

In a Lighter Vein

They were on the mighty deep. The great ocean liner rolled and pitched. "Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?" "More than ever, darling!" was Henry's fervent answer. Then there was an eloquent silence. "Henry," she gasped, turning her pale ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't."—*The Southwestern's Book.*

A wild-looking man rushed into a dentist's office in a great hurry the other day. "Do you give gas here?" asked the newcomer.

"We do," replied the dentist. "Does it put a fellow to sleep?" "It does."

"Sound sleep, so you can't wake him up?" "Yes."

"You could break his jaw or black his eye and he wouldn't feel it." "He would know nothing about it." "How long does he sleep?" "About a minute, or probably a little less."

"I expect that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?" "Yes; take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth?"

"Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a porous plaster off my back."

"I would like to dispose of a little stock in my airship," said the inventor. "but I will be frank with you. I am having some trouble with the machine."

"Won't it fly?" "Now you touch upon the trouble I mentioned," replied the inventor, smiling pityingly. "I can't keep almost the machine from flying. Why, last night I left it chained to a post, but it pulled up the post, carried the roof away, and I can't find a trace of it. But I can build another machine."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Sometimes it is a pleasure to answer questions, even if the questioner may put them in an unpleasant way. "What do you do for a living?" asked a lawyer, frowning horribly at a hatchet faced young man who was undergoing cross-examination.

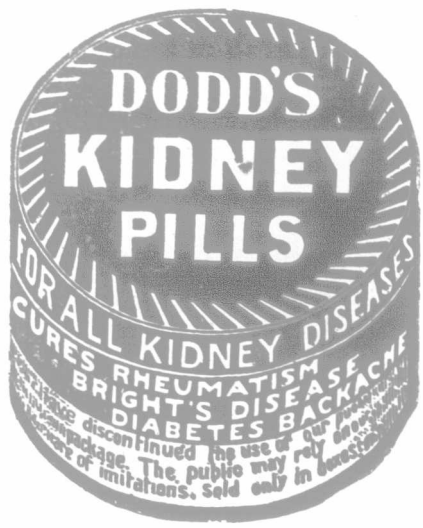
"I, sir," answered the witness, hastily diving into his side pocket, "am the agent for Dr. Korke's celebrated corn and bunion destroyer, greatest remedy of the age, used by all the crowned heads of Europe, never known to fail to remove most obdurate corns in less than twenty-four hours or money cheerfully refund"—Here the court interfered.

A man who had literary aspirations but lacked the literary instinct, once wrote a story and took it to the editor of a magazine. "I want you to read it over carefully," he said. "It's intended for a satire, and, if I do say it myself, I think it's pretty clever."

The editor took the manuscript and began to read it. A page or two sufficed to show him its utter hopelessness for purposes of publication, but he hesitated to crush a budding author and proceeded to temporize.

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"Why, Mr. —er—Simmons," he said, "your story has some crudities, of course, and—er"—

"It's better as you get into it," interrupted the other complacently. "It's like some of Thackeray's stories."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Simmons; you do remind me somewhat of Thackeray."

"Do I?" inquired the caller. "Yes," rejoined the editor, handing him the manuscript. "You have a nose just like his."—*Youth's Companion.*

Huggins—What has become of Fanning?

Muggins—Oh, he's laid up; a victim of baseball.

Huggins—I didn't know he ever played the game.

Muggins—He doesn't. He sprained his larynx telling the umpire how things ought to be done.—*Chicago News.*

Finish every day and be done with it. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in. Forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day, too good to be cumbered with old nonsense.—EMERSON.

Simkins is a great enthusiast on the subject of chest protectors, which he recommends to people on every occasion.

"A great thing," he says. "They make people more healthy, increase their strength, and lengthen their lives."

"But what about our ancestors?" some one asked. "They didn't have any chest protectors, did they?"

"They did not," said Simkins triumphantly, "and where are they now? All dead."—*Washington Herald.*

"A corruptionist," said Senator Depew, "once entered a voter's house. In the voter's absence he pleaded his cause to the man's wife. Finally, spying a wretched kitten on the floor, he said: 'I'll give you \$25 for that animal, ma'am.' She accepted those terms. The corruptionist, thrusting the kitten in his over coat pocket, rose to go. At the door he said: 'I do hope you can persuade your husband to vote for me, ma'am.' 'I'll try to,' said the woman, 'though Jim's a hard one to move when his mind's made up; but anyhow, you've got a real cheap kitten there. Your opponent was in yesterday and gave me \$50 for its brother.'"

ARE YOU GETTING ANYWHERE?

You are rushing, you are straining, with a grim look on your face;

You are turning from all pleasures; in your breast peace has no place;

You have ceased to find contentment in the nooks you used to know;

You have ceased to care for others whom you clung to long ago;

You are straining, you are striving, through the dark days and the fair.

But, oh, mirthless, eager brother, are you getting anywhere?

In your haste you have forgotten how to linger or to smile,

When a child looks up and greets you or would claim your care a while;

Though the wild rose sheds its petals in the lonely pasture still,

And glad breezes sway the blossoms in the orchard on the hill.

You are too much in a hurry, and too occupied to care, But, with all your grim endeavors, are you getting anywhere?

You have fled from sweet contentment: trouble haunts you in your dreams,

It is long since you have loitered on the banks of shaded streams

That go singing to the pebbles they have made so clean and white,

And have polished at their leisure and their pleasure day and night;

You no longer know the solace that is in a sweet old air,

But with all your ceaseless moiling, are you getting anywhere?

You have given up old fancies, you have left old friends behind;

You are getting rich in pocket, but are poor in heart and mind;

You have lost your sense of beauty in your haste to push ahead,

And along the ways you travel, bitterness and grief are spread;

You have ceased to care how others bend beneath the woes they bear,

But, with all your cruel striving, are you getting anywhere?

Out beyond you there is silence that no man may ever wake;

In the distance there is darkness that no morning's light may break;

At the journey's end dishonor is for those who day by day,

Cheat their souls and dull their senses as they rush upon the way!

You are passing many pleasures which you have the right to share,

As you rush to fill the hollow, men will dig for you somewhere.

By S. E. KISER, in *Chicago Record Herald.*

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