

**Worse and More of It.**

One man in Smaldeal—an English store-keeper, who had been straddling war issues for months in striving to save his stock in trade—almost cried for joy when the British troops arrived, and instantly urged the correspondents to retire to the seclusion of his chamber, where he opened fizzing bottles to celebrate the occasion. An hour afterward he was very unhappy. Tommy, when he is tired and hungry and in the "bloomin' enemy's country," has not a very delicate conscience regarding property rights vested in wandering poultry and sheep, and he is—that is, some of the soldiers are—inclined to seek for a few odd sovereigns that may have been carelessly tucked away in old stockings. The Englishman, a loyal British subject, stood inviting us cordially to dine with him, when in rushed a black boy exclaiming, "Master! dar killin' de ducks!" Yes, the ducks were all gone, and down the street rode a procession of innocent men, with nice fat fellows, strung in pairs, flopping from their saddles. It is strange how a flock of fowls, sociably clucking and quacking about a yard, will dwindle away in one short half hour, as they review a passing army. The Englishman's next shock was when the commanding officer commandeered all his forage and put a sentry over it; that was not so bad, for he was to be paid by government voucher. He later rushed in shouting: "By —! Do you know they have killed two hundred of my sheep! What shall I do?" "See the provost marshal, of course," we explained, "and get vouchers for them," but before he could act on this sound advice, again he started, and started down the street, and shot away to haul an inquisitive Tommy by the legs out of a window of his house.—William Dinwiddie, in Harper's Weekly.

**SHE HAD TO GET WELL.**

Mrs. Nurvus—Do you think I'm going to die?  
Dr. Young—Dear me! I hope not. I haven't lost a patient yet, and to save my life I don't believe I could make out a certificate.—Judge.

A health journal says you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well also to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

**Eight-Word Poems.**

- Noble earl  
Lost bets;  
American girl  
Title gets.
- Little Poem  
Lacks fire;  
Sent back—  
Kitchen fire.
- Stone broke,  
Meager fare;  
Patent soap,  
Millionaire.
- Forest glen,  
Lion's den,  
Savage tones,  
Rags, bones.
- Lady bold;  
Hair gold;  
Raff—alack!  
Hair black!
- Angler firm,  
Little worm;  
Silly fish,  
Dainty dish.
- Hunter, bear,  
Struggling pair,  
Man inferior;  
Gone interior.
- Girl, bicycle;  
Road, icicle,  
Slip, whirl;  
Bicycle?—girl?
- Sweet Maria;  
Lone house;  
"Murder! Fire!"  
Poor mouse.  
—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

**A SAFETY CLAUSE.**

He—I think I'll eat a third slice of watermelon.  
She—So will I.  
"No, you don't; if we both get sick who's to go for the doctor?"—Indianapolis Journal.

**CAUSE FOR CONCERN.**

She—Papa is worried about our future.  
He—What does he say?  
"That he fears I won't be able to support you as you are living at present."—New York World.



**HID BEHIND THEM.**

First passenger (behind his paper)—"Newspapers are great things, aren't they?"  
Second passenger (ditto)—"You bet. If it wasn't for them we men would have to stand up most all the way home."



Rastus—"Wha' kin' ob a dorg yo' call dat, Eph?"  
Eph—"Dat's a terbacker dorg."  
Rastus—"What yo' mean?"  
Eph—"He's a spitz."

**GLOATING IN THE GLOAMING.**

"When you rejected me last evening," asked young Spoonmore, "had you heard, Miss Quickstep, that my rich uncle had cut me off without a shilling?"  
"No," she said, with tears of tender compassion in her eyes, "I had not. Believe me, my friend, I am so—"  
"Well, he hasn't—and I've got another girl."  
And in the pale moonlight he was seen to leer horribly.

**NOT PARTIAL TO GOSSIP.**

"Wake up!" shouted the man's wife, "and stop snoring." "I'm not snoring," he shouted. "You are," she insisted; "I hear you." "Well, don't believe all you hear," he grunted.—Philadelphia North American.

**A USEFUL SONG.**

"What shall I sing, Clarence?"  
"Sing that lovely old-time song, 'Lorena.'"  
"Oh, I see; you're fixing to get a good long nap."—Chicago Record.

**ENCOURAGEMENT.**

He—Would you object seriously to my kissing you?  
She—Well, you see, I must resist on general principles, but then—I'm not very strong.—The Smart Set.

**DANGER.**

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"  
"Yes, my darling daughter;  
But keep away from the snap-shot fiend  
Who lurks beside the water!"  
—New York World.

**A HAPPY OUTCOME.**

Gilfoyle—Kilduff's elopement wasn't successful, was it?  
Poindexter—Oh, I don't know. The old man caught them before they reached the minister's.—The Smart Set.

**THE FIRST STEP.**

"What we want to do," said one of the benighted nation's wise old men, "is to get civilized."  
"I know," answered the chief; "but how shall we go about it?"  
"Well, I suppose the first step is to quit killing people by hand and learn to use machinery."—Washington Star.

**THE LEISURE CLASS.**

Lord Sayvan De Livrus—Ah! but your leisure class in this country have no titles.  
Miss Sharpe—Nonsense! What's the matter with "hobo," "Weary Willie," "Dusty Roads," and so on?—Philadelphia Press.

**WANTS HIM AT ANY PRICE.**

Attorney—You can sue him for breach of promise, madam; but it seems to be preposterous to claim £10 damages.  
Fair Client—I want to get so heavy a judgment against him that he'll be glad to marry me—the scoundrel!

**COMMODOUS APARTMENTS.**

"It is awfully crowded here."  
"Why, Harry, you forget; we have nice little paths in every room, and we don't have to climb on the bed to get things out of the bureau as we did in that other flat."—Chicago Record.

**AT THE HUNT DINNER.**

Mr. Hardyder—Some apollinaris with your tippie, Miss Highflyer?  
Miss Highflyer—No, thanks; I'll go straight at it and take the water jump.—The Smart Set.

**TRUE ART.**

Wigwag (showing B Jones through his new house)—What do you think of that frieze?  
B Jones—Fine! Looks as though it might have been done by an ice man.—Philadelphia Record.

**MIND OVER MATTER.**

"Is there any way of getting a little relief from the hot weather?" inquired the panting citizen. "Of course, I know it's all for the best, but I can't keep myself reminded of it."  
"Well," answered Mr. Dustin Stox, "I have managed to get a little comfort out of the situation."  
"How?"  
"I went and bought a lot of stock in an ice company."—Washington Star.

**NOT ALL THERE.**

"What kind of a man is Rodney Mc-Nibbs?"  
"Oh, he's the kind that would present you with the second volume of a book and not know it."—Chicago Record.

**NOT THAT WAY.**

Waller—So Bilkins rents that £70-a-year house of yours, does he? He pays too much rent.  
Landlord (sighing)—You don't know him.

Teacher—If one man can perform a piece of work in six days, how long will it take six men to do it. Willie—About six weeks. Teacher—How do you get that? Willie—Six men would get up a strike.

**REMOVED IN BITS.**

"How did you get rid of those unsightly bowlders?" inquired the man on top of the coach.  
"Easy enough, stranger," responded Amber Pete. "We just told people a big Injun fight—occurred on them rocks, an' in less than a year these tenderfoot tourists had chopped them all away for souvenirs."—Chicago News.

**IN EUROPE.**

"Maybe the Boers is givin' Ould England a dale o' trouble," said Cassidy, "but Oi notice there's an Irish family that's kapin' her guessin', too."  
"Phwat's that?" asked Finnigan.  
"The Powers."—Philadelphia Press

**TO BE CONSIDERED.**

"Goin' to New York, Silas? You ought to run over to Paris."  
"I might if I understood French."  
"Well, not understandin' it, Silas, you might be harder to bunko."—Puck.  
Magistrate—What are these prisoners charged with? Policeman—I arrested them for fighting, your Honor. They are a couple of golf players and— Magistrate—Send for the court interpreter.

**STABLE**



"Coom down to the corner, Paddy, an' see the Dootch parade."  
"We kin see ut better here."  
"Yis; but there's a foine new poile uv pavin' stones down there."