Thousands of Them.

"Have you any Married Women's clubs in this village?" asked Mrs. Strongmind, strolling leisurely up and down the sidewalk at the railway station in the little town where the train was making a stop of 20 minutes for dinner.

"Yes'm," replied the sad-eyed native who was sitting on a nail keg and whittling a stick. "Lots of 'em. That big brick buildin' over there on the left is a broom handle factory, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

His Sphere of Excellence.

"Was your son Josiar a leader of any of his classes?"

"I reckon," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I have been told that a good many of the young men who 'tended Josiar's school belonged to the leisure class. An' from what I have seen of Josiar workin' harvest time, I should guess that he'd be right up clus to the top."—Washington Star.

His Uncertainty.

"The missionaries are arriving from every direction till, actually, I don't know—"

The cloyed cannibal yawned a yawn of such cavernous dimensions that for the nonce his countenance resembled a frame of sated paganism surrounding a self-satisfied sausage mill.

"—where my next meal is coming from."—Town Topics.

Honors Even.

Dorcas—That woman you don't like was overheard to say that she would get even with you at Christmas.

Mrs. Dorcas—Well, she didn't. I made her a present of a wrapper that won't wash, while she gave me a cloak that I couldn't wear, because it would make me look a fright. So you see it's what you men call a stand-off.—N. Y. Herald.

Ida—Before their marriage he used to call her "the harp with a thousand strings."

May—And now they are settled down?

Ida—Oh, he picks on her all the time.—Chicago Daily News.

More Satisfactory.

Guest—Waiter, bring two boiled eggs.

Waiter—Boss, couldn't you take dem aigs poached? Hit's been found mo' satisfactory all roun' to open dem aigs in de kitchen.—Leslie's Weekly.

Finds It Quickly.

Henderson—Does your wife ever lose her temper?

Henpeck—Yes; but she finds it so mighty quick she never misses it.—Ohio State Journal.

Before and After.

"This," said the druggist's assistant, "is a most wonderful hair renewer. It's our own preparation."

"Well, give me a bottle," said the bald-headed man. "But I [illegible] to think of it [illegible]