

SUBRIDENDO.

Twice during the year man feels the need of rest—just before his vacation and again immediately after.—*Elmira Gazette*.

A Chinese laundryman may not understand sarcasm, but he is a boss hand at irony.

A Kentucky man called his horse Hot Biscuit, because it was the finest bred he knew of.

Take a lesson from the strawberry box. It is never full.—*Westfield (N.J.) Standard*.

Judge: You robbed your benefactor in a most shameful way. Do you feel no compunction of conscience?—Defendant: Before answering, sir, I would like to consult my counsel.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

RECIPROCITY.

Towsley: What makes your waiter so obsequious?

Owsley: Simple enough; I fee-d him and he feeds me.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

"I am trying to attain my end," said the puppy-dog, as he vainly chased his caudal appendage around in a circle.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

The Editor's Wife: John, dear, I'm going to let you see my new dress. I assure you it is a perfect poem.

The Editor (absently): Put it in the wastebasket, my love.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

A SILURIAN.

They built a fine church at his very door—

He wasn't in it;

They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—

He wasn't in it;

Let them work for themselves as he had done.

They wouldn't ask help of any one

If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—

He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with a haughty tread—

He wasn't in it;

And he scorned the good with averted head—

He wasn't in it.

When men in the halls of virtue met,

He saw their goodness without regret;

Too high the mark for him to win it—

He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—

He was in it.

The funeral trappings made display—

He was in it.

St. Peter received him with book and bell;

"My friend, you have purchased a ticket to—well,

Your elevator goes down in a minute!"

He was in it.

—*Our Dumb Animals*.

A.—I see they are trying to put a stop to all betting in New York.

R.—I'm glad of it. Betting is a pernicious practice. I hope they will stop it.

A.—But they can't do it.

R.—Can't do it. I'll bet you \$50 they can.—*Ex*

LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE BIG EARS.

Mrs. Bumptious (to Willie, visiting Tommy)—
Don't you like your bread and butter, Willie?

Willie—I'd like it better if they was jam on it.

Mrs. B.—I'm sorry, but we haven't any jam, Willie.

Willie—Why, what do you keep in all them jars?

Mrs. B.—What jars?

Willie—Why, ma said you had more family jars 'n any other woman she knew.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

HOW HE DID IT.

"You saved my life on one occasion," said a soldier to a captain under whom he had served.

"Saved your life!" cried the officer; "do you think I am a doctor?"

"No," answered the man; "but I served under you in the battle of——, and when you ran away I followed."—*Ex*.

GUILTELESS WILLIE.

Willie—Papa, is it swearing to talk about old socks being darned?

Papa—No, my son. Why?

Willie—'Cause I wish Johnny would keep his darned old socks out of my drawer.—*Ex*.