

SAVED FROM THE WATERSPOUT; A THRILLING TALE OF THE HIGH SEAS.



New York World.

A SAD FACT.



Impudent Choirboy (to our vicar, who is "teaching himself")—"Here endeth the first lesson!"—London Punch.

A BEGGAR'S RUSE.



1. BHT, the Fourteenth street beggar, doesn't have much luck.



2. But while surveying his charms in the glass a bright idea comes to him.



3. He hangs a mirror round his neck, and all the women put pennies in his plate to get a chance to see if their hats are on straight.

FLOW OF ELOQUENCE.

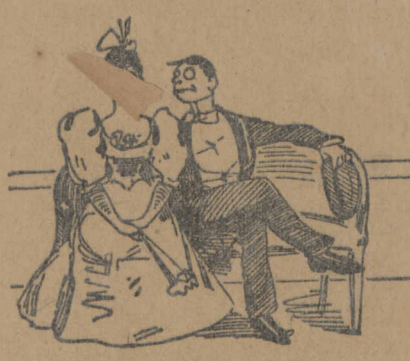
With all the passion of his soul and all the ease of a trained describer, the poet had poured forth his love for the tragedienne. He saw a happy smile creep over her face as he praised her willowy grace, midnight eyes, and all that sort of thing, and he felt that the battle was won.

"No," she said, "I cannot marry you. I am wedded to my art. But you do talk so beautifully. Wouldn't you like to take a position as my press agent?"—Indianapolis Journal.

THE RETURNED KLONDIKER.

"Yes, George," she said, as she fondly gazed upon the bearded face of the wanderer. "We have been very poor since you went away."
"We'll change all that now, little woman," said the smiling miner. "But here, I'm as hungry as a wolf. Where is the dinner?"
"Alas, George," she answered, "I have no money to buy the necessary ingredients."
"No money?" he echoed. "Here, where are your scissors?"
With steady fingers he rapidly snipped off his luxuriant beard.
"My darling," he said, as he handed her the whiskers, "run with these to the nearest bank. Properly washed they ought to clear up a cool five hundred in the yellow dust. And—wait, my darling—this afternoon I will take a bath, and if the debris doesn't yield a couple of thousand I'm a howling coyote."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A BROAD HINT.



He—"Very close tonight, isn't it?"
She—"Intolerably! I hope it will clear off after a bit."

REJUVENTATION.

"No," said the man who is careful not to overstate. "I will not say that since I have been learning the wheel I have become a new man, but I can truthfully state that I have been compelled to grow at least ten square inches of new cuticle."—Indianapolis Journal.

A CONJECTURE.

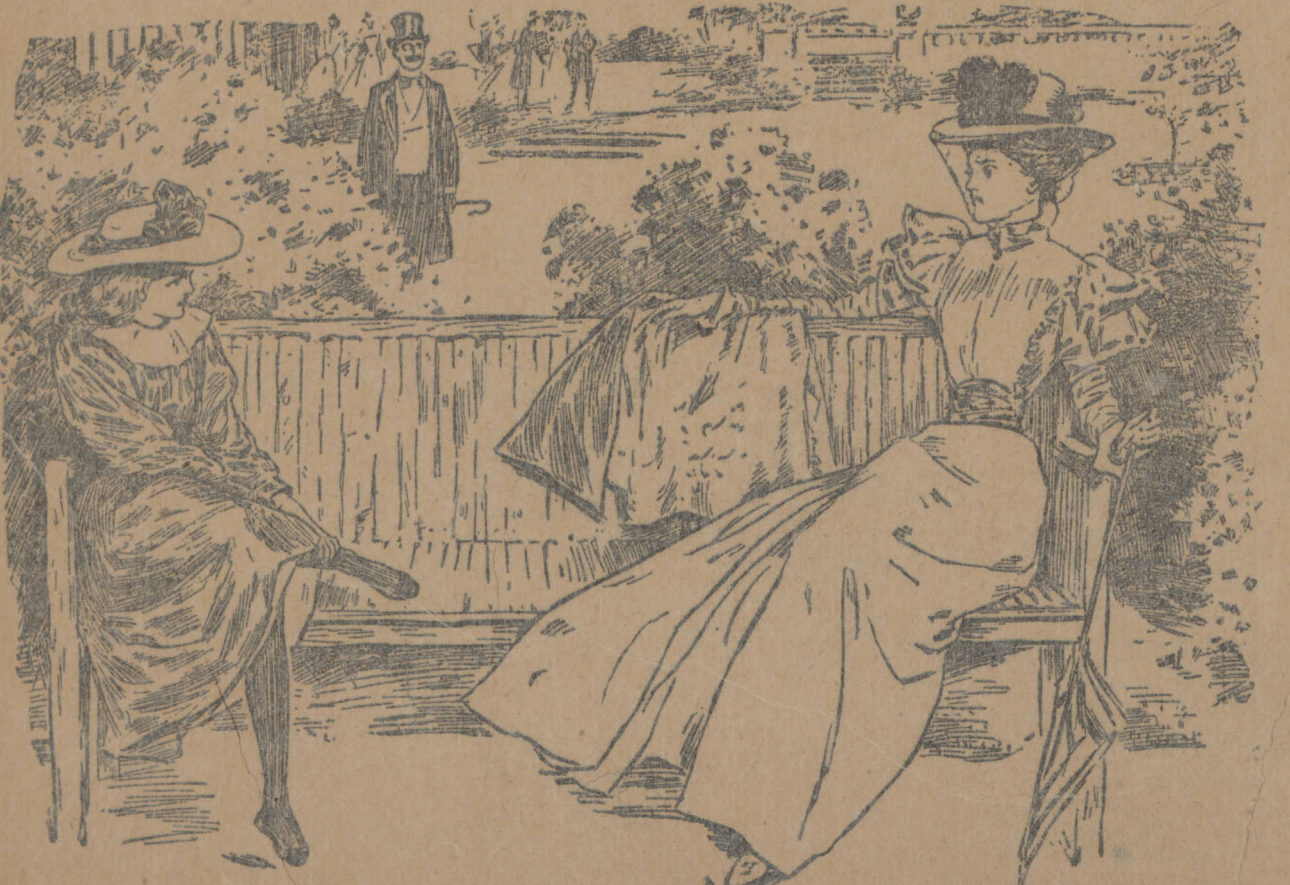
"I met a man today who had never heard of such a thing as a trust."
"He must have been a stockholder in one."—New York World.

A CHANGED WOMAN.



"I was so sorry to hear about your poor wife, Mr. Snigg. I hope her end was peaceful."
"Sure, mum, she was that quiet just before she died, I wouldn't ha' cared supposin' she'd lived another week."—London Sketch.

A HARD BARGAIN.



Young Sister—"Mabel, here comes Captain Goldmore! Now decide quickly. Either you give me your new sash, or I stick to this seat like a limpet."—London Punch.

MORNING CIVILITIES.



Small Boy (to chum on his way to the sands with donkeys and foal)—"Hullo, Billy! How much for 'little' on?"
Billy—"Get away! Thy mother can't afford to keep two o' yer."—London Punch.

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

A colored exhorter who was holding a revival meeting in a Georgia town was approached by a member of his congregation, who said:
"Brer Williams, dey don't like yo' sermons las' night."
"Dey didn't?"
"No, suh—dey didn't."
"Why—what been de matter wid it?"
"Well, suh, you took an' said dey wuz folks in dat congregashun dat would be in hell fo' sunup!"
"Did I say dat?"
"Dat's what you did!"
"Well, I declar' ter goodness!" exclaimed the parson, "my intention wuz ter 'low 'em ten days'—Atlanta Constitution.

CERTAIN.

"Do you believe that the airship will be perfected soon?"
"Yes," replied the man who is always mournful. "I used to have my doubts, but when I look back over my luck I'm convinced that we'll have a flying machine in a week or two."
"For what reason?"
"I have just perfected and patented a remedy for seasickness."—Washington Star.

SOLVED AT LAST.

Jawkins—"Why do they always call sailors' tars'?"
Fawkins—"Because they're so accustomed to the pitching of the ship."

THE PLACE FOR HIM.



Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over wall)—"What are you doing there?"
Brown—"Fishing."
Lunatic—"Caught anything?"
Brown—"No."
Lunatic—"How long have you been there?"
Brown—"Six hours."
Lunatic—"Come inside!"—London Punch.

A TIMELY GIFT.

Mr. Jorkins—"Well, my dear, did you go and see that murderer who is to be hanged next Friday? I suppose you made him some little present to brighten his last days or reconcile him to his end."
Mrs. Jorkins—"Yes, I know there would be no use in giving him clothing, photographs, tulip seed, or anything which might be used as a souvenir. So I gave him a little reading matter to read and think over."
"What did you give him?"
"Well, I took him the first installment of that serial story that has just begun in our weekly paper. It's going to be just splendid."—New York Journal.

DEMOCRACY UNDEFILED.

"Everybody seems to be on an equality in Klondike," said the shoe clerk boarder.
"Yes," said the Cheerful Idiot, "one man can cut as much ice as another up there."—Indianapolis Journal.



"Have you contracted any more debts lately?"
"No; I've enlarged 'em."—Judy.

CHANGED.

A far off links beside a sunlit sea,
The gorse ablaze,
With golden blossom passing sweet,
And clumps of blue sea holly at our feet:
A day of days,
A girlish face, laughing, but still intent,
And sweet brown eyes that danced with merriment,
Eyes that could laugh or cry as it might be,
The whole wide world to me,
Bathed in the golden glory of that day
I still can see
That half-deserted links so far away
Where we two used to play.
The summer sun still dances on the sea,
The gorse blooms lingers with its wealth of gold,
Just as of old,
The low sea holly with its shades of blue,
Reflects to summer skies the stolen hue,
As on that smiling day,
And yet to me
The lonely links—and all the world—are gray,
And I've no heart to play.
—London Golf.

JOYS OF TOURING.



Oldest Inhabitant—"Well, sir, the finest sight in these parts be the Vinedock. I reckon, sir, an' I bin 'ere nigh on eighty year coms," etc.
Tourist—"Vinedock! Never heard of it. Sounds most interesting. We'll go and see it."
[But the Wiltshire pronunciation of "vinedock" was more interesting than the real article.]—London Punch.

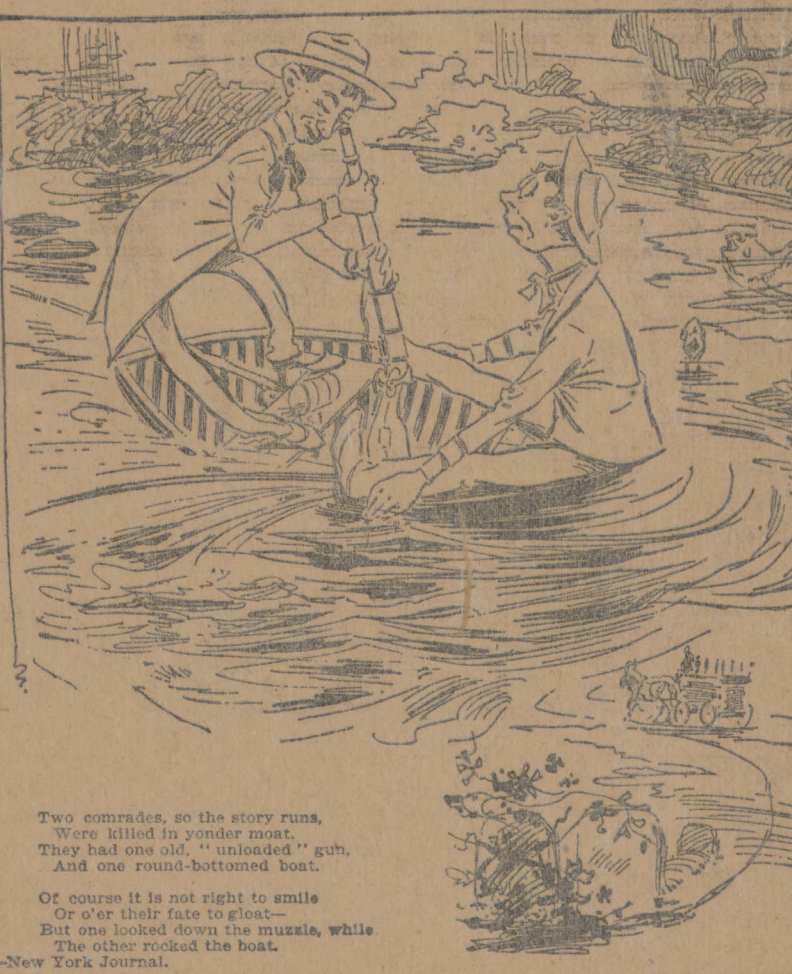
STARTING A FAD.

"You should consult with a doctor how to get rid of that red nose," said Cholley Knickerbocker to Mr. Upper crust, a society man.
"Nonsense! What are you thinking about? I'm trying to make red noses fashionable in society."—Tammany Times.

A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.

She—"Here you come home drunk in broad daylight. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"
He—"All on your account, Sarah. I thought you would be more scared if I came home at night in this disgraceful condition."—Tammany Times.

AN EPITAPH.



Two comrades, so the story runs,
Were killed in yonder moat.
They had one old, "unloaded" gun,
And one round-bottomed boat.
Of course it is not right to smile
Or over their fate to gloat.
But one looked down the muzzle, while
The other rocked the boat.
—New York Journal.

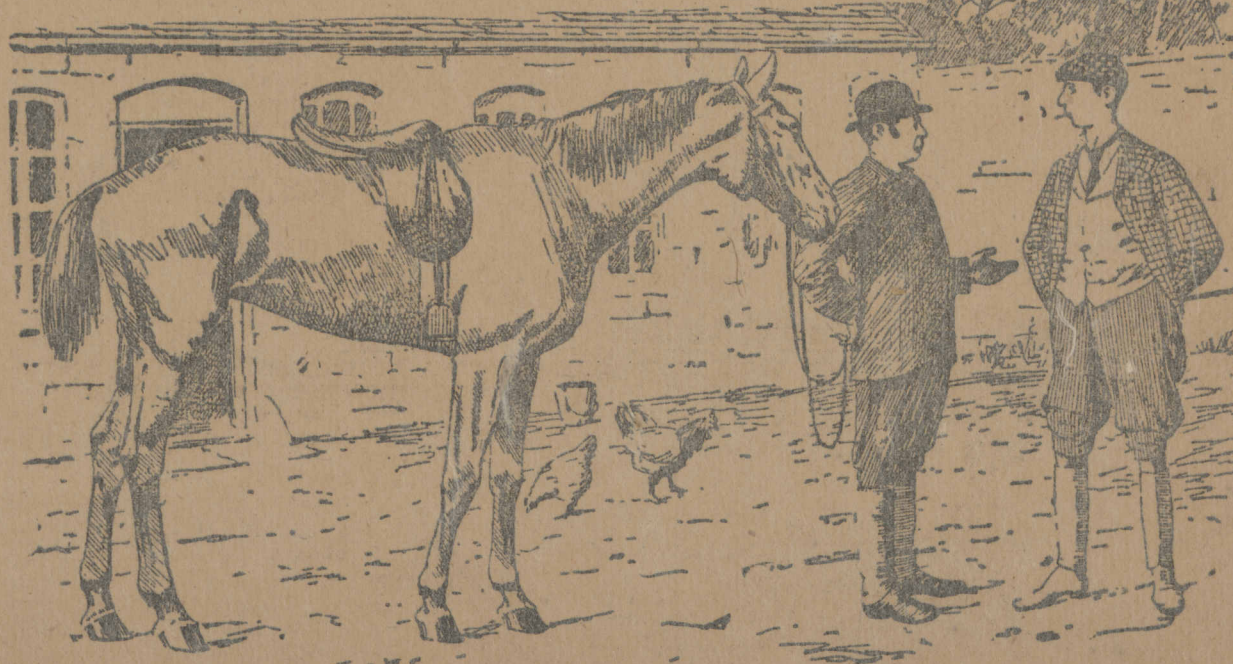
HIS AMBITION.

Kindly Old Lady—"You say that you are a fancy baker?"
Casey de Kiddy—"Yes'm; I'm tryin' to make de biggest loaf on record."—Pittsburg News.

MODEST.

The Uncle—"Were your college exercises a success?"
The Nephew—"Well, I rather think we gave Congress a few pointers."—New York Journal.

A RECOMMENDATION.



Would-be Vendor of Horse—"His hindness a disfiggerment, sor! Sure, that's the beauty av him! Thin, that sees how far they goes knows whin to git coiled, the rogues!"—London Fun.