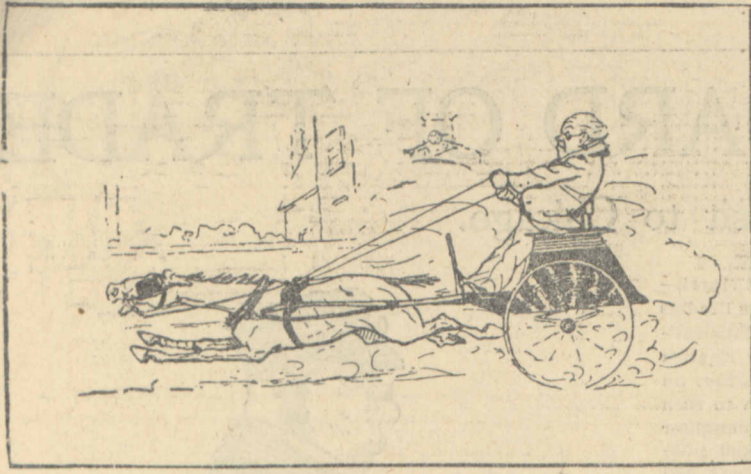
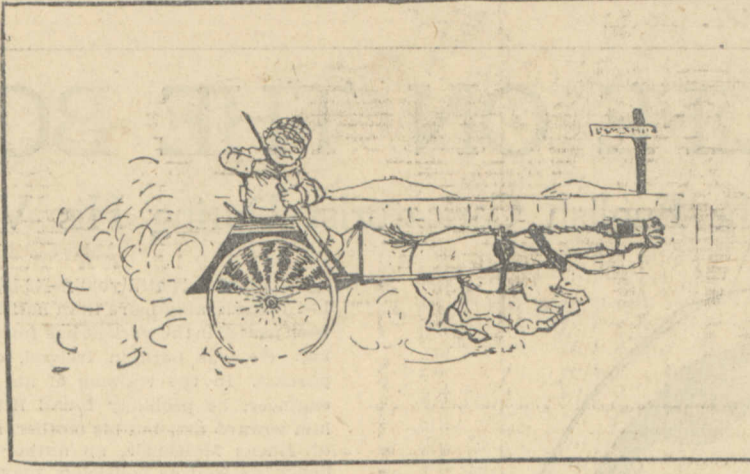


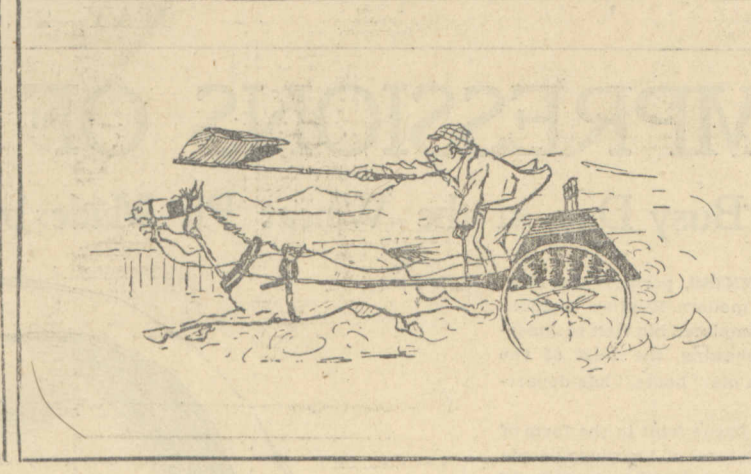
NECESSITY, THE MOTHER OF INVENTION, AGAIN BRINGS ABOUT A TRIUMPH.



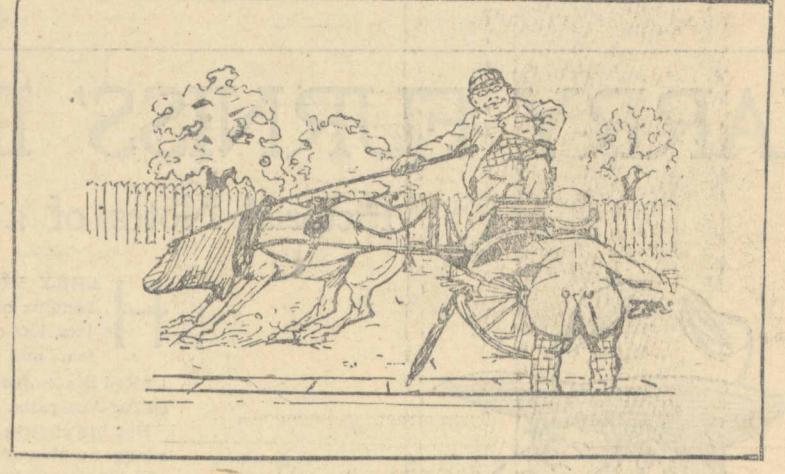
1. The new purchase.



2. Forewarned.



3. Forewarned.



4. Success.—St. Paul's.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.



"Whereabouts are the butterfly hives?"
"Never heard of 'em."
"But where do you get your butter from?"—London Sketch.

NO HEROICS IN IT.

Son (who has been caught reading a dime novel)—"Unhand me, tyrant, or there may be bloodshed."
Father—"No, my son; there will be nothing more serious than woodshed. Come, that is where my strap hangs."—Princeton Tiger.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

"Yes," said Mrs. Leadfoot of Cripple Creek, whose husband had conducted a dance hall, "I'll take the tombston with the two jined hands."
"Cut on the top, 'Gone Above' an' under the hands, 'Jine Hands and Circle to the Left.'"—San Francisco Examiner.

TO VIEW THE PROCESSION.



"No yer can't, 'Arriet; not from this 'ere Jubilee stand. It's took for the day by a 'Merican—for £500."—Moonshine (London).

NEMESIS.



"Beggins' yer pardon, mister, but was you the gent as helped the p'lice to take me to the station the other night?"—Pick-Me-Up.

A USEFUL ARTICLE.

"It's very absurd for men to make fun of the fashions which women adopt," said Miss Cayenne, "when their own attire is so unreasonable."
"It seems to me," replied Willie Washington, "that men dress very sensibly."
"But look at the absurdly high collars they wear!"
"Don't you know what they are for?"
"No."
"They're for us to rest our chins on so that we won't get so tired looking over the hats in the theater."—Washington Star.

SPOILED.

Sue—"Have a nice time at the party last night?"
Doille—"O, not very. The papers didn't have my name in the list of those present this morning."—Cleveland Leader.

MONUMENTAL.

"Higgins! Why, he can lie as fast as a horse can trot."
"Worse than that. As fast as a scorcher can spin."—Philadelphia North American.

TIRED OF WAITING.



She—"I told you that your old aunt had a will of her own."

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

"Is it settled, Mrs. Flyly, that your daughter is to marry young Bullions?"
"Not at all. There's nothing more serious than an engagement between them."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS TERMS.

Sutor—"I would be glad to marry your daughter, sir, provided—"
Old Gent—"Provided what?"
Sutor—"O, just provided."—New York Journal.

A CHERLESS INVITATION.

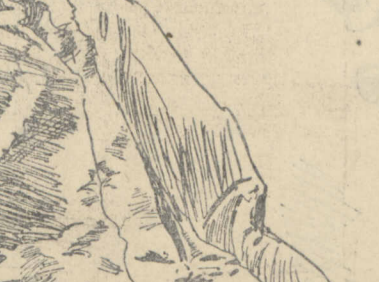
Youngbach—"Hello, old man. Glad to see you. Come in and make yourself at home."
Henpeck—"Humph! If you can't make me any more comfortable than that I guess I won't stay."—New York Journal.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.



Short-sighted Old Gent (to realistic scarecrow)—"Confound you, sir, put down your stick! Can't you see you are frightening my horse?"—London Punch.

THE AUTOMATIC KISSING MACHINE.



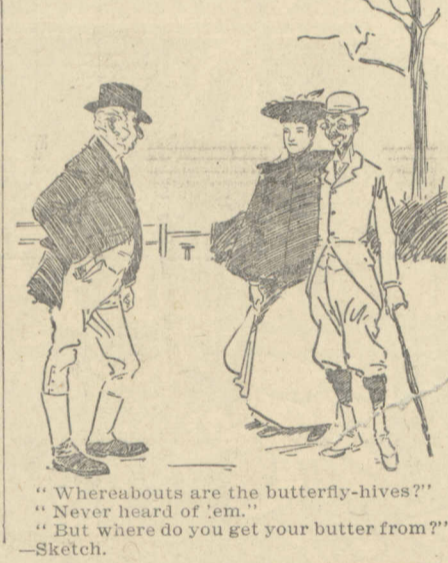
NOT THAT TIME.

A few days ago a certain Clevelander came hurrying into the Union Depot. He glanced to right and left and his anxious countenance showed relief. Then he espied a friend and approached him.
"By George," he said, "I'm glad I haven't missed that Conneaut accommodation. My wife's at her mother's, and I've got a telegram to come down on the first train."
"No bad news, I hope," said the friend.
"No," said the first man in a voice full of agitation. Then, in an embarrassed way he hauled out his watch. "I wonder," he added, "if my time is right? I've got 4:30."
"Sun?" asked the friend.
"No," replied the other absently, "two girls."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HER SPECIALTY.

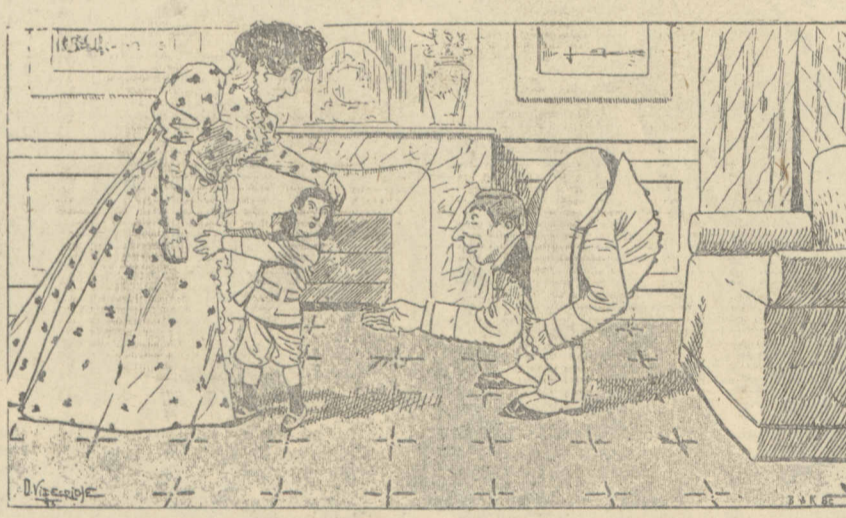
Shooksmith—"The evening was quite enjoyable. Miss Howells sang a solo, Van Damm worked his banjo, Miss Shreeds did an elocutionary turn, and little Dolly Hunn-girl gave a slight-of-hand specialty."
Askins—"Why, I didn't know she—"
Shooksmith—"O, yes! She declined my proposal in the conservatory."—New York Journal.

WHEREABOUTS ARE THE BUTTERFLY-HIVES?



"Whereabouts are the butterfly-hives?"
"Never heard of 'em."
"But where do you get your butter from?"—Sketch.

THE HUMAN SNAKE IN PRIVATE LIFE.



"Mr. Johnson, this is my son, Charles."
"Ah! kiss me, my little boy!"—La Caricature.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

"O, dear!" sighed the poor girl, as she came down stairs in her cycling suit and stood at the window looking at the pouring rain. "O, dear! I don't see how the weather bureau can guess wrong so often."
"You must remember, my child," said her wise old mother, "that they have the advantage of careful observation and scientific research."—Detroit News.

THE LAST STRAW.

"People seem unusually anxious for the home team to win today."
"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, thoughtfully. "And you can't blame them. It's bad enough for all these men to be late for dinner without bringing bad news home with them."—Washington Star.

AS A GENERAL THING.

Debs—"I can tell a school teacher as far as I can see her."
Robson—"Well, you can't tell her much."—Somerville Journal.

APPROPRIATE.



Miss Twostep—"Do be careful, Jack. My dress will be torn to rags."
Jack—"Well, the band is playing 'Down in Poverty Row.'"—Huronapolis Tribune.

A SIGN OF STATION.



He—"Is your mistress of very high social position?"
The Maid—"Can you ask that after seeing me?"—Meggendorfer's Humoristische Blätter.

HORSE AND HORSE.

Old Grimm (severely)—"My young friend, do you ever stop to think that man is the only animal that smokes and drinks?"
Young Swift (airily)—"No, but I have often noticed that he is the only animal that makes fool remarks about other people's business."—New York World.

ARTFUL.

James—"Do you always write a letter in such large script as you are using now? I could not help noticing it."
Henry—"No; but this is to a girl. You know they always size a fellow's regard for them by the number of pages he fills."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

VIVE LA POLITESSE!



"Ladies first!"

A ZOOLOGICAL CONUNDRUM.

Intending Tenant (to Lord Battusnatch's Head Keeper)—"And how about the birds? Are they plentiful, Gaskins?"
Gaskins—"Well, sir, if the foxes of our two neighbors was able to lay pheasants' eggs, I should say there'd be no better shooting south o' the Trent."—London Punch.

VERY CONSIDERATE.

"Yes, Mildred is going to be a very economical wife."
"How do you know?"
"Why, she consented to be married along in the middle of the day, just to make it unnecessary for her husband to get a new dress suit."—Cleveland Leader.

A TRAGEDY OF THE RAILROAD.



"We put our five bicycles into the baggage car ourselves at Paris."
"I remember it, I recall now that I saw you put them in a car which did not belong to the train."—Journal Amusant.

A FAMILIAR TERM.



"He had a hang-dog look."—New York World.

BARRED OUT.

"What did you fellows drop Blimly for?"
"He's not in our class. Why, that fellow pays his tailor bills."—Detroit Free Press.

THE LIBERALIST.

For broader truths the "liberal thinker" pleads. He rails at narrow bigots and their creeds. Yet proves himself, in oftentimes doth befal, The most intolerant bigot of them all. —Wheeler Wilcox in New York Sun.