THE WHIP.

1—Before taking.

2—After taking.

SPEAKER REED SPOKE.

And the Barber Who Tried to Draw Him Out is Still Dazed.

Washington Post: The Hon T. Reed, speaker, reclined in a hotel barber chair the other afternoon, looking like an aproned Buddha far plunged in contemplation of the limitations of the infinite. Inscrutability gleamed steadily from his penetrating little eyes. He seemed to reck not that the burly, selfish world was amove. He gazed with a continuously focused gaze upon the knob of the barber shop door—whether attempting to hypnotize himself or to hypnotize the knob, who knows?—and he spake no word to the grinning black barber with teeth like peeled almonds who swept the scissors with zephyr touch through the colorless wisp of hair that faintly fringes the after part of the great man's skull. The disinclination of the Hon. T. Reed to be discursive was not according to the barber's ideas of things. He attempted to draw the great man out, perhaps in order to bequeath a legacy of epigrams to posterity. The great man only grunted monosyllabic replies and resumed his reverie. Then the barber decided to switch the conversation to the subject of Mr. Reed's hirsute peculiarities.

"Yo' haiuh's sut'nly thinnin' out a heap, suh," said he.

"Um—m," said Mr. Reed.

"Teenchy bit o' tonl' do it whole lot o' good, suh"

"Um—m; no."

"Bin bald on de top o' yo' head long, suh?"

Mr. Reed did not remove his gaze from the door knob as he drawled:

"I came into the world that way. Then I had an interval of comparative hirsute luxuriance, but it was not enduring. I have long since emerged from the grief of the deprivation. It no longer afflicts me. Do not permit it to weigh upon you."

The black barber studied over this for awhile, apparently without fully apprehending its meaning, however.

"Yo' haiuh look some bettuh, suh, ef yo' kep' it long in de back, laike," he said after a few moments of silence.

The Hon. T. Reed removed his gaze from the door knob, fastened it upon the ceiling, cleared his throat and spoke again.

"Let me assure you, my tonsorial friend," said he, "that the appearance of my hair, as I have been accustomed to wearing it, is eminently satisfactory to myself, and, perhaps I might also say, to my constituents. What little hair still adorns my head I have possessed for a long time. I know it well. I have been on familiar terms with it for many years. I have inadvertently mingled spruce gum and chewing tar with it in my years of extreme youth. I have often sun-dried it in order to present a proper not-guilty appearance at home after surreptitious swimming expeditions. I have had it pulled the wrong way by boys whom I only learned to thrash afterward. At the same period of my life I even endured the ignominy of having it cut—in ascending tiers—by experimental maiden aunts. The consequence of all this is that that bit of remaining hair and I are old and, I trust, inseparable friends. I indulge the hair and the hair indulges me. The hair indulges me by permitting me to wear it after my own conception of the way it ought to be worn, and I indulge the hair by firmly declining to have it trifled with by gentlemen of the scissors who possess artistic ideas more bizarre than my own. I fear I'll have to ask you to indulge us both—the hair and me. Cut it the way I directed you to cut it."

The black barber looked dazed. When the great man had lumbered out of the shop, rolling like a man-o'-war bo'sun's mate on a three-day liberty ashore, the barber mumbled:

"Speakuh! Ah should say he all is a speakuh!"

Not Yet.

Mr. Larimer—How is it that I don't hear you shouting for war, Ellsworth?

Mr. Ellsworth—Oh, my time will come when one of the war shouters hires me to go as his substitute.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Those Perfect Eyes.

She—It is said that only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes.

He—It seems strange that every fifteenth should be a girl who is engaged to be married.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

Travers—You married in haste, I believe.
Bradly—Yes.
Travers—Repenting at leisure, I suppose.
Bradly—That's the trouble; I haven't had a moment's leisure since.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Hard Ware—What's de biggest find you's ever had, Jerry?
Jerry—Well, onst I was fined twenty-five dollars fer pinchin' a hoss.

A Few Moments With The Wits.

SORROW OF THE TALL MAN

Catastrophe of the Maine, With Sundry Unpaid for Drinks Affected Him.

Philadelphia Times: The tall individual in the shiny cutaway coat, "homespun" necktie and bluish trousers stood at the Continental bar.

"Whisky," he murmurded hoarsely, and with trembling hand he poured out a good three fingers and filled the tumbler to the brim with water. Then he lounged moodily at the bar, one hand around the tumbler. In the other he shook slowly a lonely coin.

"I tell you, sir," said a short, frock-coated man, in a group of three next to him, "I tell you, sir, it will be war! Spain won't pay and she'll have to fight."

The moody individual pricked up his ears and he returned the coin to his pocket.

"*Excuse me, sir,*" said the tall individual, touching the short man on the arm; "pardon my interrupting you, but I see before me a patriot, and to a patriot I uncover my head," and he slid the hat a bit further back on his head. "You are right, sir. No one, sir, and I speak advisedly," continued the tall man, "after that awful night could say otherwise."

"You have come from Havana!" exclaimed the short individual, excitedly. "You saw the explosion!"

"Sir, I have just arrived in your beautiful city—an American city, sir; a patriot city. How the blood of the ancient martyrs of liberty under the shadow of the old bell must boil! What an explosion, sir! What flames! What agony!" He drained his whisky at a gulp and took out a dirty pocket handkerchief and blew his nose.

"Have another," said the now excited short man. "Boys, here's a chap from Havana who saw the explosion. Now we can get the straight story. Mr.—Mr. ——?"

"Crimmins, sir," said the tall man as he poured out a big drink and pushed his check under one of the other party.

"Mr. Crimmins, late of Havana—of Havana, is it not, sir?"

"A friend of the world and a lover of the beautiful, and of patriotism, sir, Lord! it was awful," continued Mr. Crimmins. "Think of that peaceful night; think of the reckless gayety of Havana—the lights, the music, the guitars and the senoritas"—here he blew a whiskey-laden kiss to the ceiling—"and then, sir, think of that huge white vessel of war lying in the moonlight. All was peaceful." He gurgled another drink. "Little did those brave men think of their fate lying curled in their hammocks—the men, not the fate."

"That confirms the story that men were found with their bodies curved," shouted the fat man.

"I don't care if I do," said the tall man, and his eyes filled with tears. "Ah sir, and then that awful explosion, that lural glare—I mean that lurid glare; th' awful shrieks, the dead bodies of the men and the sudden hush of the city. Bar boy, attend to the gentleman's orders."

There was another drink, another and anotner.

"An' Sisbee—Sig--hic—pardon me—shee," said the tall man after the seventh, "old Sicksbee shouting out 'All's wel, don' give up ship.' Brave man, Sigersbee—fineolfeller—besinbizness."

"But Sigsbee didn't say that, ole man," said the short gentleman, with his hands on the tall man's shoulder. "'Pon my soul, Sisbee didn'. An' how could you hear 'im? 'Pon my soul——"

The tall man looked at the clock and drew himself up. "I—'m—sorry," he said slowly, "sorry. But have to return to Manyunk on 3.17. Crimmins Manyunk 'm'name. Glad to see you any ole time. Fine ole boy. Heard 'bout story—had to come down—see the boys—fine ole feller—good ole boy—besinbizness."

And the tall man melted unsteadily out, leaving $3 in checks behind him. A hush fell on the three men left.

"Well," said one of the short man's companions, "that's neat. Say, Tom, did you ever hear that bit of poetry?—it had in it two lines something like this:

"'I was with Grant,' the old man said,
'Ten years before the war.'"

HE OBEYED ORDERS.

The varying rain and snow and thaws and frosts of the last few weeks have coated the front steps of the Lilliday mansion with ice. When first the mistress of the house discovered this unpleasant circumstance she issued an order.

"James," she said to the man-of-all-work, "please get the ice off the steps."

"Yessum," said James and vanished.

When Tom Lilliday came home to dinner he greeted his mother with the remark: "You want to put a rack of alpenstocks at the bottom of those steps. It's worse than glacier climbing."

"I'll speak to James again," said his mother.

The next morning when Mr. Lilliday, sr., departed for the day he gingerly essayed the top step, struck a glittering bit of treachery and described a parabola through the air, to the intense delight of the children watching through the window across the street, whose beaming faces, seemingly, innocently asked him to do it again. He landed on the stone walk and slid off the curbstone at its end onto the sidewalk, a proceeding which is apt to be demoralizing to a silk hat and eye-glasses, to say nothing of one's cane and morning paper. Mr. Lilliday did not look back at his home as he hastily retreated.

At 11 o'clock Grace Lilliday came out the front door for a shopping trip. Her tailor gown was natty and she wore a sweet smile. Pensively gazing at the sky she stepped forward and the next instant was madly grabbing at the air in order to regain her balance. She came so near falling that it was worse agony than if she had, for she reeled and plunged down the steps in the awkward manner people affect under such circumstances and was not able to come to a standstill till she was in the middle of the road. She caught her breath and went back with an angry tread.

"Mamma!" she called the instant she was in the front hall, "won't you see to those steps? It is perfectly disgraceful the condition they are in—and I think I've sprained my ankle."

"Hasn't James cleaned them yet?" Mrs. Lilliday asked in a surprised tone. Really, I never knew him to be so careless. I'll ask Katy to tell him again."

At 5 o'clock Howell Van Rensselaer Gibbons called. When Grace went down she found him sitting in a dark corner enveloped in an injured air. "I've heard of people," he began, "who called themselves Christians and starved their servants, or who pretended to be kind-hearted and clipped their dogs' ears, or who contributed to foreign missions and wouldn't buy shoes for their own children, but they all pale beside your family. I've wrenched every muscle in my body and my bones are broken into bits and are shaking around like dice, all through my efforts to scale that preposterous ice-gorge, that pinnacle Matterhorn, that man-trap, that icy canyon of death leading up to your front door. I'll send an expressman out with a hatchet to-morrow and a diagram showing how to use it. It is positively infamous!"

"Thank you," said Grace, when she got her breath. "That's the way I've been feeling, only I haven't such a command of language. I don't understand it *myself*. Mamma has ordered James three times to my knowledge to clean off the steps. I'll see him myself."

She started for the basement and Howell valiantly followed. James was shoveling coal.

"Why didn't you clean off the steps, as mamma told you to?" inquired Miss Lilliday, rather fiercely.

"Stheps!" repeated James, indignantly. "I did—three toimes!"

"You cleaned—the—front—steps?" inquired Miss Lilliday, unable to believe her ears.

"Why, no," said James, bewilderedly. "The back stheps, av coorse!"

And he went on shoveling coal.—Chicago News.

No Wonder She Begged Off.

Washington Post: A certain popular young woman is a member of a patriotic society which lately held an "open meetin." The young woman who had the affair in charge, notified each member of the toast she would be expected to respond to ten days or so before the meeting. To one young woman, whom, as it happened, she did not know personally, she sent the toast, "Our Flag."

The young woman received it and at once went to call on the head of the society, in a state of great distress. She simply could not respond to the toast, she said. She didn't know whether a joke was intended, but she had been chaffed unmercifully about it already, and wouldn't go near the meeting if she were to be called on to speak on that subject.

"Why, what on earth is wrong with that sentiment?" asked the head of the society.

The pretty young woman hesitated. She blushed.

"Well," she said, "you see I'm going to marry a man named Flagg."

A Catch Question.

Weekly Telegraph: Of Bishop Short, who held the see of St. Asaph, many curious stories are told. Occasionally he put questions to candidates for ordination that apparently had no connection with the discharge of their parochial duties. They tested, probably, their wit or tact, two necessary qualifications to public men, but nothing more. One such question proposed by the bishop was the following: "Which has the greatest number of legs—a cat or no cat?"

As might be expected this created a titter, but the bishop would not take a laugh as the answer, and consequently he repeated the question and desired some one to solve the problem. At last one of the candidates, smiling, said: "I should think, my lord, a cat."

"No," retorted the bishop, "there you are wrong, for a cat has four legs and no cat has five."

Mickey's Apt Wit Saved Him.

San Francisco Argonaut: An English lady living in Ireland has her dogcart provided with the biggest carriage lamps in the country; so big, in fact, that her friends are wont to chaff her about their size; but an accident when they were lighted was looked upon as impossible. On a recent occasion, however, a recent little donkey-trap crashed into her cart, considerably to the damage of both.

"What do you mean, Mickey," said the wrathful lady, recognizing the offender; "couldn't you see my lamps?"

"Bedad I did, me lady," said Mickey, meekly, "but I thought it was a shop window!"

REPUTATION AT STAKE.

Colonel Dida't Propose His Regiment Should be Outdone.

Chicago Journal: "It is very amusing to me," said a gentleman, recently, "the way people act when they are asked to subscribe to any fund of any kind. The way to catch them is to tell them that somebody else whom they know very well, and who is about equally well off, has given a large sum; that is, of course, if the person soliciting does not mind acting the role of Ananias, if the cause is a good one, as for charity or something of that kind. If Mr. Moneybags has given $50 towards the fund it must be magnified into $100 in order to make Mr. Closefist give the same amount. If Mr. Moneybags has given $50 originally it should be brought to his attention that Mr. Closefist has just doubled the amount, and the chances are that Mr. Moneybags will also give $50 extra. Competition is not only the life of trade, but of the subscription business," continued the gentleman. "It is only by working both ends against the middle that the successful end is reached.

"This reminds me of something which happened during the war. Two regiments were stationed on opposite sides of the river. A chaplain went to work on the men composing the regiment stationed on the north side of the river with good success. A number of the men were converted, and he left that regiment and went to continue his military work on the south side of the river. After laboring some time, a longer time than he had done with the other regiment, he found that he would not be so successful. Only about a dozen men were baptized from the last regiment. The chaplain had a talk with the colonel, and mentioned the fact that so few of the men had been baptized.

"'How many men did you say were baptized in the other regiment?' the colonel asked the chaplain, sharply.

"'Twenty-four was the reply from the chaplain.

"The colonel turned quickly around to his orderly with the quick command: 'Detail thirty-five men at once to be baptized immediately by the chaplain. I don't propose to let any one-horse regiment get ahead of us in any way. We've got a reputation to sustain.'

"It is needless to say that the order was carried out, and by the baptizing of the additional thirty-five men just about double the number were christened as were in the other regiment."

Too Great a Sacrifice.

Youth's Companion: "I'll tell you how we can patch that tire." The speaker was a young man. His companion was a young woman. They were taking a tandem ride in the country. The rear tire of the machine had received a puncture, and a hasty examination of the tool-bag revealed the fact that the repair "kit" had been left behind.

For a moment the youth was in despair, but as he studied the situation his brow cleared.

"I'll tell you how we can patch it up," he repeated.

"Well?"

"It's a simple operation. See this?"

He removed a yard of ribbon from the front handle bar.

"Yes, I see it. You don't think you can mend a puncture with that, do you?" asked the incredulous girl.

"Well, I should remark. You're chewing a piece of gum, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well," and he brushed the dust from the punctured spot, "you put that chunk of gum right here, over that tiny hole, I wind this ribbon tightly around the whole business as many times as it will go, tie it on top of the rim, inflate the tire, we get on again, and finish our ride, just as if nothing had happened. See?"

There was an ominous silence.

It was broken at last by the young woman.

"This is the only piece of gum I've got," she said, in a constrained voice. "We'll walk home."

This they did—and not another word was spoken.

Distance, six miles.

The hapless young man had asked altogether too much.

The Mystic Letters.

Christian Commonwealth: Part of the boyhood of Bishop Barry was spent at boarding school, where, during his first term, he was allowed $10 as spending money. His mother, on giving it to him, requested an exact account of his daily expenditures. He tried to keep his word, but sometimes, forgetting to post the items for days together, it was difficult to recall them, and he invented an abbreviation corresponding very nearly to sundires, which appeared pretty regularly throughout the account.

When Mrs. Barry first looked over her boy's account-book on his return she was much pleased at the most frequently recurring item of expense, and inquired how he had been led to take so strong an interest in the cause of missions. Astonished in his turn, he declared he had not given a penny to missions.

"But surely," exclaimed Mrs. Barry, "the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is missionary work, and I find that more than half your money has been given in small sums to S. P. G."

"S. P. G., mother," confessed the future dignitary of the church, "does not mean Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. When I could not remember what I had spent my money for, I put down S. P. G.—'Something, Probably Grub.'"

An Imposing Appearance.

"Honesty is fairly written upon that man's countenance."

"I suppose that is the reason he has found it possible to get in debt to nearly everybody in this town."—Chicago News.

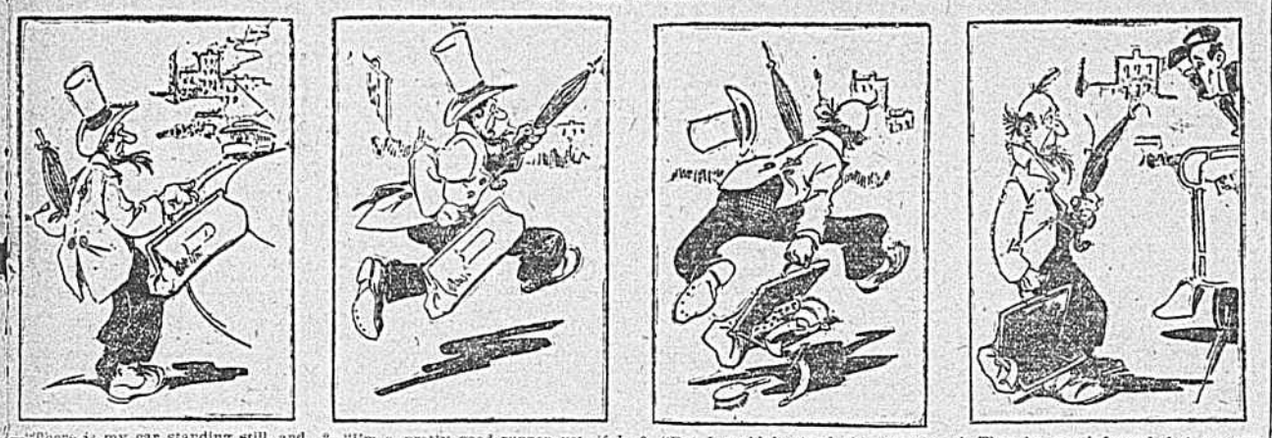
Unprofitable.

A woman's club in New York is discussing the "utilization of leisure." A number of people out of jobs are worrying about that, too.—Galveston News.

One Exception.

It is very funny to watch a man with a toothache, unless you watch him in a mirror.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

A CHASE IN VAIN.



1—"There is my car standing still, and I must try to catch it."
2—"I'm a pretty good runner yet, if I am sixty-five."
3—"But I couldn't stand this exercise often."
4—Then he was informed that the car was going the other way.

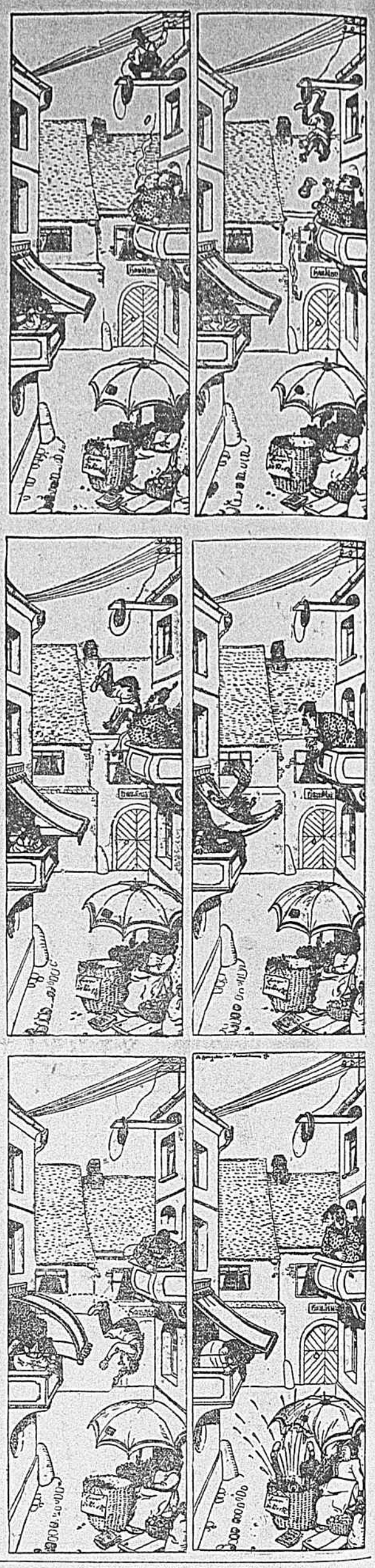
ON THE ELEVATED.

Ticket Seller—Here, madam, this is German money.
"Vell, vhat of it? I vost a Cherman lady."

POLITENESS OF THE NEW POLICE.

Officer—Please excuse this very informal introduction, but I am forced to request that you accompany me to limbo. Pardon the slang.
From Judy.

THE LINEMAN'S MISHAPS.



SIXTY FEET OF WATER.

Tattered Tarheel (with fragment of newspaper)—I read here where dere's a ship sunk in de Missouri river wid nearly two hundred barrels uv whisky on board. Tink dey'll ever git it?

Roaming Rogers—Yes; but look wot dey've got to go t'rough. (shudders.)