

In Lighter Vein.

The Meanest Man"

The meanest man I ever heard of is a chap who called one winter's night at the house of a young doctor who is working hard to build up a practice on the east side, Buffalo. It was extremely disagreeable out of doors, snowing and very cold. "Doctor," said the man, "what are your terms?" "One dollar for an office visit and two dollars for a call," the doctor replied. "Have you a horse?" "Yes." "Well, hitch up and I'll go along with you. I need you out at West Seneca." The doctor had his horse brought around and the man got into the buggy. They drove about four miles into the country. "Here's the place," said the man, as they reached a small frame house. Then he handed the doctor \$2. "You needn't go in," he said. "A liveryman wanted to charge \$5 to bring me out here, but I thought I'd rather give you \$2."

The Dutchman and His Dog

A Dutchman, addressing his dog Snyder, said: "Schnyder, vy don't you vork some dime. You vas only a dog, but I vish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust turn round drie dimes and lay down; ven I go mit de bed in I hav to lock up de blace, and wind up de clock, and put de cat out, and ondress myself, and my frou vakes up and scold, den de baby she vakes up and cries and I hav to talk her mid the house round; den maybe ven I gets myself to bed in it is dime to get up again. Ven you get up you shust stretch your neck a leedle and you vas up. I haf to light de vire, put on de kittle, scrap some mit my vife already and get myself breakfast. You play round all day and has blenty fun. I haf to vork all day and hav blenty druble. Den ven you die you vas dead. Ven I die I hav to go to hell already yet."

Wise William

When Justice Buffum opened court in a small town in Southern Georgia, one morning last week, he called loudly, "Jones against Johnson." A dignified gentleman came to the bar and said: "I am Dr. Jones, your Honor, the complaining witness. My chickens were stolen and found in the possession of—"

"One moment, Doctor," the Judge interrupted. "We must have the defendant at the bar. Jones against Johnson! Jones against Johnson! Is the defendant present? Is William Johnson in court?" A tall and shambling negro shuffled to the bar, ducked his head, pulled his woolly forelock in token of respect, and grinned a propitiatory grin.

"Ah's Willyum Johns'n, please suh, Jedge," he said. "Ah doan' know nuffin 'bout no 'fendant, suh. Ah'm jes' the man wot took de chick'ns."

"Don't talk like that," the Court warned William. "You ought to have a lawyer to speak for you. Where's your lawyer?"

"Ah ain' got no lawyer, Jedge—"

"Very well, then," said his Honor. "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh, no, suh; no, suh! Ple-e-ease don't do dat!" William begged.

"Why not?" asked the Judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, Ah'll tell you, suh," said William, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's jes' dis-a-way—Ah wan' tuh enjoy dem chick'ns mase'f."

—Harper's Weekly.

Severely Reprimanded

Gen. Stawes was a martinet, a stickler for etiquette, a man with a prodigious sense of his own dignity, and when Private S. Weigh, the bugler, one day failed to honor him in passing with the customary salute, he flew—internally—in a towering rage.

"Knutt," he said that afternoon to the colonel, "Private Weigh failed to salute me this morning. A breach of etiquette,

sir! A piece of impertinence—my dignity—haw! See that the man is severely reprimanded."

Col. Knutt trembled and nodded and next day spoke to the Captain.

"Bisket," he said, "Private Weigh failed to salute the General yesterday. Please see that he is severely reprimanded."

"Right, sir," said Capt. Bisket, and the next day he spoke to the sergeant. "Sergeant," he said, "Weigh didn't salute the General. See that he is severely reprimanded."

"Look here, Binks," said the sergeant next day to the corporal bugler, "give Weigh a good talking to, will you? He didn't salute the old General the other day."

Finally the corporal bugler communicated with Private Weigh.

"Look here, funny face," said he, "if you don't salute old Pokerback next time you meet him, what-ho, young feller, you'll get a blooming clout on the ear!" —Tit-Bits.

An Inference

"Pa," said Bobbie, "kin I go a fishin'?" "No, you can't," retorted the old gentleman from behind his newspaper.

Pause. "Pa, kin I go in swimmin'?" "I've told you no several times already."

Pause. "Say, ma, kin I go out and play with the hose?"

"No, Bobbie; you'll get yourself soaked," replied his mother.

Pause. "Ma, kin I go acrost to Willie Smith's for a little while?"

"No, my son, you can't. Willie Smith is not a fit companion for a boy like you."

Pause. "Pa, kin I cut the pictures out o' the Sunday papers?"

"No, sirree; you can't. I'm not going to have this house littered up with scraps of paper."

Pause. "Ma, kin I—"

"No, Bobbie; you can't! Don't make me to have to tell you that again."

Pause. "Say, pa, is this a prohibition State?" —Judge.

Johnny and Jonah

It happened in Sunday school. None of the children had studied their lessons, apparently, and as for Johnny, the new boy, he wasn't supposed to know much about it, anyhow.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "who was it swallowed Jonah?"

"I dun'no," giggled Willie.

"Bobbie, can you tell me who swallowed Jonah?" continued the teacher.

"You can search me," said Bobbie.

"Tommy, who swallowed Jonah?" asked the teacher a little severely this time.

"Please ma'am," whimpered Tommy "it wasn't me."

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated the teacher. Then turning to the new boy she asked, "Johnny, who swallowed Jonah?"

"I'll bite," said Johnny. "What's the answer?" —Harper's Weekly.

No Risk

The farmer was attending his first race meeting, and the bookmaker was shouting his odds: "Sixty to one against Socks. Sixty to one against Socks."

After a while the farmer walked up to the bookmaker and said:—

"Look here, my friend; if that there horse, Socks, wins, an' I bet a sovereign on it, do ye mean to say ye give me sixty?"

"That's what I do," replied the bookmaker. "I do that, and more. It's a 60 to 1 shot, and you get, if Socks wins, £60, and your own original sovereign back besides."

"Then I'll take a chance," said the farmer, firmly, handing up a sovereign.

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