

stoah, 'Ah, what soht of a hat do you think would suit me?' and the wetch weplied, as bwazen as you please, 'A soft one, sir.' "

"Did yon wesent the insult?"

"Yaas, pwomptly."

"How did you wesent it?"

"I said 'Wats!' wealey loud and slammed the door as I went out."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

I happened to be walking behind a couple of school children the other day, when one, a lad of about nine years, turned to his companion and said: "Say, Skinny, we don't say 'chestnuts' no more down to our school, we say church bell."

"Aw, g'long. Yer tryin' to get off some gag on me."

"No, I hain't. Hope to die, and cross my heart, if I am!"

"Honestly and truly?"

"Ah, ha!"

"Well, then, if there ain't no gag, why do you say church bell?"

"Cause it's been tolled before."

"Huh! I don't see anything so very funny about that."



Hiram Spook.—Use it later.

Casey Tap.—How is it with thee?

A. E. R.—The rhyme is bad. Try again.

A. R. M.—Your "cutting" remarks are good.

Hank Lancey.—Will use it later with suitable sketch.

Lotta.—We can sympathize with you, dear. We've had 'em ourselves.

Anon.—Must have writer's name, in confidence. Not appropriate, anyhow.