

A Page of Smiles.

An old wife, much troubled by her husband's drinking habits, decided to play the "ghost" upon him one dark night while he was on his way home from the tavern. The conspirator rose in a white sheet from behind the hedge. "Wae are ye?" cried the husband. "I'm Auld Nick," was the reply. "Gie's a shake o' yer hand, then," exclaimed the tipsy man. "I'm married tae a sister o' yours. She'll be waitin' for us up at the hoose, an' nae doot mak' ye welcome."

A young girl once asked Mark Twain if he liked books for Christmas gifts. "Well that depends," drawled the great humorist. "If a book has a leather cover, it is really valuable as a razor strop. If it is a brief, concise work, such as the French write, it is useful to put under the short leg of a wobbly table. An old-fashioned book with a clasp can't be beat as a missile to hurl at a dog; and a large book, like a geography, is as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken pane of glass."

On a large estate in the Highlands of Scotland it was the custom for a piper to play in front of the house every morning except Sunday in order to awaken the occupants. One Sunday morning, however, having more to drink than was good for him the night before, he commenced to play as usual in front of the house. On hearing the noise his master, who was very angry, opened his bed-room window and asked the piper if he knew the Fourth Commandment. The piper replied—"No, sir, but if you'll—hic—whistle it, I'll—hic—try it."

An American was being shown over an old church in Scotland, beneath which hundreds of people were interred. "A great many people sleep beneath this roof," said the guide, with a wave of his hand. "Is that so?" exclaimed the American. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher."

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I passed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you very much."

Cook (leaving)—"I should like to ask you for a written character." "Why, what am I to write, you idle, good-for-nothing girl? You surely don't expect me to say you gave satisfaction?" "Cook—" "You need do nothing of the kind. Just say that I stayed with you three months; that will be the best character you could give me?"

A clergyman who knew all the parishioners in his village parish intimately, met an Irishman one morning and said to him, "Mike, what's all this nonsense about a quarrel between you and Jerry Quinn? Everbody in the place knows that you put up your fists to one another and had to be dragged apart. For shame, 'Mike!" "Now, sir, don't be lecturin' me! Jerry Quinn's the man you're after. Do you know what he said to me? No? Well, ye know I had a big sign made for my stable, and I had the man paint in that fine pair of mules I bought a year back, and me sittin' on the back of one of them. So when Jerry Quinn came along I says to him, 'Jerry, that's not a bad picture of me, is it?' And what d'ye think the spalpeen says, sir? He says, 'It's a good likeness,' he says. 'I'd know it anywhere,' he says. 'But who's that on your back?'"

Early in the season a man applied at a farmhouse for board, but the farmer slowly shook his head. "I'd be glad to keep you," he said, "but city people are too hard to please."

"I'm not at all exacting," the applicant replied. "You will find no difficulty in pleasing me."

"That's what the last man who come along here said, but it wasn't so. Fact is, nothing pleased him. First he complained about sleeping in a bed with a hired man, and when we give him a bed to himself next to the roof with four of the children he was still dissatisfied."

"Then he didn't like to use the towel we all used, and wanted a wash basin in his room. Nothing suited him at all. I don't know whether you would be so hard to please or not."

"Well," the city man said, "perhaps I'd better not chance it."

The First Boy (sent to bed to await chastisement for bad behavior)—Here's father coming upstairs. I'm going to pretend I'm asleep.

The Second Boy (in case similar to first, but wiser)—I'm not; I'm going to get up and put something on.