



Under the Spreading Oak

AN ICE CREAM DAY.

Hans Sobert Tells About His Sensations in Springtime.

Hans Sobert, the philosophical Dutchman, stood at the corner of Bluff road and Abbott boulevard the other morning. He was in his go-to-meetin' clothes and wore a smile of Fort Lee happiness and content.

"Well, Hans, this is one glorious day," suggested a "Palisadian" man. "Vell, didt you expectd to findt two days to-day?" he replied. "One vas goot enough for me. Dis spring pissness iss verry excitement to my admiration. Id gifs me more bleasure as neffer vas. I likdt der see der children all tressed oop fern der Sunday School, und der drees all plooming mit green leafs, unded der birds singin likdt dey vould split der liddle throats, under der crass all green mit idself, unded der hyacindths smelling so sweetd by der garten, und der wioleds so plue dat dey loog likd der paby's eyes, unded der cool vinds plowing droo the drees, und efferyding so sweetd und peautifull dot by my geeminetty vonce! I feel like yumpin' mit gleefulness. Say, do you know vots der pest ding in der vorltdt?" he asked, with a look of pleasure in his eyes.

"No, what is it, Hans?"

"Peing alive on a day like diss. Ids der greadest joyfulness ve haf. Vedder like diss iss der ice cream of der human heartd, belief me."

TALE OF THREE GIRLS.

Also the Tale of Kisses that Goes with the Story.

John Davidson, of New Orleans, who was visiting his aunt in Palisade, Mrs. Charles T. Logan, loves a good story. Among the good things he left behind was this:

Three girls, one in her teens, another in her twenties, and the third an old maid. They went to a party one night, all three remaining in the same house. They agreed to tell each other at the breakfast table the next morning how many kisses each one got the night before, and each to use the word "morning," to indicate how many times they had been kissed.

When the girl of seventeen came down to breakfast, she said:

"Good morning! Nice morning this morning."

Then the girl of twenty-two came down, and as she came in, said:

"Good morning, this morning! Nice morning this morning. I hope to-morrow morning will be as nice a morning as this morning."

When the old maid came down she put her head in the door and said:

"Hello!"

—Mrs. Kate Vassault, formerly editor of the "Delineator," was a guest of Mrs. Telford Sunday, April 30.

Lucky All Around.

"Oh, Mr. Murphy," exclaimed Mrs. Halligan, stopping him as he tried to slip by, "did you hear how the drawings turned out at the fair last night?"

"No," he replied, resignedly. "Who won?"

"Now wait till I tell you. Who do you think won the first prize?"

"I don't know. Who?"

"My little girl, Katie. Wasn't she lucky?"

"Indeed, and she was."

"And who do you think won the second? My little boy, Willie. Wasn't he lucky?"

Mr. Murphy didn't say anything.

"And, Mr. Murphy, who do you think won the third prize? You'd never guess." She was right. He couldn't.

"I did myself, Mr. Murphy. Wasn't I lucky?"

"You were all lucky, I'm thinking, Mrs. Halligan. By the way," he remarked after a moment, "did I ever pay you for the chances I took?"

"Why, no, Mr. Murphy; that reminds me, you didn't."

"Wasn't I lucky?"—Exchange.

The Whole Family Twins.

In a little Maryland village is a pair of twins. The community is small enough for one pair of twins to monopolize the entire public attention for quite a while. The slightest event in these twins' otherwise commonplace lives was proclaimed from house-tops.

One little neighbor child was admitted to the sacrosanct one day, and afterward proudly boasted to its own mother:

"I seen th' twinnies get them's dinner."

"You did? Where did they get it?"

"Out of a dwess."

"Who gave it to them?"

"Mrs. Twin."—Baltimore Evening Sun.

Realism in Art.

A local painter spent three months on a painting. He spent a good deal of money on models, but the finished product justified all his expenditures and all his time. Everybody told him so, when his picture was exhibited.

Everybody but one. The lady whose opinion he valued most was the one he took to the exhibition with him. "I can hardly wait," she bubbled.

"Which is your picture?"

"This one," he told her—and waited. She studied it critically.

"What is it called?" she wanted to know.

"Wood Nymphs."

"How silly of me to ask! They're so natural. Why, anybody would think they were really made of wood!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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