

TOO COLD FOR ZEKU.

That is, for work; but then there are other activities.

"Zeku," strolled the old farmer, as he thawed out his whiskers, "I want you to go down to the woodpile and chop up some kindling."

The Grafters' Success.

James H. Dill, whose recent speech on "Graft" at Oberlin College attracted so much attention, told recently, apropos of "graft" a story about a swindling tramp.

"The tramp," said Mr. Dill, "had the alert, unscrupulous, bold mind that makes grafting successful."

ADDED RESPONSIBILITY.



"I suppose you have little to do since your folks got an auto?"

The elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knickerbockers picked up a small hand-bag.

Diagnosis.

Into a general store of a town in Arkansas there recently came a darky complaining that a ham which he had purchased there was not good.

Her Profession.

"Do you care for children?" asked the man of the girl who was sitting on the stoop with a child playing nearby.

A Peculiar Death.

Mabel (testing the wisdom of the grown-ups).—Well, how did Martin Luther die?

Her Ambition.

"Why, if it ain't Lucy Simmond!" exclaimed one Richmond negro not long ago, on encountering a friend in the street.

"I've been workin' hard," was the answer. "Now dat I thinks of it," continued the first darky, "seems to me I did 'bear of you workin' right an' day. What's de matter?"

THE WILD ANIMALS OF AFRICA.

Cape Buffalo of Heroic Mold Compared with the Blinding Lion.

Of some of the wild beasts that remain to be hunted by the sportsman in Africa a writer says: "The quagga, most graceful of all the horse tribe, has disappeared entirely."

The cape buffalo are now confined entirely to the low lying jungle on the east coast, yet half a century ago they ranked among the most plentiful of the great game hunters.

That slinking pest, the lion, is a low coward by comparison with the buffalo, the destructive nuisance whose sole title to respect is that when he can escape no longer, he turns on his foe, a characteristic which he shares with practically every animal, even down to the rat.

Railway men—conductors, engineers, and brakemen—are so accustomed to communicate with each other by means of gestures that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine.

"Then you remember hitting her?" "Yes, and I stowed up as she rolled over on her back; but she waved her feet for me to go ahead, and so I concluded she was all right."

An unusual reason was given not long ago for the bulkiness of a horse. A number of jockeys, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, had lined up for the start of a steeplechase, but a delay occurred because a tall, raw-boned beast obstinately refused to yield to the importunities of the starter.

"What for?" demanded Mr. Pseudonym. "What's the matter with it?" "I heard an architect say the other day that it's a hip roof. Everybody knows that hips are out of style now."

"Canceling the Obligation." "You have saved my life!" said the old man, whom the tramp had saved from drowning. "As a reward, you may have my daughter there."

A Question of Relative Merit. A little boy of eight years, attending school away from home, wrote a letter to his sister, from which the following extract is taken: "We had a spelling-match in school today, and I spelled all the boys down and won the medals."

WHY DID MARY BLUSH?

The Bishop Merely Reproved Her for a Bit of Deceit.

An elderly bishop, a bachelor, who was very particular about his toilet, was especially fond of his bath, and possessed particular care of his tub from the world.

Alas! the temptation grew on the poor girl and she took a plunge. The bishop returned unexpectedly, and finding traces of the recent stolen bath, questioned the maid so closely that she had to confess she was the culprit, and was very sorry.

Lethal Concerts. A certain venerable citizen of a Pennsylvania city entertains no high esteem for his eldest daughter's musical abilities.

There being a guest one evening the old gentleman was, to his disgust, compelled to spend an entire evening in the "parlor" whilst his daughter accomplished all her whole repertoire for the edification of the stranger.

The Earlier Way. "How I hated work in those days!" said Mark Twain, recalling his boyhood in Hannibal, Missouri. "One morning my father led me into the garden and pointed to a bed of flowers that had a considerable number of weeds in it."

"I want you," said my father, "to weed out this flower bed." "I examined the task ahead of me, and the more I looked at it, the bigger it seemed to grow."

NOT YET.



Waiter (table d'hotel)—Are you through, sir? Diner—What's the charge? Waiter—Two dollars. Diner—Two dollars! (taking up knife and fork) No, I'm not through yet.

All Look Alike. "Is dis Mandy Johnson?" asked the voice on the phone. "Yes, dis is Miss Johnsoning."

Pa Furnished the Ladder. "Dear," whispered the eloping lover, "what shall we do with the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hangin' there."

Most Wonderful of All. Mrs. Jenkins (returning from a visit to London)—Ay, that London 's a wonderful place! What wit 'th' 'orse buses and the motey buses and the 'lectric underground railway! Ay now I've come away, I expect it's all gona' on just the same!

The Bishop's Reply. Captain Foretop tells a story of a certain noted divine who was on his steamer when a great gale overtook them off the Oregon coast.

The Secret of Success. The article of success was given in this form, and it is a beautiful one. A Swede among the miners in the west was noted for always striking pay dirt. His fellows thought that there must be some secret to the unusual success of the Swede and questioned him as to how he always succeeded in finding the spot where the gold cropped out.

Feminine Philosophy. Jones—Why can't a woman keep a secret? Smith—For one of two reasons—either it is not worth keeping or else it is too good to keep.

DRAGON RIDGE YOLDS MARATHON.

Liveliest Sporting Event Ever Held in the State.

"No sport around here!" drawled the old storekeeper at Dragon Ridge, reflectively. "Why, young man, you are away off. You just should have been around here last Saturday night and seen our tobacco-chewing Marathon."

"Tobacco-chewing Marathon?" gasped the constable drummer in surprise. "Yes, sirree! It was the liveliest sporting event in the State. You see, old Squire Weatherly claimed that he could chew more tobacco in an hour than any man in the village. Seth Wessely took him up. Well, sir, there was a case of the pepper at that end of the counter and as Seth sneezed the pepper went up in a cloud, and then everybody sneezed. Some of it got in old man Hardapple's eyes and he pulled off his coat and wanted to fight. Then somebody upset the stove and scared the cat. When it was all over Seth Weatherly found his wallet had been stolen by a horse trader he had crept in to get warm. Sport! Well, give me a tobacco-chewing Marathon every time."

A Bright Suggestion. The lamentable lack of uniformity in the use of words descriptive of numbers, in the yellow press, justifies a little attention, perhaps. At a street fight, a hotel fire, or a political meeting, there is seldom time to ascertain the exact number of persons present, but the following scale might be used in approximation:

Over 5, but less than 10—a crowd. Over 10, but less than 25, scores. Over 25, but less than 50, a myriad. Over 50, but less than 100, thousands. Over 100—a vast concourse. This list would undergo a radical change, however, in case the newspaper was reporting a political meeting of its opponents. It might then be abridged: 100 or more, empty house. 500 or more, a few stragglers. 1,000 or more, a lonely gathering. 3,000 or more, a small audience. 5,000 or more, only the front seats filled.

Then the Loner Flang His Fist. Two neighbors in a Missouri village were arrested for fighting and brought to court. The judge asked the assailant to tell his story.

"Jedge," he said, "we war a-playin' or seven-up, seven plats 't' game, two hits on the corner. I had bin losin' all day, jedge, an' I had up my last two bits. "I dole the kward. He war two an' I war six. He begged an' I gin him one. He sang his qason an' I played my tray fur low. He sang his king an' I played my ten. He sang his ace an' I played my jack, and then, jedge, then he sang his deuce, an' I hit him."

HELP.



Clerk—Will you have the soap scented or unscented? Maid Servant (from a foreign shore) I take it wild me.

Snakes Working Overtime in Dixie. A dejected native slouched into a drug store in the temperance State of Georgia.

His Work Cut Out. Bacon—Don't know what he's doing to do with that boy of his. Egbert—Why? "He's so slow." "Perhaps he'll make a chess player of him."

Current Phraseology. "Little girl, where's everybody?" "Mamma is in the kitchen, sir, ex-coriating the apples for the pie, and brother is in the back yard, scarefying the chickens he wants to catch for dinner."

Old Nick. President Nicholas Brown, for whom Brown University was named, was fond of quizzing small boys. One day, while walking in the streets of Providence, he came upon a little fellow who attracted his notice. "How do you do, my boy?" said the president. "What is your name?" "My name is Harry, sir," replied the child.

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Person Said It was Free but You Must Pay Just the Same.

The colored person had just concluded a powerful sermon on "Salvation an' Free," and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the person and his family. "You jumped an acutely brisette brother in the back of the church."

"Patience, brudder, patience," said the person. "I'll t'cidate: Spose yo' was thirity an' come to a river. Yo' would kneel right down an' drink yo' fill, couldn't yo'?" "Ob course not. Dat's jest what I—"

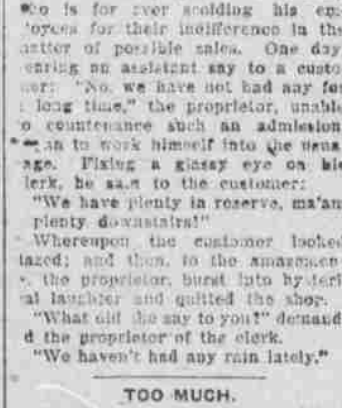
"Dat water would be free," continued the person. "But s'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house? Yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?" "Yes, sah, but—"

He Gave Them Latin. Once, before he was President, Andrew Jackson was making a political speech in some obscure campaign in the Kentucky Tennessee district. His address was very well received, but somehow there did not seem to be exactly the enthusiasm wanted for the occasion. Having vainly tried to "warm up" his hearers, the General was just going to sit down when the chairman of the meeting plucked him by the coat tail. "For the Lord's sake, General, give 'em some Latin!" he hurriedly whispered in the speaker's ear. "They won't think you know anything at all if you quit like this. Smith, the opposition candidate, took a Latin for 'em half the evening."

The Clerk Scored. There is a proprietor of a shop who is for ever scolding his employees for their indifference in the matter of possible sales. One day, spring an assistant say to a customer: "No, we have not had any for a long time," the proprietor, unable to countenance such an admission, began to work himself into the man's ear. "I have plenty in reserve, ma'am plenty doxastants!"

Whereupon the customer looked toward him, in the amazement of the proprietor, burst into hysterical laughter and quitted the shop. "What did the say to you?" demanded the proprietor of the clerk. "We haven't had any rain lately."

TOO MUCH.



Prospective Buyer—Is she afraid of automobiles? Trader—No, sir. She will take you anywhere. P. B.—That won't do at all. I prefer to travel in the road.

Green Old Age. "Say, ma!" "Don't call me 'ma.' Say, 'mother.' What is it?" "What's a green old age?" "When a man who is bald and wrinkled and tottering marries a young woman who wouldn't look at him a second time if he didn't have lots of money," the lady replied, casting a stealthy glance at her husband, who was busy reading the stock quotations, "it may be said that he has lived to a green old age."

She Had a Job. President A. B. Storms, of the State College, Ames, Ia., in his new lecture, "Are We Sane or Insane?" tells the following incident in his discussion of the mad rash of American youths to get positions, to get at something that will bring them money.

"My sister, who served as a mission girl, once asked a sane Norwegian girl if she didn't want to serve the Lord. "Nope," said the girl. "Aye got a job."

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