



THE TABARD INN BOOK COMPANY 1302-4 Filbert Street



leaned back with a sigh of relief, when he was aware of a page-boy running along beside the window.
"Well, what do you want?" he asked,

"A few coppers, sir—accordin' to the usual custom, sir," the boy panted. "Why, what did you do?" "If you please, sir," said the boy, "I saw you get into the cab!"—Tit-Bits.

After the Tour.—"Well, Binks, I see you've returned from your thousand-mile tour in New England," said

"Yep," said Binks.

"How did you find the hotels en route?" asked Bjones.

"Hotels?" retorted Binks. "We didn't stop at any hotels. We passed all our nights in the county jails."—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

Sounds Like It.

'Twas man who made the motor car
As sure as you were born;
God made the view along the way,
But the devil made the horn.

—The Tatler.

The Retort Vindictive.—An evangelist says it costs \$545 to save a sinner in New York. Takes ten times that amount to convict one in Washington. -Wall Street Journal.

Going, Going, Gone.—The three degrees in medical treatment—Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill.
—Sacred Heart Review.

Stung.—"You call this cake angel food?" said the harsh husband.
"Yes, dear," said the timid wife, "but if the diet doesn't seem exactly what you want, here are some deviled crabs."—Washington Star.

The Four Weapons.

The brave man tries his sword, the coward his tongue;

The old coquette her gold, her face the young.
—From the Oriental.

He Got His .- An aged coloured man man was engaged in burning the grass off the lawn of a young broker when the latter returned to his home and, thinking to have some fun with the

old man, said:
"Sambo, if you burn that grass, the entire lawn will be as black as you

are."
"Dat's all right, suh," responded the negro. "Some o' dese days dat grass grow up an' be as green as youh are."

Lonesome.—A rich man has gone to jail in Pittsburg rather than pay a \$2 fine; and he is no "village Hampden," either.—Washington Herald.

Maybe he was tired of being separated from his friends.—Florida Times-

Poetry For To-day.

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again,
Price is too big.—Judge.

A Gentle Knock.—A story of extraordinary deafness was recently unfolded at a meeting of a medical society in Philadelphia. An elderly lady, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near exceedingly hard of hearing, lived hear the river. One afternoon a war-saip fired a salute of ten guns. The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the booming ceased. Then she smoothed her dress, brushed back her hair, and said sweetly:

"Come in."—Lippincott's.

Sharing His Fortune.—During the stormy days of 1848, two stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron Anselm Rothschild at Frankfort. "You have millions on m.llions," said they to him, "and we have nothing; you must divide with us."

"Very well; what do you suppose the firm of Rothschild is worth?"
"About forty millions of florins."

"About forty millions, you think, eh? Now, then, there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here's yours."



