Christmas in Georgia.

Christmas times in Georgia—always fine and funny.
Wish the time would slide along an’ hurry up the day.
Reach up to the top shelf, boys, an’ take your peach an’ honey,
An’ balance to your partners when you hear the fiddle play!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Real Reason.

MRS. HAUSKIEP: Yes, my new girl formerly worked for Mrs. De Style. She claims she left there of her own accord, but I think she was discharged.

MRS. KAUL: What makes you think so?
MRS. HAUSKIEP: I judge so from certain things she’s let fall since she’s been here.

MRS. KAUL: What were they?
MRS. HAUSKIEP: Dishes.

The Poet’s Christmas Dinner Spoiled.

A pretentious poet got his verses submitted to Charles Lamb by a friend just before the poet was to meet Lamb at a Christmas dinner. Lamb found the verses to be feeble echoes of other poets, and when the author arrived he was seen to be as empty as his verses. This awakened Lamb’s spirit of mischievous waggery. At dinner he said in the course of conversation: “That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was young,” and then he quoted a line or two which he recollected from the poet’s book, to the latter’s amazement and indignation. Lamb was diverted immensely, but kept perfectly serious and quoted more lines in connection with another remark, begging the company to remember how young he was when he composed them. The author again looked daggers at him.

Lamb capped all by introducing the first lines of “Paradise Lost” (“Of man’s first disobedience,” etc.), as also written by himself, which brought the poet to his feet bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own little verses to be appropriated without protest, but when he saw Milton also being pilfered from he could sit silent no longer. Lamb reveled in telling this story.

That Ought to Fetch Her.

MAMMA: Now, little Kit, remember you are not to ask Aunt Kitty for cake the minute we get in the house.
LITTLE KIT: No, ma: but when we’ve been there about five minutes I’m goin’ to say I’m awful hungry.

Preparatory.

ETHEL: Mamma, don’t you think women should know how to cook so that they may be able to look after their husbands’ digestion when they marry?
MAMMA: Certainly, dear.
ETHEL: Mayn’t I go to the kitchen then and practise making butterscotch?

“Jes’ before Christmas.”

“Now, if I wore only an ostrich,” began the mean man at the breakfast table, as he picked up one of his wife’s biscuits, “then—”

“Yes,” interrupted the patient better half, “then I might get a few feathers for the old hat I’ve worn for three winters.”

The Hoodoo Removed.

“This won’t do,” exclaimed Mrs. Box, excitedly, “there’s thirteen at table—and at Christmas, too!”

“Never mind, ma,” shouted little Johnny, “I kin eat for two.”

A More ‘n Full Christmas.

A little girl had sent back her plate for turkey two or three times, and had been helped bountifully to all the good things that go to make a grand Christmas dinner. Finally, she was observed looking rather disconsolately at her unfinished plate of trifle.

“What’s the matter, Ethel?” asked Uncle John. “You look mornful.”

“That’s just the matter,” said Ethel. “I’m more’n full.”

And then she wondered why everybody laughed.

Colored Philosophy.

A winter sojourner in the South relates having met a colored man walking contentedly along a country road without a shirt or coat on his back, but with a side of bacon across his shoulders.

“Look here, Uncle, what does this mean? Why don’t you wear more clothes?” was asked.

“He ain’t got none.”

“Well, get some.”

“Well, look here, boss, I’ll s’plain; my back gives me credit, but my stomach jes’ has to have de cash down.”

Wellington’s Wine.

A good story is told of the second Duke of Wellington, who, though far from being stingy, was in many odd ways economical. He discovered one day some champagne which he considered, and which doubtless was, quite good enough for a ball supper, and it also had the advantage of being extraordinarily low in price. He ordered the quantity required, and was rejoicing in his excellent bargain when, on opening one of the papers, he encountered the following advertisement: “Try our celebrated champagne at 9s. a dozen, as ordered by his Grace the Duke of Wellington for his forthcoming ball at Apsley House.”