



Ring Off, Wild Belles.

Maybelle—"See the beautiful engagement ring Jack gave me last night."

Estelle—"Gracious! Has that just got around to you?"—Toledo Blade.

* * *

"Robert, dear," said the coy little maiden to her sweetheart, "I'm sure you love me. But give me some proof of it, darling. We can't marry on \$15 a week, you know."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" said he with a grieved air.

"Why, save up \$1,000 and have it safe in the bank, and then I'll marry you."

About two months later she cuddled up close to him on the sofa one evening and said:

"Robert, dear, have you saved up that thousand yet?"

"Why, no, my love," he replied, "not all of it."

"How much have you saved, darling?"

"Just \$2.35, dear."

"O, well," suggested the sweet young thing as she snuggled a little closer, "don't let's wait any longer, darling. I guess that'll do."—Lippincott's.

* * *

Kitty Couldn't Open.

"My husband is one of the most careless men on earth."

"How now?"

"He went away fishing and left the cat a supply of canned meat to subsist on."—Courier-Journal.

Post-Prandial.

The dust-begrimed tramp saw the good lady of the house pottering about in the garden; so he approached her on the subject of alms. "And where have you been, and how do you live?" she asked.

"Well, ma'am, I've been all over the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, America; and have had a most varied experience in the chase of the elusive meal."

"Then, my man, you should have an interesting story to tell."

"Quite right, ma'am, but I am essentially an after-dinner speaker."

—Sporting Times.

* * *

The Landlady—At our table, Mr. Bjinks, it is customary to return thanks at each meal.

The New Boarder.—That's fine! I like it lots better than paying cash.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

Butting In.

In a small South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the back of a store. A traveling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not being acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door.

"Sh, sh!" answered the storekeeper, making another move on the checker-board. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."—Everybody's Magazine.

Precise.

The proofreader on a small middle Western daily was a woman of great precision and extreme propriety. One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West End by a live wire."

On the following day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note, asking, "Which is the west end of a boy?"

It took only an instant to reply, "The end the son sets on, of course."—Red Hen.

* * *

When Art Failed.

"And so your young wife serves you as a model. How flattering! She must be immensely pleased."

"Well, she was at first; but when we had a spat and I painted her as the goddess of war, she went home to mother."—Fliegende Blaetter.

* * *

His Act.

History Teacher—"What was the Sherman act?"

Bright pupil—"Marching through Georgia."—Pathfinder.

* * *

"Tell me about Spain, romantic Spain."

"Well," said the motorist, "there are a few bad places as you come down the mountains, but in the main the roads are pretty good."—Washington Herald.

* * *

After the Tour.

"Well, Binks, I see you've returned from your thousand-mile tour in New England," said Bjones.

"Yep," said Binks.

"How did you find the hotels en route?" asked Bjones.

"Hotels?" retorted Binks. "We didn't stop at any hotels. We passed all our nights in the county jails."

—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

The Alarm Clock.

The devil was asleep when man was made, but he awoke before woman was completed.—Life.

Almost Anything to Please

An influential woman member of a fashionable church in Philadelphia had gone to her pastor with the complaint that she was greatly disturbed by one of her neighbors.

"Why," said she, "that man in the pew behind ours destroys all my devotional feelings when he tries to sing. Couldn't you ask him to change his pew?"

The pastor reflected. "Well," said he, at last, "I naturally feel a little delicacy on that score, especially as I should have to give a reason. But I tell you what I might do—I might ask him to join the choir."—Brooklyn Life.

* * *

Overtook Him.

A wizened little man charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half, or in this case better two-thirds, was a big, square-jawed woman with a determined eye. The judge listened to the plaintiff's recital of wrongs with interest. "Where did you meet this woman who, according to your story, has treated you so dreadfully?" his honor asked.

"Well, judge," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."—Argonaut.

* * *

Expert Opinion

A student in an ophthalmic institution was requested to examine and report upon the condition of a man's eye. Having ceremoniously adjusted the ophthalmoscope, he looked long and carefully into the optic.

"Most remarkable!" he ejaculated, in a tone of surprise. Then, having re-adjusted the instrument, he made a further careful examination. "Very extraordinary, indeed!" he exclaimed. "I have never heard of such an eye. Have you ever had professional opinion on it?"

"Once," was the laconic reply. "The man who put it in said it was a fine bit of glass!"—Red Hen.