

Smiles

Guest: "Ah, Mrs. Blank, I seldom get as good a dinner as this." Little Johnny: "Neither do we."

A butcher in London published this advertisement: "Wanted—A respectable boy for beef sausages."

Will: "I wish I had a little tame monkey." Papa: "What for?" Will: "Then I wouldn't get blamed for everything that is broken."

Customer (entering poultry store): "I should like to see a nice fat goose." Small Boy: "Yes, sir; father will be down in a minute."

Tramp: "Lady, I ain't eat nothin' since yesterday." Lady: "What did you eat then?" Tramp: "Nothin' but de market report in an old paper."

"Hello, old chap. I hear you've lost your job." "Well, I wouldn't put it like that exactly, but the firm has been foolish enough to sever its connection with me."

"Did you steal that fine pair of ducks from my back porch?" asked an irate man of his colored gardener. "Yes, sah, I did. I tuk 'em an' I eat 'em, an' dey done me good."

"Father, may I ask you a question?" "Yes, my son." "What is an excavation?" "Why, an excavation, my boy, is a place from which dirt has been taken." "Well, I suppose my face is an excavation, then."

Speaking of editorial tribulations, the Chicago Tribune relates this experience: "The young man with the long hair, tallow complexion and bundle of manuscript approached the editor's desk."

"Here is something," he said, "I wrote myself."

"The editor glanced hastily through the manuscript, and then looked at the author."

"That is a sufficient explanation," he replied, handing it back, "but it is hardly an adequate apology."

For at least half an hour the visitor had noticed the old farmer fishing. Not once had the fisherman drawn his hook from the water. And the more the visitor looked the more he wondered, as the shallow stream seemed as likely to yield fish as a bucket of water.

"Are there any fish in there?" the visitor at length asked.

"Fish! No; not likely," replied the old man, with a contemptuous sniff.

"Then what is your object in remaining here, my man?"

"My only object, sir, is to show my wife that I ain't got no time to hoe potatoes."

His Earthly Possessions

The London Outlook tells a very good story that ends differently from what might be expected.

"When I came to town, twenty years ago," said a prosperous man of ample waistcoat, "all my earthly possessions were wrapped up in a red bandanna handkerchief."

"And now you own three hundred acres of land, and that factory on the edge of the town?"

"Yes."

"May I ask you what you carried in the red bandanna handkerchief?"

"Six thousand pounds in cash and bonds."

This reminds us of a conversation overheard by a friend sojourning in Australia. An old Irishman was holding forth to a crowd of his chums, all gold miners. "Whin I first landed in this country," said Mike, boastfully, "I'd scarcely a rag to me back; an' I look at me now—I'm covered wid 'em!"

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