



Why the Bulldog?

"Waitah," said Colonel Clay, as he glanced around the dining-room of the big hotel, "you all kin bring me a Kentucky breakfast."

"And what is that, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me a big steak, a bulldog and a quart of Bourbon whiskey."

"But why do you order a bulldog?" asked the waiter.

"To eat the steak, suh," replied the Colonel.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Test

In moonshine districts, where the whiskey looks like water and is drunk like water, strange ideas prevail as to what intoxication really is. In a village one Saturday afternoon, a man lay in the broiling sun in the middle of the road with an empty bottle by his side. "He's drunk; lock him up," the sheriff said. But a woman interposed hastily. "No, he ain't drunk," she said. "I jest seen his fingers move."—Argonaut.

Home Sick

"Are they fond of their New York home?"
"Oh, awfully fond. They spend their winters in Florida, their springs in Lakewood, their summers at Newport and their autumns at Lenox, but they are simply devoted to their New York home!"—Chicago Mail.

Described

"What sort of chap is he?"

"Well, after a beggar has touched him for a dime he'll tell you he has a little dinner to an acquaintance of his."—Lippincott's.

His Move

She—I had an argument with Alice this morning over the proper use of "shall" and "will." Perhaps you can tell me which is correct, "Will you marry me?" or "Shall you marry me?"

He—I should say "Will you marry me?"

She—Then why in the world don't you?—Boston Transcript.

Useful

"Do you really believe, doctor, that your old medicines really keep anybody alive?" asked the skeptic.

"Surely," returned the doctor. "My prescriptions have kept three druggists and their

families alive in this town for twenty years."—Harper's Weekly.

Curious to Learn

In Georgia they tell of a prisoner who had been convicted a dozen times of stealing, who, when placed at the bar for his latest offense, displayed a singular curiosity.

"Your Honor," said he, "I should like to have my case postponed for a week. My lawyer is sick."

"But," said the magistrate, "you were caught with your hands in this gentleman's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defense?"

"Exactly so, your Honor; that is what I am curious to know."—Green Bag.

His Limit

Blobbs—How did you get along in Paris?

Slobbs—Not very well.

Blobbs—Don't you speak French?

Slobbs—Only enough to make myself misunderstood.—Philadelphia Record.

Time Flies

"Aren't you the boy who was here a week ago looking for a position?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir, that's why I'm here now."—New York World.

Their Sphere

Baker—In five years you won't see a horse on the street.

Wayburn—Yes; they would be safer on the sidewalks.—The Causeur.

Hard Pickings

"Did youse git anything?" whispered the burglar on guard as his pal emerged from the window.

"Naw, de bloke wot lives here is a lawyer," replied the other in disgust.

"Dat's hard luck," said the first; "did youse lose anyting?"—Ohio State Journal.

Crash Ignorance

TWEENIE ANN—Oh mum, I've fallen down stairs and broken me neck.

HER MISTRESS—Well, whatever you've broken will be deducted from your wages.—Sketch (London).