

### Fun and Fancy.

'Have you,' asked the Judge of a recently convicted man, 'anything to offer the Court before sentence is passed?'

'No, your honor,' replied the prisoner, 'my lawyer took my last cent.'

'Indeed,' said Mr. O'Rafferty, who was discussing the good old days, 'the people who lived in the world when there was not a single living soul on the face of the earth had the best time of it that I can imagine.'

Emerson says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment. Yes, and one short pencil devoted exclusively to that use, would last some time we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on.

'What is the price of axle grease?' asked a new clerk of a grocery dealer; 'There is no mark on it.' 'It depends on your customer. If he asks for axle-grease charge him fifteen cents a pound, but if he wants butter, make it thirty-eight cents.'

At an evening party one of the guests preserved a strict silence, no matter what might be the subject of conversation. Theodore Hook at last advanced to him and said: 'If you are a fool you are wise man; if you are a wise man you are a fool.'

There comes a time in every little girl's life when she is seized with a longing to cook. 'Evening Post. And there comes a time in every big girl's life when she is seized with a longing to hire somebody else to cook. It comes after she gets married.

'Hello, Johnny, where've you been all the morning?' asked one uncle of another as he appeared in the school-room during the afternoon session. 'Been fishing,' was the rejoinder. 'Ketch anything?' 'Yes, a likin', and the second class in geography stood up.

Improvised aristocrat—'What dish, waitah, combines the greatest luxuries with the least expense?' Waiter—'Ood-fish and cream—fifteen cents.' I. A.—'And how much for the oodfish, ah, plain?' Waiter—'Same price, sir.' I. A.—'Waitah, bring me some, ah, cream.'

The intellect that directs the bee lines in life, under the caption of 'How to Handle Bees,' says a bee is not a very difficult thing to handle. He is as easily picked up as a strawberry, is reasonably light and compressible. To handle him is, therefore, a mere song. Any man can do it. In fact the more ignorant of bees a man is the more easily he can handle one. The main difficulty seems to be in quieting the man down after he has handled a small but frolicsome bee. There have been men known to race around a 10 acre lot, and eventually lose their salvation, after handling one bee for the tenth part of a second. What the country really needs is an article on how to avoid handling bees.

### HOW THEY LIVE.

A Tramp's Off-hand Replies to a Whole Catechism of Pointed Questions.

A browny-headed, elderly-looking sun-browned man was lying sleeping under a tree by the roadside. Near him was his black slouch hat, a heavy cane, and his greasy-looking black knapsack. He was a tramp.

'Bang' went a gun and a pigeon dropped at a hunter's feet. The tramp was awakened by the noise.

'Beg pardon for disturbing you,' said the gunner.

'No matter; I'm through,' said the tramp, sitting up.

The gunner put his pigeon in his game bag, sat on a rock, and the following talk took place:

'On a tramp?'

'Yes.'

'How long?'

'Ten years or more.'

'How's that?'

'Because I don't like to work.'

'How do you get food?'

'Beg it.'

'From women?'

'Always from men.'

'Why not women?'

'They frighten too easily.'

'Do men ever refuse?'

'Very seldom.'

'Do you ever ask for money?'

'Never.'

'Ever get any?'

'Sometimes, when I ask men for bread.'

'How's that?'

'Men make easy.'

'Men not as close as women?'

'Not when I touch em.'

'Touch em where?'

'Their hearts, by asking for bread.'

'That's a scheme, is it?'

'A successful racket.'

'Do you drink?'

'All tramps do—when they can.'

'When?'

'Only at night.'

'Why at night?'

'Nothing else to do.'

'Why not drink in the day?'

'It don't pay.'

'How's that?'

'Strong breath kills the business.'

'Explain.'

'No one gives to a man who smells of rum.'

'That's why you drink at night?'

'Yes; it wears off by morning.'

'Clothes?'

'They're easier getting than grub.'

'What's the hardest to get?'

'Boots to fit.'

'The easiest?'

'Old hats.'

'What is the best way to win women?'

'Beg for soap.'

'How's that?'

'They'll think you're poor, but clean.'

'Catches them?'

'Every time.'

'Do you sleep in barns?'

'Never.'

'Why?'

'If one burns you're blamed for it.'

'Do you bathe?'

'Always—in summer.'

'In winter?'

'Skip that.'

'Are tramps happy?'

'Yes, as the world goes.'

'Contented?'

'Certainly not.'

'Are you well informed?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'Wouldn't be any fun getting it.'

'How do you consider it?'

'The world owes no man anything, but the smartest gets the most the easiest.'

'Suppose the world did owe each man a living?'

'Why, then, we'd have ten times more tramps.'

'Bad for you?'

'I should smile.'

'Anybody worse off than tramps?'

'Plenty.'

'What becomes of tramps?'

'They get old if they're not killed.'

'Never die?'

'Not natural deaths.'

'How is that?'

'A healthy tramp's dirty and contracts no disease. Besides, he's no wear and tear of brain.'

'Fifth a prevention of disease?'

'Certainly. Did you ever see a sick dirty man?'

'Are they scarce?'

'As dead mules.'

'How are tramps made?'

'In two ways.'

'First?'

'The American becomes a tramp first generally through misfortune. It is never deliberate.'

'And then?'

'In a few years he gets so used to it that he wouldn't do without it.'

'The second way?'

'Disappointed foreigners. They get to America thinking they'll find gold in the street. They slip up, and then drift about the country with the crows.'

'What of your future?'

'I'll live long on the tramp, and finally die happy.'

'And then?'

'Why, I'll be a volunteer for some dissecting table.'

'For science?'

'Yes; I'll be of some service, anyhow.'

'You said tramps never die.'

'So I did. I meant they never die young. Generally they are killed on the railroad, or smothered in iron furnaces, or near limekilns.'

'Do tramps lie?'

'Do marines, or Jews, or showmen, or newspapers?'

'Do you pray?'

'As much as any others, except preachers.'

'Do you ever go to church?'

'Look at my wardrobe.'

'Did you ever hear a sermon?'

'Yes, in jail, five years ago.'

'Do you do any good?'

'Well, I'm a tramp yet, but am out of jail.'

'Do you smoke?'

'Yes, when I get anything to smoke.'

'Cigar?'

'Why, thanks, certainly.'

'The browny-headed, elderly-looking sun-browned man was lying sleeping under a tree by the roadside. Near him was his black slouch hat, a heavy cane, and his greasy-looking black knapsack. He was a tramp.'

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