



MEXICO—MAXIMILIAN'S COACH.

He Was a Useful Animal.

An economical young man, who was about to marry, wished to impress upon his bride the necessity of the strictest frugality.

Accordingly, having arranged his programme in advance, he invited her to take Sunday dinner at his home with his mother and himself.

All sat down to the table on the appointed day, but, as he was about to begin the carving, the young man pointed sternly to a stale crust of bread, laid on a plate with other debris for consignment to the garbage pail. He had put the bread there himself to point a moral with.

"Mother, mother," said he, "a good slice of bread? Going to throw out a good slice of bread?"

And he rescued it and put it on the bread plate, and with his dinner he ate it, though it was as hard as a chunk of steel.

"I never like to see anything wasted," he said in a moral tone.

And then his old mother, to help him drive home this lesson in economy, added:

"True, Maggie. True, my dear, I've always said that when I lost our James I would need to keep a pig."

The Generality of Mankind.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has a way of speaking his mind that is sometimes embarrassing to others. On one occasion an inexperienced young fellow was called upon to make a speech at a banquet at which Speaker Cannon was also present.

"Gentlemen," began the young fellow. "my opinion is that the generality of mankind in general is disposed to take advantage of the generality of —"

"Sit down, son," interrupted "Uncle Joe," "you are coming out of the same hole you went in at."



Years ago, when the telephones were still a novelty, a farmer from the outskirts of Manchester, N.H., came to town one day and called on a lawyer friend of his, now United States Senator Henry E. Burnham, whom he supplied with butter, and who had had a telephone recently put in his office.

"Need any butter this morning?" asked the farmer.

"Well, I don't know," answered the lawyer. "Wait a minute. I'll ask my wife about it."

After speaking through the 'phone, he went on: "No; my wife say, no."

The farmer's face was a study for a moment. Then he broke out with "Look ahere, Mr. Lawyer, I may be a 'rube' and have my whiskers full of hay and hay-seed, but I'm not such a blamed fool as to believe that your wife is in that box!"