

POPPING THE QUESTION.

When Adam asked sweet Mistress Eve His gentle will to love...

"An orphan, sir, indeed am I," she said in whippersaw...

WINTER ON PIKE'S PEAK.

The Terrors of the Lonely Vigil of Signal Service Men.

I HAD been in the signal service but a little over a year, when I went to Pike's Peak...

The station is located just a little below the extreme top of the peak. It is a low, one-story log building...

The weather did not begin to get very cold that year until about December 1st. It kept getting colder and colder...

One morning the latter part of January Harry got up looking very pale. He would not eat any breakfast...

Old Semipalmist—That coat you sold me had to be pieced. Dealer Main front, you to do many dose sances. Dose spirits date a fancy do to fine coat and dey dematerialize it so as to haf it for derselves.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

A HEALTHY TONIC FOR INVALIDS OF ALL KINDS.

Humorous Anecdotes Glanned from Various Sources—Something to Read Which Will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Bedding.

A Church Service at Home.

Mr. Bings (to his valet, Sunday morning)—Well, I declare, this is a wonderful age! Thanks to the discoveries of science...

James—Yessir.

Mr. Bings (half an hour later)—I am getting a little fatter, James. Turn just a trifle faster.

Mr. Bings (ten minutes later)—What's the matter, James?

James—Please, sir, the maid just opened the door and said Mr. Whipp was wantin' you to go out riding with him.

Mr. Bings—Quite right. But I haven't got to the sevenon yet. Turn, James—turn like sixty!

The Smartest Baby.

"Really, Mr. Seacock," said the mother, "I suppose it's perfectly natural for every mother to think her baby is the smartest one in the world..."

Preparing for the Worst.



Inquiring Friend—Great Scott!

What on earth are you doing? Prospective Benedict—Oh, just rehearsing. Going to be married next month.—Puck.

Choked Off.

He was reading a newspaper in a Michigan avenue car. After awhile he folded it up and said to the man on his left:

"Do you think the principles of gravitation will ever be overcome so as to enable any sort of a machine to fly?"

"No, sir," was the brusque answer. "But why not?"

"No need of it."

"Do you understand the laws of gravity?"

"I do, sir. Plainest thing in the world, sir. All a street car nuisance has to do is to go out on the platform and step out into space. Gravity will land him on the earth. Try it, sir—try it."

The inquiring man looked at him with sorrow expressed on every line of his face, and then turned away and took a seat at the other end of the car.—Free Press.

Looking Ahead.

Two little girls of about eight years of age were heard discussing the subject of matrimony.

Fanny—When I marry I am going to marry a doctor.

Emma—And I am going to marry an army officer.

Fanny—That will be foolish in you. If you breaks out your husband will have to go to the front. He will probably be killed by the Sioux Indians, and then you and your half a dozen children will be in a nice fix.—Texas Siftings.

Youthful Imitators.

"For goodness sake, children!" exclaimed the mother, as she went into the nursery, "don't make such a noise! What are you doing?"

And the artless little innocents explained that they were playing theater, and that a party of the 400 had just broken loose in one of the boxes.

The Patton Brigade.



We will have to come to it, in the mania for tall buildings continues.—Puck.

Emphatically Qualified.

Judge—Can you remember nothing of what took place? Try to recall some of the circumstances.

Witness—I have tried, your Honor, but I can't. My mind is a perfect blank.

Judge—You may step aside, but don't leave the court room. We may need you for a juror.

Where to Apply.

"Excuse me," he said, as he entered the shop of a cobbler, "but I want to ask you the meaning of a word."

"What?" "The word is 'articulate.' Do you know what it means?"

"My friend, where you get dose shoes?"

"At a shoe store on Woodward avenue."

"Well, you go right oner by Woodward avenue and ask dot shoe store to articulate for you! Dat vial me! Good-day!"—Free Press.

So Thoughtful.



Oncer Pugin—Hold on, there! Av ye droon widout yer wigs ye'll catch could in yer lids!—Texas Siftings.

The Right Spirit.

"I see," he observed, walking into the sanctum, "that you used the service of a lawyer written on your paper."

"That position has been filled, sir," was the reply.

"I notice, also," he went on, "that you advertise for a person to address envelopes. Is that position still open?"

Is Not to Be Enjoyed Alone.

Philosophous—What do you think, Miss Oldgirl? Miss Young and myself have been discussing the meaning of life, and she maintains that life is given us to use, and not to be enjoyed alone.

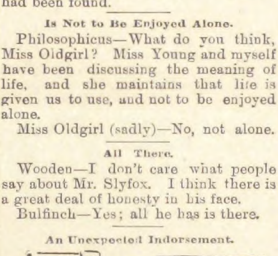
Miss Oldgirl (sadly)—No, not alone.

All These.

Wooden—I don't care what people say about Mr. Slyfox. I think there is a great deal of honesty in his face.

Bulfinch—Yes; all he has is there.

An Unexpected Indorsement.



Mrs. Bimbelstein—Jacob, here vas leetle Isaac's monthly school report mit twelve falluns marked.

Mr. Bimbelstein—Isaac, my boy, you vos a genius.—Puck.

A Morning Call.

Little Hostess (daughter of an author)—Do you see all these books? Those are my papa's books.

"No," he made 'em.

"Did he make the paper?"

"Of course not."

"They're nice covers. Did he make the covers?"

"No."

"These is awful nice pictures. Did he make them?"

"No. He wrote the books, you know."

"Well, it's nice type anyhow. Where's his type-writer?"

It is printed, same as all books, but papa did the writing.

"Oh, only the writing."—New York Weekly.

The Promissu was on the Other Side.

Gongoslin—Have you heard the news, Trotter?

Trotter—I don't know that I have, Gongoslin. What is it?

Gongoslin—I've been sued faw bweach of promise of mawriage, doncher know?

Trotter—You don't tell me! Gongoslin—Yahs, say, it is a fact, sah.

Trotter—Who is the plaintiff? Gongoslin—Miss Elder, sah.

Trotter—Well, I suppose you have a good defense? You never promised to marry her, did you?

Gongoslin—No, sah; that is the widicious part of the affain, sah. Why, it was she who promised to mawwy me, doncher know?

The Two Go Together. "The calendar is getting mixed. Is not winter the time for skating?" "Yes."

Rich Men's Earnings.

As an offset to the assertion that indulged and pampered boys generally cut a sorry figure in the world of finance, the fact may be cited that some of our greatest money kings began life without a penny.

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