," from "usurper" to "his imperial majesty."
The comical has left his den.
The Corsican wolf has landed in the Bay of San Juan.
The tiger has arrived at Gay.
The wroth Hussar's brought at Grenoble.
The vanguard has arrived at Lyons.
The usurper has been seen within fifty miles of Paris.
Bonaparte is advancing with great rapidity, but he will not set his foot inside the walls of Paris.
Tomorrow Napoleon will be at our gates.
The emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau.
His imperial majesty, Napoleon, entered Paris yesterday, surrounded by his loyal subjects.—Philadelphia Record.

Legacy for Future Historians.
Great rocks now barred the passage of Hannibal and his army across the Alps.
"We will split those rocks," announced Hannibal, "by heating them red-hot and pouring vinegar upon them."
"It might be done, general," said his chief of engineers, dubiously, "but it will take millions of gallons of vinegar. Where are we to get it?"
"That," replied the great Cathaginian general, eyeing him coldly, "we will leave to the writers of future school histories to explain."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Her Fault.
Susie—Say, auntie, dear, you're an old maid, aren't you?
Aunt Emma (hesitatingly)—Certainly, Susie, but it is not nice of you to ask such a question.
Susie—Now don't be vexed, auntie; I know it isn't your fault.—Herriehner Laubrosch.

In Case of Collision.
When the use of the automatic vacuum brake was first made compulsory on our railways, great pains were taken by the foremen of the engine sheds to see that the drivers were fully alive to the proper working of it.
In one of our Northern towns a foreman was examining a driver on this subject, and, after questioning him for some time, put the following query to him:
"If you were in charge of an engine and the brake failed, and you saw a collision was unavoidable, what steps would you take?"
The answer, if totally unexpected, was not devoid of genuine wit. The driver looked his questioner up and down, and, with a look of contempt, blurted out:
"The tender steps, sir; and pretty handy, too."—London Answers.

Jonah as a Shut-in.
A young woman of Hartford, Conn., was telling her Sunday school class of small boys the other Sunday about the Shut-in Society, whose members are persons confined with sickness to their beds or rooms. "When can you get out?" asked she, "that would have had great sympathy for those that are so shut in?" "I know," said a little boy, "someone in the Bible, ain't it, teacher?" "Yes," said the teacher, "Jonah," was the spirited answer.—Philadelphia Record.

Might Have Been Worse.
"I am informed," said the judge, severely, "that you used a section of gasping to compel the prosecuting witness to give you his money."
"Guess you got me dead to rights, judge," admitted Mike, the strong-arm artist. "But it wasn't as bad as it might have been. They wasn't no meter on the gaspette."—Indianapolis Journal.

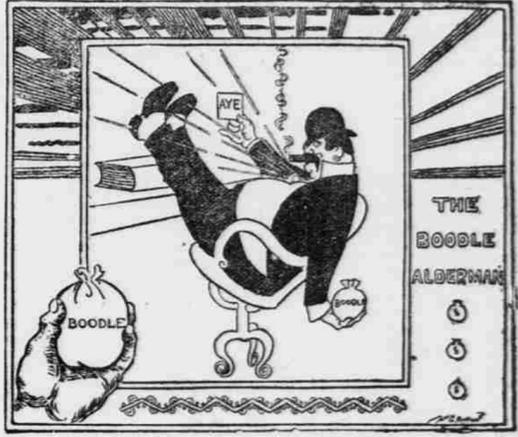
Bessie's Dilemma.
Mamma—Is it being, Bessie?
Bessie—who is looking out of the window)—I can't make out whether it, but the trees are looking aw York Journal.

Why He Wept.
A hard-looking tough was on trial in the court of general sessions. Judge Cowling was on the bench. Lawyer Howe, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed the jury: "Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take a small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy bread, for it is an evidence that he did not take the pocket-book containing \$300 that was in the same bureau drawer." The eloquent attorney for the accused was interrupted by the intrusive sales of his client.
"Why do you weep?" asked Judge Cowling of the doctored man. "Because I didn't take der pocket-book in de drawer." Every-body laughed except Howe, the attorney for the careless burglar.—Texas Sittings.

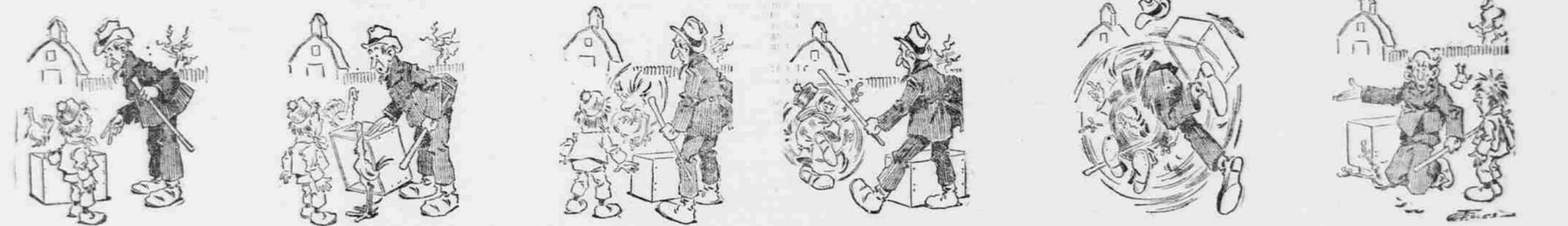
Souvenir of Gratitude.
An instructive and pathetic custom still prevails in Munich. Every destitute child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable institution. On his arrival he is photographed—dirt, rags and all. After being maintained and educated, when he leaves the institution to begin life, the before-mentioned photograph is given to him, and he is required to make a solemn declaration that he will keep it as a reminder of the wretched state from which he was saved, and of the kindness shown. The charity has received many gifts from its reclaimed waifs.—Sketch.

Some Charges for Freight.
It costs more to send a ton of goods from London to the west of Ireland than to Japan. A ton of woolen goods can be forwarded from London to New York for 20s.; to Chicago, a thousand miles inland, for 35s.; and to Japan for 50s. The same goods sent from Derry to London cost 70s., and from Derry to Chicago, fifty miles inland, 120s.—Exchange.

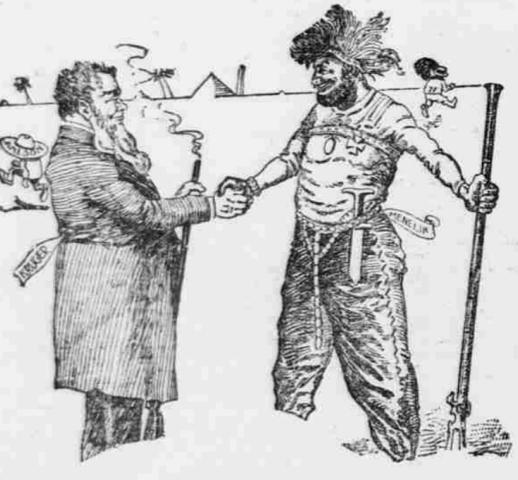
A Better Target.
Maud—I just hate to have Godfrey kiss me—it's such a hit or miss performance.
Evelyn—I never noticed that he missed.—Detroit Free Press.



The "boodle" alderman might adopt the high art poster as a novel means of advertising his candidacy.—Chicago Record.



1—Mr. Peters—My son, I just saw you peaking under this box. What have you under there?
Johnny—Wh-er-ahem! It's a new kind of hen that Gaff Heeler give me for a present.
2—Mr. Peters—(raising the box) Yes, I see. Of course, your father is too young to know the difference between a new kind of hen and an old game cock. Boy, I—
3—Stop him! He'll kill that gobbler sure as fate! Stop him!
4—By gracious, I believe he'll be too much for the gobbler and the boy, too!
5—Guess I'd better take a hand in this affair.
6—There! Now see what you git for lyin'! Dandy sport you'd be to handle a game cock. Next we know you'll be sportin' a trotting horse and a steam yacht. Go git me the ax!



"Shake!"—San Francisco Examiner.

Too Prosperous.
"Poor Bill," said the tramp, sorrowfully.
"Well, the matter?" asked his tattered companion.
"Gone," said the tramp.
"Jugged?"
"Worse; but he died happy and prosperous."
"Prosperous?"
"Yep. That's why he died. He couldn't stand prosperity. He was accidentally locked in a saloon over night."—Chicago Post.

Live on Gophers and Squirrels.
A farmer in Umatilla county, Ore., who has eight cats, reports gophers quite scarce on his premises. Twenty squirrels a day, he says, is no unusual catch for his cats. Coyotes live largely on squirrels, but owing to their fondness for mutton and fowl their numbers have been largely reduced by scalp hunters.—Deseret News.

A Burning Recollection.
"You look quite seed up," said the tooth-pick.
"Yes," said the match; "had a seance with an old flame of mine."—New York Press.

Machine Guns.
It has been calculated that a ten-barreled machine gun is equal in intensity and endurance of fire to an entire company of infantry at full war strength.—Exchange.

There Are Others.
Jinks—Today I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red, faced, snub nosed, bald headed mortal looked like her.
Winks—Get out!
Jinks—The red faced, snub nosed, bald headed mortal was her first baby.—Toronto Rural Canadian.

Carriage Sent for Elijah.
An examiner asked the Bible lesson class to tell him what was the chief difference between Elisha and Elijah, and after a pause one little lad held up his hand and said: "Please, sir, Elisha walked with God, but the carriage was sent for Elijah."
Probably Felt Blue.
"Jones doesn't look well; he's quite yellow this morning."
"He's been painting the town red."—New York Press.

A Biting Jest.
"She is such a sweet young thing," babbled the mosquito; "I do so want to know her name!"
"Well," said the gad-fly, "you needn't wonder long. You know, blood will tell."—New York Press.

Edification of Youth.
"Popper," the little boy asked, "what kind of a horse is it that they call a plug?"
"A balky one, my son. They call him that because he is a stopper."—Exchange.

Times Change.
"I tell you the time in which one lives has a great effect on his career. Take Washington, for instance."
"Well, what of him?"
"Do you suppose a man who would persevere in telling the truth in these days would ever get further in public life than notary public?"—Harper's Bazar.

Qualifying Truth.
"Why," asked the youngest of the neophytes, "why should truth always rise again when crushed to earth?"
"Because of its elasticity, of course," answered the corned philosopher. "Don't you know how easy it is to stretch the truth?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Telephones for Army Use.
A foreigner has invented a telephonic gear that can be carried with ease on a soldier's back, in lieu of the ordinary knapsack. It combines the indispensable qualities of simplicity, lightness, facility, and rapidity of installation.—Chicago Chronicle.

It Is Mighty.
It is not the hands of heroes
Butting for their fellow-men,
Nor the helping hand of woman,
Nor the hand that wields the pen,
Nor the hand that beats the carpet
On the backyard fence unfurled,
But the hand that beats four axes
Is the hand that rules the world.
—Chicago Record.



A "Pointed" Reception.—New York Advertiser.



1—Mr. X. Coedingly Phresh—Ah, here comes Miss Modest with her little hands full of Easter eggs. I'll just steal a kiss!
2—Now, Miss Vera, to drop those eggs would be to spoil the carpet!
3—Miss Vera Modest—That fact, sir, will not prevent me from spooling—
4—your handsome features!!