

HIS FAVORITE.



MISS BROWNSTUN (to her brother Fred's sporty friend)—What shall I play?  
THE SPORT (with a long grin)—If you take my tip, miss, you'll play Vagabones for straight and place

TALES FROM THE LAND OF NOD.

Five fish were resting on the shore,  
As weakfish often do,  
Said one unto the other four  
"I love the wild sea's eye."  
Then all the rest with mirth did roar:  
"It makes us feel so blue."  
  
The catfish on the young sea-cow  
That same day paid a call;  
"Twas milking time, and he said "meow,"  
Which made the sea-cow bawl.  
'Tis said that they are strangers now,  
And never speak at all.  
  
The bullfrog met the soft-shelled crab,  
And laid a bunco plot;  
He hailed a yellow hansom cab,  
And in both fellows got.  
But the lobster overheard their gab,  
And took them to his pot.  
  
Along the ocean's gleaming brine  
The sunfish met the crane,  
Said he, "I've just come out to shine,  
—And must go back again,  
You see, my wash is on the line,  
And much it looks like rain."  
  
"Oh, prithee, dance a set with me  
Upon yon big sand-hill!"  
Thus spake the crane, in tones of glee,  
His voice was sharp and shrill.  
"And then I'll have you stay to tea,  
For I am sure you will."

IN GOOD FAITH.  
I fondly trust that I've not erred  
In rendering these tales.  
I just relate them as I heard  
Them from some spouting schales.

Recalled.

Her best Chinese Sunday school scholar sat in the parlor with her.  
"Darlee," he asked boldly, in choice pigeon English, "may I pless your lill hand?"  
"No, John, no," she said softly, "You are not in a hand laundry now, John."  
And John can't think it out yet.

TAKE HIS CHOICE.



"See here, Mr. Peterson, love is love an' all that, but youse either got ter shake dem low geared pants or shake me, see?"

What Interested Him Most.

It was in a Bowery concert hall where the employee who was held in the highest esteem there was the bouncer.

One night a stranger drifted in. The stranger was looking for trouble. He found some in short order when he poured a glass of beer down the back of the man who was playing at the piano. The bouncer waltzed up in a very graceful manner and seized the stranger by the collar with one hand, while with the other he grasped a bar of iron which was shaped like, and intended purposely to bear the similitude of, a roll of music, lying on the top of the piano.

The trouble-seeking stranger and the bar came into violent contact, and the former was then hurled into the outer darkness.

In half an hour he suddenly made his reappearance. He did not look well. Approaching the bouncer, he inquired:

"Are you the feller wof hit me?"  
"Sure," replied that functionary with great cheerfulness, "wotjer want?"  
"No more trouble with you," returned the stranger hastily, "but say," he went on, "where do you buy your music?"

A Thrilling Incident

His chest heaved convulsively, and the veins stood out upon his forehead. In his anger he advanced toward the other with outstretched fist. But by a strenuous effort he controlled himself.

"No matter!" he muttered savagely, "the day will come!"

Sure enough, at dawn the next morning faint streaks of gray pencilled the East. Later, at its accustomed hour, the sun arose.  
Thus was the prophecy fulfilled.

Either to be Had.

EDITOR—I want a graphic description of the prize fight.

REPORTER—Yes, sir Phonographic or cinematographic?

Odd Mortal.

WOMAN—Don't you find loafing laborious?  
TRAMP—Yes, ma'am, but I rather like the work

THE RHINOCEROS FAMILY AT HOME.



A Stitch in Time.

Ante-Praydial Words.

FARMER GRABALL (entertaining the preacher)—Sufferin' Moses! This mus' be ther three days' grace I've heerd uv!

Deceptive.

JASPER—A woman is no older than she looks  
JUMPUPPE—That's true, but she is invariably an awful lot wiser

In a Hurry.

"So he married in haste. Did he repent at leisure?"  
"No, he repented in haste, too."

Superior.

OLDUN—Remember, my boy, that hell is paved with good intentions.  
YUNGUN—Well, hell has the bulge on New York anyway.

A False Alarm.

The last rays of the far Western sun gilded the whitewashed roof of little Fort Fodder with golden glow, gleamed brightly on the guns and accoutrements on the parade ground and peered shyly into the barracks where the garrison, all unconscious of danger, slept or lounged the time away until dinner. But their rest was not to remain undisturbed. Suddenly and without warning a horrid yell rang out, followed by a succession of terrible shrieks and fendish cries, awe-inspiring in their cold-blooded ferocity, terrifying in their deadly menace. Every soldier made a lightning-like dash for his gun, cartridge belts were strapped on, the women hurried into the fort proper, and instant preparations were made for defending the fort against the Indian attack, for so the yelling was construed. But as seconds lengthened into minutes and minutes into hours and nothing was seen of the copper-colored fiends, the colonel commanding sent out scouts to reconnoitre. They returned shortly and reported no trace of the redskins within a radius of five miles.

"Then what the devil caused all that horrible uproar?" demanded the colonel.

"Why, I know!" suddenly ejaculated a young lieutenant just out from the East. "Yale's playing the Carlisle Indians at New York to-day. It's so far away I couldn't exactly distinguish the college yells at first," he explained apologetically.

A Genius.

THE GIRLS—Oh, look at Jack!  
JACK (taking a lean)—Yesh (hie); goin' t' give im'tashun of intoxicated (hie) persion at zhe club 'n'ight. I'm re- (hie)hearsing now.

THE GALLANT SUITOR AND THE SPINNING WHEEL.



1. He thought he saw—

2. —a piece of yarn—

3. —but unfortunately it belonged—

4. —to the lady's dress.