

A Born Diplomat.

Diplomacy in the affairs of a nation is nothing more than an extension of tact in social life. One day last week a giant of a colored man took a load of coal to a residence on the Cass farm. He was cross and ugly and the good wife who was looking after things at home wanted much at his hands. He had told her that he had three tons to throw off the wagon, had sworn roundly because the sliding door to the barn was hard to open, and he was in open rebellion when she asked him to make a bin in the corner so that the coal would not scatter all over the floor.

"What you take me fo', woman? You am jes' like de boss at de yahd. He done 'clude Ah'm a hoss, a steam injin' an' a tug. Ah do mo' wo'k dan all of 'em put togedda' and den dey's sayin' Nick do dis and Nick do dat till Ah'm ready fo' to dig a ax in 'em. Ah'm no bin bulldah. Ah'm a coal heabah, Ah is. Dat load goes right beah in de centa' of de floah and ef any man comes 'round heah sayin' bin to me Ah'll fiah him frouch de roof."

Not a word back did this little woman say. She went to the house, took the half of a luscious watermelon from the ice box, carried it to the barn and said: "Here, Nick, is some ice-cold melon and here's a big silver spoon. Eat it all, for we have more than we need. It may cool your throat. I do pity any one who has to work so hard this weather. Sorry I spoke about the bin, but I didn't know where to get a man."

Nick's eyes glistened. He tackled the melon before he did the coal, and he ate by the cubic foot. He built the bin. He nailed up a loose window sash and he swept the barn floor. When he returned the spoon to the maid at the back door he had his hat in his hand, while he said:

"Please gib my 'gards to de missus. Tell huh I neber 'joyed nothin' mo' in mah life and say when she done want mo' coal please ask for Nick."—Detroit Free Press.

CHANGED HER MIND.

Lady (in the theater to the playwright whose piece has just been hissed off)—Sir, I took the liberty in the last act to snip off a lock of your hair. I now return it to you.—Fliegende Blaetter.

SOUTHERN DELIGHTS.

"Are you goin' to the literary to-night?"
"Don't know; what's up?"
"Shakespeare an' possum."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE DIFFERENCE OF A LETTER.

"What do you think is your natural vocation?" asked the friend.
"I haven't any," said young Mr. Dawdle. "What I was born with was a natural vacation."—Washington Star.

CRAMPED.

Cobb—I am building a new house.
Webb—Why didn't you have the old one remodeled?
Cobb—Couldn't afford it.—Harper's Bazar.

THE RETURN TRIP.

"Will you have plenty of fresh fruit at that farm where you go, Alice?"
"Yes; Arthur says he will bring a big basketful every night."—Detroit Free Press.

HARD LUCK.

Gallant yachtsman—I think the worst experience I ever had was when we ran out of port in a gale of wind.
His fair friend—Why, I thought sailors always drank rum.—Pick-Me-Up.

CAN'T SUIT 'EM.

"When he hustles they say it's all for effect."
"Yes."
"And when he quiets down they say he's posing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

QUITE ORDINARY.

"Is he a man of much caliber?"
"No; just an old-fashioned smooth bore."—Judge.



A CALL DOWN.

Mrs. Spender—Don't you think, dear, that the way I dress is fetching?
Mr. Spender—Sure; it is gradually fetching me into the bankruptcy court.

MINING CAMP LAUNDERING.

"The complainants thar," said the chairman of the new committee of safety, "say that they come to your shack with a sheet on a pole what they was usin' fer a flag of truce an' you fired on 'em."
"We did," admitted the defendant. "We thought it wuz a black flag."—Indianapolis Press.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

"The sentence of this court," said the Judge, "is that you be condemned to solitary confinement for the term of two years."
"Thanks, Judge. My profoundest thanks!" exclaimed the culprit, with effusive gratitude.
His Honor, detecting the genuineness of the prisoner's appreciation, spontaneously returned:
"I don't know, my friend, but I almost envy you. I am a married man myself."—Richmond Dispatch.

HIS ASSETS.

"Yassir," said the colored citizen, with a wave of his hand toward the cabin, "I's done broke. I reckon I's whut dey calls a bankrupt."
"What are your assets?"
"Lemme see. Dar's me an' de three boys an'—"
"You misunderstand. Your assets are what you have hopes of realizing money on."
"Dat's what I's gettin' to. My assets ain' nuffin' but fo' votes an' a mule."—Washington Star.

CAUTIOUS MAN.

Brown—Did you notice what a black eye Smith had?
Robinson—I saw it, but I make it a rule never to notice such things.—Boston Transcript.

NOT MADE FOR USE.

"What was the cause of the latest quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Bickers?"
"Mrs. Bickers caught her husband lying on one of her sofa cushions."—Harper's Bazar.

FORGOT WHICH.

Johnny—Pa, what is the difference between a walker and a pedestrian?
Pa—One has corns and wears tight shoes, but I forget which one it is.—Boston Transcript.

HIS FIRST CELEBRATION.

"This month I celebrate my twenty-fourth birthday."
"That's odd—so do I."
"But I celebrate mine for the first time."—Heltere Welt.

HAD TO GIVE WAY.

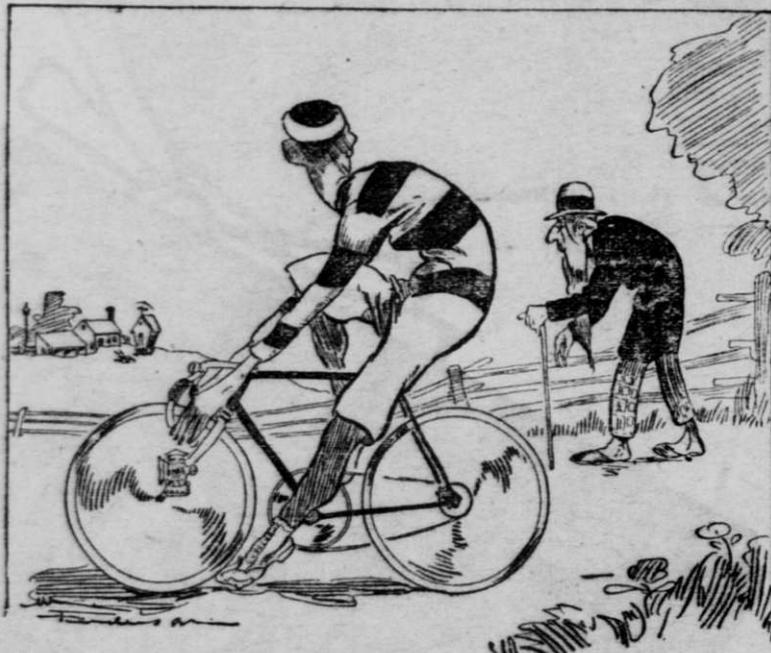
"Have your summer vacation plans matured yet, Billy?"
"Oh, yes; they had to be sidetracked on account of some summer notes that also matured."—Indianapolis Journal.

AN EASY ONE.

Great Actor—I propose making a farewell tour of the provinces. What play would you advise?
Critic—"Much Adieu About Nothing."—Detroit Journal.

NOT EXACTLY.

When a man drinks like a fish it doesn't follow that he's in the swim.—Philadelphia Record.



PROBABLY.

Wheeler—Gracious! I wonder if I'll ever get so old as to look like that?



THE WAGES OF HYPOCRISY.

She—If I had known you swore, I'd never have married you.
He—This is what I get for being a hypocrite.