



AN INVITATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Jinks—But *when* are you coming down to see us?

Mr. Juniper—Oh! I can come most any time.

Mrs. Jinks (gushingly)—Well then, come to-morrow after lunch, and stay until dinner-time. We'll expect you.

HE GAINED THE CASE, TOO.

THERE was a young wife of Chicago,
Who was constantly making her jaw go,
And she wagged it away
Till her teeth fell one day—
Dropped out in the streets of Chicago.

A young husband there was of Chicago
When her teeth on the pavement he saw go
Straightway, as of course,
Wished to get a divorce,
And exultingly did to the law go.

W.H.T

ON LEADING COWS.

MRS. STUBBS thought it would be nice to have a cow and manufacture our own sour milk. She said fresh sour milk was nicer than what you buy from the milkman. And as I have learned to honor the maxim that "a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse," I straightway meandered off into the country and opened negotiations with a farmer for the purchase of one of his female kine. He submitted one for my inspection. I eyed her critically, walked around her two or three times, and asked several important questions which I had jotted down in a note book at the dictation of my wife. I wished to be satisfied on a few points particularly, viz.: whether she was a heifer or a Durham; if the percentage of buttermilk was large or small in proportion to the other, and if she was ever troubled with cowlicks. You see, I wished the farmer to understand that I was a professional cow-byre, so that he would not place upon her an exorbitant price. Being satisfied on these points, I casually remarked that she was

an almighty tough looking specimen of a cow, and I'd like her better if she had two horns, but didn't mind hearing what price he set upon her. "Well, stranger," he said, "I see you're an old hand at the business and can't be fooled with. She ain't a good looker, nuther ain't she a heifer, but she'll give milk ekal to any heifer worth one hundred dollars. I'll give you that cow, stranger, for—fifty dollars, and throw in a leading rope!"

The bargain was concluded. I took the leading rope and we started for home. The cow led nicely for about a mile. Then she tried to impress me that we were on the wrong trail. I am naturally of a stubborn disposition—so was the cow—and we had a lengthy discussion. She refused to travel, and planted her four feet at a saw-horse angle. I pulled, shoved, punched her ribs, preached to her in seven different languages, and twisted her

tail till it cracked. The latter had a sudden and terrible effect. She bounded off like a sky rocket. I had just sufficient time to grip her tail with a death-like grasp, and away I went sliding through space, with only an occasional attempt to see if the earth was still beneath me. Then the pace slackened, and as I hadn't my negative gravity machine with me just then I lay down and skipped along over the ground on my knees. My pants didn't hold on as long as I did. The cow stopped. I grabbed the rope and started her again. There was not much of a disparity in our avoirdupois, as the cow was only skin and bone, and I weighed 223½ lbs., but the way she towed me after her would shock the nerves of a comet. We skimmed along on a down grade like a meteor. My head began to whirl, my legs to wobble erratically; then she planted her feet before her and stopped short, and before I had a chance to down brakes I was wafted over a fifteen-foot embankment, among the briar bushes and logs. It was dark when I climbed up that embankment and crawled home.

Last week I went out to the farmer's. The cow was there, and I requested him to repurchase her for any sum he wished. "Well," he said, "I'll give you fifteen dollars for her. That's about what I always pay when she comes back here. Made a good deal of money out of that cow, stranger!" I lost a good deal—\$35 cash, and the same amount in clothing; also an unpresented doctor's bill.

That's why I wish to remark that everybody don't know as much as they think they do about leading cows.

SAM STUBBS.

DIALOGUE at ladies' lunch—"Tea" "He" "Tee-hee!"