

His Last Request.

Judge (to prisoner just condemned to death)—"You have the legal right to express a last wish, and if it is possible it will be granted."

Prisoner (a barber)—"I should like just once more to be allowed to shave the District Attorney."

Wouldn't Have Been Strange.

Two women were strangers to each other at a reception. After a few moments' desultory talk the first said rather querulously:

"I don't know what's the matter with that tall, blonde gentleman over there. He was so attentive a while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."

Bishop Ryan's Retort.

Archbishop Patrick J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, is as famous as he is eloquent as a divine, and many are the stories told of his quick repartee. When Wayne MacVeagh, former attorney-general of the United States, was counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad he called upon the archbishop in company with Mr. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania system:

"Your grace," said Mr. MacVeagh, "Mr. Roberts, who always travels with his counsel, will undoubtedly get you passes over all the railroads in the United States if in return you will get him a pass to paradise."

"I would do so gladly," flashed the archbishop, "if it were not for separating him from his counsel."

Hughes' Little Joke.

Governor Hughes, of New York, is represented as deficient in sense of humor, dry, some one has described him, as his law books. Once, however, he is alleged to have attempted a pun. It was during his campaign for the governorship. In a small town up-state he spoke from a platform in front of a grocery store which was conducted by a man named Odell. In the window was a large sign: "We sell the Tom Platt cigar."

His attention being called to the coincidence, Candidate Hughes remarked: "Guess I'll have to watch my smoke."

Everybody laughed, and then wondered why.

A Favorite Bryan Story.

Here is a story which William Jennings Bryan tells:

There was once a funeral out in Nebraska, and the preacher who had been asked to deliver the funeral oration was a stranger in town and didn't know the departed sister very well. After he had said all that he could, he suggested that any one who could add a few words about the dear departed would be heard gladly.

Three or four arose in turn and paid tribute to the memory of the woman who had passed beyond. Then there was a pause. Finally, one old brother arose and said:

"Well, if we're all through speaking about the departed sister, I will now make a few brief remarks on the tariff."

The Week Was Too Long.

A very-much-desired social young man was being invited to dinner where he did not particularly wish to dine.

"Won't you dine with us on Monday evening?" sweetly asked his would-be hostess.

"I am very sorry," politely said the young man, "but I fear I cannot make it for Monday evening."

"Then let us say Tuesday evening," suggested the lady.

"That is quite impossible. I have —" was the reply.

"That is too bad," rejoined the hostess-to-be. "But Wednesday evening?"

"I am to go out of town," replied the young man.

"What a popular young man," gayly said the lady. "But surely you can give us Thursday evening?"

"Oh, well," said the young man, "suppose we make it Monday evening."

Took the Wrong House.

On one of the Southern railroads there is a station-building that is commonly known by travelers as the smallest railroad station in America. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a chicken-house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there the man saw the house, loaded it on to his wagon and started for home. On the way he met a man in uniform with the words "Station Agent" on his cap.

"Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked.

"My chicken-house, of course," was the reply.

"Chicken-house be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"

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