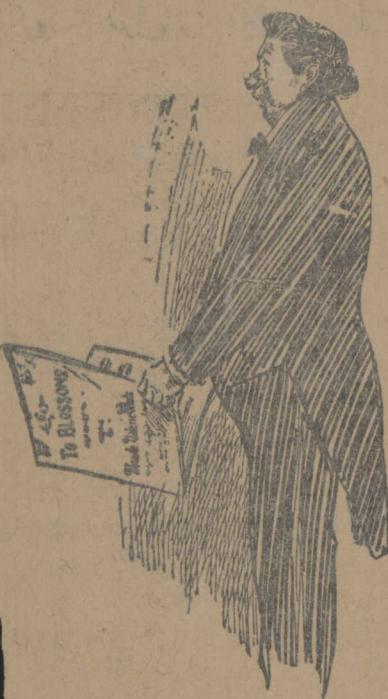


SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.



London Punch.

HE KNEW.

"Suppose," suggested the teacher, "that you take a piece of beefsteak and cut it into halves, then cut the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths, and the eighths into sixteenths, into what could the sixteenth be?"

"Hash," responded Tommy, whose mother got a boarding-house.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.



"He—'If I were to kiss you would you call for help?'"

"She—'What makes you think you would need help?'"—Boston Globe.

A BEAR.

Miss Ricketta—"It must have been perfectly dreadful to be a witness in court. Were you cross-examined?"

Miss Tenpot—"Indeed I was. He was the cross-examiner I ever saw."—Detroit Free Press.

A COAT OF PAINT.

Shabby Individual (to painter up ladder)—"Hi! you're dropping your paint all over me!"

Painter (coolly)—"Well, you want a new coat of some sort, badly."—London Fun.

INDISPUTABLE PROOF.



The Senior Member—"By George! Clarkson, you seem to think you're the boss here!"

Clarkson—"Not at all, sir."

The Senior Member—"Well, why do you talk so blamed stupid, then?"—[Copyright, 1897, by Truth company.]

A COLORED ECONOMIST.

"John," said a Georgia farmer to one of his field hands, "you ought to be laying up something now. I pay you 50 cents a day."

"Yes, suh."

"Well, how much do you save out of it?"

"Forty-five cents, suh."

"Is that all?"

"Good God, Massa Tom! I got to live on de balance!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HE DID.

"She—"I saw a young lady this afternoon whom people say you are devoted to, Mr. Jones."

"He—"That would not be very difficult."

"She—"Sir!"

"He—"You have so many mirrors about your room that you could scarcely avoid seeing her."

"She—"O, George! you had better ask papa."—Ally Sloper.

HIS OBJECT GAINED.



"She—"And were you successful with your first case, doctor?"

"He—"Y-y-e-s. The er-widow paid the bill!"—London Punch.

HE WAS NO FOOL.

"He—"Did you hear about that Pennsylvania woman who sued a man for \$1,000 for one kiss?"

"She—"Yes. What a homely creature she must be!"

"He—"Honestly? Why so?"

"She—"O, of course, she just sued because she wanted to advertise the fact that somebody had summoned up courage enough to do it and not because she was mad."

"He then proceeded to take a bunch."—Cleveland Leader.

DISGRACEFUL.

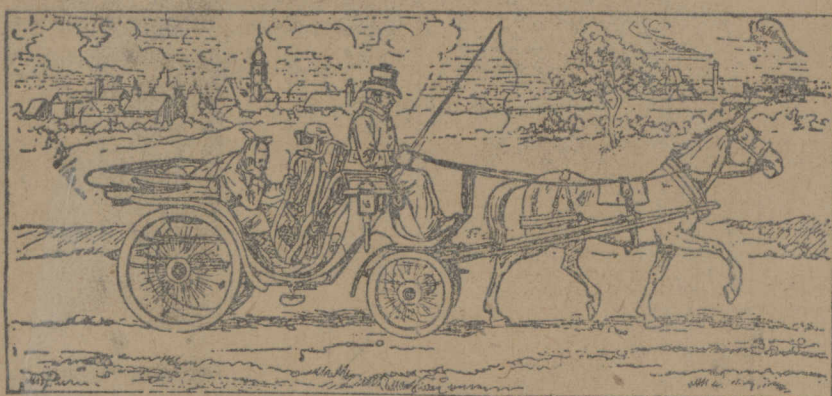
Spoggs—"Was it not disgraceful the way in which S.iggs snored in church today?"

Stuggs—"I should think it was. Why, he woke us all up."—Boston Traveler.

A WHEELMAN'S DEFINITION.

"What's garrotting, George?"

"Why, it's where they get a twist on your neck tubing and puncture your backbone."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



"Well, it's lucky for me this carriage happened to come along! I don't know how I should have got home without it!"—Fliegende Blätter.

CONCERT.

"It appears there has been another concert of the Christian powers," remarked the grand vizier, as he glanced over the morning papers.

The Sultan started excitedly.

"You don't say so," he exclaimed. "That must be what I heard! I supposed it was a charivari or something of that sort. Concert? Well, well!"

The Oriental ear, it is related, is quite incapable of comprehending harmony in its higher reaches.—Detroit Journal.

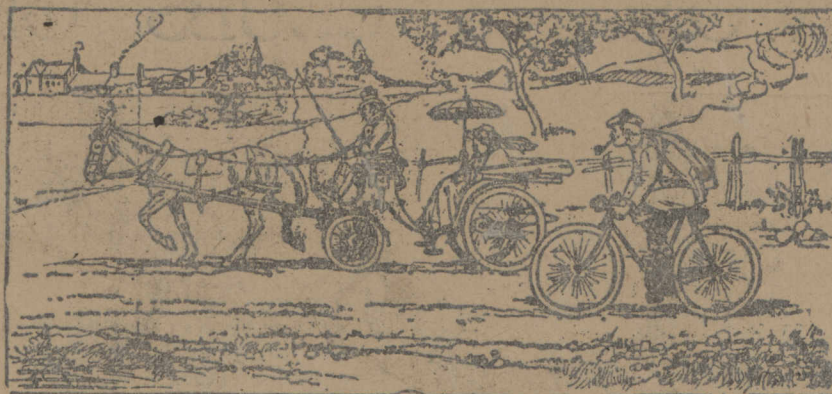
DANGER IN THE DANCE.



"What a beastly cold you've got, Sam. Where did you get it?"

"It's not a cold, it's a hay fever. I got it dancing with that gross widow the other night."—London Punch.

SOLILOQUY OF THE BICYCLIST.



Bicyclist—"Funny how people still continue to use carriages—now when the bicycle rules the world! Naturally, there's an old woman in it—who else would use such an antiquated style of conveyance?"

HAD HIM THERE.

Young America (to Young England, on board of a transatlantic liner)—"You see, our great Washington was the one man on earth who never told a lie."

Young England—"Then how was it he swore allegiance to King George and served against the French?"

Young America (calmly)—"I didn't say he never swore. I said he never lied."—London Punch.

ANY EXCUSE.

Magistrate—"You say your wife was drunk when she wrote this letter?"

Applicant—"Yes, sir; she would only write when very drunk."—London Fun.

GETTING THERE.

"Are the Bulwinkles making much headway in their efforts to get into society?"

"O, yes. They keep a coachman and two maids now."—Cleveland Leader.

A SHOCKING SHOCK.



Fitzjones (who has lately started a turnout, to a friend)—"There, my boy, that's the sort! Picked her up at a bargain at Tatt's."

Friend—"Ah, nice little mare! Pity she has that nasty trick of bolting."

Fitzjones—"Rot, man! What the deuce do you know about her?"

Friend—"Well, you see, I sent her up last week."—London Punch.

OVER HER TROUBLE.

Miss Singleton—"They tell me that happy marriages are rare. Tell me, did you ever have any trouble with your husband?"

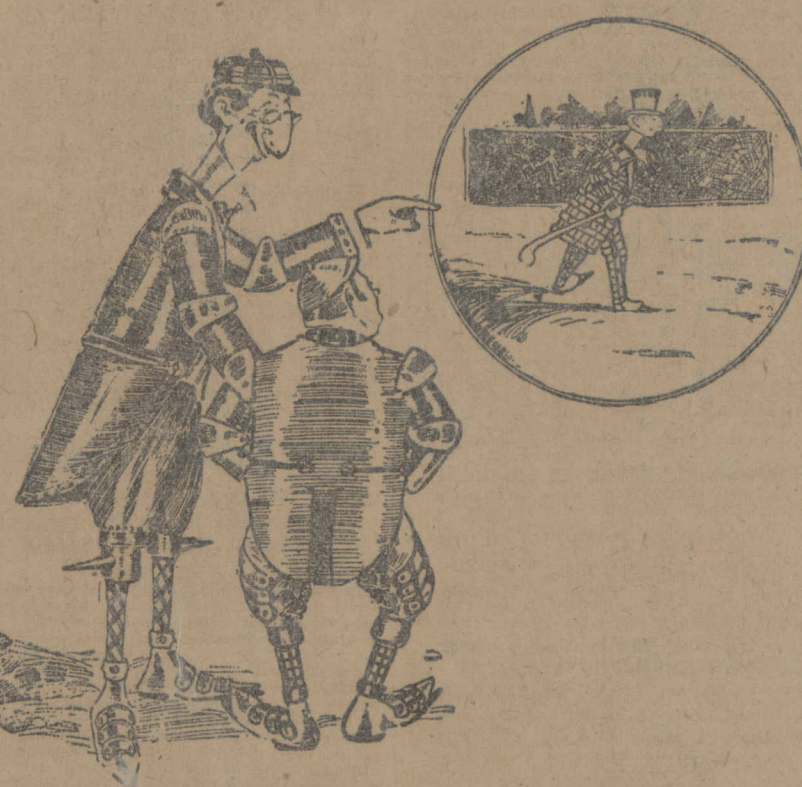
Mrs. May Todd—"No trouble that I recollect, except in getting him."—Boston Transcript.

HE WAS UNMARRIED.

Being importuned by a beggar on Madison avenue at 1 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Chamwhopper said—"She was too pretty. I told you I wanted a plain cook."—New York Herald.

"That's all right. I've got a latchkey," responded the mendicant.—New York World.

IN THE DAYS OF ARMOR.



"Why don't De Smithers have those checks cashed?"

"Cawn't say, old chap. They're forged, doncher know!"—New York World.

CANDID.

Lady (Interviewing housemaid)—"Why did you leave your last place?"

Housemaid—"Because the master kissed me, mum."

Lady—"And you didn't like it, eh?"

Housemaid—"O, I didn't mind it, mum, but the mistress didn't like it!"—London Fun.

IT WAS HIS NAME.

Smith—"Hello, here's a man coming whom I know slightly. I'm going to call him down."

Jones—"Call him down? What on earth for?"

Smith—"O, just because. (Pleasantly, to newcomer) Ah, Mr. Downe, how are you this morning?"—New York World.

EIFFEL TOWER MANIA IN FRANCE.



Polichinelle.

ONE ALLEVIATING CIRCUMSTANCE.



Village Dame (to eminent landscape painter)—"Law, sir, I do often wonder how you can 'ave the patience to bide here day after day, drarin' an' drarin'! But, there, one thing, you 'aves plenty of company!"—London Punch.

WOULDN'T CATCH THE DUST.

Mrs. A—"Mrs. Tomkins always has her dresses cut to clear the ground."

Mr. A—"But how can they clear the ground if they don't sweep it?"—London Fun.

AT THE BALL.

He—"She looks as if she had just stepped out of a picture, doesn't she?"

She—"Yes, and with the paint still on her."

IN THE PINE GROVE.

Do the pine trees have a yearning For a respite, oft I wonder, From the lightning's jagged burning And the shaking of the thunder,

From the wind's eternal roaring And the sun's undying fire, Or the tongue's might journey, Can their sinews ever tire?

Do they weary of the giver Through the whole of nature's breast, And petition the All-Giver, O, for rest—an hour of rest?"

—Ruby Archer in the Baton.

IDENTIFIED.

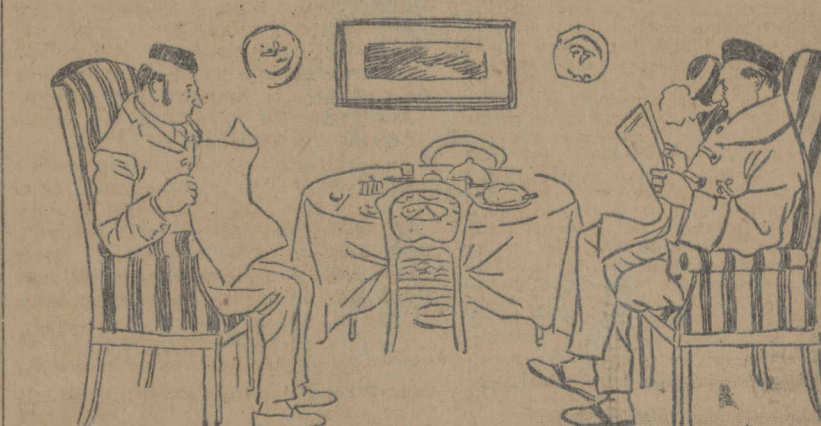


X. Y. Z.—"Dunno your way, sir? Then how am I to see you home?"

Frisky One—"That's all right; my cook's pr—pretty girl in street—blet!"

X. Y. Z.—"That's enough, sir; I know her. I'll see you right."—Ally Sloper.

DOLEFUL CONDOLENCE.



First old bachelor—"You remember I told you that our friend Smith was going to be married?"

Second old bachelor—"Yes, poor fellow."

First old bachelor—"Well, here's an announcement of his death."

Second old bachelor—"Lucky chap! What a merciful escape!"—London Scraps.

IT'S USUALLY SO.

Train up a hired girl in the way she should go and the first thing you know she's gone.—Princeton Republican.

GRAPHIC.

Watermelons are beginning to taste like a guest's visit that has lasted too long.—Atholton Globe.

AN AMPLE APOLOGY.



Professor Smith (brushing speck of dust from lady's dress)—"Pardon me, madame, I thought it was one of my artists."—London Sketch.