## IN LIGHTER VEIN

Unique Declination.—A young woman, prominent in the social set of an Ohio town, tells of a young man there who had not familiarized himself with the forms of polite correspondence to the fullest extent. When, on one occasion, he found it necessary to decline an invitation, he did to the following terms:

sary to decline an invitation, he did so in the following terms:
"Mr. Henry Blank declines with pleasure Mrs. Wood's invitation for the nineteenth, and thanks her ex-tremely for having given him the op-portunity of doing so."—Lippincott's.

Couldn't Lose Him.—Patience—"And did her father follow them when they eloped?"

Patrice—"Sure! He's living with them yet!"-Yonkers Statesman.

Economy.—A lady with philanthropic symptoms was trying to instil a little economy into her husband's colored tenants. One of them, Mary Kinney, an anti-race-suicidest, kept a colored girl as nurse to her group of ten growing American citizens. "Mary," remarked the lady, "do you think a woman in your circumstances can afford a nurse?"

"I dunno 'm, as I kin, but I don't pay her but twenty-fi' cents a month, an' I pays dat in ole clo'es, and"—with a wide smile—"she don't git dem!"

Coming to Them.—"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes."
"Yes, and if they don't have them, they are apt to get them."—New York Evening Mail.

Too Much For Him.—"I notice that your garden doesn't look very promising this year."

"No, every time my husband got to digging in it he found a lot of worms, and they always reminded him of his fishing-tackle."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Creating an Impression.—"And your asband gave \$50,000 for that old husband book?"

book?"
"Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox.
"To show how much you care for literature, I suppose?"
"No. To show how little we care for \$50,000."—Washington Star.

Adding Insult to Injury.—Creditor (angrily)—"Look here, when are you going to pay the £10 you owe me?"
Debtor (calmly)—That question reminds me of the old adage."
"What old adage?"
"The one about a fool's ability to call custions that a wise man cannot

ask questions that a wise man cannot answer."

A Good Retort.—The Seedy One—
"Say, guv'nor, there's a fly on your

old Gent—"What the dickens has that to do with you?"

The Seedy One—"Nothin', nothin', only I thought it would get its wings

Wanted Plenty.—Milliner—"I am sailing for Paris next week for French plumes and trimmings. Could I purchase anything special for you?"

Mrs. Recent Rich—"Why, yes; you may bring me half a dozen of those nom de plumes I often hear spoken of."—Judge.

Well Decorated.—Miss D., a teacher of unquestioned propriety in all its branches, was in the throes of commencement, and to the best of her ability was entertaining some young men—the suitors of her fair pupils. They conversed on some beautiful flowers in the drawing-room. "Yes," exclaimed the old lady; "but if you think these are pretty, you just ought to go upstairs and look in the bathtubs of the girls' dormitories. They are just full of American beauties!"



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