



Epitaph to Lucille.

Here lie the bones of dear Lucille,
Who one day slipped on a church
bell peal.
How do I know—don't be so
bold—
How do you think? Why, the
church bell tolled.

Judge: "You are a freeholder?"

Talesman: "Yes, sir, I am."

Judge: "Married or single?"

Talesman: "Married three years last June."

Judge: "Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

Talesman: "Not for three years."

The teacher had been teaching
the class the different kinds of cloth.
"Now, Johnny," he asked, "what
is your coat made of?"

"Oh, my father's pants," res-
ponded Johnny promptly.—Ex.

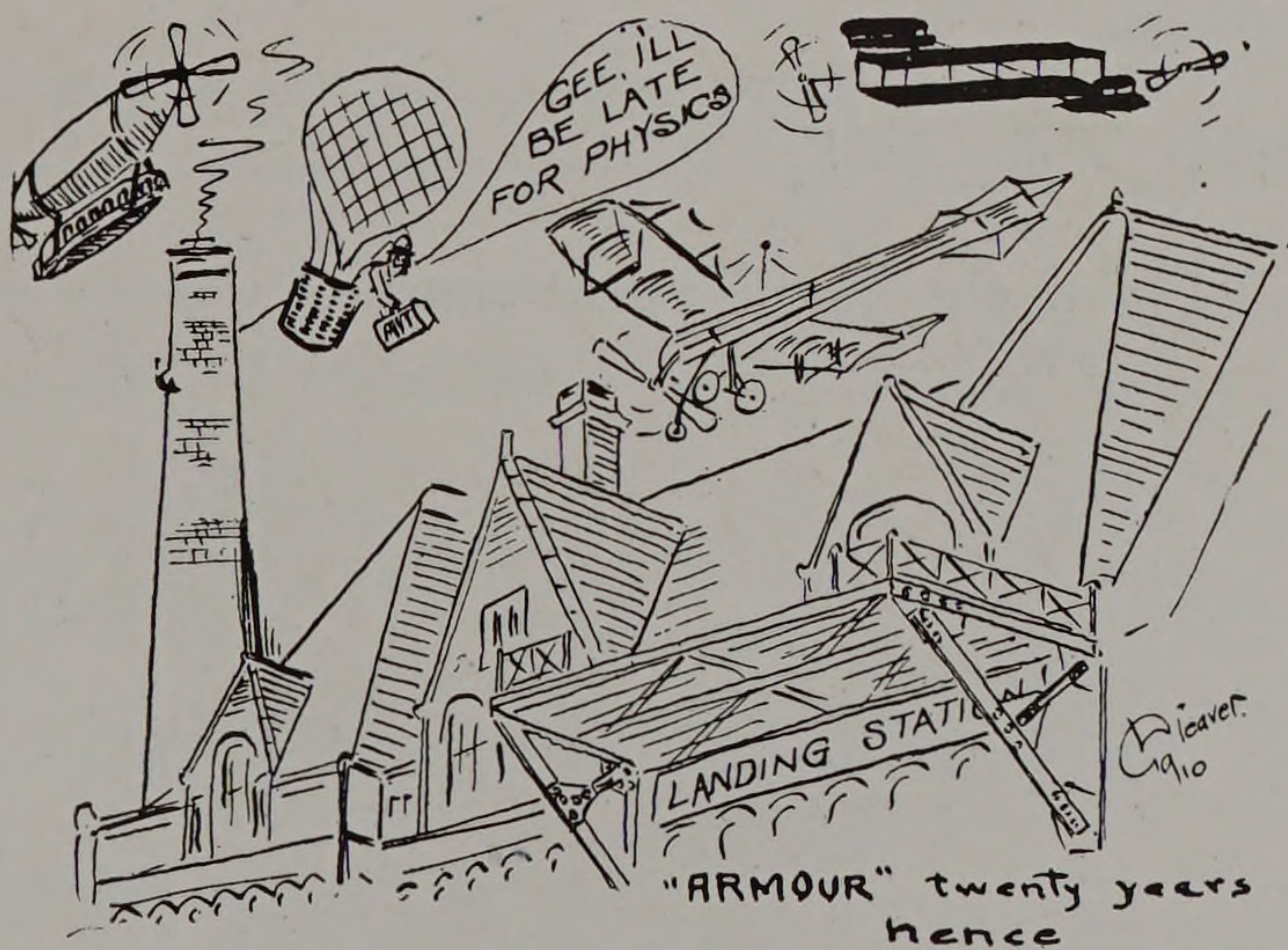
Was a Fool Question.

Mother—"You were a long time
in the conservatory with Mr. Will-
ing last night, my child. What was
going on?"

Daughter—"Did you ever sit in
the conservatory with papa before
you married him?"

Mother—"I suppose I did."

Daughter—"Well, mamma, it's
the same old world."



"Fools go in crowds.