

His Opinion.

Young Fiddleback—Are you going around to Miss Muffin's to-morrow night, Mrs. Von Blumer?

Mrs. Von Blumer—She gives a chafing-dish party, doesn't she?

Fiddleback—Yes.

Mrs. Von Blumer—We may. Are you?

Fiddleback (smiling)—Well, hardly.

Mrs. Von Blumer—Why, I thought you were fond of Miss Muffin.

Fiddleback—I am. But not of her chafing-dish parties.

Mrs. Von Blumer—You mean—

Fiddleback—I mean the chafing-dish part.

Mrs. Von Blumer—You don't like that?

Fiddleback—Well, I can stand a good deal, but the concoctions Miss Muffin gets up in that instrument of torture are too much for me.

Mrs. Von Blumer—You are too hard on her, I am sure.

Fiddleback—Hard on her, do you say! Well, I guess she is pretty hard on the rest of her victims.

Mrs. Von Blumer—What particular dish of hers don't you like?

Fiddleback—Well, I can't say that I am partial to any of them. I've tried them all, and there isn't much choice. Her lobster Newburgh cans produce about as much complex agony as anything else. But I think for suffering long drawn out, for steady, unintermittent, able-bodied pain, her Welsh rarebit takes the blue ribbon. Have you ever tried Miss Muffin's Welsh rarebit?

Mrs. Von Blumer—Oh, yes, indeed! Why, I have been giving her cooking lessons for the last six months!—Harper's Bazar.

AN OBLIGING LANDLORD.

Prospective guest—Where are the golf links?

Proprietor of the "One-Horse Hotel"—What are golf links, young man?

Prospective guest—What are golf links? Doesn't your advertisement say "boating, fishing and golf?" And you don't know what golf links are?

Proprietor—Well, I put in the advertisement because I thought some folks 'd like to play golf, an' I had no objection to 'em doin' it, but I thought they'd bring along whatever they needed for playin' the game.—Brooklyn Life.

IN THE SANCTUM.

Copyreader—Here's a four-column story on germs in drinking water. What shall I do with it?

Editor—Kill the germs.

Copyreader—Kill the germs?

Editor—Yes; boil it down.—Syracuse Herald.

RANK INFIDELITY.

Divorce Lawyer—You say you want to sue your husband for divorce on the ground of infidelity? Woman—Yais, sah. De misabul infidul say he doan' believe de whale evah swallered Jonah, or de animals went into de ark, or nuffin'.—Judge.

TOUCHED.

The Pastor—Don't you think I touched them rather deeply this morning?

The Deacon—I don't know. I haven't counted up yet.—Indianapolis Press.

"Grafter must have turned over a new leaf. He tells me he's working night and day." "Yes, that's the firm he's with now." "What?" "Knight & Day."—Philadelphia Press.



SEEMED THAT WAY TO HER.

"Have you read 'How Men Propose'?"
"No; I never did care for fiction."

A DELICATE HINT.

Fair widow—Yes, I've made up my mind that when I die I shall be cremated, as my husband was.

Gallant captain—Dear lady, please don't talk about such dreadful things. Consider how much better it would be in your case to—er—cross out the c.—Punch.

QUITE REASONABLE.

Mrs. Hicks—Do you believe in ghosts?

Mrs. Wicks—Why shouldn't I? No ghost ever told me a lie.—Boston Transcript.

HIS LAST WORDS.

Father—Have you anything to say before I whip you, Bobby?

Bobby—Yes, sir; it's going to hurt me worse than it does you.—Puck.



"The boss at the quarry bet Tim he couldn't drink four quarts av phwisky in many hours."

"And did Tim win th' bet?"

"He did."

"And thin phwat did he do?"

"He wint off and got dhrunk."

His Little Joke.

A gentleman walking along the streets of London on a recent muddy day suddenly stopped and began turning over the mud with the point of his umbrella. He had not been occupied thus for many minutes before a street arab came along, who, after watching the operations for a short time, broke out with: "I say, gov'nor, what are you looking for?"

The gentleman looked up and quietly remarked: "I'm looking for a sovereign, my boy."

"You are, eh? Then I'm with you, gov'nor," and the urchin fell to scraping in the mud with his fingers for all he was worth. Soon a second boy came along, asked the same question, received the same answer and fell to in the same manner. Then a third, a fourth and a fifth appeared, and so on, until quite a large crowd joined in the search and kept at it with amazing perseverance.

At last, when every available scrap of mud within a radius of at least five yards had been turned over two or three times, the crowd began to grow restless and the first boy turned to the gentleman and asked:

"I say, gov'nor, where did you lose that sovereign?"

"My boy," remarked the gentleman, calmly, as he walked away, "I have not lost any sovereign. I never said I had. I was merely looking for one."—London Titbits.

RIGHT.

Schoolteacher—What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?

Bobby—I kin, please.

Schoolteacher—Well, Bobby?

Bobby—The home of the swallow is the stummick.—Tit-Bits.

ANOTHER ON CHICAGO.

The Philadelphian—Isn't the mud on this street a trifle deep?

Chicagoan (proudly)—Deep? It is the deepest mud on any paved street in the world.—Indianapolis Press.

NOT A POWER.

"Have you never had an ambition to take rank among the European powers?"

"No," answered the Sultan of Turkey, "my Government is perfectly content to drift along and be tolerated as one of Europe's little weaknesses."—Washington Star.

WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

Mamma—Now, go and say good-night to your governess, like a good little girl, and give her a kiss.

Little Puss—I'll say good-night, but I won't give her a kiss.

Mamma—That's naughty! Why won't you give her a kiss?

Little Puss—Because she slaps people's faces when they try to kiss her.

Mamma—Now, don't talk nonsense, but do as you're told.

Little Puss—Well, mummy, if you don't believe me—ask papa!—Punch.

DREARY.

In the parais ward a venerable old man accosted us.

"What a dreary world this would be," he fervently exclaimed, "if miss did not rhyme with kiss and kisses with Mrs.!"

Then he rung our hand and turned away.

Upon inquiry we learned that the man had been a humorous poet whom the luxurious living incidental to his calling had driven mad.—Exchange.

CLEVER OLD MAN.

She—Well, Arthur, did you tell dad that little fib about the prospective large salary you confidently anticipated you would soon be earning?

He (gloomingly)—M'yes.

She—Well?

He—He borrowed a couple of pounds on the spot!—Punch.

ALWAYS ALIVE.

New Foreman—Little short of copy, sr.

Editor—Don't you know the standing rule of the office?

New Foreman—No, sir; what is it?

Editor—When short of copy always run the portrait of the Dowager Empress of China.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

AND WILLIE KNEW.

Little Willie—Paw, is ma a microbe?

Mr. Henpeck—Why, no, Willie. What makes you ask such a question?

Little Willie—Well, the teacher told us that baldness was caused by a microbe.—Baltimore American.

HIS STRANGE ANSWER.

Traveler (in the midst of a story of some length)—Well, you know how you feel when you have a bullet through your shoulder, general?

The General—Yes, bored! (Traveler is left in painful doubt.)

THE SITUATION.

The author—I wish I had time enough to write a good book.

His friend—Why not take it?

The author—Can't afford to. I am too busy writing successful ones.—Life.

AWFUL.

"These Boxers must be terrible people."

"Yes. They couldn't act much worse if they were trying to civilize another country."—Life.



Up-to-date Stork—How is this for a necktie?

NO ALTERNATIVE.

"That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Mollie," said the mistress. "What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?"

"Shure, ma'am," replied Mollie, "I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



WHAT CAUGHT HER EYE.

Flora—How could you ever fall in love with such a homely man? His figure is something awful.

Dora—Yes, but he has a lovely one at the bank.