

### Too Many Talked at Once.

The parrot was too frightened to talk, and the sergeant who was behind the desk in the East Fifth street station at 9 o'clock that night did not know how to decide the dispute between the crowd brought in by Policeman Goss.

"Squawk," said the parrot.

"Shut up," said the sergeant.

"It's my parrot," chimed in Lawyer John Palmieri, who lives at 159 Second avenue. "I charge this man standing here, William Kensley, with stealing the bird."

"I didn't steal it," said Kensley, who works in a barber shop at 155 Second avenue. "The parrot flew into my shop just now and I put him in the towel closet to find out who owned him. He landed on the head of a man who was getting shaved."

"He didn't," said Palmieri. "He landed on a tree after he flew out of my mother's arms, and the barber got him there."

"He landed in my boss' shop," said the barber, "and when I wouldn't give him up Mr. Palmieri landed on my eye. It is black and blue."

"Obblebble," gobbled the parrot.

"How did it happen?" asked the sergeant, turning to Policeman Goss.

"I'll tell you," began the lawyer. "I was—"

"It was this way," interrupted the barber. "I—"

"Squawk!" shrieked the parrot, and the sergeant shouted: "Keep quiet or I'll lock you all up."

"Well," said the officer, "when I got there I found a big crowd in the mix-up in the barber shop, and the parrot was getting the worst of it. Then I interfered and brought them all here."

"Core! Core!" sighed the parrot, with a long sigh on the "R." "Core!"

"He said court," remarked the sergeant. "I guess the parrot is about right. Gentlemen, clear out and settle the matter in court in the morning."—New York Sun.

### ALMOST CLEARED UP.

"Here," exclaimed the undersecretary, rushing in, wildly excited, "is another cable from China. It must be something important, because it's written in cipher. Where's the code? Let's get it translated as soon as possible. At last the great mystery may be cleared up."

Then they worked over it for three hours, and finally the chief of the department was called in to help. He looked at it hard for a few minutes and then said: "Put up the code. This is a list of the names of Russians who were wounded in one of last week's engagements."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### SUGGESTIONS.

We were horrified.

"Gorilla warfare?" we gasped. "What should ever put it into your heads to become gorillas?"

"Well, you see, the British had already made monkeys of us," said the Boer, who, if we mistake not, was a field cornet or something.

We had it in mind to allege a non sequitur, but refrained upon reflecting that these people are after all more sinned against than sinning.—Detroit Journal.

### HIS TURN.

"Henry," said the woman who had given her husband a lovely combination writing table and sewing machine on his birthday, "I hope you haven't forgotten to-morrow will be my birthday?"

"No, dear," he replied. "I have bought you some cigars. The box will be useful to keep bobbins and buttons in."—Philadelphia Press.

### A CHANGED MAN.

"It's funny how marriage changes a man," said Spriggs' caller.

"Yes," replied Spriggs dreamily; "it used to be that I was devoted to baseball and football and basket ball, and now I give all my spare time to baby's bawl," and he arose hurriedly and went into the adjoining room.—Detroit Free Press.



Mistress-Mandy, I understand you have left your husband.  
Mandy—Yas'm; but he oughten ter kick—I done give him er week's notice.

### SULTAN'S LITTLE JOKE.

For the fourth time that week Mr. Griscom, the American Charge at Constantinople, rang the bell of the Yildiz palace.

"Is the Sultan in?"

"He is. Who shall I say called?"

"Mr. Griscom, with that little bill of Uncle Sam's." A pause then ensues.

Then the voice of the Sultan is heard from within.

"Is it my faithful friend Griscom?"

"It is, your Majesty," replies the funkey.

"Then," said the Sultan, gravely, "you must let Gris-come again. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! He, he, he! Ain't that the best ever? Gris-come! See?"

"Wow, wow, wow!" roared the delighted funkey.

"That's the eleventh time he has worked that moth-eaten old gag on me, and I'm getting pretty blamed tired of the whole business," said the unhappy Griscom, as he moodily stalked away.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### WHERE THE PROFIT CAME IN.

"I thought," said the man who wanted to enjoy his vacation in the mountains, "that you charged only \$7 a week for board and a room? Here it is in your letter."

"Yes, I know," replied the proprietor of the hotel, "but you didn't ask about the outlook. We charge seven dollars a week extra for that."—Chicago News.

"I believe you have been secretly married to young Mr. Noodle," cried the irate father. "How ridiculous!" replied his daughter. "Well," said her sire, "he used to come here at 8 o'clock and stay till 11:30, and now he doesn't get here until 9 o'clock and leaves at 10:15."

### ETIQUETTE ON THE FIELD.

"That," observed the duelist, after pink-ing his adversary in a carefully bloodless



THE OTHER WAY.

"Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald?"

"No; but when a man is bald I've noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear a hat."

manner, "that is the pink of politeness."—Baltimore American.

### Got on the Wrong Train.

He had driven from a backwoods hamlet to the station, and after making an inquiry of the conductor boarded the train. When well on the way he stopped the blue-coated official and asked in all seriousness:

"I'm sorter hungry. Will you tell me jest where the eatin' car is?"

"There is none on this train," was the answer. "It's short run does not require it."

"Huh," grunted the questioner. "Which of yer keers is the one that yer jest loll around in an' turn and twist yer cheer any way ye please? Don't imagine that because I've never went railroadin' I don't know all about these things."

"You probably mean the Pullman. We haven't any attached."

"Well, bu'stin' squashes! Where is yer cigar stand, so's I can buy a weed an' lightin' up?"

"We don't have such a thing, man."

"An' ye've no place for me ter git my shoes shined, ter be sure?"

"No, sir."

"Course I'd be crazy to think ye might have a barber shop aboard?"

"We haven't any."

The rural gentleman subjected the conductor to a menacing scrutiny from head to foot and back again. Then he drawled out in an angry, disappointed tone of voice:

"Well, sufferin' cornmeal, I thought ye said this wuz an accommodation train!"—Louisville Dispatch.

### A HEARTLESS JIBE.

"I want you to make for me a thousand strong pocket-knives," said the jobber.

"Here's a good knife I keep in stock," replied the manufacturer. "I can give you a thousand at once. It has two good blades and a corkscrew."

"Never do. This order is for a prohibition State."

"Well! Do you mean to say the corkscrew is of no—"

"I mean to say the knife should have two corkscrews and one blade."—Philadelphia Press.

"Most children," said the old schoolmaster, "are very much like postage stamps."

"Indeed?" said his friend.

"Yes; they have to be licked to make them stick to their letters."—Philadelphia Record.

### \$300 A YEAR FOR TWO.

"Did you read about that lady who lectured to the students of the University of Chicago on how two may live comfortably for \$300 a year?"

"No. I've been up in the woods on a two weeks' vacation. Just got back, and haven't seen a paper for a long time. Did she make out a good case?"

"Yes, first rate. Told just how it could be done."

"Who is this lady?"

"I've forgotten her name—Miss Catherine Somebody."

"Say, great heavens! Is she a miss? Why didn't you write it down? If she's good looking I might be tempted to—but I'm going to watch now and see whether there's any gallantry in this town, anyway. You don't think she was talking in the interests of any of those St. Joe boat companies, do you?"—Exchange.

### DEBATABLE.

"We had quite a lively debate at the school-house Saturday evening," remarked one Populist. "We aim to discuss only questions of interest to the party, but this was about the liveliest time we've had yet."

"What was the question debated?" inquired another Populist.

"Last Saturday night the topic for consideration was, 'Resolved. That two barber shops are worse than one national bank.'"—Judge.

### PRACTICAL.

"I despise a practical joker," said the woman in a pink bonnet.

"That is the only kind of joking that pays," responded the woman in a sailor hat.

She was the wife of a professional humorist and was therefore qualified to speak with authority on the subject.—Town Talk



### A MAN OF SENSE.

Uncle Noah Lott (whose wagon is fast in the mud)—I guess I'll wait fur some political candydade to cum 'long and give me a boost.