

at the young man before her, and then at the paper, but made no motion towards writing.

"Just sign your maiden name," repeated the clerk, thinking she had misunderstood.

She knew only too well what he had said, but was no more able to execute the task than the young man himself would have been. She had been married twice, and it is a long time since she has had occasion to use the name to which she was born.

"I—I—really don't remember it," she gasped in an agony of embarrassment to the astonished clerk; "I shall have to go home and find out," and she disappeared through the door with all the haste at her command.

Stiffkins (a neighbor)—"Hello, Jones, what are you doing? Laying down a carpet?"

Jones (who has just whacked his thumb)—"No, you idiot! The carpet was here when we moved in. I'm just putting the floor under it."

Truly, if "Because" is a woman's reason, little Ethel was justified in answering her small sister's query in the following way:

Ethel (aged four)—"Did you know Adam named all the animals?"

Frances (aged three)—"No; did he name the elephant?"

Ethel—"Course he did."

Frances (after a wondering pause)—"How did he name the elephant?"

Ethel (in a very superior tone)—"Why, I suppose he looked at the elephant and he said, 'I think you look just like an elephant, and I guess I'll call you—elephant.' That's why."

Upon arriving at the Atlanta

Exposition, a Philadelphia newspaper man chartered a hack, and ordered the driver to convey him to the "best hotel in town." Entering the caravansary, he dropped his grip before the desk, held a pen poised above the register, and inquired, "What kind of a room can you give me, and how much?"

The clerk, a typical Southerner, replied in an indifferent sort of tone, "Well, suh, Ah ken give you a fo'th flo' room foh fo' dollahs a day, suh."

"Fo'th flo', fo' dollahs," repeated the visitor, facetiously mimicking the other's accent; "then I presume you can give me a first floor room for one dollar, eh?"

"No, suh," drawled the Georgian; "Ah kain't give yo' a fust flo' room foh one dollah, suh; but Ah ken give yo' a room without any flo' foh nothin', suh. Jest go down to the bahn and inqui' for the mewel apahments."

The Earl of Derby is an extensive land proprietor. While walking on his property one day he met a collier. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land.

"Thy land? Well, I've got no land myself." was the reply, "and I'm like to walk on somebody's. Wheer did tha' get it fro'?"

"Oh," explained his lordship. "I got it from my ancestors."

"And wheer did tha' get it fro'?" asked the collier.

"They got it from their ancestors," was the reply.

"And wheer did their ancestors get it?"

"They fought for it."

"Well, begad," said the collier, squaring off to the earl, "I'll feight thee for it."