

HUMOR

WHY HE WANTED THE MONEY.

The Horrors of a Homemade Haircut

Confronted Him.

"Why, no," said Mr. Peck, the grocer,

in a surprised tone, in reply to Benny

Loobumper's request, "I haven't any

work I can give you just now. How is

you are asking for something to do?

A well dressed boy like you does not

often ask for an odd job."

"Oh, sir," replied Benny, "if you but

knew how anxious I am to earn a quar-

ter you would surely give me a few er-

rands to perform."

"You can't be hungry, can you?"

"Oh, no, sir. I have had my usual

number of meals so far today."

"Do you want to give it to a poor

widow or to a blind man?"

"No, sir. I do not now recall any

such poor unfortunates."

"Do you want to put it in the mission-

ary box?"

"No, sir. My parents provide me with

money for that purpose."

"You want to go to the minstrel show,

perhaps?"

"You have not yet guessed my need of

the money, sir."

"Then what in the world do you want

it for?"

"Oh, sir," replied the distressed boy,

"my mother said she would cut my hair

after supper tonight, and I am extreme-

ly anxious to let the barber perform the

work before that time."

"My poor boy," replied the grocer,

deeply moved, "come right in. I'll give

you a quarter's worth of errands to run."

Which he did.—William Henry Siviter

in Harper's Bazar.

How He Managed.

A young man living in Detroit started

out to rent a flat, but at every place

advertised he was met by the question,

"How many children?" As soon as he

answered he was told that he could not

have the flat, as children were consid-

ered a nuisance.

Tired out he approached the last on

the list.

"How many in the family?" asked the

landlord.

"Two—just two," was the ready an-

swer.

The landlord was much pleased and

at once drew up a lease, and the next

day the family moved in, and were

angrily settled when the angry landlord

came tearing up the stairs.

"What—what is this, sir? You have

cheated and deceived me. You told me

there were only two in the family."

"Yes, and I told you the truth—a

family of two children."

"But you didn't say children."

"And you didn't ask me. What con-

stitutes a family, I should like to know,

if it isn't the children. You should be

more explicit in your questions, my

friend."

The landlord raved and fumed, but it

was too late, and it made him more

angry to know that he had set the trap

he fell into with his own hands.—Detroit

Free Press.

A Prisoner.

Briggs—I got myself in a horrible

predicament at my boarding house the

other day. I put on my bath robe and

started down two flights of stairs to the

bathroom, and do you know I had to

stay there most all day?

Griggs—Why, you weren't overcome

by taking a bath, were you?

Briggs—No; but I accidentally spilled

some water on the bath robe, and the

thing shrunk up so that I didn't dare

venture out.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Unaffected Interest.

Mrs. Hawkins is a kind hearted woman,

and would not deliberately hurt any

one's feelings, but the other day a mo-

ment of absentmindedness betrayed her

into a sad blunder.

"Yes, Mrs. Hawkins," said young Mr.

Brunley, "I was very ill. They were

afraid of my losing my mind."

"Oh, and did you, Mr. Brunley?"

asked Mrs. Hawkins with cordial inter-

est.—Youth's Companion.

At a Five o'Clock Tea.

Miss Ettie Kette—Mr. Sippi, how many

lumps will you have in your tea?

Mr. Sippi—I should like two, please.

Miss Ettie Kette—Mr. Jackpot, how

many for you?

Mr. Jackpot (absentmindedly)—I'll

stand.—Harvard Lampoon.

Different with Him.

"Yes," said the landlady, after a fruit-

less search for her guest's silk umbrella,

"I thought it had been stolen, and now I

am satisfied that it was."

"You may be satisfied," replied the

guest dryly, "but I'm blest if I am."—

Boston Transcript.

No Use for It.

Dealer—Now, here's a cigar you will

like: I smoke this cigar myself.

Buyer—You do? Show me something

else.—Harper's Weekly.

Nothing Gained.

Ethel—Do you think we ought to

marry yet awhile on so little money?

Ernest—The governor has promised to

increase my allowance when I marry.

Ethel—Yes, but mamma will cut mine

off when I do.—New York Herald.

Miserly.

The man who was so mean that he sat in

the back pew in church to save the interest

on his cent while the contribution box was

coming around has at last found a rival.

This man, it is declared, took his supper

a little later each night.

"Now, why does he do that?" some one

asked in surprise who did not know him

very well.

"Why, so that presently his supper will

come after 12 o'clock, and then he'll call it

his breakfast and save one meal!"—Youth's

Companion.

Honeymoon Cookery.

"And so my little wife cooked this all

herself? What does she call it?"

"Well, I started it for bread, but after

it came out of the oven I concluded to

better put sauce on it and call it pudding."

—Life.

Religion and Fried Chicken.

A well known southern divine has in his

congregation an old colored man who has

great confidence in the doctor's study.

"Sense me, sah," he said, "but I've

come to talk wid you on a pint dat pester

me a powerful sight."

"What is it, uncle?" inquired the doctor

kindly.

"Well, sah, I've been gwine to yo' chu'ch

for a long time an been a-tryin to do de

right."

"Yes, uncle, you have been very faith-

ful."

"I hope so, sah, but hit's been mighty

hard wuk sometimes, an de ole serpent

keeps a quill an quill round me tell he

most smunders de bref outen me."

"What's wrong now?"

"Hits dem chickens of Kunnel Brown's,

sah. De coop he keeps um in butts up

agin de lot I've libbin on an de pallin's off

de fence, so dat dey gets ober in my gar-

den. Dey's fat and sassy, sah, and dey's

gittin long ter dat age what you kin mighty

high smell um fryin, an I hain't tasted

chicken dis yeh. I've powerful fond of

my 'ligion, sah, an it's comfertin to me

but, sah, human nacher can't stan ebery

ting, sah, an I spec ef de kunnel don't

take dem chickens away bef' de plum

ready to fry, my 'ligion's gwine ter slide

out from in under me, sho! 'Ligion is a

powah, sah, but dar's sumpin satisfyin

about a fat chicken dat 'ligion can't sup-

ply, an ef you tell de kunnel my feelins

on de subjick, sah, p'raps he'll take dish

yer great temptation away from me, sah,

and wallop de ole serpent, sah, right in

his tracks. Sense me, sah, but I ain't axin

too much, is I?"

The doctor had the chickens removed.—

Detroit Free Press.

Too Much Attention.

Railway ticket agents are not the only

people annoyed by foolish questions. A

Vermont farmer sent a large black hen to

his married daughter, who lives in town

and who wished to keep this present as a

pet. The lady put the hen in a coop within

sight of the street.

Almost immediately the neighbor pass-

ing by said:

"Ah, you have a hen, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the lady.

"Nice black one, isn't it?"

"Yes."

Soon another neighbor came along and

said:

"Why, you have a hen?"

"Yes."

"Just one hen?"

"Yes."

"Coal black, isn't it?"

"Yes."

In a few minutes another acquaintance

came by:

"Well, you have a—"

"Bridget," said the lady to her servant,

"kill the hen for supper."—Youth's Com-

panion.

He Knew How.

"Yes, it's rather a high priced set," as-

ented the clerk at the furniture store

carelessly. "That's what Mrs. Chugwater

reminded when she was here the other

day. She said she would like to have it,

but couldn't afford it. Over here on the

other side of the room, now, I think we

have—"

"I'll take the set," said Mrs. Billus, with

decision.—Chicago Tribune.

Extra Inducement for Him to Win.

Passerby (to Tommy, who has just been

fighting)—Wouldn't your father whip you

if he knew you had been fighting?

Tommy—Well, that depends. If the

other boy licked me pa would lick me, too,

but if I licked the other boy pa would just

say, "I wouldn't fight if I were you, Tom-

my."—Boston Globe.

What She Spent.

Husband—How much did you spend to-

day?

Wife—Seventy-six dollars and seventeen

cents.

Husband (ironically)—Was that all?

Wife (with injured air)—That was all I

had.—New York Weekly.

A Common Case.

"Parker, I'm dead in love."

"Well, why don't you marry?"

"Can't."

"Won't she have you?"

"She? Who said anything about a she?

It's myself I'm in love with."—Harper's

Bazar.

An Unlucky Jewel.

Yabsley—Don't you know that the opal

is an unlucky stone?

Mudra—I guess not. This one has been

my constant companion for five years.

Yabsley—Yes; that is where its hard

luck comes in.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Lottery Business.

Mrs. Enpik—Marriage is only a lottery

anyhow.

Mr. Enpik—Hardly. A man does get a

prize sometimes in a lottery.—Detroit Free

Press.

A Sad Case.

"Why does Bikers talk so much?"

"He has to talk a great deal before he

says anything."—Chicago News-Record.

A Failing of the Impetuous.

"Is Mr. Petersby rich?"

"I don't think so. He wears too good

clothes."—Exchange.

The Game of Pedigree Building.

Professor Milne Murray, lecturing be-

fore the British association on the sub-

ject of pedigrees, "struck oil," to my

thinking, in an equally amusing and in-

structive sense. "Why," asked the

professor, "should we not seek to build

up our pedigree on the basis that we

had two parents, four grandparents,

eight great-grandparents, and so on.

Consequently, if we took into account

the twenty-five generations that had

elapsed since the conquest, instead of

being descended from somebody who