



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



EGGING THEM ON.

A LITTLE girl who had a live bantam presented to her was disappointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. Her ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which was on the table in the drawing-room. One day the ostrich's egg was missing from its accustomed place. It was subsequently found near the spot where the bantam nested, and on it was stuck a piece of paper with the words: "Something like this, please. Keep on trying."

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AN UNKIND MAN.

THINGS hadn't turned out too well with their love affair. The fatal word had just been spoken, and he was rejected. The rejected suitor stood respectfully before her, listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision. Below the smooth waters of Oriental Bay rested in awe-some wonder.

"I trust I have made myself sufficiently plain," she said.

"Well, I would scarcely go so far," he answered, as his courage gradually returned. "It's but fair to give nature the credit for that," he added as he retired in good order.

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FOR LUCK.

Boarding Mistress—"Is there anything wrong with that egg, Mr. Fourper? I see you are according it a very critical examination."

Mr. Fourper—"Oh, not anything wrong with the egg, Mrs. Skimpem. I was just looking for the wishbone, that's all."

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HAPPY "JEAMES."

JEAMES knocks a cup off the mantel, shivering it into a thousand fragments. His mistress, hearing the noise, rushes in and stands for a moment stupefied by the result of her servant's awkwardness. "Oh," she cries, with tears in her eyes, "my beautiful old Sevres!"

"Oh," exclaims Jeames in a joyous tone, a seraphic smile spreading all over his face, "I was so frightened at first, ma'am; I thought it was something new, ma'am!"

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NAMING THE BOY.

"WHAT you want to do for that kid," said the old bachelor, who had backed off suspiciously from the new baby, "is to call him something that can't be nicknamed. The way to do that is to give him J. for a middle initial. I have made a study of proper names and their nicknames, and I have figured out that there isn't one chance in a million of the boy whose middle name begins with J ever being nicknamed. Positive immunity is guaranteed by William J. Just cast your eye over the William J's you have heard of and see if one of them is ever called Bill by any except the hopelessly jocular, and even they don't dare say it to William J's face."

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A CAREFUL BUYER.

SHE was an independent sort of a girl, recently in possession of a fortune, and concluded a horse was a necessity in her new establishment, so she sent for a dealer and had a

talk with him. What she didn't know about horses would fill a livery stable and she tried to make the dealer believe she was a judge, and told him to bring her something to look at. The dealer came, and she went out to pass judgment. She walked all around the animal, critically, as professionals do.

"Is he well trained?" she inquired, with the air of a jockey.

"Certainly, miss," replied the dealer. "She is well gaited and fine in harness."

"Um-um," said the girl; "is she all right in the botts?"

"Yes, miss," gasped the dealer; "but you see, I've only got shoes on her forefeet."

He said that because, really, he didn't know what else to say.

"I notice that you couldn't really have them on her five feet, could you?" she gurgled.

"I mean, miss," stammered the dealer, "that she is shod only on the forefeet."

"I understand," she said, seriously, "but that can be cured without any difficulty, can't it?"

"Very easily, indeed, miss," assented the dealer with a great sense of relief.

"She seems to be all right in the fore shoulders, but her hind shoulders don't appear to be quite right," suggested the girl.

"There is nothing the matter with her there," asserted the dealer. "She is perfectly sound."

"There is no danger of her withers being spavined, is there?" she inquired carefully. "I've seen horses like that and they always make me nervous."

"No danger in the world, miss," the dealer assured her.

"How old is she?" inquired the girl.

By this time the dealer knew his man and was confident.

"Being a lady, miss," he smiled, "I'd rather not tell her age."

"How considerate of you," she said earnestly. "I'll take her."

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HERE AND THERE.

A MAN was waiting patiently for a street car the other day at a transfer station, says the Boston Record, when a woman, highly excited, rushed up to him and cried, "Are you the man here?"

"I don't understand," he said. "Are you the man here?" she repeated.

"No, madam," he said, concealing a smile. "The man here is that man over there."

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A PROFITABLE GAME.

A CERTAIN woman had a barrel of russet apples placed in the attic because they were not quite ripe enough to eat and she warned her three boys, whose ages range from 5 to 11 years, not to touch them.

Then, one rainy day, when she sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons, surrounded by apple cores. At her approach two of the boys drew closer together; but the third, a little distance off, who lay on his stomach contentedly munching an apple, apparently paid no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! Willie!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "Whatever are you doing? And those apples!

Didn't I tell you not to touch them?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest, "but we're not really eating them; we're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve. Henry, over there, is the serpent, trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

"But," began the mother as sternly as she was able, "you two must have been eating apples; Henry hasn't done it all. I see as many as ten cores around you."

"Oh, yes," returned Willie, the youngest, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent."

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ESKITOLOGY.

A little igloo now and then Is relished by the Eskimen, A little whale oil, well frapped, Is relished by the Eskimaid.

A little gumdrop, this is truth, Is relished by the Eskitooth.

A little blubber, raw or b'iled, Is relished by the Eskichild.

The all of which shows just how hard The grind is for the Eskibard.

But poets might detect a gap, 'Tween truth and Peary's Eskimap.

And think that Peary, in straits dire, Rejoiced to find an Eskiliar.

A little pemmican to chew Is welcomed by the Eskima.

We could keep this up all fall But fear 'twould make the Eskibawl.

'Tis said two gumdrops and a knife Will buy a man an Eskiwife.

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PROMPT ACTION FOLLOWED.

A MEMBER of the peace committee saw two youths fighting. He pushed through the crowd and appealed to the combatants to desist. "My good young fellows, settle your disputes by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentleman says."

Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way rejoicing.

Half an hour later he returned that way and found the whole street in an uproar.

"Good gracious! What is the matter, now?" asked the peacemaker.

"Shure, sor," said a bystander, "the arbitrators are at work."

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A POSITIVE NEGATIVE.

THE pastor and his wife had called upon a member of the congregation, a widow with a small but exceedingly lively boy, and were on their way home. "Well," said the preacher, "she seems to be a very intelligent woman, anyhow."

"Yes."

"And very positive in expressing her opinions."

"On the contrary," said his wife, "she struck me as being strongly negative."

"Negative, how?"

"Everything she said to her little boy began with a 'Don't, Johnny.'"

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NOT A SUFFRAGIST, YET.

DURING the Presidential campaign the question of woman suffrage was much discussed among women pro and con, and at an afternoon tea the conversation turned that way between the women guests.

"Are you a woman suffragist?" asked the one who was most interested.

"Indeed, I am not," replied the other most emphatically.

"Oh, that's too bad, but just supposing you were, whom would you support in the present campaign?"

"The same man I've always supported, of course," was the apt reply—"my husband."

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A PRACTICAL TEST.

SOME visitors who were being shown over a pauper lunatic asylum inquired of the guide what method was used to discover when the inmates were sufficiently recovered to leave.

"Well," replied he, "you see it's this way. We have a big trough of water, and we turns on the tap. We lave it running and tells 'em to bail out the water with pails until they have emptied the trough."

"How does that prove it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Well," said the guide, "them that ain't idiots turns off the tap."

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HIS PREPARATIONS.

SMITH walked up the street the other evening with a box of chocolates under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

"Hello, Smith," said Brown, "gone in for housekeeping? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not yet."

"What are you doing with those chocolates and meat, then?"

"Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to furnish the family with meat already?"

"Oh, no; the sweets are for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."

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