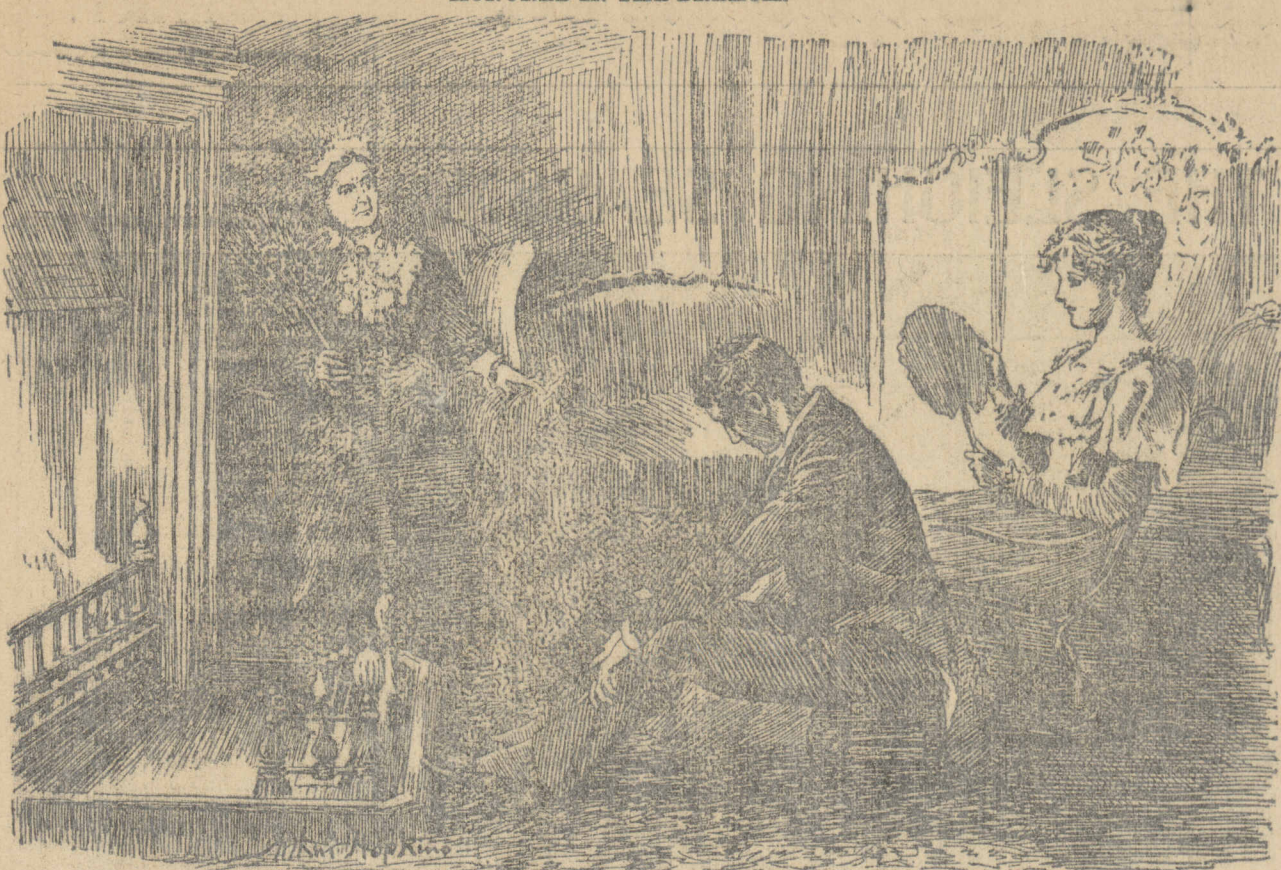


HONORED IN THE BREACH.



Aunt Agatha—"I think it such a pity when old customs die out. Now, the old custom of kissing under the mistletoe, that's entirely gone out, hasn't it, Violet?"
Violet—"O, why, of course—how should I know? Of course it has, auntie. What a stupid question to ask!"—London Punch.

NO ACCOMMODATIONS.

This is credited to George Bullwinkle, clerk of the Hotel Aulic, by the New York World: About the funniest man we ever had here was a solemn looking chap who came in late one night and went to his room. An hour later he came into the office as mad as a hornet.
After some time he quieted down enough to tell his troubles.
"I came here," he declared, "to commit suicide by turning on the gas, and you put me in a room lighted by electricity."

TUNNEL ADVANTAGES.

Miss East End—"They tell me you naughty Chicago men always take advantage of the tunnel when you ride through it."
Mr. Bluster—"Yes; I generally do."
Miss East End—"And do you really kiss girls you don't know?"
Mr. Bluster—"Kiss girls? I don't kiss any girls. I pass plugged quarters on the conductor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE USUAL SEEKERS.



He (softly)—"O, yes, I assure you I am much sought after."
She—"Have you many creditors?"—Judy.

FITTED FOR IT.

A gentleman once confuted George Eliot with her namesake, the Conservative M. P. "But, my dear sir," reasoned a friend, "surely you do not suppose that Sir George Eliot wrote the 'Juli on the Ploss'?" "Why not?" was the unabashed rejoinder. "He is just the man, knowing as he does, so much about machinery."—Moonshine.

ONE BETTER.

"I have a doctor's certificate here that I cannot sing tonight," said the prima donna. "What?" roared the manager. "I'll give you a certificate that you never could sing."—Detroit Free Press.

LONESOME.

Country Hostess—"Have you nice neighbors where you live now?"
City Guest—"O, we have no neighbors now, none at all."
Country Hostess—"You haven't any neighbors?"
City Guest—"No. We live in a flat."—New York Weekly.

A DRUGGIST'S TRIALS.

"What did that woman want?"
"She came in to say she wished we would keep our postage stamps in the cigar counter instead of with the soap. She said that tawdry soap made her ill."—Detroit Free Press.

SACRIFICE INVITED.



As above. Time—midday. Sport—none at all.
Individual—"Most extraordinary thing. Whenever I go home they always have a rattling good run."

COINCIDENCE.

Notwithstanding the disinclination of the world at large to believe in chance, there are two Chicago men who are certain that "coincidences" occur. They are brothers and work in the same office. They are both industrious and what counts equally, if not more towards their start in the world, economical. In a few years they intend to have something to show for their labor. With that object in view they don't waste anything where most young men find it hardest to resist—that is on personal decoration. They have long bought their garments ready made of a prominent Chicago clothing house with branches in all the large cities in the United States.

About a week ago one of the brothers had occasion to go to St. Louis on business for the firm. He wanted to make a good impression on the people whom he was to see and with this object in view he decided that he ought to have a new suit. The store whose patron he had always been and whose product satisfied him so well had a branch in St. Louis. Forthwith he dropped into this establishment. He was not long in finding something that struck his fancy. It was a rather unique pattern of goods. Not exactly what would be called loud, but something one could not fail to notice. What probably assisted him in his choice as much as anything else was the fact that they were offered at the price he was accustomed to pay. He got back to Chicago the day after in the afternoon. On the way home he said to his brother: "I made an investment in wearing apparel while I was away. You'll admire it, it's stunning. Get it at—", by the way, They have a place in St. Louis, you know."
"Well, that's queer," said his brother. "I patronized them myself while you were gone. Yes, got a suit there. I'll show it to you when we get home."
Both had picked out the same piece of goods.

NO PARROT.

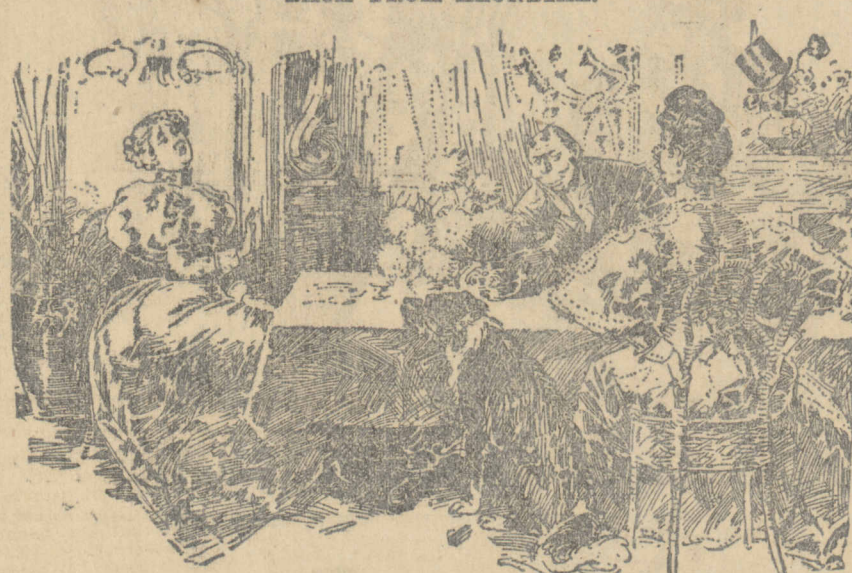
"I never knew such a gossip. Why, she repeats everything she hears, just like a parrot."
"Except that the parrot adds nothing to what it hears."—Truth.

A POSSIBILITY.



"My hair is getting quite gray, and will remain so as long as I live."
"Well, you know, dear, you can always make it remain blond as long as you are willing to dye!"—London Punch.

BACK FROM KLONDIKE.



Miss de Porque—"O, father! don't order pie for breakfast."
The Old Man (reassuringly)—"Pshaw, now, darter! don't get skeart, 'cause we've got money enuff ter hev it six times a day ef we want it!"—[Copyright, 1898, by the Judge Publishing Company of New York.]

BY AN' BY.

By an' by I'll get my pole,
By an' by,
There'll be heaven in my soul,
By an' by,
I will steal away from ma
Down to where the fates are;
I will spit upon my hook,
An' I'll drop in the brook,
By an' by,
Ma will miss me from the yard
By an' by,
She will holler for me hard,
By an' by,
But the gurgles by the stream
Like enough will drown her scream;
An' I'll fish an' fall away
Where the speckled beauties lay,
By an' by,
If I catch a likely mess
By an' by,
Ma will smile with happiness
By an' by,
But—
If I have an empty creel
Somewhere I kin sorter feel
How that apple sprout will dance
On the seat in my ol' pants
By an' by,
—Boston Courier.

HIS MISFORTUNE NOT HIS FAULT.



He (a poet)—"Poetry, madam, is a born quality and not a product of effort or study!"
She (a philistine)—"O, I know that, and so I never felt that you were really to blame!"
—Der Flieg.

Dead Ten Years.

I once played in a Western city, says Roland Reed in the New York World, and, after the performance, had retired to a quiet spot, there to partake of a bottle of wine with a friend. An adjoining table sat two gentlemen who had evidently been to the theater.

I heard one say: "I've just been to hear Roland Reed. He got no further, for his companion interrupted him with the remark, delivered in most cutting sarcasm: 'Why, you chump, Roland Reed has been dead these ten years.'"

What his companion's reply was I don't know. I was shocked beyond expression at the sudden news of my deceased no longer before, and motioned to my companion, who was almost convulsed with laughter, that I would settle for the wine.

I told him good-night rather sadly, and went to my hotel. The clerk handed me my key, and the bellboy asked: "What time you wish to be called, sir?" I was not feeling very chipper—no man does after he's been dead ten years—and I retorted: "I don't want to be called at all. I'm going to bed. I've been dead ten years, and don't want to be awakened at all."

KITCHEN CHAT.

"Ever notice," asked the stove, "what a modest creature the clock is?"
"Referring, I presume," said the woodbox, "to her holding her hands before her face?"
"Why, no, not so much that as to her habit of running herself down."—Indianapolis Journal.

A LOVER OF NATURE.



She—"Ah! these golden days! Where can you find another sunset like these of the Mediterranean?"
He (feelingly)—"Yes, indeed! It looks like a twenty-dollar gold piece going out of sight!"—Journal Amusant.

SUITABLE.

Polite Hatter—"What style of hat do you wish, sir?"
Adolphus—"Ah, I'm not particular about the style; something to suit my head, don't you know."
Polite Hatter—"Step this way and look at our soft hats."—Tit-Bits.

A HUMOR.

Hudson—"They say that, on account of the recent troubles, the navy of Hayti is to be increased."
Judson—"Indeed!"
Hudson—"Yes. The President has asked an appropriation for three first-class row boats and a naphtha launch."—Puck.

A MISTAKE.

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," shrieked the new soprano.
"Why did they wake you?" murmured the critic, as he shifted uneasily in his seat.—Pick-Me-Up.

GOOD REASON.

"Seems to me you didn't thump quite so hard as usual at the concert last night. Weren't you well?"
"O, yes; but it was my own piano, you see."—Danville Breeze.

HIS ATTENTIVE AUDIENCE.

A well-known novelist delivered a lecture recently in a New Jersey town not far from this city, in which he read selections from his own works. His reputation and the society that engaged him brought together an audience composed of the best people of the neighborhood. After the lecture, when people met, it was the proper thing for one to ask the other:

"Were you at the lecture?" and the answer in every case was:

"O, yes! I was there, but I didn't hear a word. Did you hear the lecture?"

"Well, no, I was there, but I couldn't hear, either."

A friend who met the novelist a few days after his visit to the suburban town asked him what kind of an audience he had and how he liked the town.

"It's a fine place," was the reply, "and I had the most attentive audience that I have ever spoken to. No one made a sound, and I didn't have to raise my voice above a whisper."—New York Sun.

TOO FAR BACK.

An appetizing article in one of the magazines is entitled "Meals in the Thirteenth Century." This is all very well, but what troubles the impetuous half of the population is how to obtain meals in the nineteenth century.

A TANGLE.

"When papa does to teep," says a little West Union girl, "his talter dets all tangled up wiz his beezor."—West Union Gazette.

UNFORTUNATE.

An old Yorkshire woman being much distressed at the sudden loss of her only son, the dissenting minister assured her consolingly. "He is now with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."
"That's the worst on it," she sobbed. "And he always so shy among strangers."—Moonshine.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A politician says: "When a man leaves our side and goes to the other side he is a traitor, and we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that he had sterling stuff in him."—Pearson's Weekly.

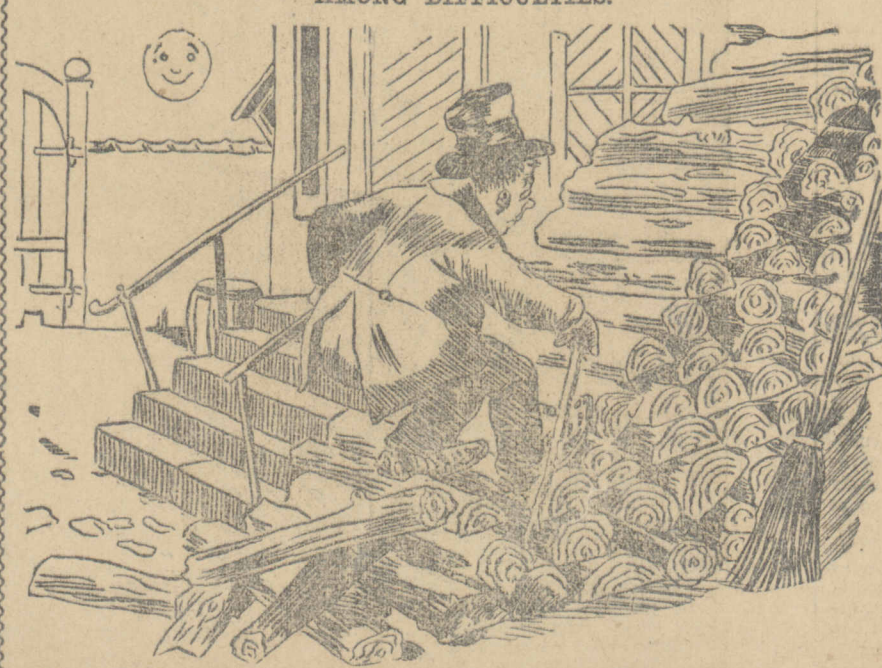
HIS TROUBLE.

"He married a widow who had a 10-year-old boy."
"And I understand he doesn't get along very well."
"No. It's a case of incompatibility between him and the boy."—Truth.

SUITABLE.

A medical journal advocates the use of hot sandbags instead of hot water bags in the sickroom. As considerable invalidism is caused by the use of cold sandbags, there is an element of poetic justice in the proposition.

AMONG DIFFICULTIES.



"I can't understand what is the matter with these steps!"—German Comic Paper.



Local Undertaker—"Poor old Baccou! Local Monumental Mason—" Ah! and

AUSTRALIAN METHOD.

Waitress (to lady guest who is playing Klaff's "Cavatina")—"Please 'em, miss, says as only sacred music is allowed in hotel on Sundays, as she runs it respectful and she says d'ye want any drinks afore a bar closes."—Pick-Me-Up.

CARICATURE.



A SOLUTION.

"But your mother has no objection to my becoming one of the family."
"Then perhaps she means to marry you herself!"—Ally Sloper.



"My good man, I will give you two pence if he's mad."—London Sketch.