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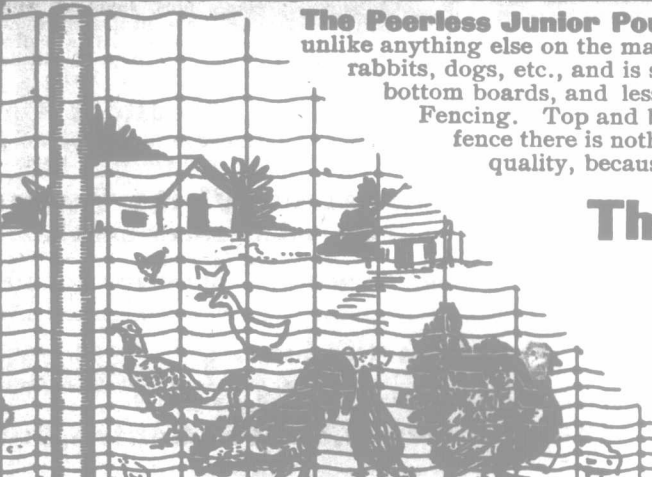
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GOSSIP.

"Was the picture you just sold a genuine work of art?" "No," answered the dealer, "but the story I told about it was."

"Look here," said Mr. Jones to the house agent, "my wife will be calling to-day, and I want you to tell her that that house we have been looking at is taken!" "But, my good sir," protested the agent, "it isn't taken." "It will be then," answered Mr. Jones, "I am taking it now. Mrs. Jones can't make up her mind, but she'll want it directly she thinks she can't get it!"

Too Precipitate.—A park policeman seeing a youngster standing on the brink of a pond, accosted the boy. "What's the matter, Tommy?" he queried. The youngster pointed to a hat which was bobbing up and down in the middle of the pond. "My bruvver—" he sobbed. In a flash the courageous constable divested himself of his coat and plunged into the water. He reached the hat and dived for the lost lad. He came up, but with the hat only. "Can't find him!" he gasped. "Where was he standing when he fell in?" The boy gasped. "He ain't fell in," he said. "He's over there. I was going to tell you he throwed my hat into the pond, but you wouldn't lemme finish!"

The way political parties and individual politicians are dodging certain vital issues reminds one of the story about the darkey who was born with a talent for evasiveness. His master humored him, deriving much enjoyment from his servant's adeptness, and occasionally matching his wits against the colored man's—and it must be acknowledged that upon the occasion referred to, he was somewhat nettled. Coming around the corner of the barn after a fruitless search for the hoe, he met Sambo. "Where's that hoe, Sambo?" "It's wid de rake, massa." "Oh, it is. Well, then, where's the rake?" "Las' time I see'd it, massa, it was wid de hoe." "Smart, ain't you. But I got you now, Sambo. Where are they both?" "Both t'gether, massa; seems ter me you's mighty partic'lar this mawnin'!"

Up in a Pennsylvania lumber camp, one not very friendly son of St. Patrick, happened to be carrying a log upon the edge of a steep incline, when he lost his footing, and, with the log, started to fall down hill. Over and over he rolled, the log held fast in his embrace, and his friends above fearing that he would be crushed, called out:

"Drop it, Dennis. Let go the log."
Drop it, however, Dennis did not, and when his companions reached the foot of the hill they found him lying upon it, exhausted, but smiling.

"Confound it, Dennis," they inquired, "why didn't you let go the log?"
"Phy didn't I?" responded Dennis.
"An' phy should I, now? It was a fair fight, an' wasn't I on top half the toime."

A doctor, now eminent, was at one time serving as interne in one of the Philadelphia hospitals, as well as holding his own with a coterie of rather gay friends. On a certain morning the physician awoke to find that he had sadly overslept. Sleepily putting on his clothes, he hastened to the hospital, and soon a stalwart young Irishman claimed his attention. "Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn, and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse. "Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't git me breath at all, at all."

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling beside the cot and laying his head on the Irishman's chest. "Now, let me hear you talk," he continued, closing his eyes and listening attentively for sounds of pulmonary congestion. A moment of silence. "What will I be sayin', doctor?" finally asked the patient. "Oh, say anything; count one, two, three and up, that way," murmured the physician, drowsily.

"Wan, two, three, fure, five, six," began the sick man. When the young doctor, with a start, opened his eyes. Pat was continuing weakly. "tin hundred and sixty-nine, tin hundred and sivinty, tin hundred an' sixvinty-wan."