

**TOLD HIS WIFE A GOOD JOKE.**

**And Then Accused Her of Having No Sense of Humor.**

Englishmen are often accused of being unable to grasp the point of the American pun, and sometimes they may think they see the point of a joke when perhaps they do not. An Englishman named Morley was walking along the sidewalk one day with an American friend when the latter had vertently slipped and fell down.

"Ah, my dear boy, I hope you are not hurt! How did it happen?"

To which the friend replied:

"It happened notwithstanding."

They both laughed over the pun, and Morley said it was so good he was going to tell his wife about it. At dinner that evening he remarked that he had such a good joke on his friend Brown and by way of preliminary, leading up to the point of his story, he proceeded to tell all about how Brown was, his associations and business connections, how he came to get acquainted with him, commercial relations he had had with him, etc until he forgot about the story, but was reminded of it by the wife, who said impatiently:

"But what about the story?"

"Oh, yes," laughing immoderately as the recollection of it struck him.

"Why, you see, Brown and I were walking down the street together, and he slipped on a banana peeling and fell down, and when I asked him how it happened he said 'Nevertheless.'"

And he was sore at her all evening and declared she had no sense of humor because she said she didn't see anything funny to that.

**Thought of His Past.**

Willie Collier, the American actor, was in England and was invited to spend a week end in the country by a distinguished and elderly duchess who rather patronizes Americans.

After Collier had arrived and had been shown to the great hall his hostesses came in.

"Oh, Mr. Collier," she gushed, "I am so glad, so very glad to have you as my guest! You see, I love Americans, and I know all about you. Oh, indeed, yes I do! I know all about you."

Collier looked around apprehensively. "If that's so," he asked, "how did I get in?"—Saturday Evening Post.

**A Long Way Down.**

Senator Dixon of Connecticut one day brought an elongated constituent of his, a man who was six feet ten



LOOKING DOWN ON HIM BY SIX INCHES.

inches tall, to call on President Lincoln, and for the first and perhaps the only time in his life the president was flabbergasted by the sight of a man looking down on him by six inches.

Finally Lincoln's face was overspread by that lovely smile of his, and he said, "My friend, will you permit me to ask you a question?"

"Why certainly, Mr. President," the man answered.

"I want to know," said Mr. Lincoln, "if you can tell when your feet get cold."—New York Times.

**She Said the Wrong Thing.**

"I shall never forget the breakfast I gave to a pretty girl when I first knew her," the short man began. "It would make your mouth water to hear what it was—grapefruit to begin with, the most delicate of breakfast food with cream, a choice broiled chicken—it was a late breakfast—the finest of fruit, coffee. I can't remember the things I ordered for her at that breakfast, and what do you think she said when she finished? She said: 'You needn't have gone to so much trouble. I don't care for anything but a couple of eggs for my breakfast and a piece of toast.'"

"It was the wrong thing to say, I will admit," sighed his wife. "I was that girl, and I have been living ever since on a couple of eggs and a piece of toast for my breakfast."

**Sidetracked.**

At a time when the Irish situation seemed critical to the officials at Dublin, in 1881 or 1882, a certain Liberal peer was delegated to go to Hawarden and consult with Gladstone. Upon his return his friends received him with engerness. "Well, what did he say? What policy did he recommend?" The peer blushed slightly, hesitated a moment and then mildly remarked, "Well, to tell the truth, the fellow was so wonderfully agreeable that we never got on to the subject of Ireland at all."

**LUCILE'S OTHER DRESS**

BY E. W. MILLETT.

Tuesday afternoon about three o'clock Arthur Knight telephoned me that he had just heard there was to be an impromptu dance at the country club that evening, and he asked me to go with him. The only frock I had suitable to wear was my embroidered swiss, and when I got it out I was dismayed to find it quite mussed and soiled.

"Why don't you wear your pink and white marquisette?" asked mother.

"I've worn it twice when I've been out with Arthur," I replied. "I don't want him to think it's the only summer gown I own." Then I threw the embroidered swiss over my arm and started downstairs.

"Now, Lucile, don't have Tilly do up that dress unless she is perfectly willing," called mother after me. "I don't like to have extra work put on her in this hot weather."

I called back that Tilly need not do up my frock unless she wanted to. And, to tell the truth, she did not seem very enthusiastic when I first broached the subject.

"Tilly," I said with a sudden inspiration just as I was about to leave the kitchen, "how would you like to have the whole day off tomorrow and go out the suburb where your aunt lives? If you'll do me this favor of laundering this dress this afternoon in a hurry, you may have a holiday tomorrow, and I'll give you the money to pay your fare out to your aunt's."

Her discontented look turned into a smile as I spoke. Then she took the gown with alacrity, and it certainly looked exquisite when she brought it up to me in my room two hours later.

"You are as fresh as a marguerite," said Arthur, admiringly, when he saw me that evening, so I felt repaid for all my trouble in getting the dress washed and ironed for the occasion.

As we whirled away in his car, he asked, looking down the street: "Isn't that Louise Erwin?"

"Yes, I believe it is," I said, and waved my gloved hand to Louise, who looked rather astonished.

"I wonder if she wouldn't like to go along," said Arthur, and slackened the speed of the car. "There's sure to be plenty of extra men at the club tonight."

"Oh, no, she is scarcely dressed for a party," I answered, laughing. "Your suggestion is awfully kind, but most impractical. You know, Louise is quite old-maidly about wanting to have on the proper thing."

When I got home mother was up, as is usual with her. I almost wish that she was under a doctor's orders to be in bed before ten o'clock, for I know it's injurious to her to stay up late. I nearly always find her nervous and overwrought when I come in from any party or little trip.

"Lucile," she said, accusingly, "I think it was extremely thoughtless of you to forget that you had asked Louise Erwin here to dinner. She seemed hurt at your going away as you did."

"Louise is foolishly sensitive, mother," I explained. "It wasn't as if I had invited her to a dinner party. I just casually asked her to come up and help me make some fudge which I promised Cousin Fannie for her mission class picnic tomorrow."

"Well, she made it," said mother, in a crisp tone.

I had met Carl Bates' sister at the country club that evening and had agreed to go out to Evanston early the next morning to pass the day with her. When I got home in the evening, after dinner, mother met me at the door with a reproachful face.

"Well, I surely have had a day of it!" she exclaimed. "I was greatly surprised, Lucile, when Tilly left the house this morning as soon as the breakfast dishes were washed. She said you told her that she could have a holiday and she looked so dreadfully disappointed at the thought of giving it up that, of course, I had to let her go."

"The worst of it was," she continued, "that Fannie had to be away on account of her mission class picnic and there was no one to help me get lunch for your Aunt Rachel, who dropped in."

"Dear me!" I replied. "I do wish Aunt Rachel would have the kindness to let you know when she is coming."

"I told her to come any time this week, never supposing you would deprive me of a cook for a whole day," complained mother. "I also had to get dinner. I must say, Lucile, that I'm all out of patience with you!"

"Why, mother, darling!" I cried, "you would never speak to me so harshly if Aunt Rachel had not influenced you. She is always criticizing me, but I thought you loved me."

"Of course, I love you, Lucile," said mother, "but I'm so hot and tired that I'm afraid I'm feeling a little cross. You must forgive me, dear."

"What could I do but tell her that I forgave her?"

"Poor, dear mother! What a pity it is that she permits small domestic occurrences to disturb her so greatly! It would be a comfort to me if she had somewhat more poise and self-control."

**Verily.**

"But when you asked for my daughter you told me you had money enough to support her in the style she was accustomed to," said the father who had been touched.

"Yes; but that was a year ago, sir," replied the young man. "Being engaged for a year is expensive work, sir."

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