

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

And now the housewife is putting up the peaches that her lord and master will later on put down.

He: If I should propose to you what would be the outcome? She: It would depend entirely on the income.

It is one of the worst effects of prosperity that it makes a man a vortex instead of a fountain, so that instead of throwing out he learns only to draw in.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Can it be that Ward McAllister is a "gent"? He writes home from England about buying "pants," and according to good authority the one always wears the other.

"I am told," said the caller, "that your husband is engaged in a work of profane history." "Yes," replied the author's wife; "it certainly sounded that way when I heard him correcting the proofs."

Seedy Stranger: Yes sir; I cut an' slashed an' fit all through the war. Bartender: Have a drink! What fights were you in? "Oh, I wa'n't in no fights; I was a tailor them days in Canada."

Fond Parent: Goodness, how you look, child. You are soaked. Frankie: Please, pa, I fell into the canal. Fond Parent: What, with your new trousers on? Frankie: I didn't have time to take 'e off.

It was a real student of human nature who responded, when asked what sort of people usually came to his boarding house, "Well, some few of 'em's real ladies and gentlemen, but most of 'em are about like you'n I."

Young Mrs. Sappy: Oh, Adolphus, I can hear the burglars down stairs. Young Mr. Sappy: Then now we shall know if those spoons I bought are really silver. If they're silver, they'll take them, and if they're not, they won't.

Mamma: Well, Tommy, did you give the poor dog his medicine while I was away? Tommy: Yes, ma. I read the recipe, and it said the compound could be mixed on an old broken dish. I couldn't find such a dish, so I had to break one.

Miss Lofty: But why, Count Frederigo, should you desire to marry me? Think—you can hardly speak English so that I can understand you. Count Frederigo di Francipani: Oh, my love, vat English do I need to casha da check for you?

"Is your Vienna bread fresh?" asked Mrs. McBride of the baker; but before he could reply, she added: "How stupid of me, to be sure! Of course it couldn't be very fresh, for it takes about ten days to come from Vienna. You may give me two loaves."

"It is very provoking that your wife should have read my last letter to you. I understood you to say she never opened your letters." "She doesn't usually, but you committed the folly of writing Private and Special upon the envelope. You aroused her curiosity. See?"

The Police Magistrate: You admit that you assaulted this man? Then I am afraid that I must give you a severe sentence. The Prisoner: Your Honor, he is my next door neighbour, and he starts his lawn mower going at seven o'clock every morning. Prisoner discharged.

The old song tells us that "mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families," and many times we fail to turn them off by the lack of quickness of wit. Many instances are recorded of noted men making a joke of what might otherwise have been an awkward occurrence. Lord Coleridge was noted for this and for always having the right word at command. At one time while reading lessons at the Oxford Chapel, he read the second lesson first. At its conclusion, seeing his mistake and realizing that he could not say in orthodox fashion, "here endeth the first lesson," neither could he call it the second lesson, amused his hearers by announcing: "Here endeth the wrong lesson."

Old Gravely: If you do not care to be my wife, perhaps the prospects of being a rich young widow might tempt you. Minnie (eagerly): Oh, Mr. Gravely! If I were only sure I could trust you.

Mrs. Cawker: Don't you think it is very strange that Mr. Stivett's hasn't returned my call yet? Mr. Cawker: Not at all; it is merely the result of force of habit. "How's that?" "She was a telephone girl before her marriage."

"Fact is," said the grocer, "there's no money in coffee now-a-days." "That's a comfort," replied the customer; "but there's most everything else in it. In the last pound I got there were eight beans, three peas, six shingle nails and a handful of gravel stones."

"You country people make lots of funny mistakes when you come to town," said the city young man. "Yep," replied the gentle farmer, "but when we remember what a lot of arguin' it takes to convince some city folks that gooseberries don't necessarily come from egg plants, we sorter learn to bear up."

"I wonder what that girl is working her face around to one side all the time for?" asked the fussy man on the North Indianapolis car; "Do you reckon she's got the toothache?" "Here you have been married fifteen years and don't know any more about girls than that," replied his wife in disgust; "don't you see she's got her young man with her! She's twisting her cheek that way to make her dimple show."

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