



Why He Fainted.

She was a pretty girl, and he was an eligible bachelor. So, when Sunday came, and the Seaside Hotel was a little slow, as they usually are on the Sabbath until the arrival of the Sunday papers from New York, Miss Mabel asked the most attentive of her several clubmen suitors to accompany her to church. With becoming grace the gallant did the honors, and no two in the congregation attracted more attention. All went well till the offertory was being sung and four deacons started from the pulpit down the aisles with deep silver collection plates, and then the clubman's face began to color. The sweet girl at his side was at first visibly alarmed, then she guessed the reason why the poor fellow writhed in his seat, and as the deacons with the silver plates came nearer he suffered everything but a convulsion. Slightly the dear young thing drew a fifty-cent coin from her purse, together with her own, and archly shoved it along till it touched the quivering hand. But alas! he did not take the hint. His lips were twitching, and one or two low whispers of anguish escaped him, so that the dear little creature all crimson beside him overheard: "Alas! woe is me! Here I have crept away from New York at dead of night and hidden myself in this obscure corner of the earth to escape this monster—this fiend which had dogged my steps and brought me high mental wrack and financial ruin! Ah, this is too much!" Then as the deacon shoved the collection plate under his nose, the poor clubman gave a faint gasp, and fainted dead, away.

Half an hour later the clubman came to on the sofa in front of the church door, where kindly hands had carried and laid him. The sweet girl was bending tearfully over him. At sight of her familiar face he struggled up with a convulsive movement and cried, "Is it gone—is it gone?" "Do you mean the deacon?" said the bewilderment girl faintly. "Deacon?" No! "No!" screamed the infuriated man. "I mean that which he held in his hand!" "That. Why don't you know what that is?" That's a collection plate." The clubman regained his breath. "Collection plate!" he moaned. "Good heavens! I thought it was!" "What?" said the sweet girl breathlessly. "A—a chafing dish!" groaned the poor victim of the hallucination.

Culinary Troubles.

Too many cooks spoil the broth, folks insist. And in this there's of truth a great deal. One might put more than soup on the list. For many cooks spoil the whole meal.

A Good Deal of Sameness, However.

ADAM—Eve, there's one thing about this fix we're in. EVE—What is it, Adam? ADAM—People can't tell us by our clothes.

Cause For Joy.

He gazed at her in speechless horror. His face was white with rage, his hands clutched one another convulsively. It was a plain gold band on the fourth finger of her pretty left hand, which she wore for the first time since their meeting. At last he asked roughly: "Where is the brute who has stolen you from me?" Following the direction of his glance, she immediately understood. With a gay and musical laugh, she said: "He hangs in a pale blue satin bag over my dresser." "Woman," he cried, with all the fire of melodrama, "jest not on a subject so serious." "It's a fact, Launcelot," she murmured. "He was cremated four months back." And he staggered with joy.

What He Gave Him.

As he entered the editorial office he looked the picture of the sublime genius in distress. No mute Milton was ever more inglorious. His cuffs had been turned and returned, inside out, fore and aft many times; and his Winter coat, while the thermometer was blowing off all its friends at the top register, was buttoned up close to the neck to conceal a missing shirt bosom.

"Sir," he began. The editor shifted his cigar to the other end of his mouth, but declined to reply. "Sir," persisted the shade of Socrates, this time flourishing something that looked like a closely-written roll of wallpaper "sir, I have the greatest idea in the world."

The editor went on with his scribbling and his cigar nursing. "It is worth millions; it is nothing less than a miracle. Now, sir, here is the idea. What will you give me to carry it out?"

The editor turned leisurely to the clock, and then to the genius, as he said savorily: "I'll give you just two minutes!"

He began counting, slowly pushing his pen.

himself out of his armchair; but by the time the one minute and a half mark was reached, the miracle-working genius was at the foot of the stair, matching the janitor for the drinks with a two-headed nickel.

Quite a Differencee.

MRS. DE KOLTAY—I don't understand it. You don't mind watching other women bathing, but you object to other men looking at me when I bathe. MR. DE KOLTAY—Naturally. When a man is playing cards he would rather look at another man's hand than have other men see what he's got.

The Hen.

A friend of mine recently stated that, although he had been a close student of the writings and personal memoirs of the late William Shakespeare, he had never been able to discover that William lived in a henless and eggless age. But this deduction I dispute.

What but the senseless cackle at early morn of a hen that raised her voice in prayer that one more innocent soul had come into a sinful sphere. What but this would suggest to William such a theme for an essay as "Much Ado About Nothing?" and what but the explosion of a blase English egg on the toga of a seventh rate British tragedian hint to the poet the possibilities of the "Tempest." To carry the hen theory to a conclusion, a good egg might suggest "As You Like It." And, as in the case of the trained hen, who invariably laid an egg that matched the nest egg furnished her for a sample, in size, color and complexion, we have "Measure for Measure."

Hand in hand the tragedy and the egg have come down the ages to a degenerate theatre-going public, and if the hen is the only missing link in William's extensive vocabulary, she has taken ample revenge for the slight.

Then, somewhere in one of Shake's books are the lines "What madness is this?"—inspired, no doubt, by seeing a hen caught in an April shower minus an umbrella. "As mad as a wet hen" was even in William's time a term of reproach.

When I lived in Maine I kept hens for a time, and, on the rock-bound coast, mid fog and mist, within the sound of the sad sea waves plunk, I taught many a chickling to eat meal dough, mixed with equal parts of the deceased clam that Neptune cast at the very door of my henry.

It was with the greatest reluctance that I withdrew from the fresh egg industry, but a falling egg market compelled me to abandon it. I might add that the egg market has been falling on me to some extent ever since.

Many men have endeavored in various ways before now to induce the hen to give down more lavishly, especially on a rising market. All sorts of schemes, including force, have been tried, but to no avail, one man even going so far as to remove that part of her brain that is marked "memory" on the phenological charts, in the hope that the hen would forget she had performed her domestic duties for that day and repeat. After putting a hen who had done one day's work into an hypnotic sleep he would endeavor to impress on her mind that she had not laid an egg in a week, but the best he could do was to induce the hen to lay a soft-shell egg. That, while it was all right for home consumption, as a fry or an omelette, it would not do for a hard boiled picnic egg, or be available for publication in the Boston market. Hypnotic influence no doubt gave the hen softening of the brain and led to a soft-shell egg, but the poor thing did the best she could. It is a sad thing not to have any teeth. This is why I have so much sympathy for a hen.

That's Different.

"I notice you and young Surligh do not speak now. What's the trouble?" "Same old story, dad. 'Cherchez la femme,' don't you know." "Dear me! It's a great pity to see two old college chums fall out about a woman. Who is she?" "She's Surligh's wife."

She Knew.

Little Elsie in her reading aloud came to the words "painful pause," and her mamma asked her what the expression meant. "It means cat's paws, mamma," said Elsie, who had been scratched by her pussy earlier in the day.

Odd Bits.

"Medicine, anyhow, is only an experiment. Now, law is not." "No. It is an experience." "Don't talk to me about old Givvup. I asked him for bread and he gave me a stone. 'He did?'" "Yes, sir. Here it is in this ring."

There's one peculiar effect of the Raine's law I notice. What is that? Most of

the heavy drinkers are laid up with indigestion. Do you suppose janitors ever go to heaven? Not if Peter likes his job.

The Capitalist's Idea.

"My invention consists of a sort of elongated meat chopper," said the man with long hair, as he stood explaining his drawings to the capitalist. "It is based on the well known fact that if you cut a snake in two with a common garden spade, thinking thereby to end its existence, you are greatly in danger of being mistaken. You defeat your purpose. For it is an accepted scientific fact that when this is accomplished a new head grows on the tail part and a new tail on the head part."

"Now, with my machine, say in Cuba—or Cuby Liber, as the papers say—the operator has only to set the machine up in the woods, go out and capture all the vipers he can drag, shove them head foremost in the machine and turn the crank. Beautiful sausages emerge from the other end of the discovery."

"True," replied the capitalist, "but have you considered that each atom of snake contained in the sausage would be a living germ; that,

A Last Resort.

Judkins paced the floor. His brow was wrinkled and pale. There was an anxious look in his eyes. Evidently there was some thing on Judk's mind.

Presently he spoke. "Yes, it must be done! It is a dreadful alternative, but I can see no other course to pursue. Ever and anon he rolled his eyes upward and raised his clenched hands toward the ceiling in an attitude of supreme and utter despair. The struggle was a long and bitter one.

Bravely he strove for the mastery over the black demons of despondency that surrounded him; but in vain were his efforts. Inch by inch, foot by foot they pressed upon him, and, in spite of pluck and will power, his hitherto indomitable spirit was slowly but surely crowded to the wall, and finally forced to surrender.

"Yes," he repeated, despairingly, "it must be done! There is no other way!" And then, grabbing his hat, he rushed frantically from the room.

Has Judkins gone to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, plunge headlong from Trinity Church steeple, blow himself up with half a ton of dynamite, make a gold standard speech to a band of free-silverites or commit suicide in some other unique and spectacular manner? No. Not at all. He has merely started for the dentist's to have an aching tooth extracted.

A Characteristic End.

To his aged parents in far-off Ireland they brought back the sad story. "Your poor son Pat," they said, "alas! he was captured by cannibals and boiled alive." "That was just like Pat," sobbed the heartbroken mother, "he always was a broth of a boy!"

Cause for Mourning.

"Who is that attractive looking woman in black?" "You mean the one in mourning? Why, that's Mrs. Jenkins." "You don't mean to say Jenkins is dead do you?" "Not at all. You see, she married Jenkins's mother, and he's failed."



ONE GOOD TURN—



DESERVES ANOTHER.



TOUGAN PLAY AT THIS GAME, PUSS."

once introduced into good society would give them the tremens? Aha! I have it. Reconstruct your machine on the principle of the cider press or the automatic milker. Bring me a machine that will milk snakes and we will have a drink that will relegate whiskey and other stimulants to the soda water fountain and the soft-drink counter. Give us a rattlesnake punch that will induce delirium tremens on the three finger basis and can be sold for five cents a glass assured. The genius is now developing the capitalist's idea.



MANY A SLIP TWIXT THE GOAL AND THE KICK.