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Andigous Last Words.
De Style—What did your rich uncle leave you when he died?
Gumbusta—Nothing.
De Style—Didn't he say anything to you before he passed away?
Gumbusta—Yes; he said nothing was too good for me.—Criterion.
A Promising Pupil.
Tom—I hear your sister is studying stenography.
Jack—Yes.
Tom—How is she progressing?
Jack—Oh, she is already able to detect the errors in the instruction books.

Not Much of a Prospect.
Boy—Is a dollar a week all I am to get?
Superintendent—Oh, no; besides your salary, you will learn the business.
Boy—And when I learn the business, do I get more pay?
Superintendent—Oh, dear, no. When you are worth more we shall let you go and take another boy and let him learn the business.—Boston Transcript.
Dead Easy.
"Say, pop, how do parrots talk?"
"In polysyllables, I suppose."

Salvation With Food.
Fourteen-year-old Emma, who had come home from her first day's schooling in elementary physiology, was questioned by her parents as to what she had learned.
"Papa," she complained, "I don't think I like physiology."
"Why not, my dear?"
"Well, teacher was explaining digestion to us to-day, and she said we had to mix salvation with every mouthful of food."—Harper's Weekly.
Quite a Natural Inference.
"O John," said Mrs. Bergen, looking up from her paper, "Who do you think is dead?"
"Good gracious! Poor Dumley," exclaimed her husband.
"Oh, no. What made you think it was he?"
"I met him yesterday and gave him one of those cigars you gave me on my birthday."



"Do you believe that awful story they are telling about Miss Prim?"
"Yes, what is it?"

To the Point.
"It's a strange thing to me," Logan Mrs. Stubb, an ominous frown rising on her brow.
"What's strange, Martha?" ventured Mr. Stubb.
"Why, when a man goes out to paint the town red he never succeeds in painting anything but his nose."
And Mr. Stubb said he thought he better go, as it looked like rain.
City Visitor's Oversight.
Uncle Josh (after seeing urban guest take the train)—That fellow may know a heap about city ettyket, but he wouldn't pass for no Chestyfield in these parts.
Uncle Lish—Wouldn't he?
Uncle Josh—No, sir. Why, he stayed with me three days an' never once proposed t' go out an' look at my haws.—Judge.

The Usual Thing.
"Now, children," said the pretty Sunday school teacher, "Goliath was the champion of the Philistines, and David was the champion of the Israelites. They had a great combat, in which David overcame Goliath. They what do you suppose David did?"
"Went on the stoige, in course!" yelled little Larry Lefthook, who is familiar with champions and their ways.
What Could Have Displeased Her?
It was at the close of the wedding breakfast. One of the guests arose, and, glass in hand, said:
"I drink to the health of the bridegroom. May he see many days like this."
The intention was good, but the bride looked up as if something had displeased her.—London Tit-Bits.

A Gaslight Economist.
Anxious Mother—Nellie, dear, do you think that young Huggins, who has been calling on you twice a week for some time, is matrimonially inclined?
Pretty Daughter—Really I don't know what to think, mamma, dear. He has such a knack of keeping one in the dark.
Change After Marriage.
Howes—Talk about men being changed by matrimony! The women are just as bad, if not worse.
Barnes—Think so, eh?
Howes—Yes, I do. There's my wife, for example. When I was courting her she believed everything I told her, now she won't believe a word I say.

Cause and Effect.
Mrs. Neighbors—"I'm sorry to hear that your husband is ill."
Mrs. Homer—"Oh, I guess it isn't anything serious."
Mrs. Neighbors—"What seems to be the trouble?"
Mrs. Homer—"He took a fancy to a new brand of health food and ate too much of it."

Giving Him a Pointer.
Mrs. Neurch—How's my son gettin' along with his lessons?
Private Tutor—Very nicely, madam; although it is sometimes difficult for him to catch an idea at times.
Mrs. Neurch—Well, I'd have you know he don't have to catch 'em. We can afford to buy him all the ideas

To Points of View.
He—Your eyes remind me of a bottle of champagne.
She—And why, pray?
He—Because they sparkle so.
She—You remind me of the empty bottle.
He—What's the answer?
She—You don't pop.
Quite a Different Thing.
Towne—What's young Kadley worth?
Brown—About 30 cents.
Towne—Nonsense! he's got lots of money.
Brown—Oh, yes; \$3,000,000 at least. Why don't you say what you mean?

Something in a Name.
Customer—"Have you the El Flora de Perfeccion cigar?"
Dealer—"No, sir; but we have the celebrated Ypsilanti Habana de Victor Invincible brand."
Customer—"What do they retail for?"
Dealer—"Three for a nickel."
Two Minutes.
Nell—Miss Passay says Mr. Golden proposed to her on Wednesday night, but she didn't give him her answer until Thursday.
Bell—If that's true, I'll bet he proposed at 11:59 p. m., and was accepted at 12:01 a. m.

Seeking Her Hand.
"Sir," began the timid youth, as he entered the office, "I am in search—er—that is, I came to seek your daughter's hand—"
"Well, it isn't anywhere in this vicinity," interrupted the stern parent. "She's probably using it as a piano-thumper about this time of day."
Verdict Comes More Slowly.
"I'd rather bet on a horse race than on an auto race."
"Why?"
"You don't lose so quickly."

Deadly Insult to the Landlady.
"The landlady is just hopping mad at old man Sharp."
"What is the trouble now?"
"Old man Sharp tasted the butter yesterday and suddenly reached over and handed the landlady two tickets to the pure food show."
Sure to Destroy Memory.
Brown—I have just discovered what it is that destroys a man's memory completely.
Green—What is it—alcohol or tobacco?
Brown—Neither; it is doing him a favor.—Modern Society.

Kept Them Busy.
"I hope, your honor," said the bad men, "that you will be lenient with me. I have a number of people depending on me for their daily bread."
"Relations?" queried the judge.
"No," answered the prisoner. "Police-men and detectives."
Arraigned in Advance.
"Now, dear," said Mr. Polkley, who had just been accepted, "when shall I speak to your father?"
"You needn't bother," replied the dear girl. "Pa said he'd speak to you to-morrow if you didn't speak to me to-night."

Point of View.
She—"I think every woman is entitled to be considered man's equal."
He (her admirer)—"Well, if she is willing to bring herself down to his level I don't see why she shouldn't be allowed to pose as his equal."
One Man's Luck.
Hyker—"I played in great luck at the races to-day."
Pyker—"So? Quit winner, eh?"
Hyker—"No, but a friend at the track gave me a car ticket, so I didn't have to walk home."



SAVED AGAIN.
Mr. Soaker (who wakes suddenly after a fearful dream that he has been shipwrecked)—Hooray! a sail, a sail! I'm saved at last.
As It Should Be.
Marvin—Good gracious, Kerwin, why don't you turn off the steam? Your office is as hot as an oven.
Kerwin—Well, that's as it should be. This, you now, is where I make my family's daily bread.
Diagnosis.
"Your trouble, madam," said the physician, "seems to be due to an excess of adipose tissue."
"My goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton. "I wonder if that isn't what makes me so fat?"
Not Sure of His Job.
Gussie—You may spurn me now, Miss Jhones, but remember that I may not always be a stock broker's clerk.
Miss Jhones—No, that's just it. You may lose your job at any time.
Just Why He Is a Tramp.
Charitable old lady—But why do you go tramping through the country like this, my poor man?
The vagrant—Well, mum, the truth is, I've heard that these 'ere Pullman cars is rather stuffy.

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