

CORN ON THE COB.

They Were Not So Hungry as They Thought They Were.

It wasn't their fault at all. The head waiter put them at the most conspicuous table in the dining room.

The woman was obviously constrained. She had a peachy complexion and blushed chased across her fair cheeks like clouds in an April sky.

The man was seared to death. "Would you like some green corn on the cob?" he inquired, trying to be casual.

"Yes, thank you," she demurely replied. "Green corn for both."

In an instant there came a sharp forbidding of trouble and sorrow. But it was too late. A sinister fate was hurrying them onward to their doom.

"Lovely dining room," "Beautiful."

Their lips mocked their hearts. Their thoughts, far removed from common objects, were centered upon two small dishes, each containing a specimen of green corn upon the cob.

"What a nice!" "With a courage born of desperation the man had speared his ear of corn with a fork."

"day this is, to be sure." "Delightful."

Their mouths spoke words of hypocrisy. When his hand had traveled half the distance from the table to his mouth his courage forsook him.

He restored his specimen of green corn to its dish. "Pretty swell people here."

"A'fully swell." "They were both very much agitated. Her blushes were practically incandescent. His brow glistened with perspiration."

"I'd like!" "The woman became suddenly aggressive and seized her ear of corn with her hand."

"to live here." "So'd I."

Her sweet lips were about to open when her heart failed her. She dropped her specimen upon her plate.

"John, I wonder!" "She was trembling as she whispered:—'how nervous it is.'"

"I don't!" "He had lost all his look of assurance and looked about in an agony of apprehension."

"know, Mollie." "They waited in silence for a moment."

"John." "Mollie."

"I ain't a bit hungry." "Neither am I."

They left their dinner untasted. He tried to meet the stare of the world boldly. She bent her glance upon the ground and trembled.—Detroit Tribune.

The Pride of Her Mother's Heart. "Do I not always try my best to gratify your reasonable tastes and ambitions, my daughter?"

There was no reply, and the mother resumed gently: "If I were wealthy, Marie, I would spare no expense to provide you with all that heart could wish. But there is a limit to my power to do so. I can only exercise my best taste and judgment in the selection of such things as you may require for your personal apparel, and if they do not always please you, remember, Marie, that there are treasures of mind and heart that may be yours if you seek for them with earnest purpose, and they far outweigh the ephemeral trifles of one's outward adornment."

"That's all true enough, mother," answered the proud young girl, "but I look like a sardine in that hat."—Chicago Tribune.

That Kind of Silk. She was a sweet young thing out on a shopping expedition, matching samples and strayed innocently into the wrong fold—a big crockery store.

At first she looked around appealingly; then she approached the proprietor: "Can you match this sample of silk?" she asked, holding up a wretched little dog eared shred between her thumb and finger.

"My dear young lady," said the suave proprietor, "this is not a dry goods emporium. It is a china store."

"Well, this is China silk," said the sweet girl as she dangled her sample on her finger.

But the proprietor had fainted.—Detroit Free Press.

Hard on Him. "Darling," he murmured passionately, "when I come at night, tired and cross, with one leg of my trousers trailing in the dust and the other under my ear, tell me, will you get right down on your knees and sew on the button?"

"I will, George," she answered firmly, "upon one condition."

"And what is that?" he asked. "That," she replied dreamily, with her teeth firmly set together, "is on condition that you have saved that button."—Clothes and Furnisher.

The Brute! "Doctor, what is the meaning of the peculiar formation just behind a baby's ear?" asked a fond mother.

"Combativeness, perhaps, madam," replied the doctor.

"Why, some one said it was love of domestic life," said the mother.

"Oh, well, it's all one and the same thing," replied the cynical medical man.—Drake's Magazine.

Accommodating. He pressed the goat and the buttin did the rest.—Life.

Her Sensation. Miss Seventeen—And so you are married at last, dear, after all these years? How new it must seem! Didn't you feel embarrassed a little while the ceremony was being performed?

Mrs. Thirty-eight faintly—No, dear, not embarrassed, only just relieved.—Somerville Journal.

Consoling. Jester—There is one thing that can be said in favor of Job's illness. He wasn't confined to the house.

Question—How do you know he wasn't confined to the house?

Jester—Because the record says he was continually breaking out.—Boston Courier.

The Culprit Confessed.

It was in a country school. A small, bright boy had just been enrolled, and this was his first day. The little fellow had a habit of whistling when he was not thinking about it.

The teacher pointed out a desk for him and gave him a lesson to be studying. He took his seat, propped his knees up against the desk, with his feet swinging down underneath and became absorbed in his lesson.

After awhile he forgot about his lesson and began whistling merrily. The teacher looked up from his writing and asked: "Who's that whistling?"

The small boy looked up quickly and then said innocently: "That's me. Didn't you know I could whistle?"—Detroit Free Press.

A New Patient.



Hippopotamus Amphibious—Doctor, can't you recommend something to reduce corpulence? I am—or rather I have a friend who is uncomfortably stout, and it struck me that we might confer on this matter to—er—mutual advantage perhaps.—Harper's Bazar.

Passion and Pants.

One of the most fascinating clubmen in town, who has a great big weakness for the fair sex and who delights in copying sentimental verses into their albums, met with a blood curdling check the other day. He was seated beside a lovely girl, who lent a coral and an attentive ear to all his burning words.

Ordinary language was inadequate to express his emotion, so he scribbled on a slip of paper taken at random from his pocketbook:

Oh, darling, I hearken thy heart beats, Art thou leaping, sweet one, unto mine? I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, You fire up my pulses like wine.

The foregoing may not be strictly correct, but the verses were of that character—extremely warm and correspondingly boshy. The poor sweet girl took them with a tear in her eye, and with a glance of ineffable tenderness at her adorer concealed them in the folds of her dress.

The next morning, in the cold, gray, realistic light, the clubman got a letter. It was brief, but to the point. It said, "When next you write sentimental verses to me, please do not let your romantic nature make you careless." And the unfortunate man read on the obverse of the scrap where he had indited his soul thrilling lines:

Mr.—Dr. To cleaning and repairing six pairs of pants, six dollars. And worse still, the bill was unaccepted. Even Ovid, immortal bard of love, would have the vim knocked out of him by such a contretemps.—San Francisco News-Letter.

Life's Fiftal Hay Fever.

"I thought you knew better than to say 'had saw.'"

"I do, sir." "Didn't I hear you say it just now?" "Hardly!"

"I surely did." "Where?" "Here. Not a minute ago."

"I said 'had saw!'" "You did." "Pshaw!"

"Do you deny it?" "Of course I do." "Confound you, don't you suppose I know when I hear a man say 'had saw?'"

"Coddle you, can't you tell when a bad's got a cold in his head? I was talking about a haidssaw, blabbe you!"—Chicago Tribune.

Reasonable.

It is a tiresome thing to the young, their elders must confess, to be told often that the last generation read better books and knew much more at the same age than the present generation.

A boy of thirteen in a public grammar school was reproached by his master for his slowness.

"When I was thirteen," said the master, "I was at least two years further advanced than you are. How do you account for that?"

"I've heard my father say," replied the boy, a little diffidently, "that they used to have a great deal better teachers than they have nowadays!"—Youth's Companion.

Prepared to Rescue.

Willie's Mother—Your hair is wet, Willie. Where have you been?

Willie—In the pond, mamma. I jumped in to rescue little Tommy Squeers from drowning.

Willie's Mother—My noble boy! Was Tommy in swimming?

Willie—No'm. But he was going to go in.—Chicago News-Record.

Like Sheep.

He said if she would give him a kiss he would not ask for another.

"But, dear," she said roguishly, "what if I wanted another?"

"Oh, that will be all right," he assured her. "Kisses are like sheep; when one leads the others follow."—Detroit Free Press.

Well Protected.

Kingley—What has become of your cottage at the seashore? I was down there the other day and didn't see it anywhere.

Bingo—No. I let it bring home for the winter in one of my wife's trunks.—Cloak Review.

Keeping Him Out.

Briggs—How is it you lend Banger your dress suit so much? I see him out in it every night.

Griggs—He lives next door to me, and he is learning how to play the banjo.—New York Herald.

A Streak of Luck.

Bad Boy—I'm in luck. When I do anything I tell pop-mom-ma I might, and I tell mamma pop-mom-ma I might.

Good Boy—Don't they find out? Bad Boy—Nope. They don't speak.—Good News.

Musical Item.

He (enthusiastically)—If I could always lead these little bands in mine—She—What good would that do you? He—Then you couldn't pound that piano any more.—Tex as Sitings.

TALE WITH A MORAL.

Which Teaches That You Had Better Let the Races Alone.

And it came to pass at the place which men call the race track that a certain youth appeared after the third race had been run and manifested signs of great joy.

"For," said he, "I have bet \$2 to win \$500 if I name the winners of the first five races correctly, and lo! I have already named these three aright."

After the fourth race came that youth in a tremor of doubt and questioning. "Again they have run my way," he said, "but I am in a some perplexity. The men who preside over the booth offer me \$100 for my bet as it stands, and I fancy much that a bird in the hand is pleasant, and yet—\$100."

Now, when the fifth race had been run, we, knowing this youth to have picked the winner, approached him with congratulations upon our lips and expecting greatly that he would set 'em up. But his countenance was sorrowful, and as we did him the requested favor of kicking him all over that county, he told us the sad truth of the matter.

"As you know," so the tale ran, "I had picked the odds on the favorite, and the bookmakers had offered to compromise the bet. Then suddenly, while I yet labored with my doubts, there ran up to me a certain friend who said hastily that the favorite was not decreed by the fates and the owner's stable to win. This he knew, having recently come from the paddock. Whereupon, believing his story, I returned to the bookie and offered to settle my \$500 to \$1 bet. Which he finally did, paying me sixty dollars for the bet. And then the favorite romped home by three lengths. Now! Kick me again!"

And the last state of this youth was worse than the first, for he staked all his sixty dollars on the horse that did not win the sixth and last race, and he was constrained to borrow a nickel to ride home with. And the moral of this true tale is not hard to find.—Chicago Tribune.

Ventilation.

Alexander Dumas, the great French novelist, had in his character much of the natural comicality of the negro race, for which he was in part sprung. His son, Alexander Dumas fils, was notably lacking in this quality, and the father was fond of making pleasant little jokes at his expense.

Once when the father was visiting the son, Alexander junior invited Alexander senior into his garden, which is said to have been somewhat larger than a good sized pocket handkerchief. They sat under the one little tree in this garden, and fanned themselves.

"I am suffocating," said Alexander senior.

"What shall I do, pere?" asked Alexander junior.

"Better open your chamber window and let a little air into your garden," said Alexander pere.—Youth's Companion.

Safe Enough.

A man rushed into the waiting room of a safety deposit company yesterday morning and said hurriedly to the custodian:

"I want to get something out of my box—No. 37,400—and I've lost my key. How will I manage it?"

"We gave you two keys, you remember, when you leased the box," returned the custodian, "so that if you lost one you could fall back on the other. They are duplicates. You will have to go and get your other key. There is no other way to get at the contents of your box, sir."

"Great Scott!" gasped the excited caller. "I put the other key inside the box for safe keeping!"—Toronto Mail.

Interrupted Letters.

DEAR NEPHEW—I write this note from my house in Wheelie's Corners to tell you that the opportunity you have so long craved of seeing myself and family is about to be granted. I and Jennie and Etta and Jim, Bennie, the two babies, our hired man and cousin Sally are coming to make you a nice long visit during the World's fair. Yours affectionately, UNCLE SAMUEL.

DEAR UNCLE—Your kind note has been received. I am very sorry to say that wife and myself are going to leave town tonight to be gone three weeks. We are utterly disappointed. Your affectionate nephew, JASON.

She Hadn't Quite Understood.

It was a college town, and he was a fresh man calling on a young lady he had known as a boy. The servant who admitted him asked for his name.

"Say an old friend"—very airily—"ami cun."

Bridget said, "Yes, sor," and retired, but in a moment returned to ask:

"If you please, sor, fwhat sort of a cuss did yez say it that ye wuz?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Need.

Appropos of the admission of women to the medical association, Sir Spencer Wells consulted an American examiner on the subject of professional women, and received the following very smart reply: "Well, sir, in our country we have a great many female doctors, female journalists, female preachers and females in all classes of professions and trades, but what we want is more female women."—Argonaut.

Only in the Suburbs.

Passenger (on sleeper, looking between curtains)—What place is this, porter?

Porter—Chicago, sah.

Passenger—Why didn't you wake me? I get off there.

Porter—Bress you, sah, we d'nt get in to de station 'till dis afternoon!—Truth.

Too Expensive an Honor.

Day—I hear you have been made a member of the firm.

Weeks—Yes, but I find there is one drawback about that.

Day—What?

Weeks—My salary is larger than I can afford to pay.—New York Herald.

Fond of Home.

"I suppose you are glad to be home from the country, Mrs. Brownson?"

"Delighted. There is only one thing that bothers me now, and that is where we shall spend the autumn and winter. We go abroad in the spring."—Harper's Bazar.

A Pleasant Prospect.

Sister—Tom, father says you're to come home right away. He wants to speak to you.

Tom (who has been playing "hokey")—What does he want me for?

Sister—He didn't say, but he went out to cut a willow rod as I left the house.—Life

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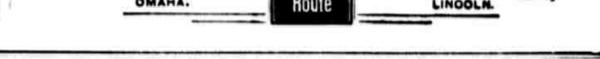
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