

REMNANTS.

Ted. "What a lucky fellow he is!"  
Ned. "I should say so. His fiancée's birthday came on Christmas."

Smithers (reading sign). "'Hands off.'  
The poor idiots! Do they think any one could look at that statue and not know the hands were off?"

Friend (to militiaman). "You'd make a good soldier—"  
Militiaman (interrupting). "Thanks."  
Friend (continuing). "You look as if you could run." No thanks.

"By George! that was awful! A freight train of fifty-four cars, loaded with pig-iron, ran over a tramp yesterday." "Oh, mercy! I do hope the poor fellow wasn't hurt."

Poetess. "I have here a little poem—the only one I ever wrote, and—"  
Editor (grandly). "Keep it, my dear madam, keep it. I would not deprive you of it for the world."

Deaf Man (to sweetheart). "Darling Evangelina, will you be my wife!"  
Evangelina (sweetly). "Yes." D. M. "What?"  
E. "Yes." D. M. "Huh? Can't hear."  
E. "No!"

Cadley (to supposed widow). "Mrs. Bronson, you see me on my knees, before you. Will you—won't you, be my wife."  
Mrs. Bronson. "No, Mr. Cadley, I cannot; but I'll introduce you to my husband when he arrives, and maybe he'll be a brother to you."

Friend. "Miss Brown, let me introduce to you Mr. Garlay." Garlay (bashfully). "I think I've met you before, Miss Brown."  
Miss B. "Indeed! I do not recall it."  
Garley (still more bashfully). "I think I pushed you down stairs about thirty years ago, when I was young."

It is related of Bishop P—that he was once taken to task by a few of his denominational brethren on the charge of exhibiting a conceit of himself at variance with the spirit of humility. "It is not conceit," said the bishop, with that ponderous bearing that silenced opposition—"it is not conceit, brethren; it is the consciousness of superiority."

"Well, mother," said a workingman to his wife as he returned from the common where he had been hobnobbing all the forenoon with his brother strikers, "let's have dinner." "No dinner to day, old man," she replied. "No dinner—what's up?" "I've struck for eight hours' work and two meals a day, so has Mrs. Johnson, so has Mrs. Spring. In fact we've had a meeting, and we have concluded that sixteen hours a day is rough on females when big, strong men can only stand eight hours." He seized his hat and ran out to see if he could have a committee on arbitration appointed.

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