



QUIETLY DRESSED.

Jones (to Brown just going down stairs): "Hold on a minute, Brown, till I button this glove and I'll go with you. We'll make a good team, you know."

Brown (who prides himself on his wit): "No, no, Jones; the team would be too much like a horse and an ass."

Jones (very quietly): "What do you mean by calling me a horse, Mr. Brown?"

I jumped out of bed quickly as I could, hoping to get hold of the snake before he could reach the baby. But as soon as I lit off the cussed thing it gave a spring, the baby rolled over on his own nose and yelled like a Fourth of July celebration in a fire-escape, while my wife jumped from the bed, with her hand to her head, where the tail end of the thing had struck her, in a fainting fit. "Well, what did you do for the baby? Did it bite him? Did you put it in alcohol to preserve it?" eagerly inquired the druggist, ceasing to collect the leeches that had escaped from a jar, the top of which he had left off since the beginning of the story.

"Did the snake bite him?" repeated he of the mein of mildness. "Naw! There was no snake about it. It was that guyphangled necklace that I'd been lying on, and the kid had been pulling at. Of course, when my weight was taken from the thing, it came away easier than the boy expected and letting him roll in surprise on his nose, undertook to kill a mosquito on his mother's eyebrow. Put it in alcohol to preserve it! Eh? What do you think I am? I put it in the fire, and the chickens raked it out of the ashes; and I believe they have preserved it as a stock worm, for I've seen them running round the yard all day long after the fortunate or unfortunate bird who might have been deluded,

perhaps for the thirtieth time, into trying to swallow it. But the wife wants ten cents worth of baking soda to make biscuits for luncheon, and I had better hurry back with it."

The druggist directed him to the next corner, raised the price of distilled water, contemplated smashing his collection containing snakes, beetles, scorpions, etc., and went in next door and bought a shave and got change for a bogus shin plaster.

DON FRASER.

HOW HE KNEW IT.

Woman of the World (to youthful admirer): "You seem to know a great deal of married life. Are you married?"

Merritt (with a biased air): "No, but my father is."

Sandy: "I want a cake o' soap, Mr. M'Intosh." Chemist: "I canna let ye hae a cake o' soap e'er th' Sawbath Day, Sandy." Sandy: "But ye sell'd that lassie peppermint drops!" Chemist: "Ay, ye can sook peppermints in the kirk, but ye canna wash yersel' there!" —Family Herald.