

company. Dropping on his hands and knees he entered, making strange noises distinctly resembling the neighing of a horse. Aware of a dead silence, he looked up, and found the guests assembled for an eight o'clock dinner regarding him with disgust not unmingled with alarm.

The children's party was next door.

The proprietors of two rival livery stables, situated alongside each other in a busy street, have been having a lively advertising duel lately.

The other week one of them stuck up on his office window a long strip of paper, bearing the words:

"Our horses need no whip to make them go."

This bit of sarcasm naturally caused some amusement at the expense of the rival proprietor, but in less than an hour he neatly turned the tables by putting the following retort on his own window:

"True. The wind blows them a-long!"

HIS PLAN.

An Irishman who was rather too fond of strong drink was asked by the parish priest:

"My son, how do you expect to get into Heaven?"

The Irishman replied:

"Shure, and that's aisy! When I get to the gates of Heaven I'll open the door and shut the door, and open the door and shut the door, an' keep on doing that till St. Peter gets impatient and says, 'For goodness' sake, Mike, either come in or stay out!'—'Tit-Bits.'"

"What on earth did that fellow mean when he said he was a peregrinating pedestrian, castigating his itinerary from the classic Athens of America?"

'He meant he was a tramp beating his way from Boston.'—Baltimore 'American.'

Chief of Police—'If you were ordered to disperse a mob, what would you do?'

Applicant—'I'd pass around the hat.'

BIRD TREATY RATIFIED.

Ratifications of the treaty between Great Britain and the United States for the protection of insectivorous birds on both sides of the Canadian boundary, which was signed August 16, were exchanged at the State Department at Washington on Dec. 7th by Ambassador Spring-Rice and Secretary of State Lansing. So far as is known, it is the first treaty of the kind ever negotiated.

IRISH WIT TRIUMPHANT.

An Irish waiter named Kenny was noted for his wit and ready answers. A party of gentlemen who were staying at the hotel heard of Kenny's wit and one of them made a bet that he would say something that Kenny couldn't answer at once.

A bottle of champagne was ordered, and the one who had made the bet took hold of the bottle and commenced to open it. The cork came out with a bang and flew into Kenny's mouth.

"Ah," he said, "that is not the way to Cork!"

Kenny took the cork out of his mouth and replied:

"No; but it's the way to Kill-Kenny."—Baltimore Sun.

Professor, to Old Cook: "Regina, you have been with me now twenty-five years. In reward for your faithful service I have decided to name this new beetle, which I have discovered, after you."