



THE BEAR.—I always believe in exercising before eating a hearty meal.

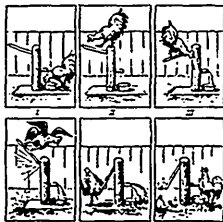
CALLER.—Is your father at home? **LITTLE DAD.**—What is your name, please? **CALLER.**—Just tell him it is his old friend Hill. **LITTLE DAD.**—Then I guess he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home.

OLD PARTY.—Why are you crying, my little man? **THE LITTLE MAN.**—Please sir, I lost my ball. **OLD PARTY.**—Well, well, don't cry. Here's a ten-cent piece to buy another. Now tell me where you lost it? **THE LITTLE MAN.**—Please, sir, too de front winder of yer house, sir.

VISITOR.—Walor, two eggs, please: boll them four minutes. **WAITER.**—All right, sir. Be ready in half a second.

WHEN is a door not a door? When it's a jar.

AN UP-TO-DATE HEN.



TOO MUCH FOR THEM.

SOME years ago, while visiting the Spokane, General Philip Sheridan related to the Indians, through an interpreter, the wonders of the railway, and then waited to see what effect the revelation would have upon them.

"What do they ask the interpreter?" "They say they don't believe it." "What do they say to that?" "The General asked again, seeing the Indian faces all inquisitive."

"Then the General gave an account of the telephone, and told how a man at the end of a long wire had talked to a man at the other end of it. The interpreter remained silent."

"Well," said the General, "why don't you in turn tell that to them?" "Because I don't believe that story myself," answered the conscientious man.

AN amusing story is told by the New York Tribune of a woman who requested what she supposed was an exclusive privilege granted to men.

A determined-looking woman tried to get on a street car in Philadelphia the other day, when it made a momentary stop on account of a blockage; but the conductor said to her:

"Take the next car, madam; we don't carry passengers."

"What's the reason you don't?" she inquired, at the same time making an effort to scramble aboard just as the car started up.

"You can't get out, it's a mail car!" shouted the man on the rear platform.

"The idea!" muttered the woman, shaking her green umbrella at the rapidly disappearing conductor, to the infinite delight of a number of spectators. "A male car, and you won't let women ride on it! I'll report you at the depot—see if I don't!" and she made a mental note of his number.



DIDN'T FORGET HIS MANNERS.

"If you'll excuse me, mum, I'll leave the table."

AN Indian and a white man were passing along a street in an American city, when the former espied a window full of wigs. Pointing to the owner, who was standing in the doorway, he said: "Ugh! Him great man—big brave—take heap scalps!"

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