

HEARING ZEPPS.

Horrors! Here was the doctor ordering him beer twice a day, and only last week his dear, quiet, little wife had asked him to sign the pledge; and just to please her he had consented. No wonder Meek felt blue.

"You say you have a barrel of beer in your cellar," urged the medical man; "surely you can get down there twice a day?"

With many misgivings, Meek departed, and the doctor heard nothing more about the case until Meek's frantic wife burst into his surgery.

"Oh, doctor!" she gasped. "Percy has gone mad! All day long he thinks he hears Zepps, and runs down into the cellar to hide."

A Quaker had gotten himself into trouble with the authorities and the sheriff called to escort him to the lock-up.

"Is your husband in?" he inquired of the good wife who came to the door.

"My husband will see thee," she replied. "Come in."

The sheriff enter, was bidden to make himself at home, and was hospitably entertained for half an hour, but no husband appeared. At last the sheriff grew impatient.

"Look here," she he, "I thought you said your husband would see me."

"He has seen thee," was the calm reply, "but he did not like thy looks and has gone another way."—Harper's Magazine.

Financier: What's all the hubbub in the director's room?

Steno: Some wise minority stockholder just found that the office cat is on the payroll for \$3,000 a year under the name T. Feline.—Milwaukee News.

HOW TO AVOID A COLORLESS EXISTENCE.

Keep in the Pink of condition.
Have the Blues occasionally.
See that things are done up Brown.
Bestow an occasional Black look.
Be well Read.
Acquire a coat of Tan.
Hire Green servants.
Cultivate a Purple taste.
Subscribe to the Yellow journals.

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

Tim Casey, a juror, rose suddenly from his seat and hastened to the door of the court-room. He was prevented, however, from leaving the room and was sternly questioned by the judge.

"Yes, your honor, I'll explain myself," said the juror. "When Mr. Finn finished his talking me mind was clear all through but when Mr. Evans begins his talkin' I becomes all confused an' says I to meself, 'Faith, I'd better lave at once, an' shtay away until he is done,' because, your honor, to tell the truth, I didn't like the way the argument was goin'."—Argonaut.

FLEEING HOMEWARD.

Two little fleas together sat,
And one to the other said:
"I have no place to hang my hat
Since my old dog is dead.
I've travelled the world from place to place,
And farther will I roam,
But the first darn dog that shows his face
Will be my home, sweet home!"

Father—You're very backward.
There's Norman Smithers, the same age as you, and he's two forms higher.
Aren't you ashamed?

Hopeful—No. He can't help it—it's hereditary.—London 'Punch.'