



VACATION DAYS.—FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

himself he consented to walk over the course once while the Senator played. The Senator was a bit of a duffer. Teeing off he sent clouds of earth flying. Then, to hide his confusion, he remarked to his guest: "What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?" "Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips.

### Rapid Transit.

"Morning, sir. Yes, sir? Hair cut, sir? Shave, sir?" sang out the obsequious barber. "Shave, please," said the gentleman, seating himself in the chair. "And I'm in rather a hurry." "Quite so, sir," went on the assistant, lathering the customer's face. "I pride myself on my quick methods, sir." Then he brought his razor into operation. A few lightning strokes and first blood was drawn. "Sorry, sir," apologized the man, scrap-

ing away and making gashes here and there, till the operation was at last concluded. "Want anything on your face, sir?" "Well," said the customer, ruefully surveying himself in the glass, "I'd be obliged if you'd leave my nose!"

### Juvenile Mathematics.

The infant has been at it again.

"Dad," he asked, "does it cost much to keep a lion?"

"It does," my son.

"A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, Dad?"

"Yes."

"And a fox would be enough for the wolf, wouldn't it, Dad?"

"I suppose so. Go on and play."

"A fox would be satisfied with a hawk and a sparrow would satisfy a hawk, eh, Dad?"

"H'm! If you don't go away——"

"And the spider would make a meal for a sparrow?"

"Yes, yes! Now——"

"Wait a minute, Dad. Now we're coming