

SMILES OF CONTENTMENT

ISSUED FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Jokes that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

"These are hard times, Jerry," observed the dejected policeman, as he leaned up against the fruit stand and his fingers mechanically closed in on the finest specimen in the orange pile.

"You're right, Mr. Murphy," said the fruit man. "It's all we kin do to make a livin'."

"An' some of us," pursued the man in the uniform, "ain't makin' even that. It's hard luck when a man that's always done his duty an' never given no cause for complaint gets turned out of a job, 'thout a minute's warnin', on account of some favorite of the Mayor's that want's his place."

"Wot da ye mean, Mr. Murphy? Ain't you on the force now? Have you been gettin' turned out?"

"That's what I have, Jerry. They gave me the bounce about an hour ago, and I'm 'lookin' around now for a job that'll—"

"Then take yer dirty hands off'n that bunch of bananas and drop that orange quicker'n lightning!" roared the fruit man, "or I'll have ye arrested for stealin'. You ain't on the free list of this establishment any longer. Git!"—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

He Looked Just Like It.

It was told some years ago of a Southern youth, that one morning after completing a somewhat protracted toilet, he turned to his servant and inquired, "How do I look, Caesar?"

"Plendid, massa, 'plendid,'" was the ready answer.

"Do you think I'll do, Caesar?" he asked, surveying himself and giving Caesar a quarter.

"Guy! massa, neber see you look so fierce in all my lie. You look jis as bold as a lion!"

"A lion! What do you know about a lion? You never saw one, Caesar."

"Never see alion, massa! Guy! I see Massa Peyton's Jim ride one ober de mill every day."

"Why, you fool, that's a donkey!" "Can't help dat, massa," said Caesar, "you look jis like him."

A Good Witness to Have on Hand. A tall, lank country judge was walking from the village tavern in a Virginia county seat.

"Say, Judge, hole on dar er minit." "Well, Bob, what do you want?" asked the Judge as he turned his quid over.

"Judge, you's got my brother Jim da in jail, for stealin' sheep. Is you gwine try him ter-day?"

"Yes; why?" "Hit's jes' like dis. De angel Gab'l come ter me las' night an' be sez ez my brother didn't stole no sheep. He say he jes' ez innercent as a new born baby. Now, wat you gwine do 'bout dat?"

"Humph! I reckon you'd better tell the Sheriff to summon Gabriel at once."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.



Everything Provided For.

Guest—I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire; but what is the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent position?

Bell Boy—Dat am intended foh use, sal, in case the fire am too far advanced foh you to make yoh escape, sal.—*Puck*.

Exposed!

Captain Cuff is setting out on a long voyage.

Mrs. Cuff (kissing him)—Oh, darling! it breaks my heart to part with you. Why—oh, why—cannot you be always with me?

Rosie (from the hearth-rug)—What a one you are, ma! You can never think of anything fresh to say.

Mrs. Cuff—What do you mean, child?

Rosie—Why, them's the very words you said to Mr. Jones the day before pa came home. I was on the stairs and heard them!—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Marriage in High Life.

You know Miss Highroller?

"Oh, yes."

"Well, she has been engaged to do the balloon wedding act at the county fair for the season. She appears twice a day and is married to any aspiring young man of lofty ideas, who will volunteer to go up in the balloon."

"But isn't that bigamy?"

"Oh, no! She has a special wife to the great divorce center, and ten No. 1 red wheat divorces are telephoned to her every day between acts."

"Well, these affairs come high, and no mistake!"

Journalistic Heights.

Dignified Stranger (at newsstand)—Which of these papers is the most highly respectable?

Newsman—This one, I guess. Nobody buys it.—*New York Weekly*.

More Bad Luck.

Mr. Winks (looking over the paper)—Cheap Drug & Co., are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price.

Mrs. Winks—Just our luck. There isn't anything the matter with any of us.—*Good News*.

Nothing to Fear from Comparison.

Somebody wants to know why pretty women generally marry homely men. We have a clinging belief that it is done to give their own beauty the benefit of contrast.—*Ram's Horn*.

He'd Wait.

"New peaches?" he asked, as his eyes rested on five or six bushels of the luscious fruit.

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Four dollars a bushel."

"That's for canning?"

"Yes."

"Will they be any higher?"

"Most certainly. Probably go to \$7 inside of two weeks."

"Then I'll wait and get a bushel to start a museum on. Try and boost 'em to \$10 if you can."—*Detroit Free Press*.

An Experienced Worker.

Quickpen (a book-keeper)—Hello, Thumper, where to?

Thumper (a typewritter)—I'm going to the country for a month's vacation. I've just been discharged by Closefist, to make room for a young woman at a smaller salary. I'll have my old place back in about a month.

Quickpen—Think so?

Thumper—Oh, yes. She'll marry him by that time and after that she'll make him employ a man.—*Good News*.

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When the Honeymoon Waned.

Mr. Paddock Field—Remember that you took me for better or for worse.

Mrs. Field—O Paddy! I know that I took you for a good deal better than you are!—*Puck*.

She Wasn't Surprised.

Friend—Madam, you have not heard from your husband since he went out in the wild West, have you?

Wife—No; John has not written for a long time.

It is my painful duty to tell you that he has been hanged for horse stealing. Some ranchmen caught him in the act and strung him up.

I am not surprised. John was always high strung.—*America*.

An Optical Paradox.

Bobby—Mr. Popinjay, your eyesight is all right, isn't it?

Mr. Popinjay—I have excellent sight.

Bobby—I thought so.

Mr. Popinjay—Why do you ask that question?

Bobby—Popper was telling mamma this morning that when you are away from home, you are constantly looking through glasses.—*Jewelers' Circular*.

Would Not Wait.

Book Agent—I should like to meet your husband, madam, and show him this valuable book on—Heavens and earth! Listen to that! There is a mad bull loose in the street!—*I*

Lady of the House—Oh, no! That is my husband roaring about having to pay his dog tax. He will see you in a few moments, and—

Book Agent—Good day!—*Munsey's Weekly*.

The Retort Infernal.

Clara—What do you think? That young naval cadet, Sibmore, sent me a "true love's knot" in gold cord yesterday.

Maud (all sympathy)—What did you do?

Clara (scornfully)—Sent him back a scarfpin representing a pair of sister hooks.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Too Costly.

Poet—Did you accept my contribution?

Editor—No, the fact is, we hardly thought it worth what you asked for it.

Poet—Why, I didn't put any price on it.

Editor—No, but you asked us to give it careful consideration.

The Difference.

Small Boy (looking up from his history)—Papa, the Union soldiers were paid only \$13 a month. Seems to me that's awful small when a Congressman is paid \$13 a day. Why ain't soldiers paid as much as Congressmen?

Papa—Soldiers, my son, do not fix their own salaries.—*New York Weekly*.

An Average Store.

Modish Lady—I wish to look at some underclothing.

Floor Walker—Yes, Madam. Mr. Counter! attend to this lady, please.

Brash Gentleman—Have you men's undergarments?

Floor Walker—Yes, sir. Miss Psycho! this way, please.—*Puck*.

Spilling a Child.

Caller—How perfectly devoted you are to your husband!

Young Wife—Yes, I am trying to pet and spoil him, so that if I die, and he marries again, no other woman can live with him.—*New York Weekly*.

Horrors!

Quiggs—I tell you what Boggs, I had an experience down town to day that made my hair stand on end.

Boggs—What was it?

Quiggs—Shampoo.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Question of Evidence.

Granger—What's good for hay fever?

Parson—Why do you ask me? I'm no doctor.

Granger—You've had it for twenty years. I thought may be you'd know.

Parson—Humph! That's an evidence I don't know.—*The Racket*.

All the Rage.

"What a stylish looking girl Miss Amy is!" exclaimed Goslin.

"Yes," replied Jinks, "even her cheeks are hand-painted."—*West Shore*.

CULLIGAN'S WAKE.

BY M. J. ADAMS.

We sittid around, mesel' and all—
Th' ether b'ys,
Jist alis like, agin' th' wall,
Wid mary n'ise
Save lightin' our pipes an' crackin' jokes,
Wid dirhins, av coarse, bechun' th' shmolkes
An' now an' thin' a bite to ate
To kape us awake—th' widdly's throte—



"WHEN IN COMES FATHER O'BRY TO SKEAKE."

Whin in comes Father O'Bry to skeake
At Culligan's wake.

"Aha!" sez he, a shuillin' shwate
An' barrin' th' dure,
Then standin' agin' it bould an' strthane,
He bate th' flure;
"Now, b'ys," sez he, "poor Culligan's gone!"
Whin Reddy Ragin' th' om' rd'n,
Let the pitcher drhup on th' Father's toe
An' away, av coarse, th' whisky goes.
See Father O'Bry, "God bless th' break!"
At Culligan's wake!

"Poor Culligan's gone," repeats th' praste,
"Nor b'other manna, Druggists sell it, 25c.

No finer a corpse could morth find,
No poorer a widdly litt' behind,
So, b'ys, don't bring to thim all disgrace
Come, Reddy, I'm pleased yor hand to shake
At Culligan's wake."

Then pincl an' paper his reverence drhew
An' round he wint—



"AN' GUV A BIG CHECK ON A BANK. THAT'S BROKE!"

"Tin dollars from atch," sez he, "will do,
An' not a cent.
This side of 'll let yoz go!"

Aha, Misther Ragin—a twinty, oho!
Come, open yer hearts—poor Culligan's dead!

An' his widdly an' orphins moost be fed;
Give all that yez kin, for Jasus' sake,
At Culligan's wake.

"I've locked all th' dures," an' he jingled
th' keys;
"Be lively now ther—

A twenty from Burke—well, th' twenty it shlays.

Now change kin we shpare.
Look here, Mickey D'y'e, sex his reverence to me,

"Yer th' lasht on th' lish—terror 'n' sounds!" sez he,
Whin I tuk up me pincl, wid bouldest of stroke,

An' guv a big check on a bank—that's broke;

Bad scran to yez, Mickey, for that misthake
At Culligan's wake.

"God bless, yez me b'ys, it's a dacent pilo,
It is that, indade."

Sez Father O'Bry, with a howly shwile,
"I am not a dacent pilo."

A big wad 'o bills by the poor widdly's side—
Bad cess to th' check that I guv, how it lied!

Then he leapt on his horse, but th' baste ran away.

An' a corpse was poor Father O'Bry th' next day:

But his sowl wint to God who had sint him to skeake

At Culligan's wake.

RAVENNA, Ohio.

IN THE LAP OF LUXURY.

A Steel Steamboat for Millionaire Vander-

bilt's Children.

A STEAMBOAT has been built by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt for his children. The boat is made with an iron frame and steel plating. It is sixty-five feet long and draws two feet of water.