

they expressed their surprise and pleasure at meeting a person of his class. The first gentleman said, "I like to meet literary people. I buy books. I've got a library of six hundred volumes all bound in full calf. I've got all the works of Thackeray and Dickenson, and if you'll tell me the names of yours I'll buy them too. I've never read them."

The second gentleman, anxious to atone for his friend's indiscretion, kicked his shins under the table and said, "Oh, yes, you have, but *you've forgotten them.*"—*Selected.*

PING-PONG

Ping to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pong with mine;
We twain may win the challenge cup
If ping with pong combine.
The craze that in my soul doth rise
Is doubtless keen in thine;
I'll take the role of pinger up
If thou'lt be pongstress mine.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

CLEVER MARY

"Mary, didn't I tell you I liked my beef well done?"

"You did, marm, but I didn't say anything, did I? People can have ther whims, if they want to, for all o' me."—*Selected.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN

In London, recently, an American, boasting of the superiority of his country, was interrupted by an Englishman, who said:

"There's one thing in which this country surpasses America. You never saw on the other side of the Atlantic any fog that could match the one which hangs over London to-night."

"Fog! Fog!" came the unhesitating reply of the irate American; "why, this is nothing compared with some of the fogs we have around New York harbour. Sometimes the fog is so thick around there that it's a common thing for the captains of the ferry-boats to put on extra crews simply to pump the fog out of the cabins. Why,

there's a corporation organizing in New Jersey right now to can American fog and supply the British people with 'the real thing.'"—*Argonaut.*

TWO NEW NEGRO STORIES

"Yo' say Mistah Johnsing am industrious?"

"Yeas, sah. Why, he spent two whole days tryin' to get his wife a job."

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the court-room, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I'se got a lawyer here who does the defending."

"Then who are you?"

"I'se the gentleman what stole the chickens."—*Selected.*

HER PART

An English paper tells a story of some children's theatricals. A party of children were giving a little drama of their own, in which courtships and weddings played a leading part in the plot. While the play was in progress one of the "grown ups" went behind the scenes and found a very small girl sitting in the corner.

"Why are you left out?" he asked. "Aren't you playing, too?"

"Oh, I'se not left out," came the reply. "I'se the baby waiting to be borned."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going ping-ponging, sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "Yes, if you like, kind sir," she said. She led him away to the ping-pong net; and then came an hour he'll never forget; for his shoulders ache from the many stoops to pick up the balls, and his eyelid droops, where she smote him twice with her racket small, which left her hand as she struck the ball; and he'll never ping where she pongs again, for she heard him swear when she pinged him then.