HAMMOCKS ARE FOR SUMMER GIRLS, NOT FOR CALVES.

1. The Calf: "Hello, what's that?"

2. "I'll try it! Well! well! well!"

3. "Hi, stop that!"

4. "Leggo o' me! Ba-a-a-a-a!!"

5. "I'm going home to my ma!"

Squaring Accounts.

The bunco man stepped up to a countrified looking person who stood fondly caressing his whiskers, on the corner of Ninth avenue and Thirty-first street.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," said he. "Aint you lost?"

"No, I haint lost, nor my name haint Smith," answered the man with whiskers. "My name's Dooley, John Dooley, and I'm from Trustville, if ye're achin' for an introduction."

"That's funny," said the bunco man. "I used to live in Trustville when I was a boy."

"Perhaps you heard of me then," suggested the countryman. "I've been first selectman up there for thirty years now."

"Let's see; where's your farm located?"

"Next to Lisha Higgin's nursery. Know where that was?"

"Know where it was? I should say I did! That's where I lived when I was a boy. Lisha is my uncle."

"Waal I swow!" exclaimed the countryman, grasping the bunco steerer's hand. "How long ago was that?"

"Eighteen years."

"Jim Gilson's boy and Tom Larrabee's son was there then, wa'n't they?"

"Yes, I remember them well."

"Waal I swow!" exclaimed the countryman, holding on to the steerer's hand with a grip that made him squirm. "You must have seen me then."

"Oh, I remember you well."

"Remember that fine, full blooded Jersey heifer calf that I had?"

"I should say I do. I'll never forget that calf. She was a beauty."

"That calf cost me two hundred dollars."

"Whew!"

"Yes, sir, two hundred, and it was a dead loss to me, for the Gilson boy, Tom Larrabee's son and a chap that was stayin'at Lisha Higginses throwed stuns at the creetur and broke her leg. I had to kill the calf, and I purty near killed Jim Gilson's and Tom Larrabee's boys. The feller that was stayin' with Higgins run away, and I swore if I ever laid hands on him I'd shake the liver out of him, and I reckon I'll begin."

The man with the whiskers began to work, and the bunco steerer looked as if he had swallowed a dynamite capsule that had exploded on its way down.

When the countryman had finished the job the bunco steerer rolled into the street gasping and badly mussed up. He picked up his hat and sneaked away, while the countryman walked slowly up the avenue muttering something about the calf account being "purty well squared up."

Modern Labor Agitation.

OLD GENTLEMAN—Why are you on strike?

LABORER—Out of sympathy for the bricklayers.

"Why are the bricklayers on strike?"

"Out of sympathy for the mortar mixers."

"Why are mortar mixers on strike?"

"Tryin' to appreciate our sympathy."

She Was Jobbed.

"Come, sing for us!" he pleadingly said;
She gave her kind consent,
And then he chinned his other girl
With villainous content.

A Higher Court.

"So you refuse me, eh?" said Mr. Lightheart.

"Yes," said Miss Throedown simply.

"In that event," said Mr. Lightheart jaunty, "I shall take my case to a higher court."

The next night he proposed to her big sister and was accepted.

Couldn't Stand It.

CATAMOUNT PETE—Say, pard, what d'yer take yer boy Hunky 'way from school fer?"

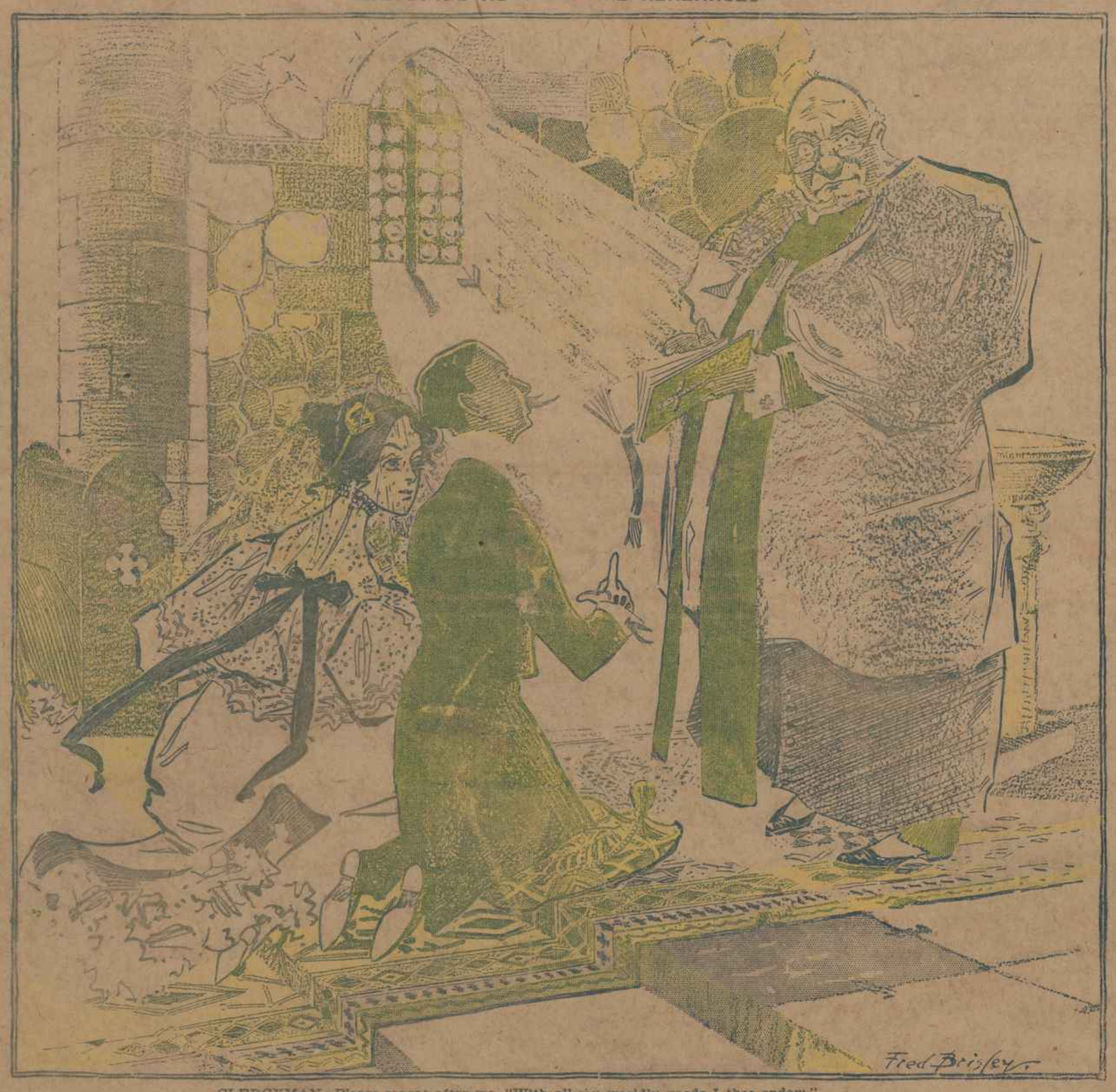
LARIAT LUKE—Why, on account er them boys giv'n' him er nickname. He hadn't been thar two days 'fore the durned little varmints was callin' him "Reginald."

Adam's Apple.

MADGE—Adam ate the apple, I know, but why do you suppose his larynx was called 'Adam's apple?'

DICK—Nothing could be more appropriate. When Adam ate the apple didn't he get it in the neck?

WEDDINGS AS THEY ARE REHEARSED.



CLERGYMAN—Please repeat after me, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."
PROSPECTIVE BRIDEGROOM—Hold on a minute, parson; I don't want to include my wheel.

In Want of Another.

We were smoking and chatting in front of the tavern at Miners' Valley when we were joined by an old fellow whose neck immediately caught my attention. The length of it seemed to go to show that Nature had at first intended him for a giraffe, but had stopped on reaching his shoulders. It wasn't exactly an object of curiosity with the rest, but I saw their eyes linger lovingly on that neck, and all shook their heads and sighed as he finally rose up and departed. When he had gone I asked his name, and one of the group replied:

"That feller is Bill Vicks, stranger—the pet of Miners' Valley."

"Queer looking man, isn't he?" I remarked.

"Yaas, on account of his neck, but it's that neck o' his which makes us all love him so."

"You sympathize with him because of his deformity, eh?"

"Wall, sorter, stranger—sorter, although ye know Bill's neck really belongs to the boys yere."

"Why, how do you mean?" I asked.

"It's like this, ye see. When he struck this town two y'ars ago, dead broke and hungry, the boys went wild over that bewtiful neck, and they agreed to chip in and pay him $5 a week to stay yere. In course Bill jumped at the offer, and he jest has to loaf around the town wh'ar we kin see his neck whenever we feel lonesome. It's a mighty cheerin' sight, and gives us sunthin' to look forward to."

"You are not expecting to see it grow any longer?"

"No, in course not. Ye needn't menshun this within hearin' of Bill, fur it might make him feel bad, but every man in this camp is prayin' night and day that he'll steal a hoss or do sunthin' else to give us a chance to hang him. Wouldn't it make a purty hangin', stranger! Wouldn't it be a sight fur a lifetime! Why, a thousand men would rush yere if they knew a man with a neck like that was goin' to be strung up!"

"But he refuses to give you a chance?" I asked.

"This fur he has, which is agin him as a man of honor, but we'll keep on payin' him his wages and live in hopes. No man ever had a neck like that and died on his bed."

Two weeks later, on my return from Eagle Hill, I encountered the man who had so kindly explained the case to me, and there was pride in his eye and triumph in his tones as he said:

"That's his grave, stranger—right up by that lone tree. He was hung day before yisterday, and it was the bewtifullest spectacle of the nineteenth century. Kept us waitin' most two y'ars, but he finally stole the hoss and furnished us an enjoyable occasion, and if ye happen to meet up with another sich neck in yer travels tell the owner that he kin strike the softest kind of a snap in Miners' Valley and not half try."

Sibyl's Sad Stutter.

She stuttered, but she was awfully s-s-sweet, just the same.

She went with him as far as the front door when he left, and said:

"George, are you coming around next S-s-s-s-s-s-s"——

It was unfortunate that the dog happened to be lying on the steps and heard her remark, for he chased George five blocks before it occurred to him that possibly his mistress was going to say "Sunday" instead of "sic 'im."

HOW LORD DEDBROKE MET HIS FIRST INDIAN.

1. "Bah jove, this is a gweat countwy!"

2. "Aw—aw—aw——!"

3. "I beg youah pawdon, I'm suah!"

4. "Heavens! a weal Indian! And after me!"

5. "Help! Bobby! Bobby!"

6. "I nevah believed till now those Indian stowies!"