

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Please Don't Mention My Name.

"Don't put my name in the paper." Said the statesman, good and great, "But if you must I surely trust You'll set the facts all straight." "I really can't be quoted," Said the busy business man, "But if you write you surely might Boom business all you can."

"I never read the papers," Said the badgered family doctor, "But if you write you may say disease Lies helpless where I knock ter." "Your papers are not pious," Said the fat and forty pastor, "But if you quote you'll kindly note That I'm the preaching master."

"The press is not uplifting," Said the slightly miffy teacher, "But don't you be strung, for teaching the young Is as great as being a preacher." "Don't print my name," said the social dame, "In the sense of slight or stricture, But if you do with the interview Be sure to print my picture."

And so the modest public Withdrews from printed mention, But if you fall to print the tale They'll call it circumvention. —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

His Opinion Too. "Mr. Sandus, we've brought these eggs back." "What is the matter with them?" "They're old. Two that we broke this morning were positively bad." "I'm sorry to hear that." "This isn't the first game, either. Last week and the week before we bought some eggs here and had to throw part of them away."

"Ladies, you are the only customers that have made any complaint about those eggs. It's very strange that I should sell good eggs to everybody else and save the bad ones for you." "Yes; that's what we think, Mr. Sandus."—Chicago Tribune.

Repertee. Rupert and Evadne were sauntering along the drive. Suddenly she stopped. "What's that?" she exclaimed, listening intently. "Probably some catfish mewing in the lake," answered her sturdy protector.

Evadne's countenance brightened. "I wonder if its mother is putting it to sleep in the bed of the river with a sheet of water over it," she murmured ingeniously.—Sphinx.

The New One. The gentleman cautiously opens his front door at 2 a. m. but nevertheless the wife of his bosom hears him. "What in the world kept you out so late?" she demands. "Well, my dear," he explains in boredly, "Flitterton took me for a flight in his new biplane, and the steering gear got out of order, and we had to come down eight miles from town and wait for a trolley to bring us in."—Chicago Post.

A Woman's Fib

It began in the usual way—strictly according to Plato. And the boy Cupid chuckled to himself as he watched the two, and tightened the strings of his bow. At first things fell out exactly as Cupid had expected, and one fine day the man told the girl that he loved her, and asked her to become his wife.

As the girl listened a glad light came into her eyes. Then she looked at him searchingly, and her face clouded over. "Are you quite sure?" she asked. But he only laughed, and kissed her.

"I would rather we kept this to ourselves for a little while," she told him presently, when he spoke of a formal engagement. "I—I want to be quite, quite certain." "Certain of what?" he asked.

"Of you, Dick," she replied. "Don't be angry with me, dear, I can't help it. It seems such a wonderful thing that you should love me after all. Do you remember what you used to say?" "I was a fool."

"But do you remember?" "I haven't said it for a long time, have I?" "You used to say, Dick, that I was too much of a man myself for men to fall in love with me. I didn't know what you meant at first, until you explained."

"Never mind that now." "But I do mind. I can't help thinking about it. I have an idea that you were right." "No, I wasn't, Madge. I've found out my mistake."

"You said I was too free, too independent to win men's love, that men only loved the helpless, clinging women—the women who needed protectors." "Why do you want to remember all the idiotic things I've said to you?" "Because I believed them to be true once, and I think—perhaps—they are true still. You told me I was so strong and self-reliant—the sort of girl to make a chum of, not a wife. And you made a chum of me, Dick. Are you sure you want the wife?"

Her frank gray eyes met his unflinchingly. He drew her toward him with sudden passion. "I love you," was all he said. And, for a time, she was content. Then there came a day on which a shadow seemed to fall between them, and doubt grew strong again.

"You are worrying over something," she said, and he made no reply. "Tell me," she pleaded, but still he was silent. "Do you know you haven't kissed me once to-day?" she continued, her eyes fixed upon his troubled face. "Forgive me," he stammered, awkwardly trying to take her hands. She shook her head, and gently released herself.

In her quiet voice. "I understand you better than you understand yourself. You remember my telling you once that, years ago, I was engaged to be married? Well, I went through then just what you're going through now. I know the feeling, Dick, the blank, miserable feeling of disappointment at every kiss, every endearment, the feeling that something is wrong, that this is not the love you had dreamed of, the agonizing doubts, the self-reproaches. Oh, Dick, Dick, I know it all!"

With a little strangled sob she hid her face between her hands, and the man who watched her dared not ask the question that trembled on his lips. The girl had always been so calm, so self-controlled. He had never seen her like this before. What did it mean?

"I'm a brute, Madge," he said, clumsily. She raised her face to his with a sudden, quick smile. He looked at her anxiously, and heaved a sigh of relief. She hasn't been crying at all, then! Thank God!

The girl gave a little laugh. She could read him like a book. "You see, I'm not taking it to heart so very much, after all," she said, and, in his embarrassment, he did not hear the false ring in her voice. "I felt unwell just now," she continued, hurriedly, "because I remembered so vividly what I suffered at the time I told you of, and it humiliated me to think that I have made you suffer in the same way."

"But you're wrong, quite wrong, Madge, to compare your case with mine. It's not the same thing at all. That fellow you speak of turned out to be a scoundrel. No wonder you couldn't love him. But you—you are the sweetest, prettiest creature on earth, and the man who can't make a fool of himself for your sake, ought to be shot."

She laughed again. "It's nice of you to feel like that, Dick," she said. "But there's really no reason why you should call yourself all sorts of hard names simply because you haven't succeeded in falling blindly and desperately in love with me." For a moment there was silence between them. Suddenly a dark flush rose to his face.

"Don't think me a conceited fool, little girl," he said, awkwardly, "but you told me just now of the doubts that used to torment you while you were engaged to that—other man. You didn't say anything about any doubts when I—when you—had promised to be my wife. Doesn't that mean that—that you care?" He was not looking at her, and he did not see how white she had grown.

"Dear old boy," she said, coming up behind him, and placing her hand softly upon his shoulder. "I do care for you, well enough to have married you if you had wanted it. But I—I'm not the sort of girl to fret and pine because I can't marry you." The hand upon his shoulder trembled just a little.

"Madge!" he cried, impulsively. "Give me another chance! Forget what has passed between us to-day, and be my wife. I was mad to let you talk as I did just now. It isn't true. I love you, dear, as well as it's in me to love any woman. Upon my honor I believe that. I would try to make you happy. Take me back, Madge. Give me another chance!" For a single instant the girl hesitated.

"It can't be," she said, firmly. "You are good and kind, Dick, and perhaps you mean what you say just now. You may think, for the moment, that you love me. I tell you, it isn't love, it's only pity. You're sorry for me, because you think I shall be unhappy. Old friend, you're mistaken. Don't be sorry for me, there's no need. I'm not like other girls. You have said so yourself, often and often. I don't want a protector, or a husband. I only want a chum. Dick, we'll be chums again!"

"What a brute I am. What a brute! Do you care as much as all that?" "I care for your friendship, Dick," she said, in her ordinary calm, low voice. "I meant nothing more. I am quite content." Then, one day, she saw a change in Dick. It was bound to come. She had told herself so again and again. Yet in her heart of hearts she had not believed it.

"So that is the right woman for Dick. She can bring the look to his eyes that I have watched and waited for in vain. She, that poor, empty, foolish little creature has the power—bah, what a wretch I am! What right have I to judge her? I am unjust, blinded by—oh, God, not that—not that! Have I fallen so low? Do I grudge him to her—I, who never really had his love?"

And she stood afar off and watched the two together, and waited for Dick to tell her. "He is afraid," she told herself, with a bitter smile. "He remembers what he swore to me. I must help him." "Dick," she said, abruptly, at their next meeting, "there's something on your mind, and you've got to tell me what it is. Years ago you made me your 'Mother Confessor,' and I've held the office ever since. Come, Dick, out with it! What is it?"

"It's nothing at all. I've got nothing to confess, little girl. How did you get that idea into your head?" "I don't know. It came, Dick, that's all." There was a pause. "Madge," he asked, presently, "you're sure you're quite happy?" "What do you mean? Nobody is quite happy, I suppose."

"I mean, are you quite contented with this sort of thing? With our—our friendship, you know." The girl laughed gayly. "Of course I am. Haven't I told you so, over and over again?" "And yet—I don't know—sometimes I think—"

"You think I'm yearning for matrimony?" she retorted flippantly. "What a dear, conceited, stupid old thing you are! I've quite got over that little weakness, Dick. I don't want to marry you, really. I'm fond of you, of course, but then you're fond of me, too—at least you always pretended you were, and yet, you don't want to marry me. Why should that sort of feeling be possible for you and not for me, Dick? Perhaps—perhaps I'm wiser now than I was a few months ago. Perhaps I've found out my mistake."

"What do you mean, Madge?" The light of an unspoken hope flashed for a moment in his eyes. The girl saw it, and something leaped up in her throat. "Dick," she said, almost in a whisper, "you discovered, months ago, that I was not the right woman for you. Perhaps—perhaps I've discovered that you are not the right man for me."

Again that glad light shone in his eyes, and the girl grew sick with the pain that was in her heart. "You're pleased to hear me say that!" she cried, and wild, ill-considered words rose to her lips. With a fierce effort she conquered the temptation to speak them. "You have something more to tell me," said her companion, eagerly. "I can see it in your face. I can guess what it is!"

"Well!" "That the right man has come to you?" "And the right woman to you, Dick?" "Madge, how did you know?" "I only guessed. Perhaps a fellow-feeling, Dick. Does she know?" "Good Heavens, no! I haven't dared to own it, even to myself. You'll laugh at me, and I deserve it, for being a presumptuous idiot, but—I can say it now without offending you—I thought you still cared for me, not—not as a pal only, but in the other way, and so—"

"And so you determined to sacrifice the most precious thing on earth for the sake of a sickly sentimental feeling on my part to which I had no earthly right. Oh, Dick, you old stupid, what an awful mistake you might have made. And she—she cares for you, doesn't she?" He flushed like a schoolboy. "I've no right to say that," he replied. "I've never spoken to her about it. I was ashamed, because of—of what I had said to you."

Doctor (to his cook, who is just leaving)—Sarah, I am very sorry, but I can only give you a very indifferent character. Sarah—Well, sir, never mind. Just write it like you do your prescriptions. —Stray Stories.

No artist I, and yet I try By art to gain renown. I draw—my pay—each Saturday. And then I paint—the town. —Detroit Free Press.

Post—I discovered today that Parker and I have a common ancestor. Mrs. Post (a colonial dame)—For goodness' sake don't tell any one.—Brooklyn Life.

The good old summer time is here. How eager did we greet it. The flowers opened when it came; The butter ran to meet it. —Yonkers Statesman.

Hodd—Can you conceive of any situation where you would want to be separated from your wife? Todd—Yes—in Paris.—Town and Country.

A difference I note that's meet. When comes this worst of bores; He grinds his organ in the street, I grind my teeth indoors. —Lippincott's.

Ascum—Do you think it's true that Skinner has bought a place for himself in society? Wise—Oh, no! I'll bet he's only leased it, for he's liable to have to skip out at a moment's notice.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Wanted His Gate Money. An aeronaut, leaning over the edge of the car as his balloon was slowly passing over a football game, overbalanced himself, and fell plump among the players. When he recovered consciousness he found several of the club officials bending over him anxiously. "Ah," said the treasurer, in a tone of relief, "I'll trouble you for your half dollar now, old fellow!"

A Little Mound. By the side of a little sandy mound stands a man, old, stoop-shouldered and with snowy locks. No sound disturbs the evening's quietness save the cooing of a mourning dove. But suddenly a fist clenches and the aforementioned man is heard to exclaim: "Confound that wood-chuck!"—Judge.

Queen Bee Gone Astray. A newly married couple were beginning their honeymoon in a city hotel. The bride went out to do some shopping, and when she returned she found herself puzzled to decide which was their room. When she thought she had located it she tapped timidly on the panel and breathed: "It's me, honey; let me in."

There was no response, and she tapped louder and said, "Honey, it's me, and I want to come in." "Madam," said a gruff voice from the other side of the door, "this ain't no beehive; it's a bathroom."—Everybody's Magazine.

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