

## LIGHT AND AIRY.

## Impossible.

"If marriage is a lottery,"  
Said Cholly to Miss Wise,  
"And you consent to marry me,  
I'm sure to draw a prize."

"What, marry you? That cannot be,"  
Replied the charming elf,  
"Because I'm anxious, don't you see,  
To draw a prize myself."  
—New York Press.

## A Sure Cure.

The merchant was rather blue, and his wife, noticing it, asked what the matter was.

"Matter enough," he sighed. "I've been looking over my books and I find I've lost money every month for the last year."

"How did you lose it?" she inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," he said wearily, shaking his head.

"Nor where?"

"No."

Then she thought a minute and remembered what she did when she lost her pocketbook, and her face brightened.

"Why don't you advertise for it?" she asked innocently.

"By George," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that," and the next day he had a big display ad in the paper, and the next, and the next, and in three months' time he was in clover up to his chin.—Detroit Free Press.

## Nothing Made In Vain.

Housekeeper—It's perfectly abominable! Why don't you go to work and earn your living?

Tramp—Please, mum, if such gerts as me should go to work, what would the newspaper paragraphs do for subjects to write about? They'd starve to death, mum, and with no jokes in the papers this dreary life would be but a vale of tears. We all have our uses, mum.—New York Weekly.

## He Found No Hard Times.

Bustler—Hello, Hustler! How you knock in 'em?

Hustler—Making money hand over fist. Can't half fill orders.

"You don't say! What you selling?"

"I am agent for a gate which can't be lifted off the hinges, and I've got two college towns in my district."—

## The Latest.

The popular form of invitation to an afternoon tea is:

"Come to tea  
At three  
And see me."

We suggest the following as the form of acceptance:

Don't fret;  
Won't forget,  
You bet!

## Didn't Get Out of It.

An instructive dialogue is reported to have taken place at the opening day of the Sussex assizes. A juror rose in the box to ask to be exempted from service on account of deafness. "Are you very deaf?" said the judge in a low tone. "Yes, my lord," was the prompt reply. "You had better be sworn," said the judge.—London Globe.

## That's What She Meant.

It had been over four months since they were engaged, and as they read the evening paper together he said:

"See, my dear, only \$20 for a suit!"

"Is it a wedding suit?" she asked sweetly.

"No, a business suit."

"Well, I meant business," she answered.

—Life.

WM. T. FRANKLIN.

CHAS. L. CULLIN

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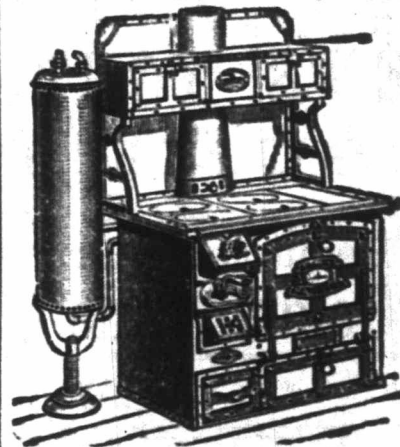
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