

IF THE GREAT WERE GRATEFUL.

Kings would give daily thanks that they do not have to earn their salaries.

And philosophers that the world does not yet see through them.

And editors that their predictions are so soon forgotten.

And statesmen that their constituencies are too busy.—Life.

Could Suit Her.—“Do you guarantee these colors fast?” asked the customer at the hosiery counter.

“Certainly not, madam,” replied the new clerk, in the fullness of his knowledge. “Black is never considered a fast color, you know, but I can show you something pretty swift in stripes.”

Still Conscious—The man of great financial prominence had met with an accident.

“We’ll have to probe,” said the doctor.

Just at that moment the man recovered consciousness, and exclaimed:

“If it’s a surgical operation, go ahead; but, if it’s another investigation, give me an anaesthetic.”

Puzzled—“I’ve got a letter from my son out West.”

“What is Tom doing now?”

“That’s what I can’t make out. He says he is engaged in the destruction of weeds. Now, that may mean he’s smoking a good many cigars or that he is trying to induce some widow to make a second venture, or may mean that he is doing farm work.”—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

RAPPING SOMEBODY.

Citizen—“I see we have ordered a new aeroplane for our army.”

U.S.A. Secretary of War—“Why, I thought we had one.”

DODGING TROUBLE.

Spokesman—We have pleasure in informing you, Rev. Mr. Jones, that we have decided to increase your stipend from \$700 to \$800 a year.

Rev. Jones—I refuse to accept it. I’ve enough trouble already trying to collect the \$700.—Judge.

“VERS LIBRE” AS IT IS LIBERATED.
How I wish,

Rita,

I were a microscopic organism,
Sitting

On your eyelash

And laughing at my brothers

Drowning in your

Tears!

—Record.

“Miss Norah, if it wasn’t for Tirrence O’Brien that do be coortin’ ye, I’d be after having somethin’ to say to ye mesilf th’ night.”

“It’s very considerate ye are, Mr. Mulligan, but did ye niver hear that prisint company is always accipted?”

TRUE PITY.

Hostess—Doesn’t it seem a shame, Mr. Jones, that this poor little lamb should have to die for us?”

Mr. Jones—Ah, yes, indeed! It is rather tough.—Ideas.

“People should marry their opposites.”

“Most people are convinced that they did.”—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE MADDING CROWD.

Newcomer (at resort)—Is this a restful place?”

Native—Well, it used to be until folks began comin’ here for a rest.—Boston Transcript.