

reached for your hat. I supposed you were wide awake. Several passengers got off there and I took it for granted you were one of them."

"Well, I wasn't. I'm pretty hard to wake up, you ought to have been sure about it. I had friends waiting for me at the station. It'll make an awful mess. I wouldn't have had this happen for \$1,000!"

"You can telegraph them can't you?"

"I suppose I can. What's the next station?"

"Flaxwood."

"Does the next train stop there?"

"Yes."

"Well, you give me a note to the conductor, can't you, telling him to pass me back to Smallville? It's as little as you can do. It wasn't my fault that I got carried past."

The conductor scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper and handed it to him.

"We're coming to Flaxwood now," he said, looking at him sharply. "Are you sure you're awake?"

"I'll get off here anyhow," responded the passenger, grabbing his valise and starting for the door, "whether I'm awake or not."

As the train pulled out of Flaxwood the brakeman standing on the rear platform of the last coach heard a voice calling out in the darkness:

"Hello, old fellow! I was afraid you wouldn't meet me here. I came all the way on a 50-cent ticket. There's more than one way to beat a railroad, b'gosh!"
—*Chicago Tribune*.

BROKEN STOWAGE.

SHE: "I wish I'd never married you!"
He: "So do I. You did some girl out of a first-class husband."—*Judy*.

UNANSWERABLE.—Policeman: "You had better come along quietly, and not make trouble." Pickpocket: "G'yarn. Not give you trouble! Where'd your job be if it warn't for the likes o' us?"—*Judy*.

INGENIOUS TEACHER: "If the clock were to strike fourteen, what time would it be!"
Intelligent Pupil: "Time to send the clock to be repaired."—*Melbourne Weekly Times*.

INSINUATING.—Lady (angrily to servant): "Mary! some silver spoons have mysteriously disappeared, and you will have to go."
Servant (indignantly): "I ain't no detective, mum. Wot's the good of sendin' me arter the spoons?"—*Pan*.

AMATEUR "Minimus Poet" (who has called at the office twice a week for three months): "Could you use a little poem of mine?" Editor (ruthlessly determined that this shall be his final visit): "Oh I think so! There are two or three broken panes of glass, and a hole in the skylight. How large is it?"—*Punch*.

SHE glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk. "I have written a poem," she began. "Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate; but she calmly resumed: "I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—" "Oh," interrupted the editor, with an extraordinary suavity, "you don't know how I am relieved. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper, and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn I'll stop and read the poem."

HER PROBABLE ANSWER.—Miss De Lyte, if—if I should ask you a question how—how would you answer it?" "Why, Mr. Jones, if it's just some ordinary question, I can't tell until I hear it; but if it's a question of real importance, I'd probably say 'Yes.'"—*Melbourne Weekly Times*.

SHE: "If it were necessary, and I were your wife, would you go through fire and water for me?" He: "Do you think it would be necessary?" She: "It might be." He: "Then I think you had better marry a fireman. Good evening!"—*Town & Country Journal*.

"SAY, WILKINS, that five dollar bill you loaned me last night was a counterfeit."
"Well, you said you wanted it bad."—*New York Herald*.

"Do you think that it is ladylike for a woman to ride a bicycle?" she inquired.
"Yes," he replied; "unless she insists on riding like a gentleman."—*Washington Star*.

"What two beautiful children! Are they twins?" said an old bachelor to an Austin lady with two children. "O yes, they are twins," replied the lady. "Excuse my curiosity, madame; but are you the mother of both of them?"—*Texas Siftings*.