

AN INFANT IN ARMS.



Two Sides of the Matter.

Jopkins had read somewhere that if a woman got hold of a newspaper with a clipping out of it she would never rest until she had procured a complete paper and read the missing item.

So that night when he went home from the store there ostentatiously protruded from his coat pocket the day's paper, from which he had neatly cut a paragraph referring to the rings of Jupiter or some such unimportant statement.

Presently Jopkins observed a sudden and suspicious frown overcast her face. She had come upon the hiatus made by his waggish penknife.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jopkins, laying the paper gently aside, "I'm going to run over to Mrs. Hopkins's a minute. I won't be gone long."

She went over to the next door neighbors and while she was gone Jopkins had lots of fun. She came back presently, and Jopkins noticed she carried another paper under her shawl.

"Best joke I ever got off," he said to himself, "Wont she be sold when I tell her?"

Mrs. Jopkins remained upstairs about twenty minutes, and when she came down she had on her hat and street dress, and Jopkins felt his knees shake when he looked into her eye.

"Where are you going?" said his wife. "You want to know where I am going, you deceitful, disreputable, underhanded, depraved, villainous, brutal, wicked, unprincipled, scandalous, abandoned monster? I'm going home to my mother."

"Look at that!" said Mrs. Jopkins, thrusting the paper in his face. "Cut it out to hide it from me, did you! To think that I should ever have married such a ruffian!"

Jopkins looked where her finger pointed and read.

"After the performance of 'The Devil's Auction' last night quite a recherche little supper was given to the leading lady actresses by a few of their admirers. A prominent merchant of our town, whose name we withhold, is said to have cut up some rather high links on the occasion.

A cold shiver ran over Jopkins. He was innocent, but he had neglected to read the other side of the clipping when he cut it out. He began to explain, and the milkman says he was still at it when he called with his regular morning supply of chemicals.

As Mrs. Jopkins was seen a day or two later wearing an elegant new fur-trimmed circular, it is presumed that the matter was satisfactorily arranged.

A New Definition.

"Papa, what does 'in the swim' mean," asked Willie.

"Being able to keep your head above water, my boy," was the answer.

BOUND TO WEEP.



MRS. MULLIGAN—An' phat be yez cryin' for, Mrs. Muldoon?

MRS. MULDOON—The bank's busted—not a cent fur enny wan!

MRS. MULLIGAN—An' did yez have money saved in it, Mrs. Muldoon?

MRS. MULDOON—I did not, but this is the wan I'd go in ef I did.

Out in the Cold.

What sharp contrasts of wealth and poverty do we see in the great cities! What a mingled kaleidoscope of jewels and rags, glittering gold and commonest rustian!

From the drawing rooms of a palatial residence there steals upon the icy air the weird, fantastically sweet strains of a Waldteufel waltz. Through the frosted windows can be seen the forms of beautiful white-clad women and gallant men, moving to the rhythmic melody.

Outside in the cold night stand two forms. One, a woman, is thinly clad and shivering with the cold. Her face is fair—fairer perhaps than any within those halls of joy and plenty, but her lips are drawn with the cold, and the insufficient clothing she wears is no protection against the chill north wind.

The man stands, holding her hand, gazing at the scene of luxury within and reflecting upon the sorrowful unevenness of fate.

"Oh, Jack," whispers the woman, "I am so cold. Let us go."

He places his strong arm about her and presses a kiss upon her chill lips.

"Be it so," he says, "I believe the next dance is ours."

And they go back into the house.

Parted Forever.

MOLLY—What was the result of him taking her picture with his kodak?

DOLLY—He developed her negative.

Her Sweet Mistake.

The billiard balls with merry clack Went spinning on their way, Where sweetest Sue and Cousin Jack Essayed the game to play.

'Twas time for Sue to shoot, and she Performed some passes queer, While Jack looked on, amused to see Her shove the shining sphere.

She strove to raise her lagging score; With careful hand she played; But fortune failed to hover o'er The dainty dimpled maid.

"Ah, ha!" cried Jack, "those balls have kissed!" He gaily chalked his cue, Preparing for the final twist; "And now it's my turn, Sue."

She blushed, then shyly raised her head, Her bright blue eyes aglow, "You'll have to hurry, Jack," she said, "Or ma will come, you know!"

On the Roofs.

THE SQUIRE—Well, Uncle Josh, what did you think of the city?

UNCLE JOSHUA SANDPATCH—I haunt got a durned bit o' use fer a place where the wimen folks hez ter climb six pairs o' stairs ter reach ther back yards an' hang out ther linen wash days.

His Misapprehension.

"Uv co'se," remarked the ancient Arkansawyer, in a reminiscent way, "we-uns has got used to it now an' don't take no speeshul notice uv the cars goin' by our house no mo', but I ricklyect the fust time they come past after the railroad was built. Wife was away somehurs, I had the ague an' was settin' by the fireplace shakin' like a dog, an' my oldest son, Bud, was foolin' with the young-uns. All uv a sudden we heered the dad-blamed-est screechin' an' snortin' that ever was, an' Bud run out to see what in the livin' world had broke loose.

"By the time I had unlimbered an' drug myself out it was all done past, an' thar was nuthin' in sight but a mess uv black smoke. Bud was standin' thar with his mouth gappin' open an' his eyes buggin' out till yo' could have flicked 'em off from his face with a goose wing.

"Land uv the livin', Pap!" he gobbled. "I jest seen a blacksmith shop go tearin' by with a string uv houses tied to its tail!"

The Very Man for the Place.

"I am certain that I would suit you as confidential clerk," said he to the president of the great trust. "What are your qualifications?" asked the magnate.

"My wife says that I am the most forgetful man on earth, sir."

"Then I will try you, but bear in mind that the minute you remember anything your usefulness to us ceases."

AFTER THE PROPOSAL.



"According to the best authorities, you should now promise to be a sister to me." "That is unnecessary. I said that when I refused your brother last night."

Now She Charmed Him.

His hand was on the front door knob as they stood in the hall, but he paused for a moment with an inscrutable smile upon his face, gazing down upon the upturned features of the girl.

"Why is it," he said, "that I am attracted by you? You are far from beautiful, you lack aplomb, grace, savoir, faire; you are cold, unsympathetic and eat onions. I have striven to analyze the strange power you have over me, but in vain. Speak and tell me what is this mysterious spell you have cast upon me. Personally you repel me, but strive as I may I cannot tear you from my thoughts. I can no more tell why I love you than I can tell why a barber can rub a man's head fifteen minutes without touching the place that itches. What is the secret of the love I feel for you?"

"I will tell you," said the girl, with a soft smile. "I have fascinated many men in the same way. When I help you on with your overcoat I never reach up under it and try to pull your hair coat down."

Easily Found Out.

TOM BARRY—Let me kiss you. PERDITA—Would it be good taste? BARRY—We can tell afterwe...

A Disappointing Discovery.

By a series of hyphens and marriages she Had Mrs. De Puyster-De Vere come to be; But she longed to be able to through the past trace

Till she'd find the true origin of her proud race. She felt that her lineage, though hazy and dim, Must have come through a genealogical limb, So she delved and she hunted through books with a zest.

In a search for the old coat of arms and the crest. But when she had found out the family name, And discovered just whence the whole tribe of them came, She hadn't a coat of arms made, nor a crest, But she buried the secret deep down in her breast, And not a soul knew that her ancestors' bones Rested calm and serene 'neath the plain name of— Jones.

Her Source of Information.

"Oh, Harry, dear," said Mrs. McBride to her husband, "do take care of yourself. I hear that the grip is very prevalent now." "Who told you so, darling?" "I read it in the advertisement of a patent medicine."

Now She Cured Him.

"I cured my husband of going down town of nights," said the demure little lady in the lilac bonnet, "in the simplest way in the world. One night after he had left he came back for something he had forgotten. I was sitting in a chair reading, and he came up softly behind me and put his hands over my eyes. I wasn't startled, but said pleasantly: 'Is that you, Frank?' After that he always staid at home at night."

"Why, how did that cure him?" asked the lady in the bicycle costume. "Oh, it just did. Sometimes I think it was because my husband's name is John."

That Proves It.

MRS. HAMPACK—Is she asking for a divorce in good faith, or does she wish to marry again? MRS. LIVEWAYTE—She wishes to marry again. "Did she tell you so?" "No, but she is asking for no alimony."

A Cheerless Invitation.

YOUNGBACH—Hello, old man. Glad to see you. Come in and make yourself at home. HENPECK—Humph! If you can't make me any more comfortable than that I guess I wont stay.

INSULT TO INJURY.



"Say, mister, w'y doncher tie yer shoe string?"

Her Choice.

She sat in her prettily furnished boudoir wrapt in thought and a silk dressing gown. The question so evidently agitating the vicinity of her notion counter seemed to be an abstruse one that defied her most logical deductions, and as her thoughts increased in number and complication a frown succeeded in pre-empting a claim upon the fair territory of her alabaster brow.

This interesting young woman was not, however, alone. Opposite her gracefully reclined another symmetrical creature of the same species, who regarded the first-mentioned maid with curious glances. She was waiting for a decision to be handed down by the tribunal constituted exclusively of the thoughtful fair one, and in the meantime preserved a discreet, if torturing, silence.

At last the other's ruby lips were unsealed.

"Oh, Marie, it's so very aggravating!" she cried. "It seems almost impossible for me to reach a satisfactory conclusion."

"Well, I'm sure I sympathize with you, my dear Ethel," replied Marie. "But you know you must make some sort of a decision."

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Ethel hesitatingly. Several minutes of silence were ticked off by the little clock on the mantel.

"You see, it's this way," finally said the puzzled beauty. "I think a great deal of them both. It would really be difficult to find a more manly, agreeable fellow than is Charlie. He is everything that could be desired by any girl, with his handsome face and his very comfortable bank account. He has been devoted to me for years, and would, I feel positive, make an excellent husband. And then, too, you remember he pulled me out of the water quite heroically one day at Newport."

"Yes, that is all true," answered Marie. "Charlie certainly has strong claims upon your affections."

"But," pursued Ethel, "I don't believe that anybody will deny that George is equally manly and handsome, and it is well known that his fortune is as large, if not larger, than Charlie's. And, as you also remember, he saved me from drowning at Atlantic City."

"True, true," assented Marie, who had several kid glove wagers depending on the result and was growing somewhat nervous. "How very perplexing, to be sure."

"Yes indeed, very," Ethel responded. "However, I realize that I must, as you say, make a choice, and I have accordingly decided to accept"—

"Yes!" cried Marie, with breathless anticipation, while she sat upright on the couch in her eagerness to hear her friend's decision. "You have concluded to marry"—

"Fred!"

Who He Was.

SHE—Who is that man that's giving orders and tearing around like mad? PROPRIETOR—Oh, he? That's my silent partner.

An Infallible Test.

BRIDGET—Ye give thim cows too much salt. MILKMAN—How do yer know? BRIDGET—Sure, and Oi can tell by th' milk thot they drink too much water intolrely.

STATIONARY HELP.



MISTRESS—Didn't you smell this stew burnin'? BRIDGET—Yes'm. MISTRESS—Well, goodness gracious! why didn't you take it off? BRIDGET—I couldn't reach it from here, mum. Me arrum's not tin feet long.