

THE REAPER.

The fields are ripe for the harvest. The reaper awakes with the morn. With snatches of song he passes along To gather the golden corn.  
The granary's full to overflowing. The sun hath retired in the west; At a lagging pace, with a smiling face, The reaper goes home to rest.  
—Alfred Livingston in Chicago Record.

DICK'S DONAH.

"Will I take a cigar? Well, yes, I rather think I will, and then yer, sir," exclaimed Dick, the busdriver, an expansive grin illuminating his good-humored countenance, as he picked out the finest smoke in my proffered case without hesitation. "Pon my word, guv'nor," he continued, "you're one of the right sort, an' make no mistake. I've druv this old 'bus a matter of six years come next Benk 'Ollday, an' you tek it from me, there ain't many of your sort come my way. The larst cigar I had was from a soldier chap larst Monday week; but there—I could spin yer a nice little yarn about the incidents wot led up to that smoke if yer cared to listen."

"Nothing would give me a greater pleasure," I hastened to assure him. "Well, sir," he began, "I dessay as you've noticed as 'ow all my pals on the road 'ave got a bit of ribbon stuck on their whips, an' we'n they pass me they all laughs—but I'll tell yer the yarn from the beginnin'."

"I remember well the time as I first set my eyes on Rosie—a Friday it was, the day as Barmopt went the Oaks. She was a-sittin' on the seat b'ind yer, sir, an' she looked so killin' that I couldn't resist the temptation to enter into conversation wiv'er so I ventured to express the opinion as 'ow I 'oped she'd find 'im a-waitin' for'er."

"Ho!" says she, wiv a toss of 'er pretty 'ead, "there's no 'im a-waitin' for this child. I'm a-goin' straight 'ome to ma'. Arter a similitude of surprise that such a sweet young lady 'adn't got a sweet'art, an' a few personal allusions on both sides, the conversation got quite confidential, an' she told me as she'd just obtained a situation as a 'ousemaid at a gentleman's 'ouse, an' she would be a-ridin' on the 'bus ther' every mornin' an' comin' 'ome at night. Under the circumstances I ventured to express the perlit' 'ope as 'ow she'd favor me wiv'er company on the box seat, as the presence of her sweet face would 'elp to relieve the monotony of a lonely man's existence, an' arter a lot o' persuasion I did at larst get her to mount up alongside of me. Well, that was the beginnin' of it all."

"Every mornin', fust 'become down, she'd be waitin', an' it soon became quite a recognized thing to see 'Dick's Donah,' as the boys called 'er, seated by my side. I was the object of envy all along the road. I stood all their chaff an' jokin' good humoredly, 'ovever, knowin' as they'd give their bloomin' boots to be in my shoes. It was all right I tell yer. The recollection of'er bright smile and cheery talk 'elped to liven me up many a dreary day."

"One mornin' she didn't turn up as usual. I 'ung around as long as ever I could afore startin', till my conductor begun to use langwidge, and the folks in the 'bus got restless, but still she didn't come, an' I 'ad to do the journey wivout'er. Comin' back, you can just imagine my disgust, when I sees'er a-sittin' alongside of Sam Flynn. There they was a-chattin' away as haffable as you please, an' as I passed 'em she smiles a sort o' laugh, an' Sam does a sarcastic sort of grin an' addresses some remark to'er about me evidently, at which she laughs back. I never returned'er greetin' of 'Good mornin', Dick,' I was too mad."

"I thought the bloomin' day would never be over, an' everythin' seemed to go wrong. The little gal wot alwus brought my dinner never turned up as usual. The coppers seemed as contrary as they could be, and their continual 'liger up, ther?' got my ire up. I can tell yer. It's a puzzler to me 'ow I kept away from the drink. I believe I must 'ave give way, if the thought o' meetin' 'er at night for a full explanation 'adn't kept me orf it. I wanted to be cool n' calm."

"At larst, arter wot seemed like an age, I sees'er approachin', an' nerves meself for the interview. I 'elped'er perlitly up by my side, an' as soon as she got settled she says, 'Well, Dick, you do look black, an' no mistake. Who's been a-rubbun' yer the wrong road?'"

"You'll pardon me, miss," I retorts sarcastically, tryin' to control my injured feelin's, "but I never allows anyone to rub me the wrong road, or any road at all for that matter. If ther's any rubbin' to be done I does it myself. See?'"

"She looks up at me artfully, an' says: 'Now you're in a temper. Well, tell your little Rosie wot's give yer the 'unp, like a good boy.'"

"You know well wot's the matter," I jerked out, my temper at larst gettin' the best on me. "I want to know the reason of your unladylike conduct o' this mornin'." Now don't yer try yer prevaicentiv' dodges wiv me. I saw yer along o' that miserable, sneakin' idiot, Sam Flynn. I kept the 'bus waitin' for yer ten minits over time, an' yer never came. Yo'll understand me, wunce an' for all, I'm not the bloke as you can play wiv any road; if you try them tricks wiv me, it's orf, right orf. D'yer 'ear?'"

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, wiv'er pretty eyes opened wide in astonishment; "well, you are a silly kid. Why, I was just a-goin' ter tell yer, muvver, 'ad one of'er bad turns this mornin', an' I couldn't leave'er till she got all right, an' that wot fretted me late, an' just becoss Mr. Flynn 'erlitly asked me to sit on the box w' 'im comin' up,

'ere you flies out in a beastly temper. Why I've a good mind never to speak to yer agen. Anybody would think as I couldn't do jus' wot I've a mind to. Well, wot next I should like to know? An' she turned'er artful 'end away an' begun to look in the shop winders."

"Er muvver bad! That was the reason she didn't turn up—an' then it struck me as I was a fool, a bloomin' jealous fool, as didn't ought ter 'ave the privilege of a woman's company; so I murmured, shame-facedly, 'Rosie, I'm an idiot. I arksa yer pardon, but I've been nearly druv orf me nut ter day. Will yer please forgive me?' an' the arm wot was disengaged—she was a-sittin' wheet'er you are now, sir—wuz gently passed round'er waist, an' I gives'er a nice little 'ug. She looks up at my face wiv'er laughin' eyes, an' says, 'Corse I forgive yer, Dick,' an' she snuggles up a bit closer to my side. "Just as luck would 'ave it, at this moment, up comes Sam Flynn on 'is 'bus, an' we wuz both stopped to drop passengers wivin five yards of each other."

"Strike me, pink," yelled Sam, insultingly, "ther's a face. It's a good job you're behind them old 'osses, or ther'd be a big danger o' their droppin' down dead, an' 'e winked meaningly at Rosie by my side."

"Hullo, 929?" I retorts, coolly; 'ave they let you out agen? Thought a course o' grindin' the mill would 'ave knocked that all out o' yer. Breakin' stones suits yer a lot better than tryin' to drive a 'bus. Why don't yer 'old'em up, man?'"

"Go 'ome and play wiv the cat," he shouted angrily; 'an' get yer poor old muvver to come out o' the work'us to drive fer yer.'"

"Give me none of yer bloomin' persiflage," I returned. "I'd drive yer out o' yer mind any day."

"Sorry 'ound!" ejaculated Rosie, an' just then we separated."

"The sound of'er sweet voice a-runnin' on Sam fairly sent me into the seventh 'eaven of delight, an' I promised to get a night orf'an' take'er to the play as soon as ever I could."

"Well, things went on all right for about another three weeks, an' durin' that time Sam never lost an opportunity to get the larf agen me w'en 'e could. I 'eard casually as 'ow 'e'd been a-runnin' me down to the fellows in the yard, an' wunce or twice w'en 'e was a bit on 'e'd threatened wot 'e'd do for me. Then it gradually dawned on as me 'e was jealous. 'E tried 'is 'ardest to get Rosie up wiv 'im on the subseck occasions w'en she was late, but she wouldn't 'ave no truck wiv 'im at any price, preferrin' to ride inside, an' that made 'im fairly wild. Every day I thought we should 'ave a rumpus, an' determined if 'e started any of 'is 'ank to give 'im beans."

"At larst, one night, w'en I draws into the yard, I found 'im a-waitin' for me wiv a crowd o' fellows, who scented a mill. I'd put everythin' straight, an' wuz just goin' orf 'ome to my supper, w'en 'e slouches up to me an' thrusting 'is face inter mine, 'e 'issed: "Aif a minit, my fine feller, my Gentleman Dick, I've stood yer kid long enuf, now we're goin' to see who's the best man, an' 'e began to roll up 'is shirt sleeves determinedly."

"Go away," I says sarcastic like. "I don't want to 'urt a drunken man."

"Who's drunk?" 'e shouted, wiv a lot o' warm langwidge, an' 'e struck me a blow on the chest."

"Well," says I coolly, "if you will 'ave it, you shall," an' I proceeded to peel my coat an' weskit."

"I didn't anticipate any trouble wiv 'im, as I'd 'ad a few sparrin' lessons in my younger days orf old Alf Beardsley—I dessay you've 'eard on 'is name—so I thought I'd 'ave a bit o' game wiv 'im."

"As soon as we stood up, 'e immediately makes a mad rush at me wiv the intention o' settlin' me orf hand, but I was ready for 'im, as 'e came in, I shot out my fist an' landed 'im on 'is chest, fairly knockin' 'im orf 'is pins. The blow seemed to sober 'im a bit, for w'en 'e stood up agen, 'e sparrer round warily. I waited for 'im to come on the fellers meanwhile encouragin' us wiv criers of 'Go on, Sam! Bang him! Out 'im, Dick!'"

"Suddenly 'e thought 'e saw an opening, an' feintin' wiv 'is left, 'e got one 'ome on my face. "Bravo, Sammie!" they shouted, excitedly. They cries an' the smart of the blow made me mad, an' we went at it 'ammer an' tongs. My 'and was soon covered with the crimson fluid from Sammie's boke, an' one o' my eyes 'ad gone to sleep, an' ceased to be o' any use to me. I found 'e could use his dooks, an' that it would take me all my time to polish 'im orf, but at last came the opportunity."

"Rushin' in, 'e lands me a quick right an' left on the chest, but, follerin' 'im up, I swung round wiv my right, an' suddenly brought up my left wiv all the force I could, and caught 'im under the jaw. Down 'e went like a ninepin, an' didn't stir for two or three minits. I went an' bathed my lovely black eye, an' goes 'ome."

"Next mornin' w'en I showed up at the yard—a pretty face I'd got on me—the boss told me as I could take a 'oliday for a week. Sammie was in bed, they said, not able to show up. I thought the week's rest would give my features a chance to resume their normal situations, so I stops in the 'ouse. I daren't go out to see Rosie wiv a face on me like I'd got, so I 'ad to curb my impatience as best I could. It wuz a weary week, but at last it wuz over, an' wiv eager 'eart I returned to my daily duties. As soon as I got in the yard Bill—that's my conductor—'ands me a note wiv the remark: 'She gave it to me Toosday to give to yer. I ain't seen'er since.'"

"I don't know 'ow it wuz, but something seemed to tell me that all wuz not right, an' I 'urriedly tore the letter open."

"Deer Dick," she wrote, 'my brother,

In Australliyer 'as arsked muvver arf me to go over to 'im, an' we start on Friday. I 'eard about 'ow you knocked Sam Flynn out o' time. God bless yer, my brave old Dick. Cheer up, I shall see yer agen soon. Your lovin' sweet'art—Rosie."

"Gone! I couldn't realize it. Gone wivout a chance of a word. It must be impossible—surely she must 'ave known wot my life would be wivout'er; an' a mist swam before my eyes, as I gazed at'er words, 'God bless yer, my brave old Dick,' an' I at length understood she 'ad indeed gone away, maybe forever."

"Well, arter that things went on as usual until one day larst week I wuz driving the up journey, w'en a soldier chap and a young gal who I didn't particularly notice gets on the top. My thoughts were far away, thinkin' of the splendid helpmate Rosie would 'a' been to me, if she'd never gone away. Try as I would I found it impossible to forget'er. 'Er sweet face was allus in my mind, an' the words in that little note which I carried in my weskit continually gave me 'ope. "Cheer up, Dick, I shall see yer agen soon."

"It wuz nearly three years since she'd gone an' never a word 'ad 'eard from'er at all. Suddenly, in the midst of my wanderin' thoughts a larf struck on my ear—the silvery larf I 'adn't 'eard for such a time. I turned round excitedly, my 'eart beatin' thirteen to the dozen, and ther, sittin' by the soldier chap, wuz—Rosie, my Rosie, just as she used to be. 'Er eyes met mine."

"Dick!" she gasped, an' 'er face turned pale."

"Rosie!" I cried, 'ardly able to believe my eyes; and neither of us could add another word for a full minit."

"You'll excuse me," remarked the soldier, "but I'm in the dark. What—?'"

"Why, Jim," she exclaimed at larst, "this is Dick—'im wot you've 'eard me speak on so often—my Dick.'"

"Er Dick!" Then she 'ad not forgotten me. It took me all my time to stop from jumpin' up an' claspin' 'er to me, but just then the wheel copped the curbstone, an' I 'ad to resume my control of the 'osses."

"Ah! I've 'eard o' you a good bit," says Jim; 'in fact, we ain't 'ad much else. But I forgot, you don't know me. I'm'er brother Jim, on furlough, just back from India. 'Ave a cigar?'"

"Next day Rosie wuz in'er usual place by my side, an' she told me as 'ow she'd left'er muvver in Australliyer wiv'er brother Jack as 'ad got on splendid—a great farm over ther, but she 'erself couldn't rest; some'ow she didn't feel at 'ome, an' she decided to come back to the old country. The artful mink arterwards told me as it wuz she came back for'er. Before she started, 'er brother 'ad said, 'Remember, Rosie, if yer find 'im not married, an' he's still true to yer, tell 'im from me that if 'e likes to come 'ere, I'll drop 'im into a job as'll last 'im for a lifetime.'"

"Well, Dick," she says, smiling up in the old way, 'wot shall I write an' tell 'im?'"

"But, 'ere we are, sir, an' ther's Sammie; that chap wiv the bunch o' ribbon on 'is whip. Wot's the ribbons all mean? Why, only that Rosie became Mrs. Dick Ginx yesterday, an' tomorrow's my larst day on the old 'bus. Yes, we've decided to go to Australliyer. The boys all clubbed together, an' they've give me this gold watch. It's a beauty, ain't it? 'Pon my word I feel that proud—wot say? Will I? Well, I think ther's time. 'Er, Bill, keep yer eye on the copper—this gentleman's agoin' to drink our wery good 'ealths.'—TIT-BITS."

Where Cats Are Brought Up.

People who pass up and down a certain street in a suburb of Boston are often startled by a sound of wailing and yowling and mewing, as if all the cats of the city had gathered in one spot and were holding a concert. The sound really does come from cats. For at Walnut Ridge farm they don't raise wheat or corn or potatoes, but just cats—big cats, little cats, shaggy cats and cats with kangaroo tails and short legs. Last year this farm shipped over 1,100 cats and kittens to various parts of the country, the prices ranging all the way from \$10 up to \$25 each.

These cats from Boston's suburb are not the kind that live in barns and hunt their own living, but long-haired, strange-looking pussies known as Angora cats.

The Angora cat, as the name indicates, comes originally from Angora in western Asia, and has, up to very recently, been imported from that place; but the risk incurred in bringing the animals to this climate, besides the cost of importing them, was so great that the idea of raising them here in America was tried. And it has been at once successful. If any of your friends have an Angora cat it probably received its early education in Boston.

To Stop Bleeding.

Mr. Lawson Tait has invented an electric haemostat, an instrument whereby the electric current is applied for the arrest of bleeding. The principle of the instrument is the generation of heat by the resistance to the current offered by certain metals, and the coagulation of all albuminous tissues by temperatures at or above 180 degrees Fahrenheit. A platinum wire is inclosed in the blades of a pair of steel forceps, or any other requisite instrument, the wire being isolated by a bed of burned pipe clay. A current of suitable voltage is turned on, the artery seized and compressed, and in a few seconds its tissues are so coagulated and its walls agglutinated that further passage of blood is rendered impossible. The necessity for a ligature is thus removed, and a new and completely effective method is placed in the hands of the surgeon for the treatment of surface oozing.

UNCLE SAM'S MIGHTIEST GUN.

When Done No Hostile Ship Will Be Safe Within Sixteen Miles of Its Muzzle.

Largest of all the guns ever built in this country, and one of the largest ever built in the world, is the 16-inch gun which the Watervliet Arsenal near Albany, N. Y., is now getting ready to build.

The United States has built two of larger calibre for its coast defenses, but they were old-fashioned smooth-bored, and not to be compared to the new gun in size, weight or anything except calibre. They are two 20-inch guns, one of which is mounted at Fort Hamilton, and one of which lies mounted on the ordnance dock at Governor's Island. These guns were not a startling success. The one at Fort Hamilton has been fired a few times, and each time its recoil raised the very dickens with its carriage.

The 20-inch guns are twenty feet long, and have a range of between five and six miles. The new gun will be nearly fifty feet long to be accurate, 49.67 feet), will have a range of sixteen miles and be able to penetrate twenty-seven and one-half inches of the best steel armor at a distance of two miles. The gun will weigh 125 tons, and it will throw a solid armor-piercing projectile weighing 2,370 pounds. When the projectile leaves the muzzle of the gun it will travel at the rate of 2,000 feet a second, and if a plate of Harveyized steel thirty-three inches in thickness were placed near the muzzle of the gun it would be penetrated by the flying mass of the projectile.

This gun, mounted at Fort Wadsworth, would be able to hurl a 2,370-pound projectile upon a hostile man-of-war before she got within seven miles of Sandy Hook. The vessel would be exposed to American shot before she got in American waters, for the range of the gun would be far beyond the "three-mile limit," the distance off its coast for which a nation claims jurisdiction.

Technically the building of a gun is called the "assembly" of the gun. The assembly of the new 16-inch thunderer will not be a matter of days, weeks or months, but of years. It is estimated that even under the most favorable circumstances it will be three years before the gun is ready for delivery. The building of 16-inch guns has been something long desired by the Ordnance Department, and the plans for one have been carefully prepared.

The necessity of guns of this calibre is evidenced by the fact that several foreign men-of-war have armor against which even a 12-inch gun would be ineffective. There is the British battleship *Indefatigable*, for instance, with twenty-four inches of armor, and the *Duilio* and *Dandolo* of the Italian navy, with twenty-two inches of armor.

England has in her coast defenses and her navy sixteen guns of 16-inch calibre, and France has eight. Italy has twenty-five guns of 17-inch calibre. The new gun, work upon which has now begun at Watervliet, will be superior in effectiveness, however, to the Italian guns, although they do have one inch more of calibre. The great trouble so far found in the construction of guns of such immense size as those considered has been that they "dropped" at the muzzle after being fired a few times. The Ordnance Board in designing the Watervliet gun, however, believes that it has succeeded in overcoming this defect. The maximum diameter of the breach of the new gun will be 62 inches. The diameter of the breach opening is 29 inches. To fire this gun will require a charge of 1,000 pounds of powder if the usual brown prismatic kind is used. If the gun is a success more of the kind will be built. The Ordnance Board is confident it will be a success and superior in effectiveness to any gun in the world.—New York World.

RESTORING OIL WELLS.

An Electric Heater Designed to Renew the Flow.

The general theory concerning the exhaustion of so many oil wells is that the oil in passing upward through the stone, has clogged the porous stones with paraffin in such quantities that the further flow is stopped and the well ceases to produce. In many cases the supply in the earth has not given out, says the Age of Steel, but it only ceases to flow when the exit is stopped. The stone through which the oil passes is of a very porous nature, and as the liquid is in a crude state, the thick matter becomes as drags, settling in the rock near the edge of the bottom of the well. Torpedoes have been used to shatter the stone at the bottom of the well, thus breaking up the clogged matter, but this method is expensive. A new method consists in lowering a peculiarly constructed electric heater into the well. The machine which is eight feet long and resembles an iron cartridge, is placed in the bottom of the well and the current regulated so that the heater receives just enough to produce an enormous heat without melting the metal. By this peculiar construction of the carbon-packed chambers the intense heat is radiated about into the rock in all directions. Thus the paraffin and other refuse are softened and melted so that they run, and when the well is started a fresh flow takes place, just as strong as it did when the well was just sunk.

Death in a Ring.

Poison rings during the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were very common in Italy. The bezel of the ring was a hollow cup, opened by a spring, and designed to contain a quantity of poison, to be used either for suicide or murder.

Gold by the Yard.

The beating of the innumerable little square pieces of gold which are used to cover domes and signs, and so on, forms, says Pearson's Weekly, a distinct industry in the gold trade, which employs a large number of hands and requires no small amount of skill.

The long, low building in which the work is carried on is filled throughout the day with the sound of hammers. On every side little boxes containing tiny rolls of gold are to be seen, which although only measuring an inch and a half in length, are each worth about £10. The gold is received in bars one-eighth of an inch in thickness, an inch in width, and weighing 240 penny-weights. This is rolled out into a ribbon thirty yards in length.

It is then given to the workmen in strips measuring seven yards, each of which is cut up into 180 pieces. These are now ready to be beaten out by hand. They are placed (protected by fine skins) in a tool known as the "clutch," and are thoroughly pounded out on a granite block set in the ground in such a way that there is absolutely no vibratory movement. The process is repeated several times, the gold as it spreads being continually subdivided until it is of the exact dimensions required.

The skins in which the gold is beaten are so delicate that they will tear as easily as paper, nevertheless they are of so fine a quality that they will withstand the continual hammering for several years. The gold which is finally beaten down to 200,000th of an inch, is rubbed with "brime" before being placed in the skins, in order that it shall not adhere to them.

Easy as this work of beating out the gold may seem, it is, in reality, an art of very delicate description. The workman must know to a nicety precisely how hard or gentle the blows of his hammer must be, and also the exact spot on which they should fall. Accordingly, a very superior class of men are employed in the business.

A Singular Whale Trap.

Submarine cables are usually imbedded in the slimy bottom of the ocean, says the Boston Globe, but at certain points they hang like wire bridges over deep submarine valleys, so that whales and other large inhabitants of the deep may become dangerous to the cable. Once in a while it is the cable that becomes dangerous to the whales, as recently shown in an accident to the Western Brazilian line.

There was some difficulty with the wire and after many futile efforts the seat of the trouble was discovered seventy-six miles north of Santa Catharina. The cable-ship Viking was sent to repair the damage, and began to take up the wire. After the cable proper had been grappled and was wound to the surface on the large drum provided for the purpose, it was found that it floated very much easier and was more buoyant than is usually the case.

The reason was discovered when in a loop of the cable the carcass of a whale of more than sixty feet in length came into view. It appears that the whale had become caught under the cable, and, not being able to lift it nor go forward or back it became suffocated. By its last spasms or attempts to free itself the whale had damaged the cable so that the insulation was rubbed off and the wire became useless.

Oldest Book in the World.

Probably the oldest book in the world is the Papyrus Prisse, one of the valued possessions of the National Library at Paris. The book was found by Prisse in a tomb at Thebes, which contained a mummy of the first Theban dynasty, proving that the book dates back twenty-five centuries before Christ, while an examination shows that it really belongs to an earlier age, the time of King Assa. Its title reads: "Injunctions of the Perfect Ptah-Hotep, Who Lived in the Time of Assa, King of the North and South." Chronology places the time of Assa at 3350 B. C.

The book is divided into forty-four chapters and is written in hieratic rhythmic language. It is evidently written for the higher classes, as it is to them its counsels are directed. It advises those in authority to show in all their dealings the characteristics of a perfect man. Other good precepts are to be found.

The author states that he has attained the age of 110 years and has enjoyed all the honors and favors that Egyptian royalty could bestow.

A Railroad Library.

An interesting library collection at Stanford University in California, is the railroad library, presented to the institution by Mr. Timothy Hopkins, ex-treasurer of the Southern Pacific. It consists of about 4,000 books and 5,000 pamphlets, and in addition to this it receives currently sixty periodicals devoted to the same subject. Of these twenty-seven are published in the United States, ten in London, eight in Paris, seven in different states in Germany, two in Vienna and one each in Turin and Florence, besides which Belgium, Switzerland, Australia and New Zealand are each represented.

Potatoes Grafted to Tomatoes.

Leisure Hours describes a curious experiment in grafting tomatoes on to potatoes. The graft took, and the result was tomatoes above ground and potatoes below, probably both poor, although it is not so stated, but no plant can do two things at once and do them well. Upon reversing the process the potato grafted on the tomato produced tubers from the axils of the leaves above ground.

The five best known Italian opera composers of the time—Verdi, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Puccini and Franchetti—are all at work on new operas.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Outlook—Silenced—Horse and Horse An Innocuous Bird—He Had No Such Intention—Too True To Life.

THE OUTLOOK.  
Timley.—Do you see any prospects of good times ahead?  
Tommy.—Yes, I'm going to a couple of picnics next week.

SILENCED.  
Mr. Fussy.—I don't see why you wear those ridiculous big sleeves when you have nothing to fill them.  
Mrs. Fussy.—Do you fill your silk hat?

HORSE AND HORSE.  
He.—Of course, I am the only man you ever loved.  
She.—No. But you are the only man who ever asked me if you were.

AN INNOCUOUS BIRD.  
Young Lady.—That parrot you sold me last week doesn't talk at all.  
Dealer.—Yes; you said you wanted one that wouldn't be a nuisance to the neighbors.

HE HAD NO SUCH INTENTION.  
The Donor.—Now don't go and speak that in the nearest saloon.  
The Recipient.—No, sir, there's a better one around de corner.

TOO TRUE TO LIFE.  
"Why does the photographer have to sue that rich young widow for his pay?"  
"Because he took a dozen pictures so exactly like her that she refuses to settle."

AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.  
"Well, Tommie, I hear you've got a new baby at your house."  
"Yes."  
"I suppose it's a red little chap, isn't it?"

A WILLING VICTIM.  
Mrs. Farmer.—Now, tell me why you don't work for a living.  
Weary Willie (sighing).—Ah, lady, you see in me a victim of environment—I don't hev to.

HAD TO SAY IT.  
Mr. Popleigh.—What would you think if I were to tell you that I had been dying by inches for you for years?  
Miss Waterweed.—I should think it—it was very sudden.

SHE COULD FEEL, HOWEVER.  
"How was it that Mrs. Lightness was run down by a bicycle in broad daylight?"  
"Oh, the man who rode the machine, didn't belong to her set, and Mrs. Lightness positively couldn't see him, you know."

THE MODERN SPARTAN.  
"Nobody shall ever know how much I suffer," she exclaimed, defiantly.  
Turning to the obliging clerk she ordered him to tear out the number tag in each shoe.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM BLIGHTED.  
"Er—Miss Witherspoon, would you care—like to change that name of yours?"  
"I believe in the present instance I prefer to live up to it."

PREPARED FOR THE BEST.  
Guest.—Am I the unlucky thirteenth?  
Host.—No; you're the lucky fourteenth. We invited you to fill the gap.  
Guest.—All right. I've brought it with me.

NO MISTAKING HIM.  
"Well, that's his mule," said the farmer, "but what's the candidate?"  
"How do you know it's a candidate's mule?"

"Because," replied the farmer, "he's done chased up two fence rails, swattered the gate, and is lookin' mighty hungry at the barn door!"

NOT WORTH A TEAR.  
Young Wife.—Oh, John, the rats have eaten all my angel cake.  
Husband.—What! All of it?  
Young Wife.—Every piece! I feel like crying.

Husband.—Oh, pshaw! Don't cry over a few raisins.

EASILY EXPLAINED.  
Eastern Man (getting a glimpse of St. Louis from the car windows).—"My gracious! What a hive of industry this must be!"

Fellow-Traveler (an Illinois Man).—"Eh? Wha—industry?"  
"Yes. Look at the dense clouds of smoke in every direction."  
"Oh! That blows down from Chicago."

THE OLD STORY.  
"Great heavens! What a fierce look that Bengal tiger has!"  
"Fierce look? Come around to my house and let me introduce you to my mother-in-law. You have not seen her yet."

MAN'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.  
Weary Watkins.—I don't like dogs, generally, but one of'em did save my life once.  
Hungry Higgins.—Wot dog ever saved your life?

Weary Watkins.—He was one of these here little pigs. I seen 'im trottin' along behind a woman an' swiped 'im an' traded 'im fer a drink.

TWO KINDS OF DRAWING MATERIAL.  
"What's the trouble, John?"  
"Why, sir, here's a note from Mr. Mahabick in which he tells me that he's off on a little trip, and he wants me to send his drawing materials along."

"Well, and isn't that plain enough?"  
"Hardly, sir. I don't think, sir, that you know Mr. Mahabick. I don't know whether to send his paints and brushes or only a corkscrew."

FATAL ORATORY.  
Tenderfoot.—I don't understand the sphat on this tombstone. It says: "He talked himself to death." How's that?  
Bronco etc.—That's right. He called Alkali like a liar.