

Little Mulkittle's Questions.

'Pa,' said the Rev. Mulkittle's little son, 'Sampson was a strong man, wasn't he?'

'Sampson was the strongest man that ever lived.'

'Tell me about him.'

'It was intended that Sampson should be the strongest man, and before he was born—'

The bewildered expression on the child's face arrested the minister in his narration.

'Before he was born,' asked the boy.

'Yes; before—that is before he was found in the hollow stump—'

'Just like little sister?'

'Yes. Just before he was found an angel appeared and foretold of his strength, saying that no razor must touch his head.'

'Was the angel afraid that the razor would cut him?'

'No, the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair, and that his hair must not be cut off.'

'If I let my hair grow long can I lift more than I do now?'

'I don't know about that.'

'Are women stronger than men?'

'No.'

'But they've got longer hair.'

'Yes; they have longer hair.'

'A woman could whip you, couldn't she?'

'No; not easily.'

'Was Sampson a Democrat?'

'I don't know.'

'But why don't you know? I'd know if I was as old as you.' How many was it that Sampson killed?'

'One thousand.'

'He was bad, wasn't he?'

'No.'

'But when a man kills anybody he's bad.'

'The Lord was with Sampson.'

'But the Lord says you mustn't kill anybody. Did Sampson go to heaven?'

'I suppose so.'

'He's the strongest angel there, ain't he?'

'O, you ask too many questions.'

'But I want to know. Will you know Sampson when you get there?'

'I suppose so.'

'But you won't fool around him, will you? If he was to hit you he'd break your wings, wouldn't he?'

'That'll do. Go to your mother. You needn't ask any more questions about the Bible.'

George Explained the Machinery.

They had been sitting on the promenade dock for more than an hour, when she suggested that they go down stairs and look at the machinery. He agreed, and an old lady who sat near by and heard the conversation rose up and said:

'Young man, yave you any objection to my going along? I allus been crazy on the subject of machinery.'

He replied that he would be delighted, and she followed the couple to the main deck.

'This, I suppose you know,' began the young man, 'is the main shaft.'

'Yes—yes—came from the state of Maine,' twittered the young lady.

The old woman stuck up her nose but made no remarks.

That up there is the walking-beam.

'Oh, is it? How nice! You wouldn't think it could walk, but of course it does!'

The old woman put on her spectacles to get a better look at the girl.

'That rod you see there,' continued the young man, 'is called an eccentric.'

'How funny! But why shouldn't it be? There are eccentric people, and why shouldn't there be eccentric rods. I presume it gets cranky sometimes. Go on, George.'

'I don't believe it,' muttered the old lady.

'And that is called a steam chest, my dear.'

'Oh, is it? I've always wanted to see one. They put their steam in there so as to keep it cool and nice. It's the same principle as a refrigerator. Yes, George.'

The old woman removed her specs and began to look as mad as a cow on a sandbar.

'That thing up there is called a steam dial,' said George.

'Oh, ho, nice! I've read about it somewhere in Shakespeare's works. I see the pointer is 80. My! but who'd believe we were carrying eighty tons of steam! George if we blow up you

must save me—indeed you must. What's that glass thing?'

'It's a water indicator.'

'Oh, I see. It indicates that we are on the water. How grateful we ought to be to the geniuses of America for these inventions!'

Here the old lady started to leave with a 'humph!' of disgust, but the young man called:

'Madam, you are not interested?'

'Look a-here, young man,' she exclaimed, as she wheeled around, 'may-be you can make a fool of that inner-cent young gal, and mebbe she delights in it, but when it comes to stuffing old hens with chopped straw it won't go down. Pass on! I'm a walkin' beam myself and I'm going to walk.'

And away she sailed, carrying forty pounds of steam by the dial.

A Few Yet Left.

'Heavens! but I'm melting!' he gasped as he entered an ice cream parlor.

'Yes, sir,' replied the girl at the soda fountain, as she reached for a glass.

'Dear me! but such a thirst I never had before. Have you ginger ale?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Ah, yes; but they say it is heating. Any root beer?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Exactly but roots are not always good for the health. Depends upon the kind of roots. You have soda water?'

'Yes.'

'Doctors say it produces gas in the stomach. How's ice cream?'

'Very nice, sir.'

'Yes, but lowering the temperature of the stomach so suddenly is apt to produce spasms. No lemonade, eh?'

'I can make you some.'

'Never mind. My wife died suddenly after drinking a quart of it. Young lady!'

'Yes, sir.'

'You may hand me a glass of water. It is probably the safest and best thing for the system at this stage of the game.'

He got it, but he only took one sip. It was blood warm. The girl had seen two or three like him before.

A Bad Room to Sleep in.

'Say, how long do these mosquitoes bite?'

'I asked a guest at an Arkansaw hotel as a coloured gentleman entered with a pitcher of water, "I have been lying here fighting 'em for an hour. How long do you suppose they will keep up this business?'"

'Well, I dunno, sah. 'Cordin ter how many da is.'

'There are ten thousand.'

'In dat case, sah, it's 'cordin ter how hungry da is.'

'They are as hungry as wolves.'

'Den yer's mighty likely ter have trouble wid 'em, sah.'

'Why don't you put a bar over the bed?'

'Case nobody eber sleeps in di-room but one night. Didn't anybody sleep in heah las' night, au' dat's de reason da so hungry. Ef yer'd happen to strike dis bed jes' arter a fat man had been in it yer'd had an easy time, sah.'

The borrowing family sent their boy Jack over to Mrs. Murphy's to borrow some tea and sugar and a plate of butter. Mrs. Murphy was busy and had no inclination to lend to neighbors who never returned anything they borrowed. At the same time she did not care to entirely offend them.

'I'd be glad to accommodate yees,' she said, politely, "but oim in a hurry and haven't the time to wait on ye. I've other fish to fry just now.'

The boy went home and reported that Mrs. Murphy was to busy to attend to him, and had other fish to fry, etc.

'And why didn't ye wait?' asked his mother, breathlessly. "Go back and take another plate with you, and tell Mrs. Murphy you're in a hurry and mother'd be much oblige to her for a plate of fried fish!'

During the recent unprecedented rainy spell in Austin, Mrs. Jones sent her servant to a neighbor, Mrs. Smith with the following message:

'Would you be kind enough to send back that umbrella you borrowed about a month ago, from Mrs. Jones.'

'Certainly, here it is. Tell Mrs. Jones that I would have sent it back sooner but it has been raining every day since I borrowed it.'

How to Read a Novel.

Open it in the middle glance at a page. Catch the names of the characters.

Turn to the last page and see whether he married her, or she died with angels hovering around the head-board.

Turn to the beginning and see what the matter was with the old man, and why he don't approve of the match.

You have thus acquainted yourself with all the essential fact of the novel, and can image the moonlight walks, the sylvan dells, the afternoon teas, the cusswords muttered between the teeth of the male characters and all the rest.

"You needn't come up here begging any more or I'll scald you," said a lady living in the fifth story of a New York house, to a tramp who knocked at the door.

"I don't usually lower myself by soliciting aid from persons living above the second floor, but I thought you paid so little rent up here; that you could afford to be charitable, and I sacrificed my self respect to furnish you the opportunity. Permit me to retire," and removing his hat with the grace of a Chesterfield, he withdrew from the canvass.

Mrs. Shabby Genteel.—Jane, ha, the flour come?

Jane—Yes, mum, eight barrels.

'And the potatoes?'

'Yes, mum, twenty bushels.'

'And the canned meats?'

'Yes, mum, six dozen cans. That's all was ordered, mum.'

'And how is the stock of other provisions, including groceries of all kinds?'

'Got enough, mum, to last three months easy, and the ice and milkmen promised to come every night after dark.'

'Very well, Jane. Board up the front shutters.'

Gems.

It must be a lady editor who answers a correspondent's query thusly: 'How to catch a husband—Grab him by the hair?'

Why is a very modest young lady like a steamboat? Because she pays no attention to the swells that follow her; we a-steamer for it.

A young man sent fifty cents to a New York advertiser to learn how to make money fast, and was advised in return to glue a five dollar greenback to the bottom of his trunk.

Drug clerk to diffident young lady: 'Wish to get something?'

'Young lady, muttering—"I really believe I've forgotten what I came for." Clerk, who catches the last words—"Camphor; how much, please?'

Big gilt darning needles and big gilt pins are the latest fancies for bonnet and hat decorations. After this a man won't throw himself down so promiscuously on the bed where his wife's hat is so sweetly reposing.

Bitter-Sweet: Miss Montague Tay-leure (to Miss Capulet Smythe)—"I want to introduce to you Mr. Naisley, back there, who thinks you are so awfully handsome. You know of him, don't you. He is very amusing and eccentric—never thinks as anyone else does.

A lady sat in the editorial room waiting for the editor. She said to the funny man: 'I want to send a letter to the postoffice. Will you please tell me, sir, where I can go for a boy?'

'Go to the devil, madam.' 'Sir!' she said, rising. 'Ah, there he comes now. John, take that lady's letter to the postoffice.'

'There's a little too much hippodrome about that sugar you sold me,' said a customer to a grocer the other day. 'How's that?'

'Well, there's not sugar enough in it for coffee, and there's hardly sand enough for mortar.' 'That shows you don't understand our great combination brand,' blandly returned the diluter; 'your'e only got to use twice as much and the residue is just splendid for cleaning knives. And he sold him another box of dried apples made from the best selected shoe parings.

'Oh, ma; that must be the drunard's home like we read about in the story books. All the windows are broken.'

'Hush, child. The people who live here are very respectable, but some of their neighbors get out of patience sometimes and throw bricks und boot-jacks and things.'

'Why, what for ma?'

'The oldest son is learning to play the flute.'

A man who has schooled himself to repress any inclinations toward lavish liberality tells a friend to buy him a lottery ticket, adding that if he draws a prize they will go halves.

In due course the lottery comes off and the ticket draws a valuable clock.

"My poor fellow," he said to his friend, "I'll be hanged if I see how to manage it exactly. If I had drawn a money prize, or a cask of wine, or a pair of anything, I could have divided with you but a clock— Still there is one way we can arrange it. Come and see that time it is by our clock whenever you want to?'

Scene—A Texas barber shop. Barber—"Next!"

Customer—"I believe I'm next."

Other Customer—"I believe I'm next."

Customer (grabbing a razor)—"I'm next."

Other Customer (grabbing a razor)—"I'm next."

A short but noisy interval in which both customers are killed.

Barber (to quiet stranger in the corner)—"You're next, sir."

A wicked young man says that he never will, upon any consideration whatever, believe that a pretty girl knows what a kiss means till he has it from her own mouth.

Attention, Veterans!

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HORACE B. HORTON,
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