



A SLIGHT TURN.



WICKED YOUTH—Irish! Irish!



MURPHY (as he turns the head)—Phat's that?

A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

As the train emerged from a deep and rocky cut it glided out upon a long and high trestlework which carried the tracks over two ravines and a swamp. The man whom we all took to be a drummer for a sarsaparilla factory looked out and down and shuddered.

"A little nervous, eh?" queried one of the crowd.
 "Yes, and I have cause to be," was the reply.
 "Then you've been over this place before?"
 "Yes, two years ago. I feel as weak as a woman."
 "Did the train break through?" asked one of the group.
 "No. Ah! thank heaven we are over at last! All of you please take notice of that house among the trees, and also remember the little town we passed through about a mile back. My uncle Reuben lives there in that house. I was here on a visit to him and went over to the postoffice after my mail. I took the highway in going, but to make a short cut I took the track on my return. I hesitated some time at the trestle, but finally started to cross. Just wait a minute. I have it all down here in my note-book. When I tell a thing for a fact I like to have the proofs. The trestle is eighty-eight feet high in the centre. I had just reached the centre, when—"

"When you saw a train?"
 "Yes; I had reached the centre of the trestle when I heard the whistle of a locomotive, and a moment later caught sight of a freight train rounding the curve. There was only one possible way of escape."

"It was a terrible situation."
 "It was. I find I have it down here in my book as 'T.S.' which stands for terrible situation. Thank you, sir, for your appreciation!"

"You did not leap to the ground below?"
 "No, sir. If I had it would have been jotted down here, which it isn't. I did not lose my presence of mind. Dropping down between the cross-pieces, I swung with my feet and hung on with my hands. You can judge of a man's feelings with almost a hundred feet of space between his feet and a great mass of jagged rock."

"Great spoons! but you must have suffered a thousand deaths."

"Let me see. No, I did not. I have it down here, and I only suffered 750 deaths. I don't want to lay claim to 250 deaths to which I have no legal right. When I tell a story, I tell it exactly as things happened. Thung there swaying to and fro."

"And the train passed over you?"
 "Well, no, it didn't. I should have made a note of it if such had been the case. Thung there for seventeen long minutes—minutes which seemed never-ending to me."

"You lived a month in those few minutes."
 "Not quite a month. I have it down that I lived only twenty-six days, and I don't want anything that doesn't belong to me."

"But did it take the train seventeen minutes to pass over you?" persisted the inquirer.

"Oh, no."
 "Then how was it?"

"Why, the train side-tracked at the other side, you see and I hung on until one of the brakemen walked out to me and said if I wasn't in the circus business to stay, I'd better get out of that."

"But I don't exactly see."
 "Oh, there is nothing to see. I got off the bridge all right, with three hours to spare before another train came along. I was very much obliged to the brakeman—very much. I might have hung there all day, you know—yes, I have it down here in my book that I was V. M. O., which means very much obliged. I am not a nervous man by nature, but can you wonder that I shudder and grow weak in the knees whenever I pass this trestle?"

SETTLED.

Advertising man.—"What is that fight in the next room about?"

City editor.—"The managing editor and literary editor are having a fight over the word advertisement. One says it's ad-ver-tisement, the other swears it's adver-tisement. You'd better go in and settle it."

Managing editor and literary editor (as the door opens)—
 "Say, how do you pronounce a d-i-v-e-r-t-i-s-e-m-e-n-t?"
 Advertising manager.—"Ad. of course!"

A charity bawl—"Say, mister, gimme a nickel!"

Anybody can see through people who make spectacles of themselves.

The man who can even pay his respects this year should receive proper credit.

"Johnny, is your father a firm man?" "Yes, mom, when he knows he's wrong."

The cook-book recipe is too often like the disappointing novel. It does not come out right.

Workman.—"Is the boss at home?" New father.—
 "No; the nurse has her out for an airing."

Boarder.—"Is this genuine vegetable soup?" Waiter.—
 "Yes, sir; fourteen carrots fine."

A local dealer advertises "a new stock of walking-sticks for gentlemen with carved wooden heads."

The dentist who devotes himself to pulling aching molars is necessarily a pains-taking fellow.

Jagson says it's one thing for a servant girl to know her place, but quite a different thing for her to keep it.

"Jackson tells me the last thing he wrote was accepted. Do you know what it was?" "Yes, his resignation."

My son, observe the postage stamp—its usefulness depends on its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.

He.—"Why do you regard marriage as a failure?" She.—
 "So many make use of it to get money belonging to others."

Customer.—"That's a queer shaped piece of pie. Looks something like a turnover." Waiter.—"No, sir; it's a left-over."

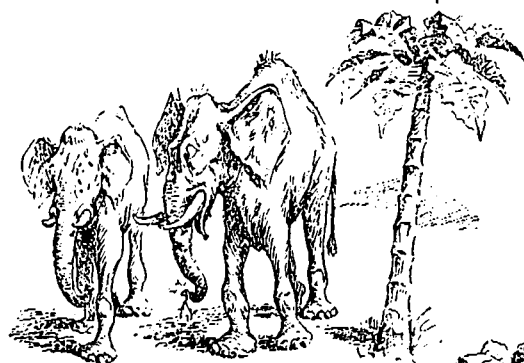
"I've half a mind to write a magazine poem." "All right. Half a mind seems to be about enough for that sort of thing."

Lady.—"Col. Blowton, how many battles were you in?" Col. Blowton.—"Madam, the true soldier never boasts of his deeds."

"Y'as, Cholly gave her a piece of his mind when he met her." "It must have been a very small piece then, if he has any left."

It would probably be hard to convince a bantam rooster that his crowing doesn't have a good deal to do with making the sun rise.

The man who lets his wife split all the wood may mean well, but he shouldn't be allowed to do all the talking at a prayer-meeting.



GALLANTRY IN THE TROPICS.

Miss TRUNKERTON.—Isn't this heat terrible, Mr. Tuskingham? Seems to me I never felt it so much as I do to-day!

Editor.—"No fire in the stove!" Printer.—
 "Here's sixteen poems on 'Passion.'" Editor.—
 "Shove 'em in and strike a match!"

"Do you enjoy football?" he asked of the man who sat next him at the game. "Some." "Are you a player?" "No. I'm a surgeon."

Herdso.—"When you get to be a man, are you going to be a lawyer, like your papa?" Dick Hlicks.—"Nope; going to be a good one."

Poet.—"I have called to learn what has become of my poem I sent you, entitled, 'The Brave Fireman?'" Editor.—"It went to the fire!"

AROUSED THE HIRED GIRL.

"Maria," said Simpkins, as he looked up at the sun streaming through the window, "do you suppose the hired girl has got up yet?"

Mrs. Simpkins listened for a moment, and not hearing anything breaking in the kitchen, replied "No."

"I'll call her," replied Simpkins, as he slipped out of the room and into the hallway and shouted "Hannah!"

But Hannah slept on, and Simpkins, after repeated prayers softly to himself and bruised the skin of his head knocking on the door. Then he came back and talked vigorously to Maria about hired girls and hers in particular.

"I'll wake her up," he finally said, gleefully, and then got out his .41-caliber revolver and broke his teeth getting the bullets out of two cartridges. Then he hustled again into the hallway and fired a salute at Hannah's door following it by another. In an instant he heard Hannah scream from the kitchen below. She was up and had been for half an hour. Consequently she it was who let the policeman, the baker and the milkman in at the front door and it took Simpkins ten minutes to convince them that he had not murdered his wife. Maria, however, as soon as was visible, straightened things out, but somehow Simpkins feels that neither the hired girl, the baker, the milkman nor the policeman look upon him as a man of great brain power.

An Advertisement.—"Any one proving to my satisfaction that my cocoa essence is injurious to health, will receive ten canisters free of charge."

Mrs. Houser.—"What'd that furniture dealer say when you told him that mirror he sent up was cracked?" Houser.—"Said he'd looked into it."

Mamma.—"You careless boy! You've sullied your coffee over your new trousers." Benny.—"Well, there's plenty more coffee, ain't there?"

Actor.—"He can play 'drunken parts' better than any one in the profession." Manager.—"Yes, but the trouble is he is too fond of rehearsing."

Traveler in Missouri.—"I want to find the conductor who has charge of this train?" Trainman.—"Can't tell after we pass the next strip o' woods."

"Glorious! Old fellow, so her father said yes when I asked him?" "Yes." "How did you put the question?" "Asked him if he had any objection to me."

"I wonder how it was first discovered that fish was brain food?" She.—"Probably by the wonderful stories that men tell who go fishing."

"But how do you know that Fenderson is a fool?" "Why, they selected him as a jurymen in a murder trial without challenge on either side."

"Children are the sunshine of life," observed Wilkie. "Indeed they are. My son turns night into day for me. Sunrise for me is 3 a.m.," sighed Robinson.

Byers.—"What was your idea in getting vaccinated your rheumatic arm?" Seller.—"Economy of pain. Couldn't make the arm hurt worse than it did already."

"Do you think the baby really understands everything that is said?" Father.—"Yes, from the way he cries know he heard me speak of wanting to take a nap."

Hicks.—"What a curious acting chap Aberrate. Sometimes I think his mind cannot be right." Wicks.—
 "Don't you think it too bad to blame it on his mind?"

He.—"What about those new neighbors you called to-day?" She.—"Well, they said they had come to the village to avoid society and begged me to call often."

"How is Johnny getting along with his writing?" asked the fond parent. "Rapidly," replied the teacher. "I think he is already competent to write his own excuse."

Tram.—"Say, governor, you want to get a medal from the humane society?" Gentleman.—"Through you?" Tram.—
 "Yes. Give me a dollar and you'll save both our lives."

"Time is money," so they say, But it doesn't work that way. When a debtor, growing rash, Offers time instead of cash.

Bounce.—"What's the matter with you scaldskin cap? It's a faded ruin." Jounce.—
 "Oh, that's my wife's work. She's been saving it from the moths with various chemicals."

At the Salon.—"Can you tell me what that picture represents?" "That is Queen Cleopatra. Have you never heard of her?" "Never in my life. I seldom read the papers."



MR. TUSKINGHAM Allow me to hold this sun-shade over you, Miss Trunkerton!