

CATACLYSM AND CHUCKLES

WHAT SHE WANTED.

She poured his coffee with extra care
And carried it to his plate;
She stood beside him and smoothed his hair
And talked to him while he ate.

She jumped to help him with his coat
And gave him a loving pat;
She tied a kerchief round his throat
And carefully brushed his hat.

He smiled to himself, for, although they
Had been married but a year,
He knew the signs, so he paused to say,
"What is it you want; my dear?"

She blushed a little and hung her head,
Pouted a moment or so
Then, "Only a sealskin coat," she said,
"A nice long one, dear, you know."

THE TRUTH IS OFTEN SPOKEN IN IGNORANCE — "Ma, dear, what does the word *matinee* mean?" "Gracious, child! What ignorance! *Matinee* is a French word, meaning amateur performance."

THE ALTERNATIVE.—Tramp: "Yes, mum, I was bit by a dog last June." Old Lady: "Poor mau! And did you go to Paris?" Tramp: "Bless your kind art, no; I went on the Parish."

SMART—BUT OLD.—Landlord (to trespasser): "Go back, there! That's not the road." Giles: "Do'ee know where I be a-going?" Landlord: "No." Giles: "Then how do'ee know this ben't the road, mister?"

HAPPY THOUGHT.—"Why, my boy, you've spelt window without an *N*. Don't you know the difference between a *window* and a *widow*?" "Yes, sir. You can see through *ow*—and—and—you can't through the *other*, sir."

Mr. William Nyo, otherwise Bill of that ilk, has expressed an opinion to this effect: "The peculiar characteristic of classic music is that it is really so much better than it sounds." From a popular point of view Mr. Nyo has hit the "gold."—*Musical Times*.

WELL OUT OF IT.—Uncle: "And you love your enemies, Ethel?" Ethel (promptly): "Yeth, uncle." Uncle: "And who are your enemies, dear?" Ethel (in an awful whisper): "The Dev—." (The old gentleman does not see his way further, and drops the subject).

Late at the observatory—"Please tell me where I am to go. I was invited to see the transit of Venus." "I am extremely sorry, madam, but you are too late. The transit was over fifteen minutes ago." "Oh that's no matter. The superintendent is a friend of mine and I am sure he will have it done again for me."

A traveller who has just returned to America from the South Sea has in his possession a little black earthenware jar which was taken, with valuable jewelry, from the tomb of one of the Peruvian incas near Pisagua. No tinted pottery is made by modern Peruvians, and it is estimated that this jar was made in the time of Cortez.

A LOOK AHEAD.—Mother—Laura, you ought to make that young man of your's go home earlier.

Miss Laura—But we are engaged, mamma, and I don't see why—
Mother—You will get him into habits of staying out late that you will be sorry for some day, after the honeymoon is over.

A Stitch in Time.—Many of the school houses of Dakota are being provided with barrels of water, potatoes, beans, coffee and cooking utensils, and in case thirty or forty scholars are penned up by a blizzard for two or three days this winter, there will be no danger of starvation. There is talk of providing ham and eggs for some of the isolated church buildings.

If you were to meet a Russian peasant on the highway and asked him how old Queen Victoria was he'd turn pale and refer you to the civil boss of the village. He in turn would refer you to others, and the query would finally be put in writing and go to the minister of the interior at St. Petersburg to be answered. And he'd advise that you be found, arrested and searched as a suspicious person.

KENTUCKY FEUD.

Three generations back, or more, two grandpas had a fray.
Their grandsons still are in it just as actively to-day.
First one on this side bites the dust and then one falls on that,
And year by year they cultivate the game of "tit for tat."
And while there's one remains on either side the fight's renewed
Naught but extermination ends an old Kentucky feud.

A heavy rain was falling and the street car was crowded. A sweet young girl entered and glanced timidly around. "Take my seat, miss," exclaimed the hollow eyed consumptive near the door, seeing that the burly, beef-fed man sitting next to him did not offer to rise. "Thank you, sir," she replied. And that sweet young girl with dripping gossamer sat down by the side of the burly individual and drenched him with cold rain-water till he could feel his spinal column growing shorter, while the hollow-eyed consumptive hung on to a strap, dry and happy. Politeness is its own reward.

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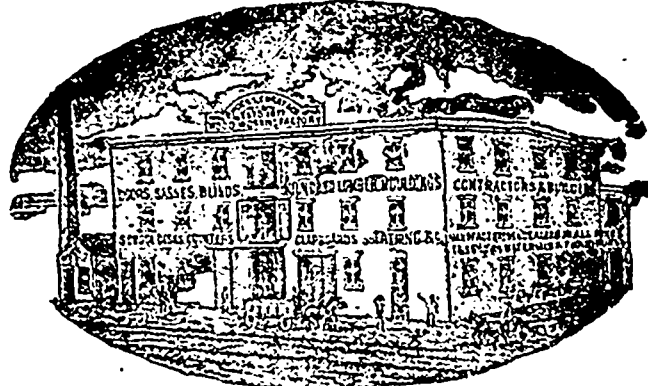
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