



ALLEGED HUMOR

JUST AS YOU TAKE IT



"His wit in the Combat was gentle and bright—
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."—*Sheridan.*

EXCELSIOR!

"Is Mike Clancy here?" asked the visitor to the quarry after the premature explosion. "No, sir," replied Costigan, "he's gone." "For good?" "Well, sor, he wint in that direction."

RESULT—DOUBTFUL.

"So you are contemplating taking a plunge into matrimony?" "Yes, I expect to break the ice tonight." "Break the ice, eh? Then it will be a cold plunge?" "I'm not so sure about that. I may be kept in hot water the rest of my life!"

HE GOT HIS.

"Deduction is the thing," declared the law student. "For instance, yonder is a pile of ashes in our yard. That is evidence that we have had fires this winter." "And by the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift that evidence."

TO BE EXACT.

"What's that sign you're making there?" asked the grocer.

"Fresh Eggs," replied the new clerk.

"H'm! Make it read 'Fresh-laid Eggs' while you're about it."

"What for? Everybody knows the eggs were fresh when they were laid."

"Just so, and that's all it's safe for us to say about them."

WHERE HE BELONGED.

A young widow was consulting a tombstone maker about her husband's tomb. She ended the discussion with:

"And I want it to say—'To my Husband,' in an appropriate place, Mr. Slab."

"All right, ma'am," Slab answered.

And the tombstone, when it was put up, said: "To my Husband. In an Appropriate place."

COAL OR WHISKEY?

This story is told about President Roosevelt and an aged negro known as Uncle Jake. The President, while out riding one cold morning, met the man, crippled with rheumatism, hobbling along. "Good morning, Uncle Jake!" said the President. "Good morning, sah!" responded the darkey. Then a happy thought occurred to Mr. Roosevelt. "Uncle Jake," he said, "which would you rather have on a morning like this—a ton of coal or a bottle of whiskey?" "Well," said the negro, hesitatingly, "it's this way, Misstah President—my folks burn wood!"

A NATURAL REFLECTION.

A gentleman replying to a toast at a public dinner, remarked, "According to the scientific speaker who has just sat down, an express train moving a hundred miles a second would, if we can suppose the incident, occupy several million years in reaching a certain star." He paused and looked gravely towards the guest to whom he had referred. "That was the statement I made," replied the scientist. "I was just thinking," pursued the other, "what a predicament a man would be in if he should miss the last train and have to walk!"



"THERE ARE NO FOOLS LIKE—"

ELDER—"Hic! That wash a graund weddin, McNab"

McNAB—"Wheesht, Elder—Hic! It wash a BEERIAL!"

HIS FATHER'S NAME.

Teacher—"What's your name?" Boy—"Jones." "What's your father's name?" "Jones." "And his other name?" "Mr. Jones." "No, not that. What does your mother call him?" "Old fathead!"

UNEXPECTED CANDOUR.

"Please sing something, Miss Brown, will you?" asked a young hostess of a neighbor whose musical talent was the cause of considerable jealousy. "Oh, but really, I can't!" was the reply, as a politely expectant murmur arose from the company present. "Well, that's what your professor told me this morning," exclaimed the hostess, "but I thought he must be prejudiced!"

THE MUSIC STOOL.

An Irishman, the proud father of a girl who was within a few weeks of her twenty-first birthday, decided upon giving his daughter a present in celebration of the event. He selected a music stool—one of those that can be lowered or raised by twisting the seat round. A few hours after he had brought his purchase home his wife discovered him with his coat off and great beads of perspiration on his brow, diligently screwing the seat up and down. "Arrah, Pat," said she, "what have you got there?" "It's a little present for Kathleen," he explained between his gasps. "Ye know she has a liking for music. But sorra a bit of good this will be to her at all at all. Shure I've been winding the blissid thing up for the last two hours and niver a tune has it played yet!"