



WILLING TO WORK.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—If I give you your breakfast, will you work for it?

WANDERER.—Yes; if you've got anything in my trade.

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—What is your trade?

WANDERER.—Landscape gardener.

The Star.

CHRISTMAS EVE— and the mellow light
Of the Star in the East was aglow
O'er the Magi, hastening through the night.
In the desert, long ago.

Christmas Eve, and the gentle light
Of the Star in the East was aglow
O'er the lambs, asleep with their shepherds by night.
On the hillside, long ago.

Christmas Eve—and the golden light
Of the Star in the East was aglow
O'er a Baby's brow, in the holy night.
In a manger, long ago.

Christmas Eve—and the blessed light
Of the Star in the East is aglow.
As it shone of old, through the sweet, still night.
O'er Bethlehem, long ago.

—Willis Boyd Allen.

PICK OUT HIS BEAR.—How many there are of us who would prefer to pick out our own punishment like the little boy thus described in *Harper's Young People*:

The boy was covered with mud to the top of his kilt skirt; there were mud patches on his face and hair, and he had lost his hat, but in his hand he grasped a chicken—a flup, wet, and muddy chicken. It was the cause of his trouble, for he had thrown stones in the yard that afternoon, and had accidentally killed the chicken. His sister had declared that she could not love such a cruel boy. Then he had disappeared, and had been found stuck in a swamp.

When he saw his mother his feelings overcame him, and he burst into a loud wail.

"My sister doesn't love me! my sister doesn't love me! I want to get lost in the woods, and let the bears eat me!" "But," said the mother, "you cried when you pinched your fingers with the clothespin, and it would hurt you far more if the bears should eat you."

The boy was interested, and dried his tears. "I mean a kind, tame bear," he said, choking a sob.

"But a tame bear has sharp teeth." The boy rubbed his eyes with his muddy hand, and was lost in thought for a while. Then he raised his head. His countenance was cheerful, there was not a trace of sorrow in his tone, and he cried, "I mean—I mean a nice little curly dog without any teeth."

Artist—"Miss Brownie-Brown-Brown, who is to marry a prince, won't let us have her photograph for publication." Editor—"She won't, eh? Tell the foreman to use one of those cuts labelled 'Before Taking.'"

Bertie—"You say he called you a donkey! What did you do?" Fred—"Nothing." Bertie—"Well, if a man called me a donkey I'd kick him with both feet." Fred—"Just so. Any donkey would do that!"

She—"Is Charley proving to be much of an artist?" He—"He is hustling like a book agent and spends most of his time trying to get up some kind of a scheme to produce more pictures with less labor. Just now he is working on a plan to produce paintings by electricity."

Mamma—"Were you a good little boy while I was away?" Little Johnny—"Yes'm. I went into the store-room to see what was there, and it was empty, and the wind blew the door shut, and I couldn't get out till Jane came just a little while ago."

Mendicant—"Can't you give a poor blind man a few cents?" Banker—"No! The outlook is so bad that you are to be congratulated."

"Is the boss at home?" Housemaid—"No, Tuesday is bargain day, and she never gets home until real late in the afternoon."

"I've done gib up my place, waitin' in de hotel," he said. "Whuffoh?" "Dey done 'sisted on my eatin' mushrooms befoh de gues'es ter show dey wa'nt toadstools."

Physicians are made, not born—no boy ever yet took naturally to medicine.

She—"Do you smoke cigarettes?" He—"Oh, no. I come from Chicago. I smoke hauns."

"Is Brown still discussing the financial situation?" "No; he's done gone to work to get a living!"

Husband (anxiously)—"You should not carry your pocketbook in your hand." Wife (reassuringly)—"Oh, it isn't at all heavy."

By the way, why doesn't the conductor punch the train-robber? He might at least give him a check.

Strange to say, many brokers are best pleased with the stock market when it is simply unbearable.

Clerk (in eating house reading newspaper).—"Here's a new recipe for making chicken pie." Proprietor—"Let's hear it." Clerk—"One chicken—" Proprietor—"That'll do. It's clear the fellow who wrote that doesn't know anything about cooking."

Out in Dakota the doctors decided that a man's constitution will not stand cigarette smoking. The Legislature passed an anti-cigarette law, and now the courts hold that the Constitution of the state will not stand that. If there be anything constitutional about the cigarette it is time to ascertain what it is.

"Forest fires," remarks a certain contemporary, "seem to follow a certain fatality, always originating in the driest season of the year." This discovery of fact, if it is a fact, is of incalculable importance, second only to the discovery of the New England schoolboy who paralyzed his teacher one day as he was poring over his "joggerly" by calling attention to the remarkable coincidence to be found in the fact that the head-waters of navigation of rivers are invariably at some large town. If forest fires would not follow a certain fatality, but do their originating at a season when the ground needs drying, or when the parched earth is overlaid with "the beautiful" they would be far more welcome. There is a possibility of forest fires coming when they are not wanted.

The people in this country who are working for glory are getting nothing else and a very small allowance of that.

Everything in nature yields to the irresistible charm of silence on a beautiful summer night, the mosquito excepted.

Down in Lumpkin Co., Ga., hogs are dying from sunstroke. Here many of them ride in open street cars and thrive as though they had the making of the climate.

There is never a day passes that the faithful baker does not knead bread.

It is only the women who can lawfully hold up a train.

Out of Place.—"You have of course somebody to clean the boots and knives, and somebody to do the kitchen and—"

"Oh, of course, and I send the beds out to be made. I wanted somebody only to be looked at—but you won't do. Good morning."

"I wonder what is meant by cardinal principles?" "I am sure I don't know. In the early times of cardinals they didn't seem to have any principles."

ANARCHY.—Destruction, and pipes and beer among the ruins.

"What makes the men love Mary so?"

The jealous maidens cry;
"Oh, Mary doesn't sing, you know,
And more—she doesn't try."

Spectator—"Why, the center-fielder is singing while running." Stockholder—"Yes, that's a trick of his." Spectator—"What's he singing?" Stockholder—"After the ball."

Mamma—"When that boy threw stones at you why didn't you come and tell me, instead of throwing them back?" Little Son—"Tell you! Why you couldn't hit a barn door."

Willie Keep—"I was once very strongly tempted to blow out my brains." Ethel Knox—"Did you do it?"

No matter how economical he may be, or how large his wages, the coal-miner often finds himself in a hole.

"Well, Anna, have you found the rose for my hair yet?" "Yes, madam; but now I cannot find the hair."

Pessimist—"Don't you wish you'd never been born?" Book agent—"No; I let other people do that for me."

Miss Quindune—"Do you think that genius is hereditary?" Praxteles Beau—"I can't tell; I have as yet no children."

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Isn't it hard work minding the baby?" Nurse girl—"Not half so hard as trying to make the baby mind me."

Watts—"How did you come out in your little wrestle with the Chicago wheat market?" Potts—"I went after wool and got worsted."

Barber—"Do you want a haircut?" Victim—"Not only one, but all of them."

Conundrum—"What's the difference between a cat and a legal document?" Answer—"The one has claws at the end of its paws; the other has pauses at the end of its clauses."

Photographer—"Now, madam, if it is not asking—er—too much of you, will you—er—kindly make an effort to—ah—to look pleasant? It will only be for a moment."

After the fair is over—
After the bills for hash;
Many may be in clover.

But few at the best in cash!

The latest method of eloping is by bicycle. In such instances it is love which makes the wheels go round.

"What makes you think your son ought to go into the sugar business?" "He has a sandy complexion."

"Did you see Bill Jones in Chicago?" "No; saw a bigger Bill than him." "And who was it?" "Hotel bill."

Principal—"You had a deficit in the cash account yesterday. Has the error been discovered?" Clerk—"The error, yes; but not the cash!"

"Madame, I am a man with a history," began the visitor. "Sorry," responded the lady of the house, "but we don't allow any book agents around here."

"This life is full of ups and downs.

As through the world we go;

But th' only kind of 'up' these days

Is 'hard up'—ain't it so?"



A WRONG DIAGNOSIS.

TRED HARRY.—Lady, could yer help a poor feller a little; I've got a hackin' cough an' a headache?

MRS. KIDNINGS.—Well, I've got a little wood outside you could hack, and it might cure your headache.

TRED HARRY.—Much obliged. Muun; but yer see my headache aint of ther splittin' kind.