



A DEFINITION.
 What is meant by a sleepy little hamlet, anyway?
 A hamlet where all the people get up before 4 o'clock in the morning.

HE AGREED.
 Father O'Flynn: I think it a great mistake to send children like that for beer, Pat!
 Pat: Ye're roight, yer riverince; they loiters about, an' the beer gits that flat ye can scarcely drink it at all, at all.

ON A TANDEM.
 He (twenty miles from home): Now, Miss Bell, I want your final answer. If you won't marry me, you'll have to walk back.

SCPTIC AND BELIEVER.
 A young man who looked as if he might be about 25 years old was sitting in the waiting-room of the depot. On his knee was a year-old baby. Presently the baby began to cry, and the awkwardness and helplessness of the young man were so marked as to attract general attention.

At this point one of the waiting passengers, a fat and amiable looking man, crossed the room and said to the distressed baby tender:
 "A young woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, now, I knew it as soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?"
 "Of course."
 "Ha! ha! You are looking for her every minute, ain't you?"
 "I think she'll come back."
 "Ha! ha! Excuse me, but I can't help laughing. A woman once played the same trick on me. I was in Chicago. You're caught, young man. She took you for a hayseed."
 "Oh, she'll come back," answered the young man as he looked anxiously around.
 "She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! What makes you think so?"
 "Why, because she's my wife, and this is our first baby."
 "Oh—um—I see!" muttered the fat man, and he was in such haste to get back to the other side of the room that he nearly fell over a passing pug dog.



THE ART OF DEDUCTION.
 Willie: Ma, the minister is coming.
 Mother: What makes you think so? Did you see him?
 Willie: No, but I saw pa take the parrot and lock it up in the stable.

REASSURING.
 Nervous Old Lady Tourist (in the West Indies): I should dearly love to go for a row; but it looks very dangerous. Don't people often get drowned in the bay?
 Coloured Boatman (persuasively): No, ma'am, de sharks neber lets anybody drown.

A FIRST START.
 He: With the assurance that you love me, Gladys, I can go forth and fight the world.
 She: Well, Gilbert, if you feel that way, commence by going and breaking the news to papa.



A WHITE ELEPHANT.
 Charitable Old Lady: Poor woman! And are you a widow?
 Leggar: Worse than a widow, ma'am. Me husband's living, an' I have to support him.

HAD NEVER TOLD HER.
 The Wife: I came very near not marrying you, John.
 The Husband: Yes, I know; but I had no idea you were on to the fact.

WANT OF ENTERPRISE.
 Editor: Why didn't you send the carrier pigeon from the Klondike with news, as agreed?
 Reporter: Couldn't; got hungry and ate the bird.

GOING TO THE DOGS.
 Kind Rover to Tommy: Hello! been at the jam again, have you? Come here and let me lick you before your mother does it.

FOXY.
 "Why, do you, when your wife is about, say so much against that nice, industrious little maid of yours?"
 "Can't you see? I like the maid very well, but if I should let my wife know it she would discharge the poor thing to-morrow; and a change of servants is so inconvenient in summer."

MAN'S FALLIBILITY.
 Edwin: How do you know that it was a man that wrote the novel?
 Helen: Because the story takes over a period of ten years, and the heroine changes her dress but once.

AN INDEFINITE POSTPONEMENT.
 He: To be candid, darling, I feel that before we are married I must pay my debts.
 She (with rising wrath): And so you have only been trifling with me?

CHARITY.
 "Are you going to the charity concert to-morrow?"
 "We are not decided yet. We haven't received any tickets, so far."

TRAGEDY OF THE TYPES.
 He had not the look of a poet, and as a matter of fact he had never mistreated before that he was one. But he loved a girl, and love makes poets of us all.
 "Here," he said, offering a folded sheet of paper to the editor, "is a little thing I have written, and I thought perhaps you would like to print it. I don't care for any pay. Let me read it to you.

LINES TO LAURA.
 Ah, heartless girl! If you were like Your kindly mother is, I trow —
 "Never mind," the editor interrupted. "I will look it over at my leisure, and if I can use it I will do so."

There was a "wild, hunted" look in his eyes when he rushed into the office the next morning and dropped down on the chair that the editor pushed forward. After he had panted for a moment he said:
 "I am—here is my card."
 "Oh, yes," the editor said, "I remember you. You are the young man who brought a poem in yesterday to submit for publication. I think it was in the paper this morning, wasn't it?"
 "Yes—it was—in," the poet said between his gasps. "You remember that it was headed 'Lines to Laura,' don't you?"
 "Now that you call the matter to my mind, I do."

"Well, Laura is not a fictitious name. Laura is really the name of the lady the lines were written for. I told Laura I was writing the poem; also I permitted Laura's mother to know about it. I love Laura. But let me read—no, don't be frightened—only two lines—as it appears in the paper:

LINES TO LAURA.
 Ah, beardless girl! If you were like Your kindly mother is, I trow—
 After the editor had thought about it for a moment, he asked:
 "What do you propose to do?"
 "Run!" said the poet, and he started at once.

QUITE RIGHT.
 Tom: Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?
 Dick: Yes.
 Tom: What did she say?
 Dick: She said it was none of my business.

"I am so afraid of storms," said the Sweet Young Thing. "Aren't you afraid of storms?"
 "Me?" replied the Bachelor. "I ain't married."

WITH REGRETS.
 "The true editorial spirit," said the old-timer, "is declining."
 "I guess you're right," agreed the struggling author; "it certainly doesn't appear to be accepting."



HIS ADVICE.
 Fred: She is all the world to me. What would you advise me to do?
 Jack: See a little more of the world, old fellow.

NO WONDER.
 "Gentlemen of the jury," said a lawyer, "there were just thirty-six hogs. Please remember the fact—just three times as many as in the jury-box, gentlemen." That lawyer did not win his case.

THEIR ONLY CHANCE.
 "Do you believe that the meek shall inherit the earth?"
 "Well, it stands to reason they never can get it unless by inheritance."

CURRENT HISTORY.
 The teacher asked the scholars to write a sentence in which the word "chaste" was used. Johnny Wise, who keeps posted on current events, wrote: "Aguinaldo is the most chaste man there is."

CLASSIFIED.
 "She is a clergyman's daughter, you said, didn't you?" inquired a young man of a friend who had introduced him.
 "Yes," was the reply; "he's the rector, his wife's the director and she's the misdirector."

A LITTLE SAVER.
 Mr Miserly: Now, let's see, little wife, have you saved anything this month?
 Mrs Miserly: Oh, yes, indeed. You will find the expenses considerably less.

SPOILED.
 Customer: Why do you take your boy away from school so young?
 Grocer: They were ruining him for my business—trying to teach him that sixteen ounces make a pound.



A NARROW ESCAPE.
 Abraham: Did yo' git enny pullet las' night, Mose?
 Mose: None; but I come mighty nigh it—I got er bullet.