

## In Lighter Vein.

### How She Led Him on.

A young banker was timidly courting a pretty girl. One afternoon in the garden he scraped up courage enough to ask in a tremulous whisper for a kiss.

"A kiss?" she said. "You ask me for a kiss. Now, applied to the hand a kiss signifies respect. On the forehead it denotes friendship. Upon the lips it denotes all things—or nothing." She paused pensively, then she went on: "You may, since you wish it, kiss me. You may express yourself in one kiss. Proceed."

The timid young man, red and confused, pondered. "I mustn't lose her," he muttered to himself. "Where, then, shall I kiss her?" "Suddenly his meditations were interrupted by a thrilling whistle. It was his divinity, her red mouth puckered into the shape of a rosebud, her hat pulled down over her eyes, hiding her forehead completely, and her hands were thrust up to the wrist in the pockets of her jacket!

### Sacred Rights.

A true specimen of manly chivalry—the very pattern of a small knight who holds the rights of his lady love sacred—was encountered the other day in a Boston kindergarten. The teacher discovered that a very small boy was chewing gum, and she bade him disgorge it.

"I can't," he said.

"You can't?" she answered in surprise. "Why, yes, you can, and you must."

"No, I can't," he persisted, and kept the gum in his mouth.

"Now, why can't you give me that gum, Johnny," the teacher asked.

"Because," said Johnny shortly, "it belongs to a little girl in Somerville."

### It Was a Cavity.

A well-known dentist tells the following story of his attempt to corner a Christian Scientist:

"Every time we met, this Scientist took occasion to scoff at medical science and to dwell upon the wonders which could be performed through faith. 'You are convinced that, through faith, you can do anything?' I said to him one day.

"Yes," he replied, "faith will move mountains."

"A week later he was in my office with a swollen jaw due to toothache. 'What, you here?' I exclaimed, with feigned astonishment.

"Oh, doctor," he said, "I have suffered agony all through the night. I simply can't stand this pain any longer."

"Have you tried faith?" I asked him. "You know you told me the other day that faith could move mountains."

"But this is a cavity, doctor; this is a cavity."

### Returned Empties.

One of the suburbs of Chicago is the site of a well-known school of theology, from which go out each week-end many members of the senior class to try their voices as "supplies."

A passenger on a Monday morning train was surprised at the number of them who got off at the station. "What are all those chaps getting off here?" he asked the brakeman.

"Them?" answered the brakeman. "Oh they're returned empties for the college."

### Bad Enough.

"One day, as the train drew up at the little station of a most depressing town in the fever-and-ague district of a western state," related a novelist in a lecture on his American tour, "a fellow-passenger, thrusting his head out of a car window, said to a dejected-looking citizen

who was leaning against the station door:

"I say, what do you call this dried-up, dreary, heaven-forsaken, wretched place?"

"That's near enough, stranger," replied the native, in a melancholy voice. "Let it go at that."

### Capacity.

They were travelling peacefully home in their lumbering market cart when from the shadowy hedge there leaped two unkempt forms.

Not much time was wasted in useless talking. The unkempt ones in an earnest and businesslike manner went through the pockets of farmer Williams and his daughter, turned them out of the market cart, and drove off in it themselves.

"Dear, oh, dear!" wailed the poor old man, "here's a nice to-do. Horse and cart and money too—all gone. Oh, dear—"

But his faithful daughter was there to comfort him.

"Not the money, father dear," she said. "I hid the purse in my mouth."

"In thy mouth, lass!" cried the old man. "Good for thee. But, oh, what a pity thy mother wasn't here. We might ha' saved the horse and cart!"

### All the Same to Him.

One of a party of gentlemen left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his place. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow-passengers, the seat had been usurped by a woman clad in handsome clothes. With flashing eyes she turned upon him:

"Do you know, sir, that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife I should still protest."

### Concerning Jock and Maggie.

"Maggie," said Jock, whose mind was made up to propose—and after they had talked about everything else for the last hour—"wasna I here on Sawbith night?"

"Aye, Jock, I dare say ye were."

"And wasna I here on Monday night?"

"Aye, so you were."

"And I was here on Tuesday night?"

"Aye ye did happen here on Tuesday night."

"And I was here on Wednesday night?"

"Aye, so ye were, Jock, so ye were."

"And I was here on Thursday night?"

"I'll no deny that ye were, Jock."

"And I was here on Friday night?"

"Aye, I'm thinking that's so."

"And this is Saturday night, and I'm here again?"

"Weel, what for no? Ye are vera welcome."

"Maggie" (desperately), "d'ye no' begin to smell a rat?"

### Worse Yet.

One of the members of the Denver bar, says the New York Times, is an old-school Southerner, many of whose sayings have become proverbial.

One day, in discussing a political appointment with him, a newspaper man said of the lucky candidate, "It's absurd to appoint him. He can't read writing."

"Writing!" exclaimed the "judge."

"Why, the fellow can't read reading!"

### He Knew the Horse.

"Jones, do you happen to know anyone who has a horse for sale?" inquired Brown, in a conversation which the Chicago News reports.

"I have reasons for believing that Green has," replied Jones.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I sold him one yesterday."

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