

Orders Coming Slowly.

"How's business? Getting many orders?" asked the stout man.

"More than I can handle," said the short man. "How's it with you? Had any orders lately?"

"Well, business is pretty good. I haven't had an order for a year and a half, but I expect to get one next fall," said the stout man.

At this point Chief Clerk Brownell came out of his trance and became possessed of an irrepressible curiosity. Calling the short man aside he said:

"Who's your stout friend?"

"Travelling man," said the short citizen.

"Well, he certainly has mystified me. What's his line?"

"Suspension bridges."

A Dreadful Dream.

Senator Dubois was lamenting the decay of oratory among American statesmen.

"With only a few exceptions," he said, "we have in Washington no orators worthy of the name. On this account I had to accept in silence during the last session an acid criticism from a clever woman."

"I attended a meeting of the Senate the other day," she said, "and that night I had a terrible dream."

"What did you dream?" said I.

"The lady smiled."

"I dreamed," she said, "I went again."

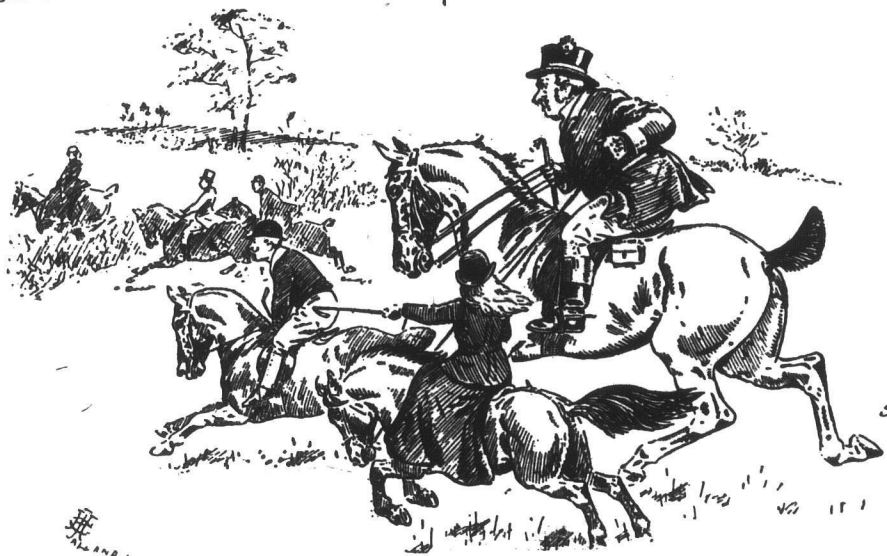
Anecdotal.

During his late campaign in New York, W. R. Hearst told the story of a man in an automobile who, having run down a pedestrian, clapped on his brakes, and, looking over his shoulder, shouted: "Hey, there, get out of the way!" The man who had been knocked over, yelled back: "Great Heavens, you're not coming back, are you?"

A man came up to a lecturer in a hotel in Kansas City, saying with enthusiasm: "Well, sir, I enjoyed your lecture very much last night." "I didn't see you there." "Oh, I wasn't there." "Well, what do you mean by telling me you enjoyed my lecture, and you were not present?" "Oh, I bought tickets for my girl's father and mother, and they both went!"

When ex-President Cleveland's son Richard, was about five years old the stork brought another son to the Cleveland family. Dick was told of the arrival of a little brother, and he was very curious to see him. Mr. Cleveland took the first opportunity to gratify the lad's curiosity. Dick gazed at the bit of red humanity for quite a while, and then, with great seriousness, he looked up into his father's face and said, "Pop, he'd make a first-rate bait, wouldn't he?"

A recent visitor to Beaconsfield churchyard asked a middle-aged native of the village to be directed to



MISS KITT: Now, John, if you prevent my jumping another fence, I'll borrow Tommy's knife and cut the leading rein!

As "Paw" Saw It.

"Paw, what was the fine large school that we saw in town to-day?"

"That was the University."

"Paw, I'd like to go there to school."

"You must be crazy! If you went there you'd have to work like an ox, with your head, all the days of your life."

Bound to Agree.

Secretary Shaw and Senator Carter, of Montana, were swapping stories one day, when the Secretary of the Treasury told a good one about a man out in an Iowa town who was never known to disagree with a statement of another, no matter how improbable it might be.

"One day a group of fellows determined to see if they couldn't get Smith—I'll call him Smith," said Secretary Shaw—"to express a dissenting opinion. So, when Smith came along, one of the boys said:

"I had a most remarkable experience the other day, Smith. As I was coming down town through the hills yonder, I saw a buffalo up a tree eating grapes, so I shot him. Did you ever see a buffalo up a tree, Smith?"

"Well, I can't say that I have," returned Smith, regretfully.

"What?" persisted the story-teller. "Never saw a buffalo up a tree eating grapes?"

"Well, no, I never saw a buffalo up a tree, but," said Smith, brightening up, "I know they are very fond of grapes."

the graves of Burke and Waller. The man said he had no recollection of any such persons having been buried there. "But," he added, "you see that little chemist's shop over there? That's where Devereux, the trunk-murder man, used to be an apprentice!"

A temperance lecturer, speaking in Keene, N. H., reminded his hearers of the story of Dives and Lazarus. He pointed out how, when Dives was in Hades, he did not ask for beer or wine and whisky, but for one drop of water. "Now, my friends," said the lecturer, "what does that show to us?" A voice from the back of the hall instantly replied: "It shows us where you temperance people go to."

A boy who had accomplished a good deal in football but little in his studies was dropped from one preparatory school and immediately invited to another. He had been there a few days when he met a member of the faculty. "Well," said the professor, "how do you find it here?" "Pretty fair," said the boy. "That's good. Find it smooth going, eh?" The boy considered. "Well, I shouldn't like to say that exactly," he said. "The field's sort of rough yet in places, sir."

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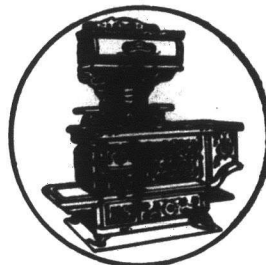
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