

SHE LET HIM DOWN EASY.



Wife—Oh, Tom, mother has sent the splendid trunk full of sister Annie's dresses.
Tom—Oh, how kind.



Wife—Yes, and there are two lovely hats.



Tom—I won't have to buy you anything for a year. Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!



Wife—And I forgot to say that she'll be here to-morrow to spend a month.



"I guess he's not much of a lawyer."
"Why?"



Wife—I understand Miss Goodgirl, the Sunday-school teacher, is dead. What was the trouble?
Tom—She ate some of the candy that was hung on the Christmas tree.

THERE WAS A TUSSEL.

On the crest of Clinch Mountain, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I came to a settler's cabin, and the settler sat on a log by the door, with the dead body of a wildcat at his feet. He was a man over 50 years of age, and his shirt hung in strings and tatters and his face was scratched and bleeding. On the doorstep, ten feet away, sat his wife, who was a woman about 30 years of age. Her hair was torn in three or four places, and she was holding a rag to her husband's nose. Both bowed to me as I came up, but nothing was said to me as I sat down. "So you've killed a wildcat?" I queried after a bit.

"Yes," replied the man, as he gave the body a push with his foot. "She's a pretty big one."
"Yes, pretty hefty."
"And she made a hard fight of it, I judge?"

"No. She was up a tree, and I swung down at four o'clock. No, she didn't make no fight at all. Hadn't no time to make a fight."
"I thought from the looks of both of you that there had been an awful tussle."

"So that's his, stranger—so that's his," replied the old man as he drew a long breath, "but the cat was dead afore the tussle took place. I killed her about a mile away and I brought her home to skin her and sell the pelt for whisky and ter-backer."

"And I wanted to sell it fur snuff and 'lasses," said the woman.
"I was not," said the husband.
"And I was sotter," added the wife.
"And then the awful tussle took place and lasted an hour, and hasn't been decided yet. We've been drinking water thar's a spring, and you'd better sit along and leave us to settle this yere tuss by ourselves!"

I got a drink of water and returned the kind to its pet and went on my way. When I had gone about forty rods I heard yells and whoops and realized that the conflict had been renewed but it was not for me to return. It was clearly a family fight, and though it was none of my business which whipped, I felt somewhat elated as I noticed that the wife yelled twice when she whooped once, and was probably getting the best of it. —Detroit Free Press.

A Philadelphia Spectacle.

Next door to the office of a popular magistrate in a central portion of the city there is a small tailor shop which has this sign in the window: "Trousers pressed while you wait." Quite a number of politicians frequent the magistrate's office, and they often drop into the tailor shop to have the "bags" taken out of the trousers. One day last week Select Councilman "Tommy" Ryan and a number of up-country delegates were sitting in the tailor's back room while their respective pantaloons were being ironed.

Representative John H. Boy, who is forever on the lookout to play a practical joke, passed the door of the shop and took in the situation at a glance. Mr. Boy raised his mighty forbidding voice in one wild cry of "fire!" The effect was instantaneous and startling. Mr. Ryan, the first to dash through the shop door, was clothed, as to his sash and extremities, in flaming scarlet. Two of the country politicians were gray and white, but the third wore, beside the startled look upon his face, not much of anything. His "dressed" shirt was pretty long, but it did not prevent the few pedestrians on the street from seeing his bare knees. The effect together with fright. When the victims realized the trick that had been played upon them they scurried back to shelter. —Philadelphia Record.

On the Bridge.

I stood on the Bridge at midnight
And tried to get into a cab,
Supper was waiting in Brooklyn,
But I couldn't get that far!

The moon rose over the city,
Which is to be Greater New York,
With the help of Dublin and Pesen,
Hamburg, Naples, and Cork.

How often, oh, how often,
I thought, have I tried to get
Home in a Bridge car to Brooklyn,
And haven't succeeded yet!

They also serve who are standing
And waiting, the poet has said:
Would the Bridge Trustees be standing
And waiting here, in my stead!

And that I might serve the city,
The Greater that is to be,
By loading them on a junk scow
And starting them out to sea!

A Wife's Care.

A couple of New York ladies were conversing about one thing and another, after the manner of women.

"Mrs. Sampley has not been to see me in a long time," remarked one of the ladies.

"She hasn't got time to make calls. She has to take care of and look with her husband all the time."

"I didn't know that he was sick."

"Of course, he isn't sick. On the contrary, he is in the enjoyment of the best of health. If he was sick she wouldn't have to watch him all the time." —Tannan's Times.

Not to His Taste.

Mr. H. is the coroner in a thriving town not a thousand miles from Washington, and he frequently runs in to put in a day with his friends at the capital. Saturday night he dropped in at an up-town cafe, and in a private room found a couple of friends seated at a small table.

"Join us in a glass of claret," said one.

"Claret is not just the drink for my business," replied H.

"How's that?" asked his friend.

"No-body in it," said H.

He got whisky. —Washington Star.

Why She Had Three.

Mistress—"I told you that I did not want you to have any more male callers in the kitchen." —Yes'm."

Mistress—"Last night you were entertaining three policemen."

Domestic—"Yes'm. I had them there so as to keep the others out." —New York Weekly.

All Living.

"How's business since you moved out in the suburbs?" asked a friend of an undertaker he met in the city.

"Dead slow," was the undertaker's reply.

"Aren't there many people living there?"

"Yes, that's the trouble; they are all living there." —Yonkers Statesman.

Her Weakness.

Mrs. Sharpington (to servant): "There, Jane! Now you've dropped that valuable old china dish and smashed it."

Servant: "I'm sorry, mum, for I have a weakness for old china."

Mrs. Sharpington (sarcastically): "Yes, you certainly don't seem strong enough to carry it." —Fun.

The Greater Task.

Bligg: "Pushleigh deserves great credit for his success in life. He rose from a poor boy."

Rigg: "Does he, indeed? Let me tell you that Hurlington deserves far more credit. He rose from a rich boy." —Roxbury Gazette.

Not Sitting.

She: "You caught cold at the opera last night. You must have been sitting in a draft."

He: "Impossible; there was nothing but standing room when I got there." —Yonkers Statesman.

Particular About Trifles.

"The will," continued the family lawyer, "closes with these beautiful words: 'Let the good I do be burned with my bones.'"

"Ah," sighed the disinherited son, "father always was particular about trifles." —Truth.

The Sportsman.

"Wiggins is a whole lot of a sportsman, isn't he?"

"Yes, a dead game sportsman."

"A what?"

"Buy most of his name." —Indianapolis Journal.

CHRISTMAS SLEIGHING SONG.

There's a loving lure in the pine cone's ember
When the white frost etches the window pane,
There's a lingering chasm that all re-member
In the tender voice and the lifted strain,
But despite the joys of the dear December
The carol's glamour; the Yule-lop's glow—
I'd rather be where the night winds
Of blow their bugles—a-ho! heigh ho!

Down the valley a-sleighing with Sally
Over the crisp snow!
Forsooth its jolly under the holly
When the feet of the dancers trip in time,
And there's never a touch of melancholy
When the fiddle follows the cello's rhyme,
But for all the fun and for all the toly,
And for all the hanging the mistletoe,
I'd rather be where the night winds
Of blow their bugles—a-ho! heigh ho!

Down the valley a-sleighing with Sally
Over the crisp snow!
Manufacturing a Genius.
"I'm going to return this poem," said the great magazine assistant.
"Why, sir—why?" asked the editor-in-chief.
"Because it's horribly written, badly spelled, and has neither rhyme nor reason in it."

"Fool!" exclaimed the editor-in-chief. "You know not what you do! You have simply discovered a great genius. Send the author a check for \$50 and hand the poem in for illustration!" —Washington Star.

His Bent.

Fond Father—"If that boy of mine has any particular bent I can't find it."

Philosopher—"What experiments have you made to find out?"

"Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam, and a lot of other things carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, chancical, artistic, commercial, or what."

"What did he do with them?"

"Smashed them all up."

"Ah, I see. He is to be a furniture mover." —New York Weekly.

The Doctor's Work.

Friend (to doctor): "You seem frightfully busy of late; regularly run off your legs."

Doctor (thoughtfully): "Yes, it's killing work." —Fun.

He Decided to Buy a Chrono Instead.

1. You want a nice, neat diamond ring, do you? Something for a Christmas present to a young lady, eh?

2. Well, sir, here is something plain, yet attractive, for \$150.

3. If you wish a more expensive one, this handsome gem is worth \$175.

4. This rare beauty will cost you \$235.

5. This stone is cheap, sir, at \$852.

6. Why, what's the matter?

THE DEVIL AND THESEA

As Illustrated in the Case of a Man Expecting a Pension.

"I want to see the head man here," said a determined-looking female at the pension office Friday morning, and she was directed to the commissioner's office. "I live down in Virginia," she told the commissioner, "and four years ago I married a soldier, who came down there from New York. A little while ago his children by his first wife wrote to him that his pension claim was about to go through and he'd better come home."

"Well," questioned the commissioner, as the woman came to a pause. "He went home, and went up to his old home to see him and his family. They had told him to just stay home until his pension claim got through, then he could go back to Virginia. Pretty tough, ain't it?"

"I hardly understand you," said the commissioner. "Why, all they want of him is his pension. When he gets that, so they can get hold of it—then he may go. The idea of turning their poor, dear, old father away the minute they get hold of his pension money! Did you ever see anything so heartless and unnatural in all your born days?"

"Such cases occasionally come to the surface in our office work," was the answer. "Well, I want you to hold on to his pension money until he comes back to me, then I can get hold of it. After that he can go where he pleases and be hanged to him!" —Washington Star.

Loved Sleep Too Well.

Last evening people passing S. Barnum's store on the west side of Kansas avenue noticed a large man sleeping soundly in a large covered spring wagon near the street curb. He was stretched across the seat, and while his position was not a comfortable one the man did not care. His broad chest rose and fell at regular periods, which indicated deep slumber. Occasionally a whining noise like the suppressed grunt of a pig escaped the sleeper. It was a snore, but not of the ceiling destroying kind. A close inspection would have revealed the chubby face of a man well advanced in years, his cheeks covered with a thick growth of short gray hair and his head with an old slouch hat. Then the observer would have been startled to find a strong resemblance to a man who was well known in public life in Kansas not long ago. The man looked like ex-Congressman Ben Glover, and in truth it was he.

Ex-Congressman Glover now drives the reform school wagon, and may be seen on the streets of Topeka every day. He was given the place as a reward for political services rendered in the last campaign. He doesn't know anything about training boys, but Governor Morrill's business administration gave him a job. When Mr. Glover was in Congress he contracted the sleeping habit, and it made him famous. When an important measure was being considered he was wont to steal out in the ante-room and stretch his portly form on the luxurious cushions of a government sofa, and while his colleagues wrestled with some intricate question affecting their constituency Congressman Glover of Kansas slept, and it is said, snored, not softly or gently, but loudly enough to be heard in the adjoining legislative hall. Then Mr. Glover's constituency got angry and elected some one else, and since then he has been compelled to take his naps in less convenient places. Poor people save contracted habits in Congress, but it remained for Congressman Glover to make a departure and become, like Dickens' fat boy, a reformed sleeper. —Topeka Journal.

Mr. Muntz's Office.

A wild-eyed man, with a haunted expression on his face, stood all the morning in front of the empty store on East Main street, where the baby show was held. His name is W. C. Muntz, and he is the man who owns the baby that was adjudged the prettiest of all the infantile beauty which graced the benches at that famous exhibition for the last week. He was waiting ten angry women whose feelings were too good for them. Needless to say, they were the women whose little dears did not get the first prize.

The man with the expression told a Post-Express reporter that he had been accused by the women of having some secret connection with the managers of the show, and winning the prize thereby. They said that he was down there Saturday night, the only man among a crowd of women that he went about with malice aforethought and asked people to vote for his child. This is his crime, most heinous in the eyes of the women who then surrounded by an excited assemblage of fond mamma's, all talking at once. The above statement of the case is the result. Muntz says that he has been adjudged the prize, and should have it. The women say he should not.

"Why?" asked the reporter.

"Why, just," answered twelve voices, "just because."

This reason appeared so sufficient that the reporter was forced to wait until his mind had cleared. Then he asked what they would do if the committee should decide that the prize remain where it is.

"We have been to the Chief of Police, and he said—" Here the tumult ceased, and the women looked at one another. They were not able evidently to tell what the Chief had said. In the mean time the managers of the show gathered and said that there was absolutely no foundation for the charges of the women. They said that they were in a hurry to get out of town, as they had another show in a neighboring place, and wanted to make arrangements. A man had been sent for the Committee of Award, but its components had gone to dinner. The women whose number had been swelled by the arrival of three severe-looking females with blood in their eyes, bunched together like a flock of ducks and eyed the store distressedly, disdainfully, and haughtily. Mr. Muntz, the unhappy owner of the prize baby looked out of the window with feigned carelessness. A low muttering from the back of the hall in the direction of the women floated to the front of the store. At 2:30 o'clock the situation had remained unchanged. A rumor spread abroad that the committee had decided to declare the first prize off. It spread consternation through the breast of Mr. Muntz, who departed hastily in search of the committee. As he left the store he muttered to the reporter:

"I am going to get that prize if I have to face the whole female population of Rochester." —Rochester Post-Express.

An Unfair Advantage.

Speaking of gambling, I once saw three dandies down South who had made a bet of "a quater" each on a horse which could name the two best things to eat.

"They drew straw—to decide which should have the first 'name'."

That one who got the first straw proudly declared:

"Well, gemmen, spring chicken on water-millon is good enough for me."

This made the man of the third straw look somewhat wild, and when the other sailed in and announced:

"You kin fix your possum an' sweet-taters," the other man grabbed the money and ran away, saying: "Youse fools, if you think you gwine tek my money—namin' ever-thin' in de world right fus' clip." —Chicago Times-Herald

Slug Seven's Task.

The Foreman—"It's going to hustle us to get the paper out this week. Slug 7 is bitin' drunk, and he'll stay that way for the next three or four days."

Editor of the Plunkville Bugle—"Ain't he fit for work?"

"Oh, he's willin', but he can't tell one box from another."

Turn him loose on that Scotch dialect story. Nobody will know the difference. —Indianapolis Journal.

Test for a Poem.

The Soulful Girl—"What is the true test of poetry?"

The Poet—"Well, if one can get a poem accepted that is written on both sides of the paper, he can rest assured that it is a good poem."

NOT SUITABLE.



Superintendent—Your services are no longer required.
Brooklyn Meteor—What have I done?
Superintendent—You've only killed one man this year, and your work doesn't give the line enough free advertising. You'll have to get out.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

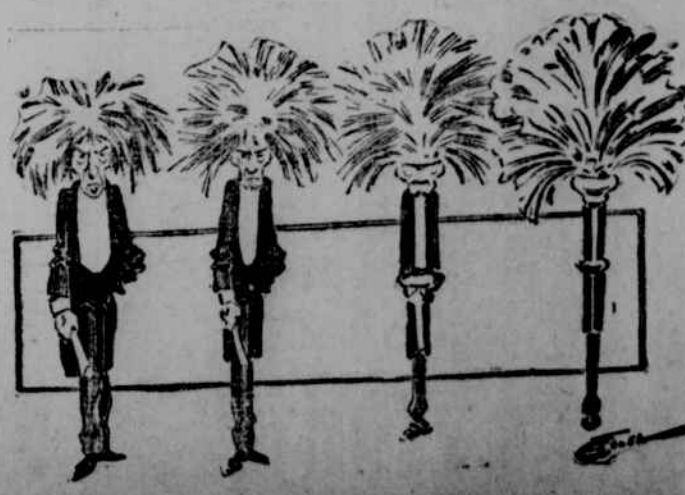


"Yes, sir, I've held one of the highest positions in the gift of the Government."
"I ran the elevator in the Washington Monument."

THE ONLY WAY OUT OF IT.



Wife—I see that a comet is likely to strike the earth and kill us all.
Husband—Well, I hope it comes before that note of mine is due.



BANKRUPTCY UP TO US.