

## THE MISPLACED STRAW.



1—Mr. Inkstinger—Here, Johnny, run and get me a glass of lemonade. It's terribly warm.



2—Here's a nickel for you.



3—Ah! There's nothing like a cold lemonade on a warm day.



4—Ha! Ha! That is the funniest joke I ever saw.



5—Ha! Ha! Ha!



6—!!!!

## GRANT'S COUNCIL OF WAR.

He Never Said a Word, Just Sat and Smoked.

"In one respect Grant," said Col. McFall, of St. Louis, who served with him before Vicksburg, "was a source of great worry to the commanding officers taking part in his councils of war," quotes an exchange.

"This came from his reticence during the councils, and his prompt individual action afterward. Grant would sit and listen to all the others had to say, smoking his cigar and occasionally taking a drink as this hospitable refreshment might be passed around. Then, when the talk was all over and every one had expressed his opinion as to what should be done, Grant would leave the tent and go to Rawlins, his chief of staff, and begin issuing orders. No one knew to what decision he had arrived, and they would have no idea what the next movement was to be until their orders were received. Especially to Gen. John A. Logan, who commanded the division of which my regiment was a part, after McPherson was killed, was this trait of Grant's a trial.

"—It all! Logan would say in his impetuous way, 'if Grant would only give us some idea of what he was thinking about! But no, he just listens without a word and then, when we have told all we know and think, off he goes to Rawlins, and that's the last we see or hear of him until his orders for the next movement come to us.'"

## Not His Worst.

"Do your worst!" she whispered hoarsely. His heart failed him.

"Do your worst!" The fateful words rang in his ears and he was just as anxious as his wife to get rid of the company who had called, but he concluded at the last moment to do only his worst but one.

Accordingly he played, but did not sing.—Detroit Tribune.

## SOMETIMES.



Jack—When is a vessel like a bad pastry cook?  
Helen—I don't know.  
Jack—When she makes heavy rolls.

## How He Took It.

An exchange tells a story of a Scotch minister whose physician ordered him to drink beef tea. The next day, when the doctor called, the patient complained that the beef drink made him sick.

"Why, sir," said the doctor, "that can't be. I'll try it myself."

As he spoke he poured some of the tea into a skillet and set it on the fire. Then, having warmed it, he tasted it, smacked his lips and said:

"Excellent, excellent!"

"But," said the minister, "is that the way you sup it?"

"Of course. What other way should it be supped? It's excellent!"

"It may be good that way, doctor, but try it w' cream and sugar, man. Try it w' that and see hoo ye like it."

## He Knew His Relatives.

A well-known Brooklyn contractor who died recently came from a family of Irishmen noted for their quarrelsome dispositions. His lawyer was somewhat surprised when he read his will to come across a clause reading:

"If any relatives fight over this will when I am dead, I will write a codicil that will make their heads swim."—New York Journal.

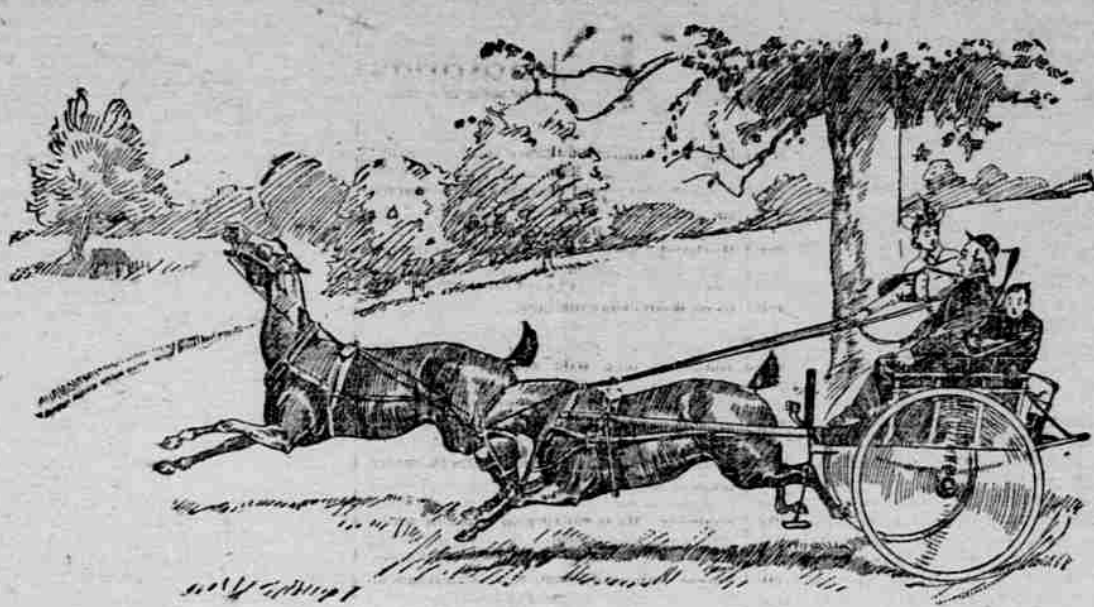
## Foresight.

"I understand you are playing the races," said his employer. "We cannot permit that, you know."

"But I am on the inside," explained the clerk. "I always win—nearly."

"That's just what we're kicking on. First thing we know you will have enough money ahead to feel that you want a raise in salary."—Indianapolis Journal.

## COMING TO A FULL STOP.



Driver of Bolting Tandem (to rector, who has accepted a lift across the park): "All right, Mr. Portley—don't be frightened! The sunk fence is sure to stop 'em!"

—Punch.

## HAD BEEN THROUGH THE MILL.

Working for Jersey Farmers Had No Attraction for the Tramp.

When a healthy but hard-up looking man struck me for a dime as I crossed City Hall park the other afternoon, I said to him:

"Why do you hang around New York and live in this way, when you could at least earn your board and clothes out in the country?"

"In which direction, for instance?" he asked.

"Why, go over among the Jersey farmers. They must want help this time of year."

"Do you know anything about the Jersey farmers?"

"Not much; but some of them would surely give you board and lodging to dig potatoes or husk corn."

"They would, eh?" he smiled. "My friend, don't you bank on the Jersey farmer if you don't want to get left. I've known him for these last ten years. See this scar on my head? D'ye notice that I limp in my walk? See how my nose has been broken? If I dared to peep off here I could show you the scars of twenty different dog bites."

"Is the Jersey farmer to blame?" I asked.

"You are dead right he is!" was the reply. "I'll take my chances with trolley cars, police, bicycles, mad dogs, runaways, cloudbursts and cyclones, but I don't want to run up ag'in no Jersey farmer."

"What's wrong with him?"

"I never stopped to find out. Indeed, I never had time to stop. About the time I got through the gate and had my tale of woe worked up the Jersey farmer and the Jersey bulldog made it their business

## Trials of a Teacher.

The school teacher is very poorly paid for his wearisome work of imparting wisdom to his pupils. If many of his pupils are like the one described in the following dialogue, the boy found it difficult to understand simple arithmetic.

Teacher—Suppose, Fritz, you have a stocking on one foot, and you put another stocking on the other foot; how many would you have on both feet?

Boy—I never wear no stockings.

Teacher—Suppose your father has one pig in a pen, and he buys another pig and puts it in the pen, how many pigs will there be in the pen?

Boy—Dad don't keep no pigs.

Teacher—Suppose you have a heavy sigh from his tired lips, wiped the perspiration from his scholastic brow, and went at it again with renewed courage.

Suppose you have one jacket, and at Christmas your father makes you a present of another jacket, how many jackets will you have then?

"He ain't that kind of a father. He never gives nothin' on Christmas."

Suppose your mother gives you one apple, and you have one already, what will you have then?

Stomach ache. Our apples are cookin' apples."

The teacher was not the man to be discouraged at trifles. He began to suspect that the boy was not well up in arithmetic, but he resolved to make one more effort, so he said:

"If a poor little beggar boy has a cake, and you give him one more, how many will he have?"

"I dunno. I eat my own cakes."

Then the teacher told the children to go out and play.—Texas Sittings.

## A Kind Husband.

Wife, dear, I have just bought you two bottles of extra old Barolo for your birthday.

"But you know very well I never drink wine."

"Well, then, I'll drink it myself to your good health."—Tid Bits.

## Earning an Honest Penny.

Miss Lily nestles familiarly on the lap of a young gentleman who has been paying his addresses to her big sister all through the springtime of this year.

"Tell me, sir, are you well off?"

"Yes, my little pet."

"Are you very well off?"

"Why, what difference can it make to you whether I am rich or not?"

"You see my big sister said yesterday that she would give twenty francs to know if you were well off, and I should like to earn the money."—Tid Bits.

## Impossible.

Magistrate—Prosecutor accuses you of having bitten his hand.

Prisoner—That is impossible, sir; I am a vegetarian.—New York World.

## A Great Success.

Sawley—Snuggs says he is a failure as far as success is concerned.

Criffs—In other words, he's a success as far as failure is concerned.—Boston Courier.

## Many More.

Blizzard—It is wonderful how many things we have to take on trust in this life.

Impecun—Yes, a great many more than we can get on trust.—Truth.

## A PARDONABLE ERROR.



Lieutenant: "Here, little chappie, give me a light, will you?" "Good heavens! Our colonel's wife!"

—Fliegende Blätter.

to jump me over the fence and run me into the next county. Why, I've been found dead on the Jersey highways fourteen different times, and there's no giving figures on the limps I've been mortally wounded! No, sir—ee! Tell me to go to Halifax if you feel a friendly interest in me, but don't try to work no Jersey farmer job on the undersigned!—Detroit Free Press.

## Unanswerable.

"What rot this term is!" Cleveland hasn't said he wants it."

"Nope. Ever hear a girl at a party offer to play a piano?"

"No."

"Ever hear one say she couldn't, 'r she had a sprained finger, 'n so on?"

"Yes."

"What'll you take?"—N. Y. Recorder.

## Right You Are.

"D'you reckon it's true," asked Mosey Wraggs, rolling a little further in the shade of the tree as the sunshine caught up with him, "that every feller's got iron in his blood?"

"'Course it's true," said Tufford Knott, shifting his quid to the other cheek.

"Then it must be scrap iron that's in Jim Corbett's blood," rejoined the other, yawning dimly.—Chicago Tribune.

## Love.

Cynic—Love blinds a man.

Chaplin—Not if he happens to be a girl's father instead of her lover.—Truth.

Happy Thought.

She (on the evening of the wedding day): "Oh, Harry, just look what a large piece of wedding cake has been left! Whatever shall we do with it?"

He—I'll tell you what, my dear. I'll send it to the night watchman at our works; then I will be sure he won't sleep to-night.—Staatsanzeiger.

The Doctor's Advice.

"Have you no pen and ink?" said a doctor to a poor woman, whose boy he was attending.

"No."

"Well, I have lost my pencil; give me a bit of chalk."

The doctor chalked a prescription on the door, telling her to give it to her son when he awoke.

"Take it, my boy, take it," said the old woman, lifting the door from its hinges and carrying it to the poor boy when he opened his eyes. "I don't know how you are going to do it, but the doctor says it is good and you had better try to bolt it."—Spare Moments.

"Bike" It Is.

A sensitive stickler for the eternal fitness of things objects in print to the word "bike," because it is not a contraction of the word for which it is used. He is in favor of "bice" or "cike" if there must be an abbreviation. It is "bike," and bike it will remain despite its ugliness and its conflict with the proprieties.—Boston Herald.

## A Box of Bonbons.

I sent my sweet a box of bonbons rare, Cupid's confections, colored pink and green.

Molded in curious shapes with skillful care, Rich as the dainties of an Eastern queen.

Alas, the confits lasted but a day, I was forgotten when she threw the box away.

I sent my Rose gay flowers to grace her room, Having the whispered prayer beneath each leaf.

Perchance her pleasure in the pansy's bloom, Might send a tender thought to my relief.

Again, alas, my fond hopes come to naught, The flowers faded, with them died the thought.

I sent my love my heart—a wounded thing, Glowing with gentle passion deep and true.

Her answer I awaited trembling, Would she accept it, bid me live anew?

She, laughingly, took my heart and broke it, spilt.

The honest love for her with which 'twas filled.

—L. D. Moore, in the "Idler."

Good Morning! Of course, you read The Evening Times.

## A NEW USE FOR BICYCLE TIRES.



1—Old Lady—Fire! Fire! Fire!



2—Youst—Use moment.



3—Let me hasten his tire to the pump.



4—Now you do the pumping and we'll have it out in a moment.

## HE DID THE FAMILY WASHING.

New York Man Thoroughly Awed by His Wife and a Whip.

The telegraph has already told the fact that Mrs. Catherine McVaine, aged forty, of New York, forced her husband to do the family washing and ironing. The scene in the police court before which the husband was arraigned for objecting to that form of petticoat government is not without a moral.

"What have you to say to your wife's charges?" asked the justice.

"Just this, your honor," said McVaine: "my wife had me arrested because I was man enough to refuse to do the washing and ironing."

"What?" exclaimed Justice Ryan, becoming interested, "you were asked to do the washing?"

"Asked, did you say? Why, your honor, you ain't much acquainted with my wife. She doesn't ask, she commands, and backs up her order with a horse-whip. Only last Thursday I did a whole week's washing, and she stood over me on Friday and Saturday with a horse-whip and made me do all the ironing. And this was only one of a good many times, your honor, that she has done the same thing. She doesn't ask, she doesn't; she just sails right in with that big snake whip o' hers and makes you do it."

"How about that, Mrs. McVaine?" said Justice Ryan, looking at the woman.

"Oh, that's so, what he says," was the reply. "That's all he's good for. I'll tell you, judge, how it was. You see, I can't keep a girl to help me. They won't stay when he's around, and I don't blame 'em. So I just made up my mind I'd get some good out o' him. I told him I wouldn't pay to have the washing done and him loafing

around, and said for him to take hold and do it. 'I won't,' says he. 'Won't yet?' says I, and I got the whip."

"Then he did it?"

"Yes, judge, he did; but it costs more'n it's worth to keep him at it."

"And so you want him punished?"

"Yes, judge."

"Well, we'll try him with a month and see if it will help him."

"Thank you, judge," and Mrs. McVaine whisked out of court, well pleased, and Alexander went down to prison.

## His Best Purveyor.

"Stay!" The grim spectre held his poised dart in the air.

"You don't want to take me," the sick man feebly expostulated.

"And why not?" death grimly responded.

"Because," said the invalid, a gleam of hope sliding into his face, "because I am the man who peddles the street ice cream to children."

The arch enemy lowered his dart and yawned humbly.

"Pardon me," he said, "I did not know I was troubling one of my best friends."—Rockland Tribune.

## No More Risks.

St. Peter—Walk right in Mrs. Flattie, you are expected.

Mrs. Columbus Flattie (of New York, hesitatingly)—Ah—yes, certainly! By the way, are those clouds asbestos?—Judge.

## Appreciation of Ruts.

"This place," observed the guide, showing his American visitor through the noddily castle, "is over 600 years old."

"Is that all?" said the American, sniffing the air incredulously. "It smells older."—Chicago Tribune.

## ANOTHER KIND.



She—Is it true that Reggy is dabbling in stock?  
He—Yes; his father sent him to Texas.

## In the Park.

The gardens and the cycle paths  
A close resemblance bear.  
For now the flower-beds are clothed  
With blooming plants so fair;

While o'er the winding wheeling course  
Devotees of the fad—  
On graceful "bikes" fair maidens speed  
Likewise with bloomers clad.

—William Girard Chapman, Jr., in Judge.

## Alabama Editorial Bites.

The Greenville Advocate force surrounded two large water melons the other day and were happy. After effects not reported.—Mobile News.

## The Worst We Have Seen.

Poor Valkyrie! And they say her noble owner was furious. We wonder if he has Duraven yet.—Philadelphia Record.

Razor-Back Hogs.

Bill Nye and a friend were one day traveling by rail through the south and were looking out at the country they passed. Suddenly a razor-back hog of the most pronounced type burst out of the bushes beside the road, ran along a little way and disappeared.

In a little while another hog did the same thing. Nye saw them. "John," said he to his friend, "there goes the other half of that hog."

You'll hear any number of those "razor-back" hog stories when you go down to the Atlanta Exposition. The one that is really the best is about the Northern man who saw one of the graceful animals rubbing himself against a tree. "Fleas!" said he to a native. "Oh, no," said the native, "he's strapping himself."

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## THE TABLES TURNED.



Uncle Sam: "Have you any more records that need smashing?"

—Chicago Times-Herald.