

"Laugh and the World Laughs with You."

Better Than None.

A widow in a Maine town, according to the Boston Herald, was a strict constructionist in her theology, and would admit no lodger into her boarding-house who had a leaning towards Universalist views. One day an old sea captain happened along to ask for rooms.

"But what do you believe?" asked the widow.

"Oh, most anything," replied the captain.

"Do you believe there is a hell?"

"Sure," was the reply.

"Well," parried the widow, "how many do you think will go there?"

The captain cautiously remarked that he thought 20,000 would be a fair estimate.

The widow paused, then stated that he could come in. "Twenty thousand," she said, "is better than none."

A Lock-out.

A young cotton worker and his wife had been married only a few months, but it was quite apparent to the wife that her husband's affection for her was on the wane. John developed a tendency to stay out late at night, and now it was early morning, when his wife heard a violent knocking at the door. "Who's there?" asked she from the bedroom window. "It's me," replied John meekly, "I've just come from the meeting. We have been considering the present strike." "Oh, have you? Well you can sit on the doorstep and consider the present lock-out!" was the retort.

Euphonious.

Some years ago, a clergyman was baptising a baby, and, as usual, inquired its name; the mother with a pro-

found curtesy, replied—"Shady, sir, if you please." "Shady?" replied the clergyman. "Then it's a boy, and you mean Shadrach, eh?" "No, please, your reverence, it's a girl." "And pray," asked the clergyman, "why do you call the child by such a strange name?" "Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty!"

His Peroration.

The following was part of a young attorney's peroration on argument of demurrer in one of the courts recently: "May it please your honor, this is a stupendous question. Its decision by you this day will live in judicial history long after you and I shall have passed from this scene of earthly glory and sub-lunary vanity; when the tower of Pisa shall be forgotten; when Waterloo and Borodino shall grow dim in the distant cycles of receding centuries; when the names of Eugene, Marlborough and Napoleon are no longer remembered; when the pyramids of the Pharaohs shall have crumbled into dust; when the hippopotamus shall cease to inhabit its native Nile; even then your ruling upon this demurrer will still survive in the antique volumes of legal lore as fresh, green and imperishable. The case, your honor, originally concerns the cost of two new hats and an umbrella."

The Wrong Bunch.

"You have a pretty tough-looking lot of customers to dispose of this morning, haven't you?" remarked the friend of a magistrate, who dropped in at the police court.

"Huh!" rejoined the dispenser of justice, "you are looking at the wrong bunch. Those are the lawyers."