

AGE AND THE PYRAMIDS.



Year-Marked Maiden—"Four thousand years look down upon these pyramids." Cruel Man—"And how many are looking up at them?"—*Messenger's Humorous Blätter.*

DOCKERY GOT HIS KIND.

Colonel Joe Johnston, who has been a postoffice inspector for long years, is an old chum of Dockery of Missouri. The other day after dinner at Willard's they stepped to the cigar stand to get what is indispensable to every true Missourian.

"Let's have some of the kind of cigars Dockery always smokes," said Colonel Johnston.

"Here, Dockery, take one and put two or three in your pocket," added the Colonel with much exhibition of conscious liberality.

Dockery availed himself of the treat, but without great enthusiasm.

"Now," said the Colonel to the man of cigars, and beaming with comfortable feeling, "give me some good cigars for myself."

—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A USEFUL INVENTION.



Gladys—"What's that cage on your face?" Arunah—"Cage? Why, ter keep out de fowls, see?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

IN TIME.



"Say, Jim, she's promised ter marry me at last." "When?" "Jest eighteen years from today."—*Judge.*

GOING INTO BUSINESS.

A very fresh young man wrote to a popular author as follows:

"I am willing to pay for your autograph. What will you charge for it?"

The author replied:

"I am having some printed on extra heavy paper, but can fix no price at this writing, as the printer hasn't sent the invoice yet."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE CUT.

"Did they have a profusion of cut flowers at the dancing party?"

"Including the wallflowers, yes."

Truth, magnificent, eternal, often finds its best servant in sordid and soul-searing envy.—*Detroit Journal.*

A MISLEADING EXPRESSION.



Bertie—"Are we any relation to chickens?" Gertie—"Of course not; we're people." Bertie—"Well, Uncle Harry says papa was a mighty bad—"
—*Brooklyn Life.*

RINGS AND AGES.

"You may tell a cow's age by the number of rings on her horns," remarked an observer of men and things. "A cow never has to give a ring back."—*Detroit Journal.*

THE TEST OF SPEED.

"There's nothing slow about Rustley, is there?"

"Did he ever owe you any money?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

MADE RETRENCHMENT NECESSARY.



Jinks—"Don't meet you 'ere so often as we used to, Binks, eh?" Binks—"Well, no. It don't run to a hopera-box this season, because, you see, we took a window for this 'ere jubilee!"—*London Punch.*

KEEPING A PLEDGE.

A Shapshurg man who had been drinking too much liquor for his own good was induced to sign the pledge the other day. His wife was delighted. She took the document and said:

"You must leave me have it; I will keep it for you."

So the paper was confided to her custody. On the next day the man was drinking as freely as before.

"How is this?" asked a friend. "You signed the pledge yesterday, and now you are guzzling whisky again."

"It's all right," replied the pledge-signer in unsteady tones. "I don't have to keep that pledge. My wife says she will keep it for me. That's the kind of a wife to have, old fellow. Let's us take a drink."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

MARY'S VERSION.

"If any one should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said a mistress to her newly-engaged servant. "I am afraid I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for lunch, and it, or something else, has brought on a severe headache. I am going to lie down."

A few moments later the mistress, from her room near the head of the stairs, heard Mary say to two aristocratic women, who called for the first time:

"Yes, Mrs. B—is at home, but she ate so much pudding for lunch that she had to go to bed."—*London Tit-Bits.*

HOW TO MAKE GOLD.

There is an easy way to make gold. Here is the formula: Take (1) cold-drawn seamless tubing; (2) tooled-steel bearings; (3) hollow rolls of rubber; (4) piano wire; (5) second growth hickory. Make the ingredients into a \$22 bicycle and sell it for \$100.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

OVERHEARD IN THE HAREM.

There was trouble in the harem, for the wives of Solomon had found an excellent subject to disagree upon.

"He loves me best," said No. 999. "He told me he does. So, there."

"That may satisfy you," remarked No. 742, "but he still sends me flowers every other month."

"Pshaw," exclaimed No. 818, in Egyptian, she being an importation, "he sat beside me the other day when we were all watching the men at work on the Temple."

No. 684 tossed her head.

"I suppose you girls are aware that he took me out to dinner in a private room at that little Assyrian restaurant downtown last week," she said carelessly.

At that moment the real Queen of the harem happened in, and her feminine intuition immediately grasped the subject under discussion.

"Is there any lady here except me?" she said, looking calmly upon the assembly, "who gets her pin money without any preliminary kick?"—*Boston Budget.*

TIME'S CHANGES.



"At 17 years of age I inquired, Which is he? At 20, Who is he? At 25, What has he? And now, Where is he?"—*London Punch.*

AS TO HAPPINESS.

"I can go away for the summer this year and not worry all the time."

"I congratulate you."

"Yes, I went to the gas company and got them to accept a lump sum in advance in payment for the gas we shan't use while we're gone."

In the meantime, happiness was like the lily; it would struggle up and blossom amidst the most adverse surroundings, inclusive of the gas meter.—*Detroit Journal.*

SIGN OF GREATNESS.

Squire—"I have examined your boy on the results of his schooling, and I think I can say he has beyond question the germs of greatness in him."

Sire—"I am delighted to hear it, but what was there in the examination that particularly emphasized this conclusion?"

Squire—"The illegibility of his handwriting."—*Richmond Dispatch.*

SURE TO BE APPRECIATIVE.

"Your mother reads a great deal," remarked Maud.

"Yes," replied Mamie; "she's reading about the 'Descent of Man' now."

"I wish you would get her to lend me the book when she gets through with it."

"Why, you wouldn't be interested in the subject?"

"Yes, I would. If there is anything I dearly love it's tobogganing or shooting the chutes."—*Washington Star.*

IN THE NATURE OF A CONFESSION.



"What are you doing there?"

"Painting my name in my umbrella. Can't you see?"

"But do you think that will prevent anybody from stealing it?"

"Sure! If the man who had this umbrella before me had painted his name in it, I should never have had the nerve to take it!"—*Le Samedi.*

HIS LAST REQUEST.

He (tremblingly)—"I have one last wish to ask you before we part in anger forever."

She (sobbingly)—"What is it, George?"

He—"Will you meet me next Thursday, as usual?"

She—"I will, George."—*London Tit-Bits.*

AWFUL.

Mr. Todgers—"Why have you sent Maria away so suddenly?" You told me yesterday that she was the best girl you'd ever had."

Mrs. Todgers—"She's an impertinent hussy. I wanted to borrow her rubbers and she said she was afraid I couldn't get them on!"—*Cleveland Leader.*

LIGHT EXERCISE.

"This talk about the bicycle amounting to anything in the way of exercise," said the fat man with the three chins, "is all rot."

"You ain't been tryin' it, have you?" asked the lean man.

"Me? No. Nit. Not. But my oldest girl's got one, and it don't fire her half as much to ride the darn thing all day as it does to help her mother for half an hour 'round the house."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

FRIENDLESS.

Cashier—"You'll have to get somebody that we know to endorse this check before I can cash it for you."

Applicant—"I'm afraid I can't do that. Nobody in this town will want to do me a favor now."

Cashier—"Why so?"

Applicant—"I'm in charge of the local weather bureau."—*Cleveland Leader.*

HE WOULD NOT CARE.

"What would our wives say if they knew where we are?" said the Captain of a Liverpool clipper, feeling his way along the banks of Newfoundland in a thick fog.

"I wouldn't mind what they said," rejoined the mate, "if we only knew where we are ourselves."—*London Household Words.*

GRATUITOUS CONSTRUCTION.

"You are a fine, strapping boy," said the visitor.

"Pardon me," said the Boston youth, who had just had an encounter with his father; "you have the tense wrong. I am strapped, not strapping."—*New York World.*

AMONG THE ANIMALS.

"I fear," said the Elephant, "that the Alligator is a little of a black-maller."

"Really?" asked the Gaffe.

"He only seems willing to keep his mouth shut when there is something in it."—*Washington Star.*

NUMBERED.

Counsel—"Well, after the witness gave you a blow, what happened?" Prisoner—"He gave me a third one." Counsel—"You mean a second one." Prisoner—"No, sir; I landed him the second one."—*Washington Star.*

MODERN TROUBLES.

Jack—"Haven't you begun housekeeping yet?"

Fred—"No; we're waiting to save up enough to live in keeping with the style of the wedding presents."—*Washington Star.*

VALUELESS.

"What does education amount to, after all," says the Lanniganville Sage, "when the most illiterate man, sooner or later, is bound to make his mark?"—*Philadelphia North American.*

DO NOT PASS.

"It is said we shall pass away as a tale that is told." "That sounds all right, but tales that are told don't pass away; they are forever being told over again."—*Washington Star.*

NOT IN IT NOW.



Jack—"She used to be an old flame of yours, did she not?"

Arthur—"Yes; but that was when I had money to burn."—[Copyright, 1897, by Keppler and Schwarzmann.]—*Puck.*

SILENCED THE RINGLEADER.

The head teacher in a Sunday school was much worried by the noise of the scholars in the next room. At last, unable to bear it any longer, he mounted a chair and looked over the partition. Seeing one boy a little taller than the others talking a great deal he leaned over, hoisted him into a chair in his room, saying:

"Now, be quiet."

A quarter of an hour later a small head appeared round the door and a meek little voice said:

"Please, sir, you've got our teacher!"—*Tit-Bits.*

HER THOUGHTS ABOUT THE BUTCHER.

Fuddy—"Between you and me, I believe my wife thinks more of the butcher than she does of me."

Duddy—"I do, but I am not jealous."

Fuddy—"Not jealous?"

Duddy—"You wouldn't be surprised if you knew what kind of thoughts she thinks of him."—*Boston Transcript.*

ACCEPTED.

"The last thing I sent to this paper," said Melancholls, "was accepted immediately."

"What?" cried Scribe in astonishment.

"What was it?"

"A check for an annual subscription."—*Boston Traveler.*

GOOD REASON.

"You've lost your cook?"

"Yes; she went last week."

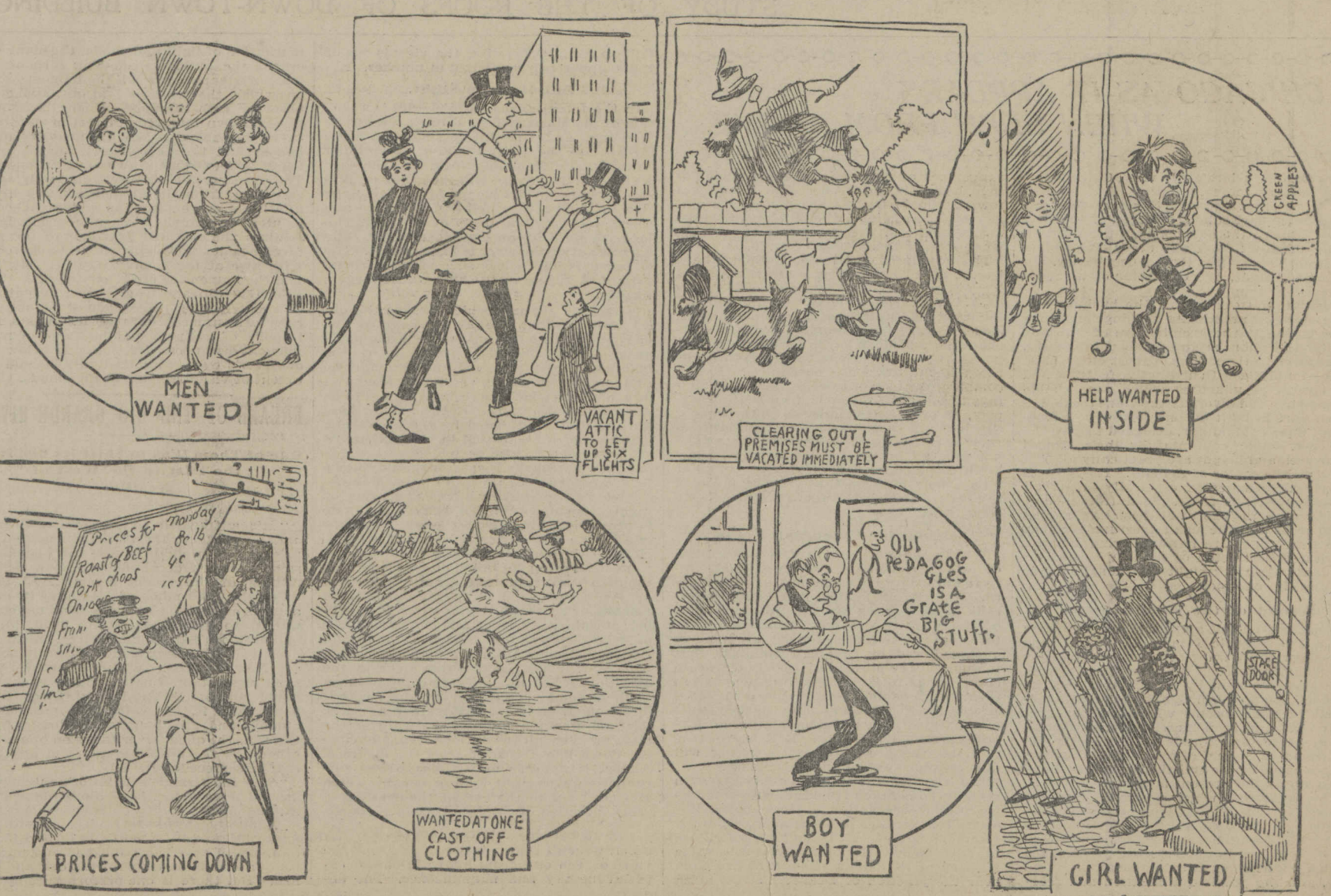
"What was the trouble?"

"She said my new bonnet made her look a perfect fright."—*Pittsburg Post.*

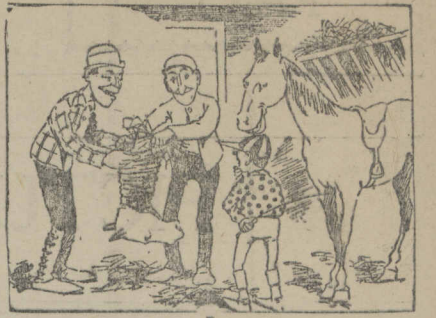
HARD TO FIND.

Ethel—"You may ask papa, Mr. Van Labe." Van Labe—"My darling, I'll never be able to find him. He owes me \$25."—*Washington Star.*

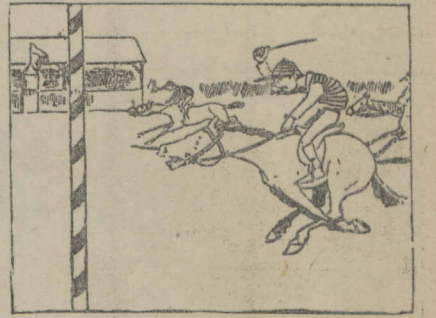
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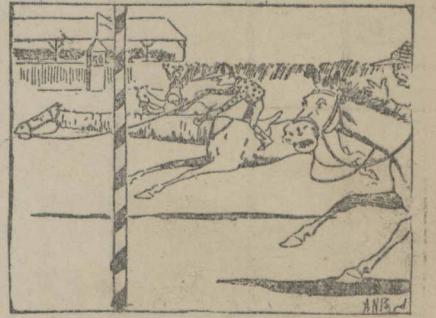
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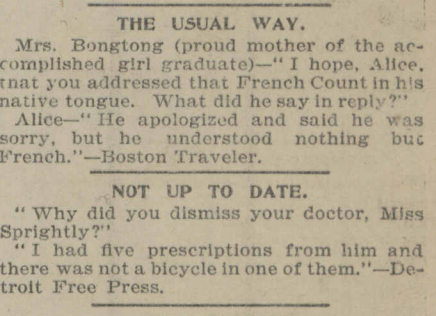
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III.



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THE USUAL WAY.

Mrs. Bongton (proud mother of the accomplished girl graduate)—"I hope, Alice, that you addressed that French Count in his native tongue. What did he say in reply?"

Alice—"He apologized and said he was sorry, but he understood nothing but French."—*Boston Traveler.*

NOT UP TO DATE.

"Why did you dismiss your doctor, Miss Sprightly?"

"I had five prescriptions from him and there was not a bicycle in one of them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AIRY FLIGHTS.

"I'll wager my daughter could run one of those flying machines."

"Why do you think so?"

"You just ought to see how she soars in her graduating essay."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BY SAD EXPERIENCE.

He—"It takes an old maid to be always imagining there's a man in the house."

She—"Yes; a married woman has learned to know better."—*Truth.*

WERE WORTH SOMETHING.



Miss Sketchely—"Some time ago, I sent you some sketches and stamps for approval. Can you tell me what became of them?"

Editor—"Well, I guess we approved of the stamps, all right; but I don't remember about the sketches."—*Up-to-Date.*

CONNOISSEURS.

Gramercy—"Those are fine chickens you have."

Howson Lot—"They should be. They've gorged themselves on some of the finest flower seeds in the market."—*New York World.*

A BRILLIANT SOLUTION.

Chapleigh—"What's the good of putting a steeple on a church?"

Dudleigh—"Where else would you put 'em, dear boy?"

Chapleigh—"That's a fact! Never thought of that!"—*New York World.*