

I Want to be Protected.

Early one morning a tramp entered the Central Station, Chicago, with his teeth clicking together and his lips a popular shade of purple, and asked for something to drink, explaining that he was about to have a chill.

'Let me see if you are,' replied the sergeant as he came forward, 'Off with your coat and vest, and let me down to your hide.'

When the tramp had partly disrobed, the officer felt one of his paws, pushed up his sleeve, and asked:

'When did you take a bath?'

'About three years ago.'

'I thought so; there's a layer of dirt half an inch deep on your skin.'

'And how can a chill get through that?'

'It can't; you can no more have a chill than I can fly.'

'That's good, and I feel better already! If I'm safe that's all I want to know. I'm no doctor, and I didn't know how the old thing worked. Much obliged to you, and if them fellows at the ferry wharf undertake to sand-paper me down, as they threaten, I want to be protected.'

Perfectly Sane.

'What an absent-minded man is Mr. Easifoot,' Clarissa said at the breakfast-table.

'And why, my daughter?'

'Because he is. He doesn't seem to know what he is doing. Last night while he was waiting for pa in the parlor, I asked him if he had heard my new song, 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother.' He said he hadn't, and then, just as I sat down at the piano, he got up and went away without his hat, like one in a dream. He isn't crazy, is he, pa?'

Pa looked up over his paper. 'No, my daughter,' he said solemnly, as one who carefully weighs his words; 'no, you bet your sweet voice, Easifoot isn't crazy.'

And a great silence, like that which follows a request for five dollars until next Saturday, came down and filled the room with the hush of a nameless awe that hovered over the table with such an icy glare that the muffins shuddered.

'You remind me of Barnum since he secured his white elephant,' said a Brooklyn man to his wife, who never tired of talking. 'Because he holds as sacred a priceless and peerless beauty!' she timidly and blushingly suggested. 'Not quite,' replied the wretch, 'it's because he owns a Toung Touloug.' That heartless husband no longer carries a night-key.

'That was a very swell affair down at Mrs. Fussenfeather's last night, I understand,' said Yeast to young Crimsonbeak when they met on the corner the other morning. 'Swell!' shouted Crimson, putting his hand to his head to adjust the towel he had wrapped about it. 'Well, if you had my head this morning I guess you'd think so!'

'Had King Solomon really a thousand wives, mother?'

'That's what history says.'

'Good golly! I wouldn't like to be in his place when he came home late at night if every one of 'em would give him jessy like you do pop.'

'Gentleman of the jury,' said a Tecumseh, Neb., lawyer last week, 'there were just thirty-six hogs in the drove. Please remember the fact—just three times as many as in the jury box, gentlemen.'

'Yes,' said an old sailor, who had married well along in life, and was the father of an interesting family, 'they call it the sea of matrimony because they who sail upon it usually encounter so many squalls.'

'Used you pretty rough didn't he?' remarked a sympathizing bystander to the man who had just got a most awful licking. 'Well, no,' he replied, 'I thought he polished me off very nicely.'

The bridesmaids now give presents to the bridegroom instead of the opposite as formerly. This insures the groom a full supply of ten-cent neckties before starting.

'In a cabin locker for many years a bottle lay,' sings a Chicago poet. It must have contained ink, or else the poet does not stick to facts.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

'Nice child, very nice child,' observed an old gentleman, crossing the aisle and addressing the mother of the boy who had just hit him in the eye with a wad of paper. 'How old are you, my son?'

'None of your business!' replied the youngster, taking aim at another passenger.

'Fine boy,' smiled the old man, as the parent regarded her offspring with pride. 'A remarkable fine boy. What is your name, my son?'

'Puddin' and Tame!' shouted the youngster, with a giggle at his own wit.

'I thought so,' continued the old man, pleasantly. 'If you had given me three guesses at it, that would have been the first one I would have struck on. Now Puddin', you can blow those things pretty straight, can't you?'

'You bet!' squealed the boy, delighted at the compliment. 'See me take that old fellow over there!'

'No, no!' exclaimed the old gentleman. Try it on the old woman I was sitting with. She has boys of her own and she won't mind.'

'Can't you hit the lady for the gentleman, Johnny?' asked the fond parent.

Johnny drew a bead and landed the pellet right on the end of the old lady's nose.

But she did mind it, and rising in her wrath, soared down on the small boy like a blizzard. She put him over a line, reversed him, ran him backward till he didn't know which end of him was front, and finally dropped him into the lap of his scared mother, with a benediction whereof the purport was that she'd be back in a moment and skin him alive.

'She didn't seem to like it, Puddin',' smiled the old gentleman softly. 'She's a perfect stranger to me, but I understand she's a matron of a truant's home, and I thought she would like to have a little fun; but I was mistaken.'

And the old gentleman sighed sweetly as he went back to his seat.

A passenger boarding a train coming east over the Detroit, Lansing and Northern road at Ionia, the other day, took a seat in front of a woman who was very curious minded about the country. She asked about the crops, the price of land, the characteristics of the people, the climate, and many other things. To each and every question he returned a respectful:

'Don't know ma'am—I really don't know.'

'Is this as good a climate as New York?'

'I think so, ma'am, but I ain't sure.'

'Do the people seem cheerful?'

'I think they do, but I'm nor certain.'

'Whom do they seem to prefer as a presidential candidate?'

'Can't say, ma'am.'

'Are the farmers low-spirited over the price of wheat?'

'They may be, but I can't say as to that.'

'Should you say that this would be a good State to begin life in?'

'I shouldn't like to say, ma'am.'

His non-comical answers seemed to annoy her, and, after a brief silence, she continued:

'Have you been in Michigan long?'

'Three years, ma'am.'

'And yet don't seem to have posted yourself much?'

'Well, ma'am, to tell the truth,' he replied as he turned about, 'I'm a resident of Ohio. I came up here and stole a horse, and was sent to the Ionia prison for three years. I haven't been out more than two hours yet.'

She rose up and took the fourth seat back in a way to make the dust fly, and she didn't open her mouth again, even to the conductor, until the train was running into Detroit.

Just before a famous battle a Confederate soldier discovered an old man kneeling by a log praying.

'Oh! Lord,' said the old man, 'have mercy on the Federals this day—'

'Get up from there!' exclaimed the soldier, 'got no better sense than to come around here praying for the d—d Yankees?'

The old man looked up and requested to be let alone.

The soldier demanded that the prayer should be discontinued.

Just then an officer called the soldier and said:

'Why in the thunder don't you let

that man alone? Don't you know him?'

No, who is he?'

'Stonewall Jackson.'

A short time ago at a school in an uptown ward, during a lesson on the animal kingdom, the teacher put the following question: 'Can any boy name to me an animal of the order edentata—that is a front tooth toothless animal?' A boy whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospects of a good mark, replied:

'I can.'

Well, what is the animal?'

My grandwother,' replied the boy, in great glee.

The feminine mind early attains to the consideration of the ethics of the affections. In one of our city schools the other day, the class in English grammar was discussing the difference between the words 'like' and 'love.' 'Now' said the teacher, 'we can like a tomato, but is it proper to say we can love a tomato?' 'No, it is not,' said a fresh young miss, 'one cannot love a tomato.' 'Why not?' inquired the teacher. 'Because, you know, you cannot—you can't—well, you can't hug a tomato.'

An amateur up-town sportsman had been out for a day's shooting in the wilds of New Jersey, and was returning home rather elated with his success, it being his first experience.

'Pretty good luck to-day?' a friend asked, as he landed at Cortlandt street.

'I should say so,' he replied proudly. 'Look at that. There are half a dozen as fine snipes as you ever laid eyes on.'

'Snipes!' exclaimed his friend; 'they are not snipes.'

'What are they if not snipes?'

'They are Jersey mosquitoes.'

Jones—Hello, Smith! what are you doing now?'

Smith—I have got into a new business.

Jones—What is it?'

Smith—I'm a waker up.

Jones—What in the world is that?'

Smith—Some days ago I advertised to go around and wake up servant girls in the morning.

Jones—Well, well; and how are you progressing?'

Smith—I have had 35,000 applications, and they are still coming in at the rate of 1000 an hour. The job is too big. Guess I'll have to give it up.

'Well, John,' said old man Jordon to his young friend, 'you have just been married, I hear.'

'Yes, sir,' he answered, with a spring-morning smile, 'just a month ago, and I want you to go up and take dinner with me to-day.'

'Have you got a cook?'

'No.'

'Well, my boy, s'pose we go to a restaurant this time. You must remember I had a young wife once myself.'

'That is a beautiful young woman across the way,' said Jones to his wife.

'She is, indeed,' the lady assented, 'a remarkable pretty woman.'

'I wonder if the gentlemen whom she has just met is her husband?'

'I think he must be,' replied Mrs. Jones. 'I notice he didn't lift his hat to her.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Brownsmith, 'I want a good girl and possibly you might do, but have you any experience?'

'Iparance is it?' replied the damsel, resting her hands on her hips and tossing her head in the air.

'Iparance is it? Faith and havn't Oi been in no liss than twenty families during the last month?'

Amateur Tragedian—Yes, sir, I claim that the mantle of Forrest has fallen on me.

Unsympathizing Stranger—Indeed! How you must suffer.

A. T.—Suffer?'

U. S.—Yes, it fell from such a great height, you know.'

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