

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

"Maggie, how was it that I saw a young man talking with you in the kitchen last night?" asked the mistress of her cook.

The girl pondered for a few moments and then answered, "Faith, an' I can't make it out mesilf; you must have looked through the keyhole."—Harper's.

Mrs. X.—Bothered with time-wasting callers, are you? Why don't you try my plan?

Mrs. Y.—What is your plan?

Mrs. X.—Why, when the bell rings, I put on my hat and gloves before I press the button. If it proves to be someone I don't want to see I simply say, "So sorry, but I'm just going out."

Mrs. Y.—But suppose it's someone you want to see?

Mrs. X.—Oh, then I say, "So fortunate I've just come in."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

She had only become engaged the previous evening and the glamour of love's young dream still enfolded her like a November fog. She was bashful, was Bertha, and blushed whenever Clarence's name was mentioned.

"D'ye know, Bertha," he said casually, 'I did want to come and peep through the parlor key-hole while you were there with that young man last night."

"But like a good boy you didn't, did you?" she asked, her face crimson with confusion.

"No; I was too late, was the youngster's sad reply. "Pa was there first."

A school-teacher in one of the counties of New York State recently received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Mis, you writ me about whipping Sammy. I hereby give you

permission to beat him up eny time it is necessary to learn him lessons. He is just like his father—you have to lern him with a clubb. Pound nolege into him. I want him to git it and don't pay no atension to what his father says. I'll handle him."

Once an old lady was being shown over Nelson's ship, the "Victory." As the party approached the spot where Nelson met his death, an attendant pointed to the brass plate fixed in the deck and said:

"That is where Nelson fell."

The old lady was impressed, but not in the right way.

"No wonder!" she said, "I nearly tripped over that thing myself."

A young teacher whose efforts to inculcate elementary anatomy had been unusually discouraging, at last asked in despair:

"Well, I wonder if any boy here can tell me what the spinal cord really is?"

She was met by a row of blank and irresponsive faces, till finally up piped one small voice, in great excitement:

"The spinal cord is what runs through you. Your head sits on one end, and you sit on the other end."

Tommy (in the trenches, observing the sky above him thick with aeroplanes): To think that I paid 'arf-a-crown at 'Endon to see two of 'em. Bust it!—"Tatler."

INDIRECT TAXATION.

Brinker—Yes, your wife's clothes have cost me a good bit of money.

Tinker—My wife's clothes! What do you mean.

Brinker—Why, every time your wife gets a new gown, my wife must have one just as expensive!—Judge.