

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

CHOLLY—"Do you know, I often feel disgusted with myself."

MILDRED—"What a coincidence! I often experience the same feeling towards you."

WHAT BECAME OF THE TROLLEY?

THE English Literature class were studying Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," and had come to the passage:

"Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag.
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag."

"Do you all understand this?" asked the teacher.

"Please, sir," said Johnny, "did the trolley run off too, and was the passengers killed?"



AS THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY.

II.

BOOZEY (*between the gulps*)—"Tell ye what, but this telescope racket works splendid. It's a good job that the old lady hasn't asked to look through it, though."

WOULD GRAB EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

ST. PETER—"Who are you?"
SHADE—"I was a capitalist."

ST. PETER—"Well, you had better go down below. We don't want you sneaking around here, pulling up the golden cobblestones and hiding them in the folds of your robe."

A MODERN COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT.

ROWLEY—"Reading the Bible, eh?"

SURFACE—"Yes I'm reading of how Jael drove the spike through the head of Sisera."

ROWLEY—"She was a remarkable woman."

SURFACE—"She could undoubtedly hit the nail on the head, and it is not recorded that she smashed her thumb while doing it."



COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—"Now, Johnnie, tell me who sends you the bread you eat?"

JOHNNIE—"The Lord."

MICKEY (*a new-comer*)—"It's a lie, mam. Sure don't I see the baker lave it at the dure every marnin'?"

AN IMPROVING DISCUSSION.

MRS. BIGGLESWADE—"Did you attend any of the meetings of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, Mrs. Smilax?"

MRS. SMILAX—"Yes, I was there about an hour one afternoon. Most interesting, wasn't it?"

MRS. BIGGLESWADE—"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Smilax. What were they discussing the day you went?"

MRS. SMILAX—"Let me see, I think most of the debate was about whether Dr. Poundaway should have another five minutes or not."



A DOGGONED SHAME.

WEARY WIGGINS—"Dere seems to be a conspiracy against me in dis country."

TIRED TRADDLES—"What makes you think so?"

WEARY WIGGINS—"My footsteps are being constantly dogged."