



A COMPROMISE.

THE MAID—"There's a ring at the door, ma'am; shall I say you're not in?"

THE MISTRESS—(Aside) "I can't make my servant tell lies any more after what Mr. Moody said at the meeting. (Aloud) Er—Lulu, please say that I don't know!"

OUTRAGEOUS DELAY.

FIVE or six men and three or four women stood on a corner waiting for a belt-line trolley car. One of the women was the last to arrive and she rushed up breathlessly, saying to one of the other women, whom she chanced to know:

"My! I was so afraid I'd miss the next car. I've been fairly racing for six blocks."

"It's about time that car was here," said one of the men, testily.

"When's it supposed to get along here?" asked another man.

"It's due at ten minutes after, but no one ever expects it to get here on time."

"Well, I think it's high time it was here now."

"Oh, I do hope it won't be late, for I have an engagement at half past," said a woman, nervously.

"Well, it's high time it was here," said one of the men.

"It's past time," said another, closing his watch with a snap.

"It won't be here for a good half hour yet, you may be sure of that," said a portly old man, stepping briskly around, thumping the sidewalk with his cane.

"So tiresome waiting for these cars," said a woman, plaintively.

"And they're always late when one is in a hurry," replied another woman in a tone of deep dejection.

"Always! I never knew it to fail in my life."

"I tell you, gentlemen, this thing's getting to be a perfect outrage!" blustered the old gentleman. "These cars don't pretend to run on time."

"No; and if one makes complaint at headquarters no notice is taken of it."

"That's a fact, and I'm in for doing something about it. I tell you it's time for the citizens of this city to make the street railway company feel that we have some rights!"

"That's it! that's it!" cried the portly old man,

savagely whacking the pavement with his cane, as if it were the "Company."

"I tell ye the people won't stand this much longer. This thing of having to wait from twenty to forty minutes for every car isn't to be put up with."

"That's what it is n't. We've stood it long enough. We've just got to rise in our might and—"

"Ah! there comes the car," shrieked out a woman, rushing madly out into the street, although the car was still three blocks distant.

"At last!" said the old man scornfully.

"Time it was here," growled out a man who looked like a preacher.

"I'm going to complain about this."

"It'll do no earthly good."

"I'm so tired waiting," said a woman who had stood patiently and calmly on her feet for an hour and a half that afternoon, matching a piece of velvet.

Every man said something ugly and threatening or murderous to the conductor, and every woman looked daggers at him while getting on to the car.

And I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, and as a Christian, and as the father of a family, that that car was just one minute and a half late!

J. L. H.

McCORKLE—"Look at that man's nose. I never saw such a big one before."

McCRACKLE—"Nor I. Its bridge is without a pier."

AN Irishman recently refused an offer of an increase in wages, saying that he would lose too much money when he laid off.

THE women pay a great deal of respectful attention to the apologies that are passed around with refreshments, but the men don't. If the coffee isn't good, an apology won't make it any better, with a man.