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PERHAPS AN ERROR

The Old Man Tried to Explain His Way to His Satisfaction.
"Uh-huh! Yo' is, is yo'?" pessimistically inquired good old Brother Brownback.
"Yes, sah!" pompously replied the semi-educated young colored man. "I am called by the Lord to preach the Gospel to a sin-sick and waiting world!"
"Huh-m-m! Dat mought be de case and den ag'in it mought'n. Fum what I knowes of yo' general dobility, sah, I's sawtuh declined to s'picion dat dar am a deflection in yo' specification. Mebby yo' is called by de Lawd, like yo' 'lows yo' is; and ag'in, it's barly possible dat dar am suthin' reedidiously wrong wid yo' hearin' or else de Lawd done made a mistake and got de names mixed."—Puck.

He Lasted Well.
They were in the family portrait section of the gallery, and it seemed to Miss Gollightly that her English visitor was deeply impressed.
"Yes, these are all my ancestors," she said, proudly. "Now, this is my great-great-grandfather, when he was a young man, of course. Isn't he handsome? My grandfather used to tell my mother that his grandfather—that's this one—was a splendid looking man as long as he lived, and as popular with women as with men because he was such a hero."
"Erave? I guess he was! Why, he never fought in a battle that he didn't lose an arm of a leg or something, from being right in front of everybody. He was in twenty-three engagements!"—Youth's Companion.

A MISTAKE.



Teacher—Willie Give me a sentence containing the word delight.
Willie My mother puts out de light when I'm in bed.
And Still She Isn't Satisfied.
"What's Maude crying about now?"
"Oh, she asked her husband if he would marry again in case she died, and he declared that he wouldn't."
"Well, nothing wrong about that."
"No; but you should have heard him say it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Still Has Them.
"I understand Mrs. Vick-Senn and her husband had some high words yesterday."
"It's true so far as it relates to her. He may have had a few words also, but he didn't get a chance to use them."—Chicago Tribune.

Effective.
"Did you give your wife that lecture on economy you said you were going to?"
"Yes; you bet I did!"
"Have any effect?"
"Ye-e-s, I'm going to make my last winter's suit do for this winter."—Houston Post.

The Time to Climb.
Climb the ladder of fame while you are young. Not only is your wind better and your avoirdupois less then, but people are not so likely to make irritating remarks about your making a monkey of yourself.—Puck.

Next.
She—I want something to make the bread rise.
Floorwalker—Alarm clocks third counter to the right.

What She Desires.
"It may not be your intention," remarked Miss Gaddie, "but doesn't it occur to you that your treatment of me is rather calculated to make us bad friends?"
"No," replied Miss Kandor, coolly. "I had an idea it would make us good enemies."—Philadelphia Press.

Deeply Ingrained.
"What kind of a man is old Wheezicks?" asked the newcomer.
"Wheezicks?" said the other. "He's the contrariest, most selfish old wretch that ever lived. When one of his teeth aches there's not another tooth in his mouth that sympathizes with it."—Chicago Tribune.

Poor Fellow.
"Blusher is the most bashful man I ever knew."
"How on earth, then, did he come to get married?"
"He was too bashful to refuse."—Answers.

One Economy.
"Old Jones must be very rich. Three of his daughter have had the operation for appendicitis."
"Oh, I don't know! It doesn't require any clothes."—Life.

Reasonably Certain.
Though one-half of the world doesn't know
"How the other half lives," no doubt The feminine half of that half Is doing its best to find out.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE BISHOP AND THE DRUGGIST

The Young Man's Disappointment the Joke Was on Him.
One day a bishop chanced into the shop of a druggist who was very fond of a joke—on somebody else. The druggist, wishing to have a joke at the bishop's expense, asked:
"Bishop, can you tell me the difference between an ass and a bishop?"
The bishop could not.
"Well," said the druggist, smiling all over, "an ass carries its cross (burden) upon its back, but a bishop carries his cross (of gold) on his breast."
"Very good," replied the bishop, and then continued: "Now then, my friend, can you tell me the difference between an ass and a druggist?"
After some hesitation the druggist answered: "No, sir, I can't."
"Neither can I," retorted the bishop as he walked out.

DIFFERENCE.



"Law's Sakes! dis chile am de funniest. Ah seed him in de ribber swimmin' like a fish; but golly! he am powful 'fraid of dis little pall of water!"

Poet and Fool.
This story of Alexis Piron, the French poet and epigrammatist, is told by the writer of "French Men of Letters."

Piron was unfortunate enough to be arrested one night by a watchman in the streets of Paris, and was taken the following morning before the lieutenant of police, who haughtily interrogated him concerning his business or profession.
"I am a poet," was the reply.
"Oh, Ho! a poet, are you?" said the official. "I have a brother who is a poet."
"Then we are quits," rejoined Piron. "For I have a brother who is a fool."—King.

They Had Theirs Off.
Little Sue Brown was allowed to stand on the staircase and feast her eyes on the beautifully dressed decole-lete ladies at her mother's party. Presently she beckoned to her mother and anxiously whispered:
"Mother, may I take off my guimpe?"
"Mercy, no," said her mother; "it is the middle of winter, and you would take your death of cold."
"Well," said Sue regretfully, "look there; Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith have theirs off."—Exchange.

A Sure Thing.
A doctor who posed as something of a wit was passing a stone-cutter's yard, when he stopped to speak to the proprietor, who was at work on a tombstone.
"Ah," said the doctor, "I suppose when you hear some one is ill you get ready for contingencies; though, of course, I suppose, you never go beyond the words, 'In memory of—'"
"Well, that all depends," was the response. "If you be a doctoring of the patient I goes right on."—Harper's Weekly.

His Excuse.
"Here, waiter, there's a cockroach in this soup," angrily exclaimed the customer in the restaurant.
"That's the one great trouble with this restaurant," said the waiter as he carefully removed the cockroach. "The cook makes such good soup that everything goes after it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

What Indeed?
Young Thorne (to his ideal)—And your name is Rose?
Rose—I am glad you like it. But—but I do not want to be a rose without a Thorne.
What could a fellow say after that?

Why, Certainly.
Mercy—I would never marry a man I did not love.
Maude—But suppose a real wealthy man should propose?
Mercy—I should love him, of course.

Raise Your Song.
Rough road an' dark road—
Mighty stormy weather,
But raise your song,
Brave heart an' strong,
An' we'll reach home together!
—Atlanta Constitution.

She Knew Better.
Glady's—I don't like this egg, auntie, it's not good.
Auntie—Nonsense, dear, it was only laid yesterday.
Glady's—Well, then it must have been laid by a bad hen.—Bystander.

"So you can't see any way of getting out of the engagement honorably?"
"Not unless I can lick five brothers, all bigger than I am."—Life.

EASING THE PRESSURE

And Delivering a Hot Air Sermon at the Same Time.
"Mr. Kiljordan," said the young man with the bill, "would it be convenient for you to—"
"No, it wouldn't!" stormily interrupted Kiljordan, looking up with blood in his eye. "You adlepatated idiot, don't you know enough not to interrupt a man when he's at work? The payment of this installment isn't due till tomorrow, anyhow, you daddinged lunthead! For half a cent I'd throw you out of the window! Take your gum-dasted face out of here or I'll—"
The terrified youth waited to hear no more. He darted out through the door and made for the stairway, down which he went three steps at a time.
"What ails you, Kiljordan?" asked the man at the other desk. "Why did you try to scare that boy half to death?"
"I've no grudge against the boy," he answered, turning to his work; "but I couldn't swear at the woman with the gentle manner and the neighborhood charity scheme, who had buzzed me for half an hour before he came in, and I had to let out on somebody."—Chicago Tribune.

Mere Opinion.
There will be no escaping on technicalities at the last judgment.
The whiteness of a golf ball wears off almost as rapidly as the novelty of being a father.
Two swelled heads do not better than one.
When charity was invented the returning of conscience money was made easy.
It appears to be impossible for a woman to know how to make baby clothes and have a working knowledge of the rules of bridge.

Investigation will show that the men who awoke to find themselves famous did a lot of hard work before going to bed.
Some women will find heaven a very dismal place if it has no shop windows.
A girl seldom marries her ideal, which is one reason why there is so much happiness in the world.—Chicago Record-Herald.

No Discourtesy Intended.
A young sport with loud hose and a Panama hat, a cigarette and a pearl-handled "parasol" got off the east-bound train Wednesday. He walked over town and dropped into a restaurant on Main street and ordered a veal cutlet. The waiter soon brought in the order and placed it before his Nibs the Sport. "Do you call that a veal cutlet? Why, that's an insult to a calf to call that a veal cutlet," said the sassy boy. "I didn't mean to insult you, sir," said the waiter.—Supplia, I. T., Light.

Had Seen Her.
"There are great things in store for you," said the fortune teller to the young man; "but there will be many obstacles to overcome. There is a woman continually crossing your path, a large woman with dark brown hair and eyes. She will dog your footsteps untravlingly."
"Yes—I know who that is."
"Ah, you have seen her?"
"Yes; she's my washerwoman."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Good Reason.
"You may send me only half the usual quantity of meat until further notice," said the customer who keeps a boarding house.
"What's the matter, mum; some of your boarders leaving?" asked the butcher, sympathetically.
"Oh, no," was the reply, "but three of my gentlemen boarders are in love."—Tit-Bits.

Superior.
"I have just been reading of the Mayflower," said Mrs. Curnox.
"One of my ancestors came over in that boat," said the visitor.
"Indeed? Well, I am quite sure none of my people would ever have been satisfied with such inferior accommodations."—Washington Star.

Beneath Her.
Mrs. Hicks—But why didn't you buy the material if you like it?
Mrs. Nuritch—The salesman said it was domestic dress goods.
Mrs. Hicks—Well?
Mrs. Nuritch—You don't suppose I'd wear anything meant for domestics, do you?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Family Pride.
Young Johnson had proposed to the beautiful Miss Smith.
"No, Clarence," she answered him, sadly but firmly. "If I married you there would be one less Smith and one more Johnson—and you already outnumber us in the city directory."—Chicago Tribune.

After the Honeymoon.
Helen—Poor, dear George must be voting himself to that wretched War Office business strictly.
Florence—What makes you think so, dear?
Helen—Why he only writes to me twice a day now!

Knew Her Man.
Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding houses twenty years for nothing?
Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.—The Bystander.

Even-Tempered.
"Is your husband even-tempered?"
"Yes," answered Mrs. Wurry. "He's just about as irritable one day as another."

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