

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Another View of George.—A man but lately married went out to post a letter, and as the lamps had not been lit in the suburban road in which he dwelt he could only dimly see his way. A short distance up the road he met, as he thought, his wife, who had been out to tea; and as he went past he just whispered:

"All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute."

Immediately after he had said these words he saw the woman turn a horrified look upon him and then hurry away; and the idea occurred to him that it was not his wife at all, and that in the darkness he had made a mistake. He decided to say nothing about the matter and quickly disappeared.

When he returned home he found his wife awaiting him, and she at once greeted him with the words:

"Oh, George, I have had such a frightful experience! I was just coming down the road when a man tried to stop me, and said: 'All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute.' I ran home, found you were out, and I've been so much alarmed."

George was just about to explain, when an idea came to him.

"What sort of a man was it?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the young wife, "I saw him quite plainly, and a more villainous face I never beheld in my life. He was a perfect monster, with crime stamped on every feature."

George decided it was best to say nothing after all.—*Boston Post.*

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Sharing the "Credit."—A young lawyer in a Western town was taken into partnership with his father, and soon got the idea that he was the whole firm. He fell into a habit of saying, at the conclusion of a successful case: "Well, father, I won that case all right."

Finally the old man, becoming irritated by the son's assumption of importance, handed out this advice: "George, it seems to me that whenever this firm does anything you might give me half of the credit for it. Don't put on so many airs."

The youth took the advice to heart, and a few days later rushed into the office with this report: "Father, I—I mean we—have been sued for breach of promise!"

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Negligent Company.—"Bill's goin' to sue the company fer damages."

"Why? Wot did they do to 'im?"

"They blew the quittin' whistle whin 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron and 'e dropped it on 'is foot, b'dad."—*Life.*

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Bluffing.—Lack of experience had led Mr. Simkins to a fairly fashionable restaurant. He could not understand a word of French, but, determined that he would not necessarily display his ignorance before the waiter, he pointed to an item and said: "I'll have some of that, please"

The waiter looked compassionate.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said gently, "but the band is playing that just at present."

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The Modern Way.—"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

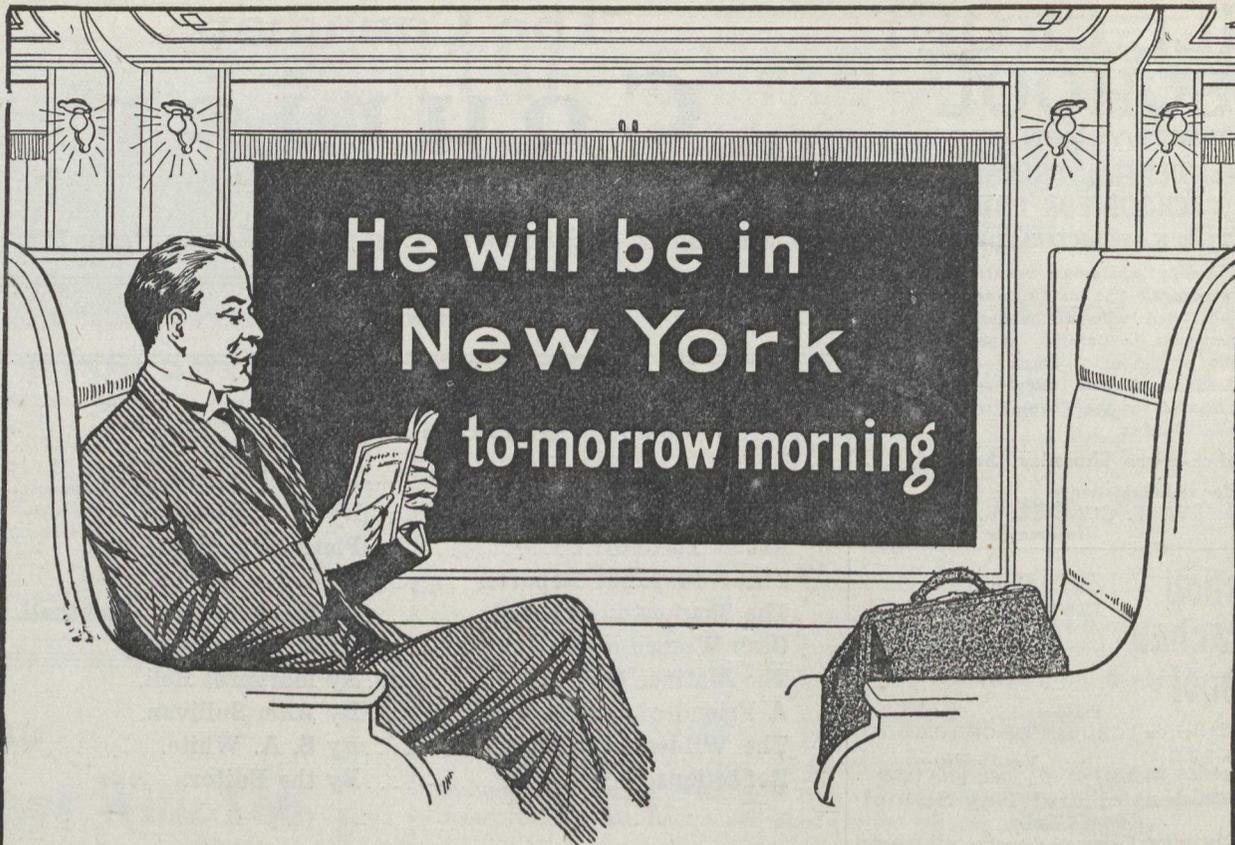
"Certainly, sir," said the lecturer.

"You have given us a lot of figures about immigration, increase of wealth, the growth of trusts, and all that," said the man. "Let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?"

Slowly and deliberately the orator took a glass of water.

Then he pointed his finger straight at the questioner. Lightning flashed from his eyes, and he replied, in a voice that made the gas jets quiver: "Advertise for it, you ignoramous!"

The audience cheered and yelled and stamped, and the wretched man who had asked the question crawled out of the hall a total wreck.—*Tit-Bits.*



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