

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.



Brown (good chap, but never fired a gun in his life)—"I say, you fellows, I don't mind confessing that I am a bit nervous, you know. I hope none of you will pepper me!"—London Punch.

REAL DESTITUTION.

She was not a woman who could see suffering without wanting to give relief. "I think," she said to her husband, "that something ought to be done for the Barkers in the next block. I don't believe the neighbors realize how desperately poor they are." "Why, I thought they were fairly well off," he answered surprised. "O, dear, no," she explained. "They have to endure all sorts of privations. Why, there's only one bicycle in the family, and even that is not a '57 wheel.'"—Glover's Journal.

COMPLETE ACCORD.

Mr. Bloodpumper—"How is your love affair with Miss Perkesie getting along, Spatts?" Mr. Spatts—"There is complete accord between us upon one point." "That's good." "I told her I loved her better than myself, and she replied that she did, too."—New York World.

NO REASON.

"The other day," remarked Miss Kittish, "I heard a very smart reason given to explain why there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven." "What reason was given?" asked Mr. Hunker. "There are not enough men to go round." "That doesn't explain it at all. There were not enough men to go round in Utah, in Brigham Young's time, but that did not stop marriage."—New York World.

UNAPPRECIATED FAVORS.

Hotel Proprietor (to guest at breakfast)—"Did you enjoy the flute playing in the room next to you last night?" Guest (savagely)—"Enjoy it! I guess not. I spent half the night pounding on the wall for the fool to stop." Proprietor—"Why, Snelder told me that he played over every piece he knew four times, and the person in the next room applauded after every one."—New York World.

DEBARRED.



Lizzie—"Art' going to the tea, Johnny?" Johnny—"No. It ain't for men."—London St. Paul's.

A PATHETIC APPEAL.

Upon being approached by a tramp in Lexington avenue Mr. Fewscads, handing the man a nickel, said: "Here is something for you." "For heaven's sake, do a little better than that. I am just starting in at this line of business and need all the encouragement I can get. Make it a quarter."—New York World.

TWO COCKNEYS.

Mr. Perkins (of Bow Bells, London)—"And what might be your name, sir?" Mr. Evans (of ditto)—"Evans." Mr. Perkins—"There ain't nothink to s'y 'Evans' at, as I see. I on'y ast yer name." Mr. Evans—"O, Evans is my name." Mr. Perkins—"Well, Mr Evans, woy didn't yer s'y so at fust?"—New York World.

ITS MEMORY KEEN.



Museum manager—"Wot in the blazes d'ye mean by a punchin' up of Lord 'Ighrent in this yere outrageous manner? Hey?" Wild Man, from Borneo—"Shure, an' he hod me evicted wast."—[Copyright, 1897, by Truth company.]

NO HESITATION.

Ink-bred Wife—"Upon my word, John, you are always talking about that fair-haired music hall singer! I believe, if you were single again, you would hesitate between us." Male Hubby—"No, I shouldn't, my dear. I'm so fond of golden hair."—Ally Sloper.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

"A man is known by the company he keeps," said the minister, after the racing man had left the table. "Well," said the idiot, "suppose a very wicked young man spends most of his time with a very good young man—which one is known? In other words, which one is known?"—New York Journal.

HE TOOK THE HINT.

There had been a conversational desert for some minutes. "How I wish I were like the gas," she lisped dreamily. "Dearest," he hastened to reply, "you are brighter than the sun." "Tut! I mean so's I could go out without a chaperon."—Richmond Dispatch.

TIT FOR TAT.

Mrs. Stayout (to Mr. E.)—"Don't you think it's cruel of you to come home at such an unearthly hour as 3 o'clock in the morning and wake up poor baby?" Mr. Stayout—"Well, poor baby often wakes me up at unearthly hours."—London Fun.

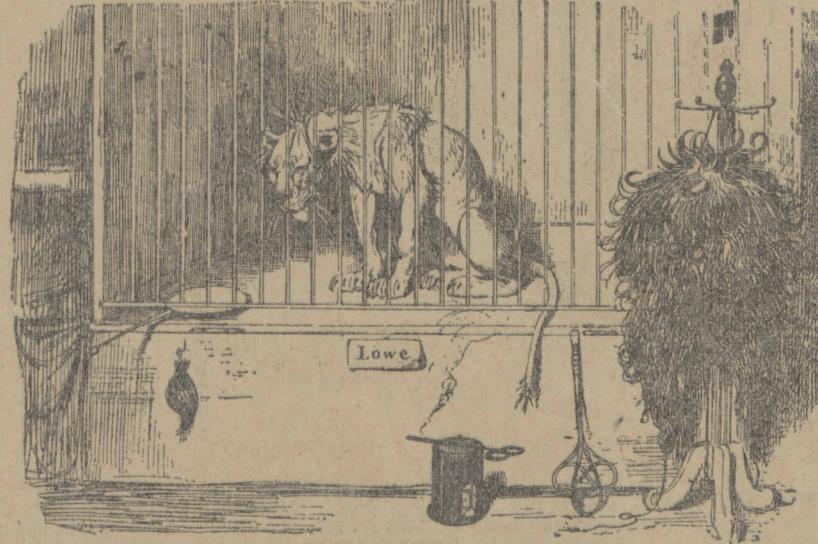
SHE'S VERY DEAR.

She's very dear. So fair, so sweet, so true! Lips red as wine, eyes of the deep, deep blue, And full of love and dreams; Her rich hair golden gleams; She like an angel seems. She's very dear. She's very dear. She's childlike, yet mature; Hers is affection that will never endure; Tender, full of grace Born of a gentle race; An honest, trustful face. She's very dear. She's very dear. Her smile's the little ray Of sunlight that illumines my day. It is all true, but hear; She spends, or very near, Ten thousand every year! She's very dear. —James Courtney Challis in New York Sun.

THE MENAGERIE LION.



During the performance.



Between performances.—Fliegende Blätter.

HARD TO DEFINE.

"How I dislike the word 'economy.'" "On what grounds?" "It is such a queer thing—the world condemns us if we don't practice it, and despises us if we do."—Detroit Free Press.

NATURALLY SO.

Blake—"Where does Grossheim, the butcher, golf?" Lake—"At the sausage links, I suppose."

THE NUMBERS WERE WRONG.

The fault was not in the able conductor of the correspondent's column, but the compositor numbered the answers wrongly, and this is the way he lost the paper a valuable subscriber.

Question—1. Please give me some hints about how to keep cool in hot weather. 2. How can I make an old skirt fit that is too large in the waist? Answer—1. Run around with a narrow strip of tape gathered at the waist in some dark shade without ripping off or cutting up. 2. Drink plenty of ice water.—New York World.

AS PLAYED TODAY.

Browne—"Is football the only game in which kicking is the principal feature?" Towne—"O, no; there's baseball."—Truth.

AMBIGUOUS.



"I thought you said you'd give a fellow your photo, Charlie Charney, and one." "Has he? He asked me, but I gave him a negative."—Ally Sloper.

HIS GRIEVANCE.



A—"In my business I haven't a minute of time allowed me in the middle of the day for dinner." B—"Why, that's frightful! What is your business?" A—"I am a night watchman!"—Humoristichs Blatt.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.



Ancient Mariner (indicating the ocean)—"If that there was all beer, guynor, there wouldn't be no 'igh tides!"—London Punch.

PUZZLE—FIND THE PROFESSOR.



Le Samedi.

HIS DESIRE.

"Young man," inquired the wagish old codger, entering the drug store, "have you any applications for corns?" "Yeth, thir," replied the salesman. "Thall I thow you thome?" "Nope; I don't want to buy any corns myself. Just thowt I'd drop in and tell you that if you have more applications for corns than you can supply I have a few specimens that I am willing to dispose of for a reasonable consideration."—New York World.

ACTING ON HIS ADVICE.

"Mr. Tillinghast left me \$50,000," remarked the interesting widow to young Hilow. "My dear Mrs. Tillinghast," replied Hilow, "you should husband your resources." "O, Frank, dear, this is too sudden. But are you really sure you love me?"—Odds and Ends.

HE WOULD ADMIT.

"You must admit," said the Highbrowed Woman, "that many a man has gone to heaven solely through the efforts of his wife." "Certainly," said the Disagreeable Bachelor. "Otherwise they would be alive yet."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

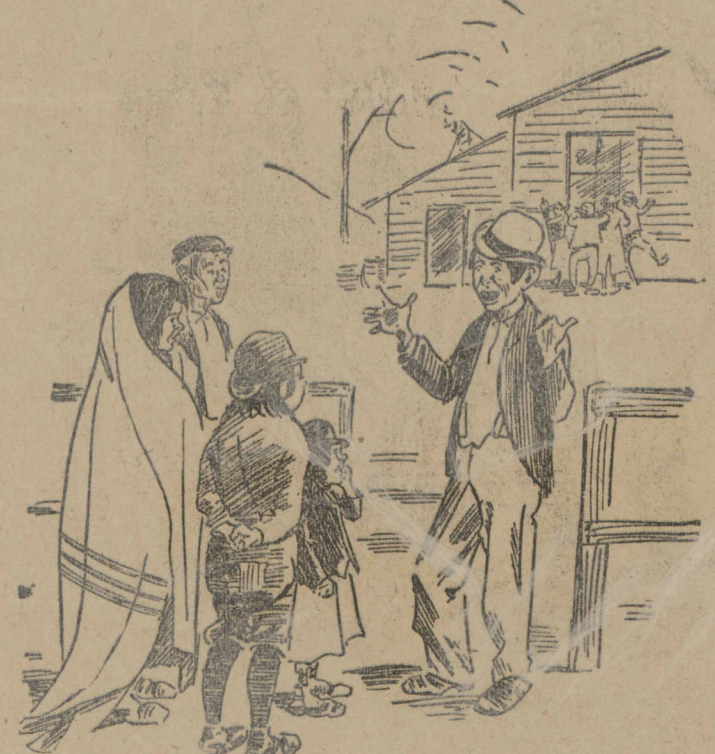
A DESPERATE CASE.

"Marry," said the shrewd mother, "don't you think if you helped John a little he would propose?" "Help him! Why, mother, what more can I say? Didn't I tell him that you approved of him as a son-in-law?"—Philadelphia Item.

A SILENT PARTNER.

"Your wife is financially interested in your business, is she?" "Yes." "A silent partner, I suppose?" "Well—er—that's what she calls herself."

A BORN MONEY-MAKER.



Step lively, ladies an' gents—only one cent to see ma in her great act of lickin' pa, a bloke wot's twice her size an' weight."—[Copyright, 1897, by Truth company.]

ABLE FINANCIERING.

Grocer—"Well, little one, what can I do for you?" Jenny—"Please, sir, mamma says to change a dollar for her an' she'll give you the dollar tomorrow."—Truth.

IT WAS A LONG WAIT.

"Grandpa, how old are you?" "I am 87 years old, my dear." "Then you were born eighty years before I was. What a long time you had alone waiting for me."—Philadelphia Times.

IN DOUBT.



"I hear you're going to be married, lass; is it young Jack Harvey?" "Him or his brother, I cannot make oop my mind."—London St. Paul's.

TAKEN BACK.

"Help a poor man along, mister; nice cigars, only five cents." "What! Do you think I look like a man who would smoke a five-cent cigar?" "Well, I have some for two cents, sir."

UNPROFITABLE DUNNING.

"What makes Bumpy so down on the long distance telephons?" "He called up a man in Toledo that owes him \$2.50. They wrangled till it cost Bumpy \$12."—Detroit Free Press.

MEETING BOTH ENDS.

Smith walked up Market street the other evening with a box of candy under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

"Hello, Smith," said Brown. "Gone to housekeeping? I didn't know you were married." "I'm not yet." "And what are you doing with that candy and meat, then?" "Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to furnish the family with meat already?" "O, no; the candy is for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square myself with both."—San Francisco Argus.

KEEP OUT OF THE WAY.

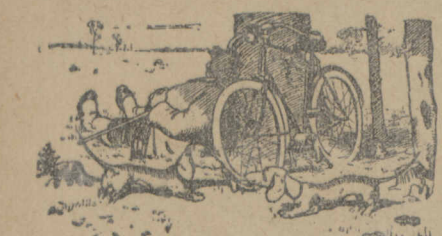
Ethel—"You may ask papa, Mr. Van Isha."

"My darling, I'll never be able to find him; he owes me \$25."—San Francisco Argus.

CANINE INGENUITY.



Waldo and Karl, dachshunds by profession, find difficulty in keeping pace with their master.



So, when he stops to rest, they use ingenuity and their teeth.



And return home at their leisure.—Fliegende Blätter.

BLIND.

Blow, blow, O wind, the clouds aside That I may see the stars! In heaven glimmers far and wide The burnished shield of Mars; And Jupiter and Venus ride The night in glittering cars!

Blow, blow, O wind, the clouds aside That I may see the stars! Nay! God has thung his darkness wide, And set the unyielding bars; And Day and Night, unbecked, ride The world in glittering cars!

—Wiltrod Wilson Gibson in London Spectator.

EXPERIENCED.



Lady (engaging servant)—"I ought to tell you that we are all strict teetotalers. I suppose you won't mind that?" Mary Jane—"O, no, mum. I've been in a reformed drunkard's family before!"—London Punch.