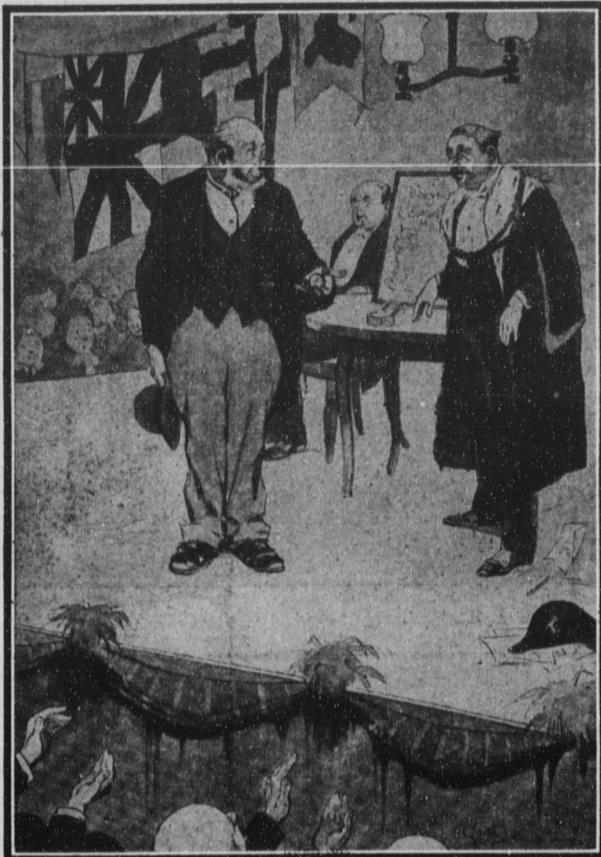


# Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree



THE MAYOR—On behalf of the people of this town I present you with this—er—handsome gold watch in—er—recognition of your long and faithful service.

MR. BUGGINS—Aw, humph! Wheer's the chain, hey?—By-stander.

## IN TWO BITES.

"Yes, the first of every week I give my wife half my salary."

"Well?"

"And she gets the other half before the week is up."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

## MAIN OBJECTION.

BROKER—Let me recommend a young woman stenographer.

BANKER—Is she a good one?

BROKER—Good! Why, man, she is a hummer!

BANKER—Then I am afraid she won't do. I discharged the other one for humming. A whistling office boy is about all I can stand.—*Chicago News.*

## THE TRUTH.

ETHEL—Yes, I will marry you.

CLARENCE—I am the happiest man in the world!

ETHEL—Wait. I can't marry you for a year.

CLARENCE—Then Ill be the happiest man in the world for a whole year.—*Cleveland Leader.*

## WORK.

BOGGS—I was surprised to hear that Smith had failed. He always seemed to be very busy in his office?

WOGGS—Yes; he spent more time tacking up those inspiring wall mottoes than any other man I ever saw.—*Puck.*

## IT FOOLED HIM.

HE—I think your cousin has the most beautiful natural complexion in the world.

SHE (*jealous*)—How do you know? You've never seen it.—*Boston Transcript.*

## BEAT TO A FRAZZLE.

SCOTT—See that man who just went by? He landed in this city with bare feet, and now he's got a million.

MOTT—Great Jupiter! That beats the centipede to a frazzle.—*Boston Transcript.*

## A TEST.

"HAVE you completed your graduation essay?"

"No," replied Mildred. "I read it over to father and he understood every sentence. I've got to rewrite it and put in more words of four syllables."—*Washington Star.*

## SHE HAD THE PRICE.

IN vain they told the heiress that the duke was an impostor and worse. "Why," said a friend, "I have read there is a price upon his head." But the heiress, all serene, only answered: "I have the price!"—*Young's Magazine.*

## SAME THING.

WILLIS—Are you going to take your law suit to a higher court?

GILLIS—No. We have agreed to just double the fees in this one instead.—*Puck.*

## LATEST RUBBER JOKE.

Two speculators, according to the *Financial Times*, were discussing the rubber boom, and the question naturally arose as to how long the upward movement was likely to be maintained.

One of them, who had done very well, was inclined to be somewhat pessimistic.

"You know," he observed to his friend, "something will come along and spoil this boom. If it isn't home

politics or an outbreak of war it will be disease among the rubber trees, which, I'm told, once started, spreads like wildfire."

"Ah," retorted his friend, "the disease question is certainly a danger point. But I'm all right as regards that; the company I'm heavily interested in hasn't started planting, yet!"

## LITERAL LANNIGAN.

MRS. SUBBUBS (*who has hired a man to plant shade trees*)—Digging out the holes, I see, Mr. Lannigan.

LANNIGAN—No, mum. Oi'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes.—*Catholic News.*

## GENEROUS.

"COME here, Tommy," called his mother from the edge of the pond, as she concealed the birch switch behind her.

"What do you want, ma?" asked the little boy suspiciously.

"I want to give you something."

"I—I ain't doing nuttin', ma?"

"Then I shall be even more liberal. I am going to give you something for nothing."—*Chicago News.*

## SARTORIAL NOTE.

SHE longed for a new hat. So she began to worry her husband for a new dress.

HE—A new dress! Can't afford it. If you wanted gloves, or a new hat, I wouldn't mind. But a new dress!

SHE—Well, don't get flurried, dearest! You know I always give in. So just buy a new hat.—*Tit-Bits.*

## COSTLY EXCUSE.

THE judge stared hard at the accused man.

"You are charged," he said, "with robbing a limburger cheese factory. Have you anything to say?"

"Judge!" the prisoner hoarsely replied, "I was driven to it by hunger."

The judge shook his head portentously.

"Six months at hard labor for the larceny, and six months for the excuse," he growled. "Call the next case."—*Exchange.*

## THE PRIVATE VIEW.

LADY GOLDBERG—Well, general, what are you and your charming daughter saying about my portrait?

GALLANT GENERAL (*who prides himself on his tremendous tact*)—My dear lady, I make it an invariable rule on these occasions never to remark on any portrait. There is too great a chance of the original being within earshot.—*Punch.*

## HAPPY EVOLUTION.

"IT's lucky for the world that some of us are successful in life," remarked the man who had made his pile.

"What's the answer?" we queried.

"If all men had to remain ten-dollar-a-week clerks their self-importance would set the atmosphere on fire," explained the party of the first part.—*Chicago News.*

## A WELCOME THREAT.

"WHAT has become of that man who used to threaten to shoot people who didn't drink with him?"

"He left Crimson Gulf long ago," replied Bronco Bob. "People came pouring in from all over the state to be threatened by him. He did a lot to boom the town, but his money couldn't hold out."—*Washington Post.*

## SUPERFLUOUS.

TEACHER—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples and you gave another boy his choice of them, you would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you?

TOMMY—No, mum.

TEACHER—Why?

TOMMY—Cos 'twouldn't be necessary.—*Pathfinder.*

## A DIPLOMAT.

"YOU never have an argument with your wife?"

"Never," replied Mr. Meekton.

"How do you avoid it?"

"I start right in by admitting that I am wholly in the wrong."—*Washington Star.*

## SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

UNCLE EBEN—If you visit New York and git tired walkin' around the city don't ye go into the stock exchange to rest!

AUNT MARTHA—Why not?

UNCLE EBEN—Gracious sakes, there they charge \$40,000 for a seat.—*Judge.*



WOULD-BE GOLFER—I say, Sandy, could ye get somebody to play a round with me; some one who plays about the same game as I do?

SANDY—Ay. Wife, bring Jock along.—*Punch.*