



BEWILDERED.

FARMER—You've shot my cow!
DOOLEY—Be gobbs, an' I told ther grocer-mon as plain as cud be to give me
bu-r-r-d shot!



FOR FUTURE USE.

A readiness to apologize for an offence is not worth much unless it is accompanied by a disposition not to repeat the injury.

Johnny and Jenny were quarrelling, and Jenny began to cry.

"Oh, well," said Johnny, "don't cry—I'll take back all the mean things I've said."

"Yes, you'll take 'em back," sobbed the girl, "so you can have 'em just ready to use over again!"

THE SCORNER SCORNE.

A skeptic, engaged in a religious discussion with a country pastor, thought to end the whole matter by declaring that there was no such place as heaven, and that, for his part, he believed in metempsychosis.

"You believe, then," said the pastor, "that your soul may enter the body of a beast after your death?"

"Certainly."

"And you expect to feel quite at home, I suppose?"

Thereupon the skeptic decided that the last word was with his antagonist.

ENGLISH SHOES.

The remark that Americans, while in England, often send home to buy shoes, because the English shoes are of such poor quality, called out from one American present this story:

An American in England, who had bought a pair of shoes of a fashionable dealer, carried them back soon with a protest.

"Look here!" he said, "I've had these shoes only two weeks, and they are completely out of shape, and the leather is giving way in two places."

The Englishman looked at the shoes an instant.

"Dear me! dear me!" he said, "you've been walking in these shoes!"

"Walking in them? What else should I do with them?"

"That's it, sir! Our shoes are made only for carriage people, sir!"

And the dealer loftily bowed the American out of the shop.

"Now, Charles, let us make a list of your debts." "One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."

He—"I'd just as lief be hung for a sheep as a lamb." She—"Well, you'll be hung for neither; you'll be hung for a calf or nothing."

Jimmy—"Timmy Grogan is talkin' of gittin' him a bicycle." Micky—"Him? He ain't got de price for de wind wot goes in de tires."

Johnny—"Mamma, I can count all the way up to twelve." Mamma—"And what comes after twelve, Johnny?" Johnny—"Recess."

One woman can live together and not quarrel.

Willets—"What's Blobson doing now?" Gillets—"He isn't doing anything. He's got a government position."

A German scientist says that thinking is one of the chief causes of wrinkles. Perhaps this explains how our Congressmen preserve their good looks.

"I want a thermometer," said the old lady to the clerk, as she mopped her damp brow with a big handkerchief; "and please set it at 60 degrees."

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other, they haven't any business.

"What do you know about the dissolution of Parliament?" the editor asked of the new man. "Nothing," he said, innocently; "I did not know it was dissolute."

Jones—"I hear that you have a good organ at your lodgings. Do you know how many stops it has?" She—"Only about three a day, and those are not long ones."

Mr. Droppin—"Is Mr. Baite in to-day?" Mr. Baite's Partner—"No, sir; he's down at the Rangleys." Mr. Droppin—"Ah! Catching fish?" Mr. B's P.—"No, sir; fishing."

She—"It must have been an awful storm to blow away the lighthouse." Cholly—"Terrible, my dear! But it could only have been through carelessness that there was a lighthouse in such an exposed place."

"I'm very much afraid," his mother said, "that this pie needs more shortening." "Mamma," said the boy in an audible undertone, "that isn't what my piece needs." "Isn't it?" "No'm. My piece needs lengthening."

"I have kinder had my doubts," said Mr. Jason, as he removed his Sunday best coat after his visit to the city, "I kinder have my doubts whether brother Bill's son tuk me around and showed me the town, or whether he showed the town me."

Tommy—"Paw, what is an egotist?" Mr. Figg—"He is a man who thinks he is smarter than any one else." Mrs. Figg—"My dear, you have that wrong. The egotist is the man who says he is smarter than any one else. All men think that way."

Judge—"Do you mean to say, sir, that you prosecute this man for theft when you have no better evidence of his guilt than that he had \$10 on his person?" Attorney—"Yes, sir." Judge—"How dare you ask a conviction on such evidence?" Attorney—"The man is a poet, your honor."

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

Little Micky (who has made a mistake in his spelling)—"What difference does one letter make, anyhow?"

Mr. O'Toole (wishing to impress a severe lesson)—"It jist meks a dommed soight av dif'rence sometimes! Jist because there haint thot little letter 'R' in the months av May, June, July an' August, we don't git no oysters, Thot's phwhat!"

HIS PROFESSIONAL INSTINCTS TOUCHED.

Irate lawyer—"See here! have you been fishing again?" Office Boy—"Yes, sir; but there are extenuating circumstances connected with the case."

I. L.—"What are they, sir?"

O. B.—"I didn't catch any fish, sir."

I. L.—"Sentence suspended, sir."

And the girl with the city's flavor
To the country takes her flight,
To ask as shyly as yesteryear
If the dreadful cows will bite.

"What's the latest thing in bloomers?" "The most modest girl will be."

"The coming woman doesn't seem to arrive," said Binks. "No," said Tubley. "She's probably putting on her hat."

"I see that John's speakin' on the financial question." "Oh, yes." "What's the old man doin'?" "Furnishin' the finances."

Tramp—"Say, boss, could yer give a feller a dime for a square meal?" Kind gentleman—"Certainly, if the meal is a good one. Where is it?"

Peddler—"That little book on 'How to Preserve the Hair' is the key to the entire situation." Baldy—"I am very sorry; but I haven't a single lock that it would fit."

First Tramp—"What would you do if you had a hundred thousand dollars?" Second Tramp—"In that case I think I'd feel it absolutely necessary to go to work to make it a million."

"A mortal can never tell where he's going to be next in this life," said the moralist. "No," replied the man with a bandage over his eye, "especially if he's learning to ride a bicycle."

Roddster—"I say, old fellow, can you lend us a pair of scales for a few days?" Married Chum—"We have a pair, but sorry to say they are out of order; they weigh heavy." Roddster (excitedly)—"The very thing; we're going fishing!"

"You will have to get somebody to identify you," said the paying teller. "But that's impossible!" exclaimed the presenter of the check. "Since I've had this check in my possession I've been so proud that my own mother wouldn't know me."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Why is it, I wonder, that a woman will always turn to the end of a novel and read the last page before reading any other part of it?" Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Her propensity to get the last word, I suppose, leads her to do it."

The postmaster's boy and the professor's boy were playing together. A question of precedence arose, and the professor's boy exclaimed: "You ought to let me go first! My father's an A.M." "Huh!" replied his companion, "that's nothing. My father's a P.M."



PRECAUTION.

PATIENT—I wish to consult you in regard to my utter loss of memory.
DOCTOR—Aw—yes—why—er—in this class of cases I always require my fee in advance.