

The Parisian composer who played the piano twenty-four hours "on end" went mad in consequence. What happened to the neighbors is not stated.

There is a passenger steamer on the Elbe where the warning against speaking to the man at the wheel is displayed in four different languages. This is the English version: "To the helm marine gentleman, try conversation not."

A Frenchman who was making his first voyage to America in company with his American wife, and whose familiarity with American idioms was somewhat limited, pointed to the skyscrapers, as he came into the harbor and said: "What is it you call those high buildings? Oh, yes! I remember; it is heaven sweepers!"

The legislature of Newfoundland has provided liberally for the installation of a cold storage system for the fisheries of the colony. All the fish now caught there are cured and salted for the market, found principally in the Mediterranean ports and Brazil, and it is hoped to open up new markets for the codfish, salmon, and other fish and lobsters in a fresh state.

The playing of billiards by students has been prohibited by the state agricultural college of Oregon. The action was by resolution of the faculty, and makes suspension the penalty of violation of the rule. In making the announcement President Gatch said an examination of the college records showed that 80 percent of the failures in class work were by students who frequented billiard halls.

The New York police arrested a professional "fake fit thrower" the other day. It was his practice to fall down on the sidewalk in front of a fine private residence and pretend to have a fit, whereupon he would usually be carried into the house, dosed with restoratives and presented with money by the sympathetic proprietor, after reciting a hard luck story. By this means he sometimes made as much as \$18 or \$25 a day.

The Dangen Suspended railway in Germany is a novel institution. The cars run on a single overhead rail, the trucks being on the roof of the train. The truck wheels are mounted tandem, and are driven by electricity transmitted through a contact rail and slipshoe. The oscillation of the trains is limited by projections on the truck frames. In running around curves the car swings into an inclined position which is scarcely perceptible to the passengers. Each car holds fifty passengers. The rate of speed is now limited to twenty-five miles an hour. An automatic block system is used, the signals being regulated by the cars themselves. In general aspect the system is like an elevated road.

It would be extremely edifying to know of what credentials any one is authorized to give voice to the opinion of the American public. The public hears its opinions quoted a good deal. The public learns much about public taste, public manners, public morals in a most public way. The public politely listens to every invidious criticism of itself and often feels hypersensitive about its own wants after they have been described. Indeed, the public has never wanted friends candid enough to scold, cajole and pity it. Never was an offspring more hopelessly unweaned than the public, and no child was never more untiringly quoted by its mother. But who is the nurse or guardian angel that hovers around the cradle of the public and makes its thought audible to itself? queries the New York Commercial Advertiser.

It is not surprising that certain classes of people in Europe, and especially guides and the poorly paid hotel and restaurant waiters, should appear in the eyes of the American travelers as robbers. The newly made millionaires who have learned that it is the correct thing to "splurge" in Europe give to and foreigners and erroneous idea of the American. For example, an advertisement in the London Times tells that an American wants to buy "one of the stately English homes" for which he would "give a fancy price." It must have at least thirty bedrooms, stabling for twenty horses, a great deal of land, and good shooting, etc. The late head of the Armour establishment went all over Europe scattering five-dollar tips to waiters—often as many as twenty waiters in a single hotel receiving \$5 dollars each during a single day's stay. When an American who is not reckless with his money follows in the wake of such a spendthrift he is looked on as a miser when he offers the customary tip; his wants are studiously neglected, and every effort is made to compel him to show the generous hand, states the Philadelphia Record.

### THE GIRL WHO LAUGHS.

The girl who laughs—God bless her!—  
Three blesses herself the while;  
No music of earth  
Has nobler worth  
Than that which voices a smile.  
The girl who laughs—life needs her;  
There is never an hour so sad  
But wakes and thrills  
To the rippling trills  
Of the laugh of a lass who's glad.  
—Ladies' Home Journal.

### END OF MONEY.

By BA-X PAIN.

"But does it never occur to you," asked the curate as he poured two teaspoonful of coffee into his cup, "does it never occur to you to ask yourself what is the good of it all?"

"Never," said the millionaire with decision.

"You never regret—you see, after all money is not everything, is it?"

"That observation is frequently made," said the millionaire, thoughtfully, "and it is misleading. Money is not everything, but it is much nearer to being everything than anything else is. There is quite a good deal of cant talked about money. It is comforting cant, of course. One gets the same kind of thing about birth. Personally, I always mistrust anything that comforts."

"But is it all cant? Take the question of health, for instance. Money cannot give health, and it is better to be well than to be wealthy."

"I often wonder why people go on saying that money cannot give health, when they must see every day that money does give health, and that poverty causes illness. If work is injurious to me I can afford to give it up. If I have to winter abroad I can do it easily, without considering the question of expense. If an operation is required, I can pay the man to do it, and under the very best conditions. The poor man can do none of these things. My ordinary way of life is much more healthy than his. The food that I eat is of the best quality and in perfect condition, while he eats adulterated rubbish and stale garbage. His house is ill warmed and insanitary, and mine is perfect in these respects. The poor man dies, and in nine cases out of ten it serves him right."

"Isn't that rather a terrible thing to say?" said the curate, nervously, playing with his spoon.

"In nine cases out of ten poverty is the result of stupidity. You blame a man for his moral defects, and I blame him for his mental defects; one is just as fair as the other. And both the mental and moral defects are about equally capable of remedy."

"Surely not," said the curate, earnestly. "A sinner may be reclaimed, but you cannot give a man an intellect."

"You should use the same word in both cases. You may reclaim a man's intellect just as you reclaim his morals. I have done it. I did it in my own case. I admit that mental reclamation, like moral reclamation, is rare."

"It all seems so dreary and fatalistic," said the curate.

"So it is," the millionaire agreed cordially. "As I told you, I don't like comforting cant. The best fable that ever was written was the fable of the fox and the sour grapes. Everybody's a gentleman who feels like it, and wealth is not everything. Oh, yes! I know these consolatory stories for those who are out of it. But they are only stories, and, as a matter of fact, wealth is everything, as near as you can get it. What wealth cannot do nothing else can."

The curate seemed to reflect for a moment.

"Tell me," he said darkly, "do you value the affection of your relatives and friends and those whom you have about you?"

"Of course," the millionaire owned. "Perhaps one values that most of all." "And do you mean to tell me," asked the curate, flushed with triumph, "that that kind of thing can be bought with money?"

The millionaire concentrated his attention on his cigar with the air of a man who can provide a platitude without troubling to think.

"But, of course," he said, "you can buy affection as easily as you can buy a pound of tea, and on almost the same commercial principles."

The curate stuck to it.

"Are you sure that it is genuine affection?" he said.

"There," said the millionaire, "I don't trouble myself. I get respect and subservience while I am there, and really I don't care what they say when I am not there. You see, I don't think about these people very much. It would annoy me if they showed hostility to me while I was with them. It would give me all the trouble of having to think of new things to say. But they are perfectly welcome to say what they like behind my back, because they haven't got any money worth mentioning, or any position, and they don't matter. But as a matter of fact, money can generally buy genuine affection, an affection that is just as real as that where there has been no value received."

"Really, this is too cynical," said the curate.

"Not at all," replied the millionaire; "in fact, I am on the whole less cynical than you. I still believe in gratitude, and it would appear that you don't. Generosity is an admirable and popular quality. You must admit that. And it is very easy for a rich man to be generous; he just plugs in a few present, as a gardener puts in seeds, and afterwards he gets the

fruits—quite genuine fruits, too. I sometimes wonder how anybody who is not a millionaire believes in genuine affection; it is certainly a luxury for the rich."

"Well," said the curate, with a sigh, "I must not let you off. We owe \$250 on the Church Restoration at St. Barnabas. I'll see if it makes me think more highly of you."

"I never subscribe; I either do a thing or I leave it alone. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll wipe out this debt for you altogether if you preach the opinions you have heard from me from the pulpit."

The little curate got quite excited. "I'd sooner steal the money and then cut my throat," he said. "If I could have all your money at the price of having your views of life as well, I wouldn't do it."

The millionaire smoked for a moment or two in silence.

"You're not a bad sort of fool," he said at last.—Black and White.

### ODDITIES OF THE ARCTICS.

How the Animals Change Color—A Domestic Tyrant.

During the summer months much of the land becomes free from snow and ice under the joint action of sun and wind, and the snow that resists removal is darkened by a deposit of fine dust particles. In this season the animals wear their darker clothing, and birds have, by way of change, a less gaudy plumage. The background against which they stand would betray their presence if the white dress of winter were worn now; then, too, it makes it possible for the foxes, ducks, and other animals and birds to gratify a natural vanity by putting on, for a time at least, another coat.

In winter, white is again worn. The background is now snow and ice, and the only chance which the Arctic chicken now has to deceive the fox is to roll up like a ball, and simulate a lump of ice. The ice-bear is equipped successfully to creep upon the ever-watchful seal, because he looks like the other blocks of white around him. He remembers, however, his black nose, and is said to be sharp enough to catch it with his paw while approaching his dozing prey.

The seal does not stop his search for food until he has completely satisfied his excellent appetite; then he takes a good nap, lying upon the very edge of the ice, or as close as possible to his breathing hole. The slightest sound will awaken him, and, without waiting to find out the source or direction, he rolls into the water. He can stay under for only 35 minutes, but where he will come up none can tell. This one knows better than the bear; and if the bear realizes that it is impossible to steal upon the leeward side of the seal, having his black nose covered with his paw and his bloodshot eyes closed, when the seal has his open and on the watch, he looks about for a favorable point of departure, dives under the ice, and if he rightly judges the distance and direction, he comes up at the very spot where the seal had expected to find him. The seal's fate is thus settled, and the bear's shrewdness earns its reward.

The beautiful elder-duck has often been cited as an ideal mother, and touching stories are told of her plucking the down from her own breast to make the nest in which to hatch her young. It is also said that if the hunters take one of these ducks, she will deposit herself for the second time, not calling upon the selfish drake until she has literally stripped herself. The drake is declared to be strict in keeping his mate to her duties, insisting that she shall attend to the work of hatching. If the duck ventures upon a walk, he does not offering take her place while she goes gadding about, but perhaps knowing it is to fond of idleness, cruelly drives her back to her household duty. The duck lays only five eggs, and if she feels that her nest is large enough and warm enough to hold more, she boldly rolls her neighbors carrying the eggs, one at a time, under her wing, until she has seven or eight.

However when the brood is hatched, the drake becomes the teacher to the young. Not in swimming, for that comes naturally, but in diving, which is a means of flight as well as for finding food. The little duck, coming in to life above water, hesitates to risk it before going under, nor will he follow the oft-repeated example of his parents. When it becomes necessary to resort to force, the drake comes quietly near the unwilling pupil, suddenly throws a wing over him, and dives down. The little one is let go under the water, and coming to the surface unharmed, even if somewhat startled, he is ready to start diving on his own account.—St. Nicholas.

The Drift of Modern English.

A Washington resident, who is so proud of her home that she sometimes sins against the rubric of fashionable form by remaining in town the year round, was recently assailed by an ultra-conventional friend in ultra-modern language.

"I knew that you usually wintered here," she said, "but I was astonished to hear that you had summered here."

"I have not only wintered here and summered here," answered the recklessly unfashionable one, "but I shall astonish you still further—and the threat was borne out—when I tell you that I always fall here, and I have sometimes sprung here."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Devoted Parent.

"Dawson is one of the most devoted fathers I ever knew."

"How so?"

"He's so proud of his children. Why, say, he often lies awake half the night trying to think up clever things that he can credit them with saying."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### THE RUSES OF THE QUAIL.

BIRD'S WONDERFUL ART OF HIDING FROM ITS FOES.

An Indian Can Trail a Deer Where a White Man Can See Only Unmarked Ground, But He Cannot Detect a Hiding Quail.

Any man who has shot quail steadily will have noted the bird's tricks and manners in hiding. It is the quail's instinct to trust first and last to its protective coloration.

Bevies which have not been much shot at will take wing more readily than others, because their members have not learned that they are least safe when in the air. In well-hunted fields quail will lie until the dog's nose or the man's foot is within a yard of them.

There is no doubt that however thick the cover and skillfully chosen the hiding place the dog often sees them before they flush, but the man seldom does. It is easy enough for the man to tell when the dog does see as well as scent his quarry. The animal's eyes show it plainly.

Then, if he chooses, the man may stand motionless and search the ground and cover again and again, but the chances are much against his distinguishing any bird forms. This is the more singular, as he knows exactly the size, shape and color of the quail and ought to be able to pick it out. Probably the human eye takes in too much territory at once and has an indisposition to focus itself upon a small space.

Indians are by inheritance and constant practice the best trailers in the world. They will see a deer's track, or the slight impression of the wolf's paws, where a white man can see only unmarked ground, but an Indian cannot see a hiding quail any better than another human.

This has been tried often. Indeed, Indian youths on the Western reservations pursue quail viciously with bows and arrows and kill many, but they shoot them when perched in high trees. They do not make ground shots often.

The best hand at this kind of sport the country has ever known was the late Maurice Thompson, who was much of a toxophilite and sang and wrote the praises of the bow. He used the old-fashioned weapon for two reasons: There was a good deal of the poet in him, and he was a born poacher.

The latter was the stronger reason. The bow makes no noise, and the farmer in his field a quarter mile away did not know that a city dweller was murdering his birds within call.

Nothing so delighted Thompson as the sight of a weather-beaten sign, showing dimly: "No Shot on This Premis." That was the "premis" he wanted to shoot on. The farmer could get even with him only by finding his bicycle hidden somewhere near the road and breaking out its spokes.

In hunting quail with the bow Thompson displayed great patience and knowledge of the habits of the birds. He knew where they were to be found and moved slowly and gently. Often he would hear them running and cheeping before he saw them.

He would drive them thus for 100 or 200 yards, keeping near them, cautious not to frighten them into flight. When one of them crossed an open space or stopped in an open space to look for the remainder of the bevy, he let drive.

Nearly all of his quail were killed while running. If they flushed he marked them down and followed them as before. Often he would kill a half dozen from one bevy before they became so scattered that he could not find them. He did not attempt to discover them once they had taken to hiding separately, because he knew that he could not do it.

Through thousands of years of effort to protect itself from its many foes the quail has developed a back, wing and neck covering which blends perfectly with any brown objects of woods or fields—earth-clods, cornstalks, fodder, dead or half dead grasses, fallen leaves, underbrush, twigs, old logs and so forth.

The males have never lost the betraying stripe of white over the eye, and it seems singular that this traitor stripe remains. As the preservation of females is more important than that of males the eye-stripe of the females is brown.

The breast feathers of the quail are of no assistance at all, being distinctive. In hiding the bird covers every one of these feathers. The belly and breast are pressed to the ground, the short tail is depressed, concealing the light underfeathers, the head is drawn down upon the shoulders, the wings are jammed tightly against the body.

Only the telltale white stripe remains and in order to conceal that as much as possible the quail will squat with its back to its pursuer. It prefers a slight depression, and if it can find one in time it squats with its back flush with the surface of the ground. It is then absolutely indistinguishable save for the stripe.

A man who wishes to discover a cock quail in form must look solely for the stripe. If he fixes its appearance in his mind and lets his eye search solely for it he may find his bird, though the chances are largely against him. But for the ability of the quail to conceal its breast and belly feathers they would have turned brown long ago.

The quail understands its surroundings and chances of escape as well as the man does. Sometimes it is impossible to dislodge it from a favorite bit of cover.

This is generally a thicket so dense that accurate shooting is not to be thought of. So placed, the quail will flush a dozen times just in front of the

dog, going not more than a dozen yards to right or left and dropping suddenly, immediately running for twenty or thirty yards. A gunner has often followed one quail in this way for half a day, expended a lot of shells and never got a feather.

On snow the bird realizes that its hue is no protection at all, and runs fast, flushes at long distances and flies far. Waking in the morning to find the white mantle over everything, it knows that a dangerous time is ahead of it and it is constantly on the alert. The ruff grouse is scarce wilder.

There is quite a shade of difference in the color of quail which feed and roost in open fields and those which have woods for a habitat. The woods birds are always darker; they are always of stronger and more erratic flight and are generally larger. This variation is sometimes so marked as to lead people into believing that the country contains a dozen varieties of the Bob White.

The quail when wounded or closely pressed occasionally makes use of queer hiding places. Hunting once over country thinly settled with cactus Du Val West, of San Antonio, Texas, flushed a single bird which he missed with both barrels.

The quail pitched not more than 200 yards off. Again his faithful dog found it and again two cartridges were wasted. The quail was marked down once more and the dog came to a point.

Going forward West saw a hole in the bare ground some six inches in diameter; its bottom was out of sight. The dog was pointing the hole, its flaring nostrils within two inches of it.

Anxious to see the end of it West called "Seek dead! Seek dead!" The dog plunged its head into the hole, grabbed the quail and dragged it out by the tail.

Once above ground the bird wrenched itself free, leaving all of its tail feathers in the dog's mouth, and buzzed away in very erratic flight. West missed again.

Quail will take refuge in snake holes, in hollow logs and in hollow trees, going headlong into places which are pitch dark. They have been known to pitch in a farmer's front yard and run under the house among the chickens.

If the snow is a foot deep and loose enough they will pitch upon it head downward and bury themselves. Often the loose snow falls together at the point of entrance and then the quail is securely hidden, as its scent will not come to the surface. Often, however, the snow shows where the bird has plunged.

In the South and West there are many men who habitually hunt quail without dogs and make fair bags. They possess, of course, an intimate knowledge of the ground and know where the birds are to be found at any hour of the day. No human being, however, is a good quail retriever, and these men lose all winged birds as well as a good many of those killed in air.—New York Sun.

Berkshire Sweethearts.

Here is a conversation between a pair of Berkshire sweethearts:

"John," quoth she, "why doesn't 'ee say summat?"

John reflected. "'Cause I ha'n't got nothen to say," he replied.

Again there was silence, and once more it was the woman who took the initiative:

"John," she inquired, tenderly, "why doesn't 'ee tell me that 'ee loves ma'?"

"'Cause I've telled 'ee that afore," answered John, who evidently disapproved of vain repetitions.

But the lady was tenacious of her privileges and not easily daunted.

"John," she asked, for the third time, "why doesn't 'ee gimma a kiss?"

The tardy wooer pondered long.

"I be gwine to, presenly," he said, at length.—Cripple Creek Times.

Penological Philosophy.

"Inmates of the penitentiary have a way of making remarks and asking questions that are sometimes startling," remarked a prison official.

"Give me a sample?" replied the Observer.

"The other day two of the men were talking over plans for the future after their respective terms had expired. One of them exclaimed: 'When I get out of here I intend to go so far away that it will take \$0 to send a postal card to reach me.'"

"And how do you 'spect to get dere yonself?" inquired a colored man, who knew that finances were not flush among the inmates of the big prison. The conversation ceased at that point, for the negro had plumped out a poser.—Columbus Dispatch.

The Inquisitive Yankee Abroad.

A curious American arrived in London yesterday morning. Here are a few of the questions he asked in the evening: Why do butchers wear blue aprons which will not show dirt, while assistants in boot shops wear immaculate white aprons? Why is footwear "boots," while the boy who polishes them is a "shoe" black? Why is there no direct bus from London Bridge station to Waterloo? Why is the post restante in the largest city in the world not open all night? Why do many women wear straw hats in the winter? Why can't you get breakfast in a restaurant within reasonable time after "sun-up"? When is "sun-up" anywhere?—London Chronicle.

Sheep Raising in New Mexico.

New Mexico is a great sheep country. There is but one other State or Territory which excels it in sheep raising. That is Utah, where there are 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 sheep. New Mexico has about 6,000,000. The industry was never so prosperous as at present.

In Russia factories are usually near forests, wood being still the chief fuel.

### OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Curious.

Oh, dollars are mysterious things  
Their habits of appeal,  
You've either got a lot of them  
Or next to none at all.  
—Washington Star.

A Possibility.

Papa—"A young woman can not be too careful about the man she accepts."  
She—"Oh! I don't know! She might be so careful that she'd remain single."  
—Puck.

An Appropriate Vehicle.

"She seems to be a stickler for doing everything appropriately."  
"I should say so; she always does her marketing in a basket phaeton."  
—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Compulsory.

Not Even a Flag Station.

Colonel Passenger—"That last station was my destination, sah. Why in heaven's name, sah, didn't you stop there?"  
Conductor—"We don't stop there any more; the engineer's mad at the station agent."  
—Judge.

As It is Spoken.

Laborer (waving flag)—"Ye'll hav ter turn back. This street's closed."  
Driver—"What's it closed for?"  
Laborer—"Bekase it's jist been opened by the tilyphone company ter put down their wires. That's why it's closed."  
—Philadelphia Press.

Punctilious.

"We have neither rank nor station in this country," said the man of democratic instincts.  
"We may not have rank," said the suburbanite, "but our railroad has just given us a brand-new station, and we don't want it overlooked, either."  
—Washington Star.

His Destructive Moments.

"Young man," said the solemn-looking gentleman in the throng, "do you know you are on the path to quick destruction?"  
"I do," replied the youth, as he detached himself and hastened forward, for he had only ten minutes to spend in the quick-lunch room.—Baltimore News.

Delicate Differentiation.

"It has been intimated that you think a great deal of your money," said the candid adviser.  
"That is a libel," said Senator Sor-hum. "I don't think much of my money. I'm willing to let it be quiet. It is the money that isn't mine and that I hope to get that keeps me thinking."  
—Washington Star.

An Invitation.

"Phew!" exclaimed the silk tite in the latter's window. "How that wind does howl out there!"  
"Rather sociable sound, though," replied the black felt.  
"Sociable?"  
"Yes; sounds as if it was saying: 'Come out and I'll blow you off.'"  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

As It Seemed to Him.

Pat (to restive steed, which, after a busy ten minutes, has succeeded in getting its foot in the stirrup)—"Och, sure, if ye're going to get up, it's time for me to get down."  
—Moonshine.

A Specialist.

"Do you know how to do plain and fancy cooking, bake bread, wash and iron, take care of the furnace, bathe the baby and wait on the table?"  
"What wages do yez pay?"  
"Fourteen dollars."  
"No, ma'am. All I kin do is cook."  
"Oh, well, that's different. We'll pay you \$20."  
—New York Sun.

Original Sources.

The man with the corrugated brow was reading intently. His inquisitive friend stood it as long as he could and asked:

"What are you reading?"  
"I am studying the origin of the American policeman," said the man with the corrugated brow as he held up a history of Ireland.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

Does your doggie love you?  
"You betcher your life he does! I'd kick de stuffin' out of him if he didn't."

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