

There Was No Charge.

THE COARSE FELLOW WANTED TO PAY, BUT RAZORS PREVENTED HIM.

There was a big, coarse-voiced fellow with a red face, a superfluity of beef about his head and an insatiable desire to hear himself talk, that was nicely come up with in a barber's shop the other day. He was flashily dressed, and seemed aggrieved that every man in the place did not rush to help him get ready for the chair. He had assistance in having himself brought down to condition for being shaved, declining to handle anything from his hat to his collar and necktie. While being lathered and shaved, he told boisterously about the degeneracy of the times. Men who had to earn their living did not know their places, and acted as though they were just as good as those who hired them. The greatest mistake this country ever made was when it did away with slavery instead of extending it to every state and territory in the union. After he had insisted upon half a dozen additions and extra touches from the knight of the strop, the big man stepped from the chair and produced a fat pocket-book, while still holding forth in his offensive vein.

"Nevah mine dat," said the proprietor, who had known life on the plantation in the old days. "We don't make no change fo' takin' de bristles off of animals like you."

The bully was about to break loose like an unheard-of cyclone of destruction, but he saw half a dozen barbers about him, each one whetting a razor on the palm of his hand and looking solemn.

"How do you make money at that price?" he asked, with a sickly grin.

"We make it up offen ge'men, sah." And it was wonderful to see how soon the big man was dressed and away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Ultimatum.

"Mr. Grinsmith," began the landlady icily, addressing the humorous boarder, "I very much dislike to say anything that may hurt your feelings."

"Oh, don't mind me, Mrs. Hashover," interrupted the young man cheerily. "I have been boarding for four years, and my feelings are entirely ossified."

"It is my desire," proceeded the landlady, with studied calmness, "to keep my boarders as long as I can, but—"

"I do not know that you really keep 'em longer than common people," again interjected Grinsmith, "but you keep 'em so thin that they certainly look longer."

"That will do, Mr. Grinsmith," answered Mrs. Hashover sternly. "What I was about to say was, that it is my wish to preserve amicable relations with all my boarders, but there is a point at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. I have endured in silence your alleged witticisms on the viands, and listened to them more in sorrow than in anger, but there is an end to all things. And, Mr. Grinsmith, if you repeat your performance of this morning, and again give an idiotic imitation of hypnotizing the butter, I shall be forced to request you to pay \$2 more per week for your board, or else seek another place of residence. This is my ultimatum, Mr. Grinsmith. Please govern yourself accordingly. I have spoken!—*New York World.*

He Got the Girl.

"Mrs. Trelawney," said Francis Wallingford, "there is something that I have for a long time wished to say to you."

The president of the Society for the Squelching of Husbands looked over her glasses and frowned. She evidently knew what was coming; but after a moment's silence she said in her most impressive platform tones:

"Well, go on. What is it?"

"I—I love your daughter Gladys. I have reason to believe that she reciprocates my passion, and I want to ask you to give her into my keeping."

Mrs. Trelawney's features hardened, and there was a cold metallic ring in her voice as she answered:

"What recommendations have you to offer for yourself? How can you convince me that you will always love her; that you will always think her as beautiful as you think her now?"

"She looks like her mother," said Francis Wallingford. "That is enough to convince me that her beauty will not diminish as her years increase. Of course I know that this can hardly be regarded as a final test. You have not reached the age at which women begin to lose their—"

They were interrupted then, but he got the girl.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Cochman (driving stout old lady on a lonely road in a very high wind)— "Please, mum, will you 'old the 'orses while I run after my 'at, or will you run after my 'at while I 'old the 'orses?"

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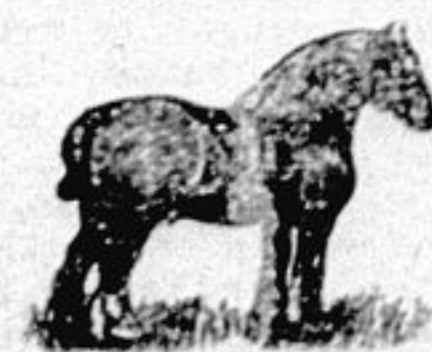
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