

BROKEN STOWAGE.

Big words an' fine clothes," said Uncle Eben, "is berry frequently alike in not kibberin' much dat re'ly 'mounts ter anything."

"How often do you kill people on this line?" asked a nervous passenger of a trolley-car conductor, one day. "Only once, sir," replied the conductor.

"That was tough on Davis." "What?" "He stepped on a banana peel, fell and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license."

"And I suppose, like a brave soldier, you followed your colors." "Yes: whenever there was a battle, I noticed that the colors were flying, so I fled, too."

"Let's see," said the teacher. "Your name is Peter Marmaduke Jones?" "Yessum, said Peter. "But that ain't my fault. Poppy and monny did it."

"Your friend, Van Dooze, is a great practical joker, I believe?" "Yes, but he isn't my friend any more." "What's the matter?" "I played a joke on him the other day."

Landlady—"You say your chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea." Boarder—"No. I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."

"Excuse me, sir," said Barker to a boorish traveller, "but what is your business?" "I am a gentleman, sir, that is my business." "Ah," said Baker, "I see. You are taking a vacation."

"Now Willie," said the teacher, as school opened, "you may recite your geography lesson. Where is Afghanistan?" Willie hesitated a moment. "Don't you know?" asked the teacher. "Yes I've got it in my head somewhere, but I can't lay my brain on it just this minute," Willie replied.

Mistress—"Mercy on me, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a junk shop, and—why, it will take you a week to get things cleaned up. What have you been doing?" Servant—"Sure, mum, the young leddies has just been down here showing me how they roast a potato at the cooking school."

"Why, Mr. Blivens," said that young man's landlady, "You have some very extraordinary ideas in preparing your food." "Do you think so?" "Yes. Might I inquire why you dropped a lump of butter into the tea?" "Certainly. In this life the only chance of universal happiness lies in the hope that the strong may be taught to assist the weak."

A little boy was taken by his father into a cafe for dinner. As they were eating their dessert, the father handed the waiter a bill, which that worthy carried to the cashier's desk, returning presently with a little pile of change on a silver plate. Robby's eyes grew bright. "O papa," he said, "I'd like a plate of that, too!"

Mother—"Elsie, your sister tells me you took a second helping of pudding at Mrs. Brown's to-day." Little Elsie—"So I did, mamma." "Do you think that was right, Elsie?" "Yes. You have often told me not to contradict any one; and Mrs. Brown said, 'I know Elsie will have a second helping of pudding,' and I couldn't contradict her, could I?" Mamma smiled, and said nothing.

One day, while Millais was engaged in painting his famous picture, "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, near Perth, a voice came over the hedge, "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a hantle quicker," said the voice. "Ye-es, I suppose so." Another pause. The final thrust was, "An' it's mair liker the place."

W. S. GILBERT AND THE DUDE—Gilbert of Bab Ballad and Pinafore fame is said to have had an amusing experience on the occasion of a London "function" which he attended.

On taking his departure he was accosted in the hall by a monocled dude who pretended to mistake him for a servant, as follows:

"I say,—er— call me a four-wheeler, you know."

"Sir," immediately rejoined the wit, "you are a four wheeler!"

"What do you mear, sir, do you want to insult me!"

"Not at all," said Mr. Gilbert. "You asked me to call you a four wheeler, and I did so. I couldn't call you hansom, you know."