

BROKEN STOWAGE.

The old family cat awoke from a nap before the fire and stretched himself in the manner common to cats. Margie looked at him with distended eyes. "My doodness!" she exclaimed, "I dess ze tat's doin t' boil over."

"He stood at the top of the steps," she said, in telling about it afterward, "and I mustered up enough courage to say, 'You know, this is leap year.' " "Yes, Wha then?" "Then he leaped, and I haven't seen him since."

Good old Lady (to her nephew, a poor preacher)—James, why did you enter the ministry?" "Because I was called," he answered. "James," said the old lady, anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles; "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"

A book appeared some time ago, reported to have been published in Kansas City. The title was, "Which is the Butt End of a Goat." This reminds us of the idea of a little girl to whom somebody had given a little goat, which she called "Oleomargarine," and when asked why she gave him such a name, she replied that he was not much of a butter.

An inquisitive person passing along a country road stopped to talk with a farmer hoeing corn. "Your corn is small," said the inquisitive person. "Yes. I planted that kind," replied the farmer. "It looks yellow." "I planted yellow corn." "I dont think you'll get more than half a crop." "Don't expect to—I planted it on shares."

To the Editor of the Spectator.—

Sir, I have been much interested in the Irish "bulls" which you have published, and hope others will follow. Did you ever hear of the Irishman who was asked what a "bull" was, and replied, "If I was to say to you, do you see those cows lying down in that field and one of them's standing up, that's the 'bull'?"—I am, sir, etc., G. R. N.—*Spectator*.

"My father"—the English girl's eye flashed proudly—"led the Six Hundred at Balaklava!" The American maid smiled superciliously. "My mother,"—she paused to add impressiveness to her words—"leads the Four Hundred in New York!" Satisfying herself that she had given her English cousin a Roland for her Oliver, she turned the talk from international affairs to Paris gowns, and forbore to exult.

So NATURAL—Playwright—"Is her acting natural?"

Manager (enthusiastically)—"Natural! why, when she appeared as the dying mother last night, an insurance agent, who has her life insured for \$10,000, and who was in the audience, actually fainted."

—*Town and Country Journal*.

"Ah me, my heart is full!" sighed the girl who had been taking advantage of her leap year privileges until she found herself engaged to five men.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

PREFERABLE—"Don't you long for the spring-time," said a poetic youth, "when two young hearts can wander over the woodlands, picking flowers?" "Yes" replied the ordinary person, "I do. It would be a lot better than wandering around among the florists trying to see where you can get the biggest bouquet for two dollars."

—*Washington Star*.

TROUBLE AMONG THE ANCIENTS—"Beshrew me, but thou seemest sad, Euripides," observed Aristophanes. "Hath thy latest tragedy failed to awaken the applause of the fickle populace?" "Nay, my friend," replied the son of Menarchus, stooping to tie his sandal, "What disturbs me is that I have just written and put into the mouth of one of my characters the words, 'Honesty is the best policy,' and something seems to tell me that 2,000 years or more hence they will turn up in an almanac as an original joke."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

Constantly changing his views—the stereoptican man.