

A LUMINOUS ROMANCE.

The brilliant career of two Western girls, with its rather lurid termination, has been outlined as follows:—

An Iowa woman has named her twin daughters Gasoline and Kerosene. The old man's name is probably Pete-Roleum.

We hope the babies will grow up a par-a-fine girls.

The man who marries into that family will strike oil, but we fear sparking in the immediate neighborhood of the girls would be a very dangerous pastime.

Later:—A man named Naphtha popped to one of the girls, and he hasn't benzine since.

HIS "BRAWSES."

The convenience and safety incident to the American system of checking baggage is not at once appreciated by all foreigners. The Englishman told about in the *Chicago Tribune*, however, meant to have kept his checks safe, at all hazards.

"Have me bawxes arrived?" he said to the hotel clerk.

"Hey?"

"Me bawxes."

"Eh! Oh, your trunks. Front, find the gentleman's trunks!"

They were not to be found, and their owner decided to go to the station for them himself.

"Have you me bawxes here?" he said to the agent.

"Huh?"

"Me bawxes."

"Trunks, d'ye mean? Let's see yer checks."

"Me checks! checks!" was the puzzled answer. "Bless me stars! Cawn't understand! I—"

"I want your trunk checks. Here, these things," explained the agent, showing a check.

"Oh, it's me brawses you want? I locked them in me bawxes. I'll have to get me bawxes first."

"Well, that beats my time!" ejaculated the baggageman. "Oh yes, certainly, I'll find 'em," and he did.

A REMARKABLE CHANCE.

MORTIFICATION usually follows so closely upon the heels of deception, one would think that men would hesitate much more than they seem to before bringing down upon themselves such an uncomfortable reward. But many are still courting humiliation by much the same methods as those of the artist in this instance:—

A Hungarian peasant went to a Munich painter and asked him to paint the portrait of his mother.

"Certainly," said the painter; "send her to me."

"But she is dead; if she was alive I wouldn't want her portrait."

"Well, have you any picture of her?"

"No; if I had I wouldn't want one."

"Well, my friend, describe her to me; what sort of eyes, hair, etc.?"

He secured that, and appealing to his artist friends who had some Hungarian studies, he painted a head. Secreting his friends about the room, he sent for the peasant. The man came, looked at the picture, his eyes filled with tears; he put up his hand to wipe them away.

"Poor fellow," said the artist, patting him on the back. "It is a good likeness, then, it affects you so much?"

"No," said the man. "Poor mother! to think she has only been dead six months, and looks like that!"

NO USE WISHING.

Some waste their time longing for the unattainable, and others waste theirs longing for that which might easily be attained with a very slight effort on their part. Both classes of "longers" are foolish. What's the use in wishing in either case? Here is a girl who understood this perfectly:—

"You see," he explained to the ingenuous young thing as he showed her the wishbone, "you take hold here and I'll take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks, the one who has the biggest piece of it will have his or her wish sometime."

"But I don't know what to wish for," she protested.

"Oh, you can think of something," he said.

"No, I can't," she replied, "I can't think of anything I want very much."

"But we mustn't spoil the fun that way," he exclaimed, "I'll wish for you."

"Will you, really?" she asked.

"Why, yes, if you can't"—

"Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wishbone," she interrupted, with a glad smile. "You can have me."

Walking Delegate: "Yez must shtop doin' thot work unless yez hov a card signed by th' Supreme Exalted Grand Master av th' Union."

Mulcahey: "But it's me wife's wood, misther."

Walking Delegate: "I can't help that. Lave off!"

Mulcahey: "Faith, Oi'll not. Oi'm ready to tackle yure Supreme Exalted Grand Master, but when it comes to a t'ree-hundred-pound woman wid rid hair, Oi'm not in it!"

Little Nell: "What's the matter?"

Little Dick: "Pop caught me smoking an' he's going to lick me."

"When?"

"Quick as he gets through smoking."