

Bit-Bits.

A New Way to Cut Beefsteak.

A young married couple have just gone to housekeeping. The other morning the neighbors were treated to this bit of colloquial entertainment as the two parted at the gate:

Ho—"What shall I order for supper, precious?"

She—"A piece of beefsteak, and oh, darling, do tell the man to cut it the right way of the goods, so it will be tender."

The Ruling Passion of an Advertiser.

Weeping Spouse—"I shall erect a monument to you, dearest, when you are gone. I shall have 'Loving Husband' engraved at the bottom of the column."

Dying Advertiser—"Good gracious, Pauline, that will never do! Top of column, eighth page, next reading matter—or—I refuse to die!"

The Secret in Painting.

Mrs. Artless—"Good morning, Mr. Palette. I've but a moment to spare; can you tell me briefly the secret of your art?"

Artist Palette—"Certainly, madame. You have only to select the right colors and put them on the right spot."

Mrs. Artless—"Oh, I see. Thank you, very much."

Began to Look as Though They Couldn't Agree.

Tom Dabbs and Mort Spillers, two colored gentlemen, formed a copartnership to do a general plastering business. One morning, the second day after articles of agreement had been drawn up, Dabbs seized an ax-handle and knocked Spillers down and beat him unmercifully. Spillers got up, rubbed his head and, turning to a white man that stood near, said:

"Dis proves one thing, sho'. Ef it keeps on dis way me an dis man kain't agree."

At the Barber's.

Ministerial Patron—"My! but you seem bent on carnage this morning. Surely there never was anything duller than that razor."

Barber—"I am sorry I can't agree with you, but you see I was at church yesterday and heard one of your sermons."

Rapid Promotion.

Mrs. Pongee—"How is Thomas getting along in college this season?"

Mrs. Brindle—"Splendidly. Last year he was third base and this year he is first. His pop sent him fifty dollars when he heard of his promotion."

Two Ways.

Sollum—"How do you manage to make your home happy?"

Jolly—"Oh, I let my wife have her own way in everything. How do you manage?"

Sollum—"I always go away."

Killed Five.

Father—"Well, Charles, it's nearly six months since you hung out your shingle. How do you get along?"

Young Doctor—"Pretty well. I've had seven cases and two have completely recovered."

Father (cheerfully)—"Good. I guess you'll soon be able to give Jack the Ripper points."

It Wouldn't Fit Her.

George—"Accept me, Lucille, and I will feed you for the rest of your life on angels' food."

Lucille—"George, I cannot be yours. I have it on the best of authority that angels do not eat."

A Test of Bachelorhood.

Landlady—"That new boarder needs't make me think he is a bachelor. He's either married or a widower."

Millings—"How can you tell?"

Landlady—"He always turns his back to me when he opens his pocketbook to pay his board."

The Old, Old Story.

Bashful Rustic Lover (trying to work himself up to the sticking point)—"Sally, does your ma like me?"

"Sally—"Ma says you are a splendid fellow!"

B. R. L.—"And does your pa like me, Sally?"

Sally (encouragingly)—"Pa said the other day he wished he had a son exactly like you."

B. R. L.—"And—d—do you like me, Sally?"

Sally (leaning her head on his manly breast)—"La, Tom, you know I do!"

One minute later Sally was engaged to Tom, and the disagreeable job that he had dreaded for five years was a thing of the past.

Not Such a Very Lovely Creature.

This is the way a Western chap publishes the girl who went back on him:

"She is five feet eleven in her stocking feet. Her backbone is as straight as a poplar. She is forty-five years old. She never was married and never will be. There isn't enough fat on her to grease the hinges of a butterfly's wings, and she sits amid the fermentation of humanity and the crash of thermometers and laughs the boiling mercury to scorn."

Not for Publication.

Rev. Charles Poundtext (who has been writing his sermon, locking up suddenly)—"Maria, will you take the children out of the room for a few minutes?"

Mrs. Poundtext (in surprise)—"Certainly, my dear. But—are they annoying you?"

Rev. Poundtext—"Not at all; but I have just dipped the mullage brush in the ink-well, and I would like to be at liberty to make a few remarks."

A Clerical Admonition.

A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever celebrated, thought it was a good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said solemnly, "you have well considered this important step in life."

"I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very, very bold step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait awhile."

"Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, amazed, and seeing his fee vanishing before his eyes, took a more cheerful view of the situation, and said:

"Yes, of course, it's solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when the people love, each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes, your riverence," they both replied, and were soon made one; but that young minister is now very careful how he introduces the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.—[English Ex.]

Why She Called a Halt.

"George!" It wasn't what she said so much as the way in which she said it. She took the word and drew it out until it was a long tremulous filament of sweetness. Yet there was a tinge of reproach in her tone.

"George!" She only said it once in reality, but it is customary with story writers to say George twice under these circumstances.

"What is it?" "You have been squeezing my hand with great regularity and emphasis for some time."

"I know it," he replied, with the frankness that was characteristic of his manly nature.

"Please don't do it any more," and her voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"No more?" This sounded like heart-throbs of anguish (whatever they are), and his form shook with emotion.

"Because," she faltered.

"Go on."

"Because, I'm getting a corn on my left finger."

The Ago of Reason.

Mr. Chevy Chase—"I think I'll take that copy of the Society Scorpion home with me. I want to square myself with my wife."

Mr. Harry Hounds—"But why will that square you, as you put it, with Mrs. Chase?" "Because there's an article in it pitching into Mrs. Busby."

"But is she down on Mrs. Busby?"

"Certainly she is. It was at Mrs. Busby's house that I met Mrs. Crasher."

"And what's the matter with Mrs. Crasher?"

"Why, it was Mrs. Crasher who committed the unpardonable sin. She told somebody, who told my wife, that it was a wonder to her that such a fascinating, agreeable man as Mr. Chase, meaning your humble servant, had remained single. Somehow, I never told her I was married. That's the reason Mrs. Chase will be glad to see Mrs. Busby roasted. If you were married, my boy, you'd know something about the subtleties of a woman's logic."

A Liberal Citizen.

Musician—"Beg pardon, sir, but I'm around collecting subscriptions to buy the village band new instruments. The old ones are nearly useless."

Suburban Resident—"Is it the instruments that's the matter with that band?"

"Y-e-s, sir."

"Great Wagner! Why didn't you say so before? I'll order a new set for you to-morrow."

Romance and Reality.

Romantic Miss—"Do you love me well enough to do battle for me?"

Ardent Suitor—"Ay, against a thousand."

"Well, Mr. Bigfish is paying me a good deal of attention. Would you fight him for me?"

"Yes, I would."

"Could you defeat him?"

"No, he'd probably thrash the life out of me."

"Mercy! Well, never mind. I'll take you without any fighting; and, oh, do please remember, my darling, promise me on your honor, that if you ever see Mr. Bigfish coming, you'll run."

More Important to the Readers.

Foreman (whistling down the tube to the editor)—"One of these articles must be left out. There isn't room for both."

Editor—"What are they?"

Foreman—"Earthquake in Europe, fifty lives lost, and a piece about selling more papers in Quohosh than all the other dailies combined."

Editor—"Leave out the earthquake."

Didn't Need to Know.

Tourist—"What is the name of that ruin?"

Peasant—"I don't know."

Tourist—"And what is that mountain called?"

"Don't know."

"Oh, excuse me. I thought you belonged to this place."

"So I do, but I don't need to know all these traveler's things."

Her Recommendation.

"I understand," said a handsome young woman entering the printing office, "that you employ only girls and that you are in need of a forewoman."

"Yes," replied the printer. "Can you make up a form?"

"Just look at me and see," she answered, turning herself around.

She was engaged.

Literary Items.

Book Reviewer—"The Spectro of the Spectre."

He should do better.

He Took Her at Her Word.

Wife—"What! Drunk again? You ought to crawl into a hole in the ground and hide yourself."

Husband—"That's sho, my dear. Give me key to the wine cellar."

A Crasher.

"Is there anything you wish for, dear?" said the young wife, fondly, to her husband, at the breakfast table, on the morning after the wedding.

"Yes, I wish somebody would give me \$10 for that five-thousand-dollar check your father put among the wedding presents."

An Altogether Too Observing Darcy.

A Southern planter hired a colored man and put him in his field to work. After a little the planter came to the colored man and asked him:

"Did you see a coach pass along the road a while ago?"

"Indeed I did, boss. One ob de hosses was a gray hoss and the odder hoss was r, roan, and lame in his off leg."

"Did you see those hunters that were over there to the left?"

"Indeed I did, boss. One ob dem was Kurnel Jones; he was de tall one. De second one was Major Peters, and de third one was Tom McSnifter. Kurnel Jones had one ob dose newfangled breech-loading guns what breaks in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over a while ago?"

"Yes, indeed I did, boss. Dar was nineteen ob 'em, and dey lit in an old corn-field down yonder."

"Well, you see too much for a man who is hired by the day to work. Here is your day's wages. When I want to pay a man to see what's going on, and not to work, I'll let you know."—Texas Siftings.

Decidedly Awkward.

In a volume of reminiscences recently published, the writer, an English clergyman, narrates an amusing dialogus between himself and Doctor Tait, then bishop of London and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he had applied for holy orders. He was charmed with the bishop, he says. So grave, kindly and courteous, but neither the young candidate's reverence for the office nor his respect for the man restrained him from asking one embarrassing question.

The bishop gave mena private examination, as was his wont in all such cases.

"I propose," he said, "to have a little talk with you about the lesson for to-day."

I bowed and waited for the talk to begin.

"What are the lessons for to-day?" said the bishop.

I felt nonplussed, but thought best to be quite candid.

"I don't know what they are, my lord. In point of fact, I never read the lessons for the day."

"You never read the lessons for the day?" exclaimed the bishop, in a rather horrified manner.

"What do you read, then?"

"I find it more convenient, my lord, instead of following the selection, to take up some book of mine and read through it."

The bishop looked at me.

"And a very good idea."

"However, on the next day, I wish to speak about are they?"

"Will you allow me?"

I have just said, and then I said, "The Spectro of the Spectre."