



VACATION DAYS.—SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

Both Related.

A young man entered a hotel in Aberdeen with a dog, and attracted a good deal of friendly interest from an Irishman, who inquired what kind of a dog it was. The owner looked the questioner insolently up and down, and then replied with a drawl—"It is a cross between an ape and an Irishman." "Faith, thin, we're both related to it," was the ready retort.



Both Doing Well.

A New Hampshire farmer of the old type had two grown-up sons. One is a preacher of the gospel, while the other is a liquor dealer. A New Yorker, in company with several other friends, was talking at the old man's home about his family. At last one of the company present asked the old man what his sons

did for a living. The old man replied, "One is serving the lord, and the other the devil, and both are doing well."



Not Ostriches.

Ralph Adams Cram, author-architect, was talking about a wealthy amateur painter.

"A lady," he said, "paused before his latest picture at one of his studio teas and cried enthusiastically:

"'Oh, perfect! Mr. Smear, these ostriches are simply superb. You should never paint anything but birds.'"

Smear winced.

"'Those are not ostriches, madame; they are angels,' he said hurriedly."



Mark Twain as a Golfer.

Reminiscences of Mark Twain are still being related. Although he did not golf