

FOR IDLE MOMENTS.

A Watch in the Night.

THE Doctor's Wife (opening her eyes)—What! Going out again? It must be after one o'clock.

The Doctor (struggling into his vest)—Yes, just.

The Doctor's Wife—How dreadful! Wear your heavy overcoat; and, dear, please, will you mail that note. There, on the mantel?

The Doctor—Yes, all right.

The Doctor's Wife—And hurry, hurry back; for, oh, when you're away like this, at night, I never sleep.

The Doctor—You don't?

The Doctor's Wife—Why, no! What wife could calmly rest?

The Doctor—Ah, true.

The Doctor's Wife—So come straight home.

The Doctor—That's what I'll do; I won't stay out to view the sky, but try to doze, dear, meanwhile.

The Doctor's Wife (reproachfully) opening her eyes, after a silence—Do hurry and get off, for then you'll be the sooner back again; it is so lonely watching here.

The Doctor (taking off his necktie)—I've just been gone three hours, my dear.—*Doctor's Recreation Series.*

"Ma wants a package of dye and she wants a fashionable color," said a little girl to a druggist.

"A fashionable color?" echoed the pharmacist. "What does she want it for; eggs or clothes?"

"Well," replied the girl, "the doctor says ma has stomach trouble and ought to diet. And ma says if she has to dye it she might as well dye it a fashionable color."

It is as easy to be great as to be small.

It's a wise chicken that knows its own incubator.

Christian Science Mamma: "He must imagine he has the colic."

Christian Science Papa: "I wish he'd imagine I'm walking the floor with him."

Harry, looking on when his little sister cried at being washed, turned away, saying: "If she screamed like that in heaven, I don't wonder they sent her down here."

Not Satisfactory.

Sandy was considerably run down, and submitted his case to the M. D. After a diagnosis, the physician said: "No red meat, no whiskey, and only one pipe a day." Sandy grunted, put on his bonnet and started out. "Wait," said the doctor. "You've forgotten something." "Fat might that be?" asked Sandy. "My fee," was the reply. "Fee? Fat for?" asked Sandy. "My advice." "Hoot, mon," said Sandy, "A'll no be taken' yer domned advice!" and he stalked out of the room.—Controller Groot, in *N. Y. Globe*.

Why Not Peruna?

A man to whom illness was chronic, When told that he needed a tonic, Said, "Oh, doctor dear, Won't you please make it beer?"

"No, no," said the Doc, "that's Teutonic."

A woman entered a photographer's gallery. "Do you take pictures of children?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"How much are they please?"

"Three dollars a dozen," said the proprietor.

"Well," she replied with a sigh, "I shall have to wait and come again, I have only eleven."

An Office Call.

Teacher.—Tommy, something has got to be done about your behavior. I think to-day after school I shall call and see your father.

Tommy.—It'll cost you \$2 if you do. Pop's a doctor; office hours, 5 to 7.—*Puck.*