

"My fate is my fortune, sir," she said. "That being the case," rejoined the cynical bachelor, "you are in no danger of being married for your money."

Visitor: "Why do you have 'Keep off the grass' signs all over this park? You don't seem to enforce the rule." Park-keeper: "We do it so that people will more thoroughly enjoy being on the grass."

The Rector: "And do you think wet weather has much effect on attendance at church?" Vicar: "Certainly. I always find that I have a much larger congregation when it's too wet for golfing or motoring."

She: "What is the correct translation of the motto of that lovely ring you gave me?" He: "Fateful to the last." She: "The last!! How perfectly horrid of you. And you've

very first."

The general knowledge of the Röntgen rays continues rather vague. Investigators receive all manner of queer letters and requests. A story is told in Berlin of a man who wrote to a specialist: "Dear Sir,—I have had a bullet in my thorax for eleven years. I am too busy to come to Berlin, but hope you will come down here with your rays, as my case should be worth your while. If you cannot come, send a packet of rays, with instructions as to use, etc., and I will see if I can manage to work them myself." The specialist replied: "Dear Sir,—I am sorry that my engagements prevent my coming to see you, and that I am out of rays just now. If you cannot come to Berlin yourself, send me your thorax by return, and I will do the best I can with it."

It was Mary's day out, and she was comparing notes with Susan, the parlour-maid from No. 6. "I fear you've let that artist's," said Susan. "Yes, indeed," remarked Mary. "I couldn't stand the missus' insults. I hadn't been there a day when she says to me, 'Mary, when you're adustin' of the studio you must be very careful not to touch the old master; it's worth thousands of pounds,' she said. Well, that got my monkey up something proper. 'Excuse me, ma'am, I says, 'but I ain't used to insults. I've got a young man of my own, and don't want any old master, not if he was worth millions, and, as to touching 'im, I wouldn't sile my hands. And with that I cocks up my 'ead and walks out.'"

A story is told of a sultan who had all the mirrors removed from his palace, so that he might avoid all the pain of seeing his own face. The sultan called on his grand vizier one day, and by accident happened to catch sight of his reflection. His hideousness overpowered him, and he broke into violent sobbing. In this outburst the vizier joined. Finally the sultan calmed down.

"Macarons and ice cream! You ought to eat something more substantial for luncheon, Grace." "I guess I ought. Waiter, add some mixed pickles to that order."—Pittsburg Lea'er.

There is an art in putting things. "He never turned the hungry from his door" sounds very well, but it's different when you say, "He fed every tramp that came along."

Farmer Stackrider (ruminatingly): "I kinda b'lieve I'll buy me one o' these 'ere safety razors that I see advertised so much." Mrs. Stackrider (peevishly): "Yes that's just exactly like you, Jason! You ain't got no more consideration for a toilin' woman than a mill-stun! How do you s'pose I can rip up seams with a safety razor?" Puck.

The real estate firm of Solomon & O'Sullivan had lots for sale in a new suburban addition. O'Sullivan, young, enthusiastic, and Irish, was writing the advertisement, the national eloquence flowing from his pen. He urged impending purchasers to seize the passing moment. "Napoleon not

Mr. Solomon read this line in the advertisement slowly and carefully. "This fellow Napoleon," he said, "whats the use of advertising him with our money?"

Margie is six years old, and her family are Presbyterians. Some of Margie's little friends are Episcopalians, and Margie was much impressed with their Lenten sacrifices. On Ash Wednesday she announced that she would eat no candy for forty days. A few hours later some one saw Margie with a large peppermint stick. "Why, Margie," said her friend, "I thought you had given up candy for Lent." "I did mean to," admitted Margie, "but I've changed my mind. I'm giving up profane language."—Lippincott's.

The professor was hurrying with a friend to catch a train, when he stopped suddenly and exclaimed: "There! I've come away and left my watch." "Let's go back and get it," suggested the friend. "No, I don't believe we shall have time," said the professor; and he drew the lost watch out of his pocket, looked carefully at the dial, counted the minutes, and added, "No there won't be enough time." Then he pressed on toward the station saying, "Oh, well, I suppose I can get along all right for one day without a watch."—The Typist.

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