



But That's Another Story



His Answer.

SOME time ago, a woman who was buying some dress goods said to the clerk:

"I should prefer material shot with red."

"They ain't shootin' them with red, this year" was his apologetic reply.

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Just Dissolved.

TWO young men-about-town were talking the other day.

"So you broke your engagement with Miss Spensive?"

"No, I didn't break it."

"Oh, she broke it?"

"No, she didn't break it."

"But it is broken?"

"Yes, she told me what her clothing cost and I told her what my income was, then our engagement sagged in the middle, and gently dissolved."

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An Interminable Job.

THE new pastor was a stickler for ceremonial observances. He could read his share of the responses with one eye and watch the congregation with the other. Each member was expected to take part in the reading, and the person who shirked that responsibility was detected sooner or later and brought to account. On the first three Sundays of his new pastorate he noticed a man in a front pew who sat silent throughout the service. The third Sunday evening, although in a hurry to reach the bedside of a sick parishioner, he took time to let the delinquent know he had found out.

"I am sorry to see," the pastor said, "that you have never read the responses."

"F-f-f I had d-d-d-done th-th-that," said the silent man, "ab-b-bout what t-t-time d-d-do you sup-p-pose you'd have g-g-got through p-p-preaching?"

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A Poultry Problem.

THE summer boarder wished to air his knowledge.

"Which is correct," he asked, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more, I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know; when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

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An Old Song Rejuvenated.

I cannot wear the old hair
I wore some months gone by;
I've laid it on my topmost shelf
With many a weary sigh.
No longer are they wearing puffs,
And rats are quite de trop;
I cannot wear the old hair—
Oh, what a cruel blow!

I cannot wear the old hair,
For which good gold I paid;
Red hair is so expensive when
One gets the proper shade.
I felt so dreadful when it was coiffed,
All little puffs and curls;
But I can't wear the old hair—
Alas for Fashion's whirls!

I cannot wear the old hair
Four switches I must buy
And wind them round and round my
head
As flat as they will lie.
My face is far too plump for this,
My nose is much too long;
But I can't wear the old hair—
It's altogether wrong!

—Lippincott's Magazine.

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Stopping a Bank Run.

TOURISTS are always telling funny stories about their experiences at seashore or mountains—funny in the telling, whatever they might have been in the happening. Perhaps, in the communities where they spent the summer, the inhabitants may be telling as funny things about them.

"I tried to buy a horse last summer,"

said one city man to another. "It was in a small village on Cape Cod, an old down-East fishing town. Wanted one that the missus and the kids could drive safe, you know, and just alive enough to walk. So I looked at an old nag that one of the people up there had for sale."

"He was surely old-looking enough, dejected and weak-kneed, but the fellow wanted \$65 for him. I offered him \$60—I don't know why—don't ask me. The man wouldn't take it. Said it was worth more than that."

"I told him. 'See what a miserable old thing he is! He isn't worth any 65.'"

"That horse," said the old countryman. "That animal! Why, there's nothing the matter with that horse. He can lie down and he can get up all by himself." But I thought that wasn't recommendation, so I didn't buy him."

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The Laugh of a Child.

"DID any of you ever hear the song," asked the elderly boarder, "entitled 'The Laugh of a Child?'"

It appeared that nobody present ever had heard it.

"It was very popular fifty years ago," he said, "but I don't suppose it's in any of our modern collections of music. It was a great favorite of mine."

"How does it go?" timidly inquired the new boarder.

"I don't remember it at all, but a part of it goes like this."

Clearing his throat he sang:

"O, the lah-hah-hahf of a chi-hi-hild
So wi-hi-hild and so free-hee-hee,
Is the meh-heh-herriest sow-how-hound
In the wuh-huh-hurld to me!"

"Dinner's ready!" gasped the landlady, although it was a full quarter of an hour earlier than the regular time. —Chicago Tribune.

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A Near Relative.

A CERTAIN well-known but impecunious nobleman, while walking one day in Wardour street, saw a family portrait for sale in a shop window, and went in to inquire the price. The dealer wanted £12 10s., but his Lordship would only give £10, so the purchase was not made. A short time afterward, while dining with a gentleman he was invited to view his pictures.

As he stood gazing with profound interest at a certain one, his host said, "Ah, that is a portrait of an ancestor of mine."

"Indeed!" said his Lordship. "Then we must be almost related in some way. It was within £2 10s of being an ancestor of mine." —Tit-Bits.

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Sounded Like a Warning.

MRS. JONES'S favorite warning to her young progeny when they were in mischief was that she would tend to them in a minute. "Tend-



TEACHER: Why are you late this morning, Kitty Jones?

KITTY JONES: I had to fetch the doctor to father, 'cause mother cooked him something out of her head. —Windsor Magazine.

ing" was accomplished by applying her open hand where it would do the most good. When Harry was four years old he was sent for the first time round the corner to the grocery. In a few minutes he came trotting soberly back with the nickel still in his hand, but no bag of onions.

"What's the matter?" asked his mother.

"I'm 'fraid of the man," he said, solemnly.

"Oh, he won't hurt you," reassured Mrs. Jones. "Run along and bring the onions. I'm in a hurry for them."

A second time Harry disappeared round the corner, and a second time returned without his purchase.

"I'm afraid of the grocer man," he explained, as before.

"Well, what makes you afraid of him?" demanded his mother, impatiently.

"Why," answered the little fellow, "bofe times when I goed in he looked at me, and said, 'I'll tend to you in a minute.'" —Youth's Companion.

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Some Filipino Riddles.

THE mother says "Let us stand up," but the children say "Let us lie across."—A ladder.

At night they come without being fetched and by day they are lost without being stolen.—The stars.

Here he comes with glowing charcoal on his head.—Cock.

Come up and let us go, go down and here we stay.—Anchor.

Two stores are open at the same time.—Eyes.

There is a small brook filled with shells.—Mouth.

A slender tree which bears only one leaf.—Lighted candle.

His words are audible but difficult to understand; when you look at his face you will understand what he says.—Clock.

I saw two boats; only one person was aboard.—Shoes.

A sweet lady among thorns.—Pine-apple.

"Here, here!" he says, but has no mouth.—Forefinger.

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A Bad Risk.

"THAT life insurance agent left your office in a hurry."

"Yes, I told him that I was going to take up aeroplaning." —Detroit Free Press.

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After the Lecture.

THE lecture was over, and the gentleman who did the talking strained his ears as he followed the audience out of the hall to gather in, so far as he could, what sort of an impression he had made. As he drew near the doorway two old gentlemen

who were making their way out just ahead of him rendered a verdict.

"Well, Bankside," said one of them, "what did you think of it?"

"I've heard worse," said Bankside.

"Did you think it was at all illuminating?" asked the other.

"In an old-fashioned way, yes," replied the venerable Bankside.

"I don't quite catch your point," said the questioner.

"Why, it was illuminating, but it struck me as having more gas than electricity about it," explained the critic. —Judge's Library.

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Arabella's Darling.

"NOW, I wonder," thought Alphonso, "what Arabella is doing at this precise moment?"

(Arabella and Alphonso were married last May and Alphonso, being a commercial traveller, was far from home).

"I wonder," he repeated, "what she is doing?"

Then a brilliant idea struck him, and he visited the nearest spiritualist medium.

"What," said Alphonso for the third time, "is Arabella doing?"

"She is looking out of the window," replied the medium, "evidently expecting somebody."

"That is strange," said Alphonso. "Whom can she expect?"

"Ah!" continued the medium, "some one enters the house, and she caresses him fondly."

"It can't be!" cried the excited husband. "My wife is true to me."

"Now she lays his head on her lap and looks tenderly into his eyes."

"Villain!" roared the jealous husband.

"Now she kisses him."

"It's false!" yelled Alphonso. "I'll make you pay dearly for this!"

The medium saw that he had gone far enough.

"Now," he said, "he wags his tail." —Tit-Bits.

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It Said So; and He Did.

GERMAN took out his first naturalization papers. As he was about to leave the court room he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization.

In a few days he turned up again. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying:

"Vell, here I vos."

"Pleased to see you, I'm sure," said the clerk with polite sarcasm. "Would you mind adding who you are and why you are here?"

The man seemed surprised. He exhibited the official envelope. "It says Return in five days," he explained, "und here I vos!"

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No Cause for Alarm.

O man! Poor frightened man! I speak to you

A word of prophecy and likewise cheer!

Turn not my way a countenance so drear,

For what I say is sweet yet strongly true.

That voting day for women which you view

In the near future is no thing of dread!

No storms will break nor will much gore be shed;

The lightning's dagger will not pierce you through;

All will be well. The sun will rise and set,

The wind blow soft, as usual, and the day

Pass on the same as when, long since, you met

These self-same women in the old time way.

Brace up! Look wise and pleasant, timid man!

A woman's vote will not change nature's plan.

—New York Sun.

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Another Answer.

IN a primary school examination, over which I once had the pleasure to preside, one of the questions was with regard to the five senses. One of the bright pupils handled the subject thus:

"The five senses are: Sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning, coughing. By the sixth sense is meant an extra one which some folks have. This is snoring."