

## TIME TO LAUGH

A certain gamekeeper is very clever in every branch of his business, and in the gentle art of extracting a substantial tip from a departing sportsman he has few equals.

The other day he was saying good-by to a gentleman who had been shooting over the estate—a gentleman who, to do him justice, has never claimed to be a crack shot.

"Well, good-by, John," he said to the gamekeeper as they reached the station. "I've not made a very big bag, but, of course, you are in no way to blame for that. However, I've thoroughly enjoyed myself."

"Glad to hear it, sir," responded John. "As you say, you've not done anything very startling, but, then, there's compensations!"

"Indeed!" laughed the gentleman. "What are they?"

"Well," said John, slowly, "the birds may question your aim, and the other gentlemen may question your wisdom in wasting cartridges, but nobody can question your liberality."

John deserved the substantial tip he received.

A trained ostrich recently disconcerted its exhibitor at a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the foot-lights into the orchestra.

The widely advertised act came to a sudden end and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words:

"Ladies and gentlemen. Hi am very sorry to disappoint you this evening. We are compelled to cease our engagement until the management engages a new orchestra leader.

"The one at present hemmployed 'as no 'air on top of 'is 'ead, and my bird takes hit for a hegg."

A parson in a little country village sent his man of all work one Sunday morning to the butcher, whose name was David, to inquire as to the nondelivery of some meat which ought to have arrived the previous evening.

When the lad returned his master had gone on to church, so he went to the sacred edifice, too.

Just as he arrived the parson was speaking these words:

"What did David say?"

Great was his surprise and also that of the congregation when the reply came from the lad:

"He said that he won't let you have the meat until you paid for the last lot."

A simple young man was invited out to dinner one evening and it fell to his lot to take in a lady of a vivacious temperament.

The lady did her best during the meal to make Mr. Simpleton talk, but elicited nothing more satisfactory from him than monosyllables. As a matter of fact, Mr. Simpleton was feeling very much bored.

Dessert came and, as a last effort at conversation, the lady said:

"Oh, Mr. Simpleton, do you like bananas?"

The young man appeared to be thinking deeply for a few moments and then answered:

"Er—no, no: I think I prefer the old-fashioned nightgown?"

A North Shields school boy was asked the other day what caused him to burst forth into smothered laughter every few minutes during the afternoon's lessons.

"Why, ye see, sir," answered the mirthful one, "our sallery copper's been blocked up, so this morning mother put some gunpowder in—an' it blew a big hole in t' ceiling!"

"Surely there's not much to laugh at in that," said the teacher, reprovingly.

"But that's only half o' t' story, sir," exclaimed the youngster, choking back another outburst. "Ye see, father was sitting on t' copper to keep t' lid on!"

The young man waited nervously in the reception room for the lady to appear. He had been sitting there, twiddling his thumbs, for half an hour. Finally a step was heard in the hall and he rose to his feet expectantly.

But it was not the lady; it was her maid. "I say," said the impatient young man, "what keeps your mistress so long? Is she making up her mind whether she'll see me or not?"

"No, sir," answered the maid with a wise smirk. "It isn't her mind she's making up."

Treasury notes are all right, but they haven't the jingle and glitter of gold coin. This is the opinion of an English railway porter, who has a weekly growl about it on payday. Recently he received a particularly dirty pound note. This he fingered so gingerly that the pay clerk said, chaffingly:

"Frightened of the germs, Tom?"

Tom eyed his questioner sadly as he retorted:

"Not a bir, sir. No germ could live on a railway porter's money."

An Englishman and an Irishman, who had rival businesses in Dublin, were always cracking up their respective nationalities. One day the Irishman went to London on business. At the end of a fortnight he returned.

"Well," cried the Englishman, "what do you think of my countrymen, eh?"

"Well, sure I didn't see very much of them. I was mostly with my own countrymen all the time. You see, my business was all done with the heads o' departments."

Mrs. Coady saw the street car approaching just as she left her house. As she was in a great hurry to get down town, she frantically waved her hand toward it. It passed her, but halted just below at the corner and she ran to get it.

"Why didn't you stop at once, conductor," she asked angrily, "when you saw me waving my hand?"

"Gee!" exclaimed the man, "I thought you was throwin' kisses at me!"

Breathless with excitement during the cold weather, the old lady appeared at the window of the lost property office.

"I found something in the train," she said.

"What is it, ma'am?" inquired the clerk.

"I don't know; it's a box with handles at each end. It may be a bomb, an infernal machine. Fetch a policeman."

"Certainly not; it may be a jewel case."

"Certainly not; it may be a jewel case."

It s made o' fmetal, and t's very heavy. Send for the station master," she said.

"Won't you let me see it?"

"No, I will not. Trying to cheat an old woman out of her reward. Send for the station master and a policeman."

These two worthies having arrived, the old lady showed her find to the expectant crowd.

"Now," she said, "what is it?"

"That!" roared the station master. "That thing? Why, it's a foot warmer."

A story is being told of a couple of tourists in Spain who could not speak the language and consequently had some difficulty in making known their wants. One day they came to a wayside inn and tried to obtain some meat—roast beef, for choice. But nobody could understand them. "What are we to do?" asked one of them despairingly. "I know," said the other, a ray of hope appearing. "I'll draw a picture of a cow. Then they'll understand." He made a rough sketch of a cow, put a "2" beneath it and handed it to the waiter, who instantly smiled to show that he understood, and went off to execute their order. A few minutes later he returned with two tickets for a bull fight.

He was a very young and fresh and new and he was a second lieutenant. One day he sought his elderly colonel and poured forth a complaint.

"Sir, I should be so obliged if you'd use

your influence to prevent the men in my platoon from calling me 'Baby Bunting.'"

"Certainly, my lad—certainly!" said the old colonel. "I will, with pleasure—if you'll use your influence to stop the whole battalion calling me 'that bow-legged old buffer with the bald head.'"

A Boston lady who went to join her husband in his new western home was surprised to find that among the young ladies of the place he had the reputation of being "the meanest man ever was." Wishing to know the reason, she asked a bevy of damsels one day, when one of them spitefully replied: "Because he came out here looking spruce and young, and went on till all the girls got interested in him, and then he up and sent for you. And that was the first we knew that he was married! Mean? I guess so!"

A very absent minded bishop couldn't find his railway ticket one day. "Never mind, my lord," said the ticket collector, who knew him well, "It'll do at the next station." But at the next station it was the same again, the bishop couldn't find it anywhere. "Never mind, my lord; it's all right, anyway, whether you find it or not." "Oh, no, it isn't, Smith," replied the bishop in a perfect fever of anxiety and, turning out all his pockets as he spoke. "Oh, no, it isn't. I must find that ticket, for I want to know where I'm going."

She was a well known but undoubtedly jealous actress, and she was confiding to her friend the details of her latest quarrel with a younger rival, who had not been slow in answering back. She wound up: "You can't imagine how impertinent she was! I assure you it was as much as I could do to keep my temper. If I hadn't been a perfect lady I'd have slapped her face."

There was an impressive pause. Then she added, "I slapped her face all the same."

After carefully examining the shoes the physician brought in for repairs, the cobbler handed them back, saying: "Dem shoes ain't worth mending, doctor."

"Very well, Hans," said the doctor. "Then, of course, I won't have anything done to them."

"Well, but I charge you feefty cents already yet."

"Why, what for?"

"Vy, ven I came to see you de udder day you charged me t'ree dollars for telling me dot der ain't noddings der matter mit me."

An impassioned Irish orator once exclaimed:

"As long as Ireland is silent upon her wrongs, England is deaf to her cries!"

While another, with uplifted arm and in a mysterious voice, said:

"The cup of Ireland's misery is overflowing—aye, and it is not full yet!"

Coolson was giving his wife a little lecture on economy.

"Bella, my dear," he said, "striving to impress her, 'the average French family lives on what the average English family wastes!'"

"Oh, Mark," responded little wifey, with an incredulous expression, "you can't really mean it!"

"I certainly do," was the positive rejoinder. "It is the absolute truth!"

"Well, I never!" returned wifey, still looking somewhat doubtful, "I never knew before that we shipped our garbage to France!"

First Artist—"I received a magnificent tribute to my skill the other day at the exhibition."

Second Artist—"Indeed, what was it?"

First Artist—"You know my picture, 'A Storm at Sea'? Well, a man and his wife were looking at it and I overheard the fellow say, 'Come away, my dear; that picture makes me sick.'"