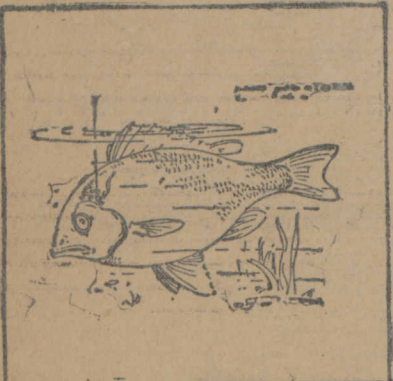


AUGUST 4, 1895—FORTY-FOUR PAGES.—WITH ART SUPPLEMENT.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM JESTERS' PORTFOLIOS.

NATURAL HISTORY.



A little fish within a brook,
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.
He'd neither take a worm nor hook,
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.



A king-fish bird sat in a tree,
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.
He said: "That fish belongs to me,"
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.



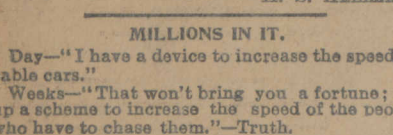
A hawk he sailed above the cloud,
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.
He said: "That king bird I'll enshroud,"
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.



Young Nimrod with his little gun,
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.
He said: "When I bag that hawk I'm done,"
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.



A big bear danced upon a stump,
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.
He said: "I've got the whole dern lump,"
Sing merrily, my liddle, oh.



MILLIONS IN IT.
Day—"I have a device to increase the speed of cable cars."
Week—"That won't bring you a fortune; get up a scheme to increase the speed of the people who have to chase them."—Truth.

WHY HE DID IT.

The deed was done. A bright flash in the grate and all was over. Mortimer Maxwell had burned his uncle's will. He and his three brothers would inherit the estate equally.

Why did he do this thing? His uncle had loved him and had treated him with leniency. And when the old man realized that his health was failing, he had made a will leaving his entire fortune to Mortimer Maxwell.

It was this document that fell into the young man's hands. After he read it he buried his face in his hands and remained for some moments in profound thought. Suddenly he started up and cried:

"It must not be! My brothers shall never have an opportunity to contest this will and let this princely fortune be devoured by the greedy covetousness of the law! Nor shall they lay the flattering unction to their souls that they have bluffed me into an amicable settlement. And he destroyed the will as above mentioned. Then he went forth into the air with the free, glad step of a man who thinks he has a level head.—Exchange.

GUESS AGAIN.

Ethel Knox—"Why are you like my piano lamp?"
Stacy—"Because I shine in your drawing-room?"
Ethel Knox—"You are turned down but you don't go out."—New York World.

AT NEWPORT.

Mr. Chowderfield—"And why do you like soft clams best?"
Miss Trilby—"They are less liable to cut one's feet, you know."—New York World.



We met, we loved, we parted,
Some words in anger said,
Then both for Europe started,
Turned back, and kissed, and wed.

And now, rep-ting vainly,
We're for France back,
Of that old saying,
"It's unkind to turn his back."

BACK IT WENT.



Mrs. Vanering—"There's the wagon with the piano we bought today. You can just send it back."
Mr. Vanering—"Why?"
Mrs. Vanering—"Do you suppose that we're going to buy an \$800 piano and have it brought home at night when the neighbors can't see it? Never."

A JULY POEM.

A drowsy stillness in the air;
Great oaks their banners spread;
White clouds o'er seas of azure fare,
(My ain't that mellow red!)
The breath of violets on the gale,
The wild grapes bend the vine;
A million songsters sing and sail,
(Now, ain't that mellow red!)
O, month of languor and of love,
(Thine of the poet's song!)
Does earth roll nearer heaven above?
(That fish was ten feet long!)
—Atlanta Constitution.

A NEXT CENTURY WONDER.

"What on earth are you staring at?" asked the new woman impatiently.
"Nothing," replied the husband, meekly. "I was only looking at the hat that man next door has on today. I cannot understand how he manages to get such hats on their income."
The new woman was silent.—New York World.

HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

First New Woman—"It's no use, Susan, we will have to give up. It is impossible for us to take man's place."
Second New Woman—"Why?"
P. N. W.—"Think of being a priest and having a horrid man confess to you."—New York World.

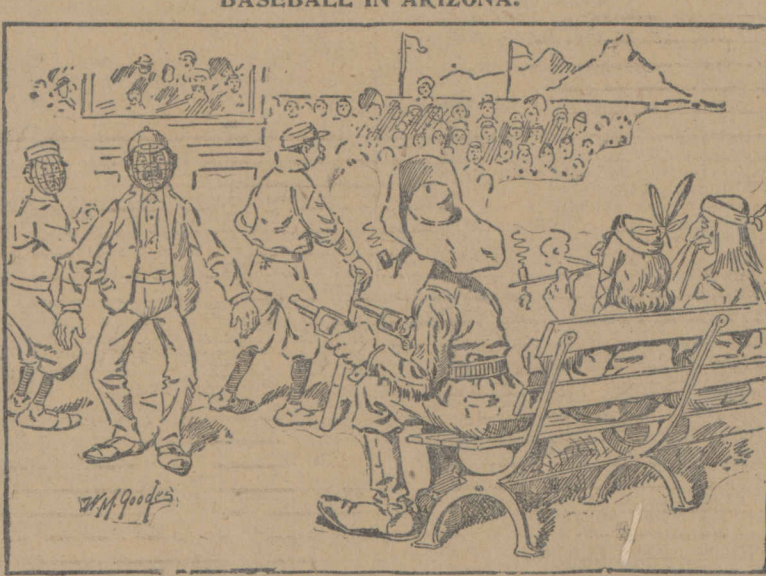
THE NINE-LIVED LOVER.

On the back fence sat the young Thomas cat,
And his voice rose higher and higher,
As he chanted his lays to the well-deserved praise
Of his dearly-beloved Maria.
"O, I would die for thee," with ardor sang he,
In an effort her hard heart to soften,
And he really felt hurt, when in tones rather pert,
She coolly asked him, "How often?"
—Indianapolis Journal.

A CONSCIENTIOUS FLIRT.

Prude—"Well, why did you refuse him after you had taken him away from the girl he was engaged to?"
Flirt—"O, I haven't quite reached the point where I will receive stolen goods."—Detroit Free Press.

BASEBALL IN ARIZONA.

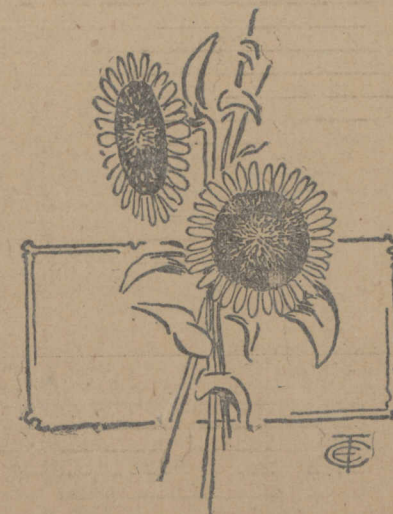


Umpire (calling):—"Three strikes and out!"
Arizona like (drawing two revolvers):—"O, I guess not. Hadn't you better reverse that decision?"

WHICH WINS?

He—"I'll bet I steal a kiss from you."
She—"I'll bet you two kisses you can't."—Life.

A PAIR OF BLOOMERS.



AN INTELLIGENT IMPERTINENCE.
The first thing the phenologist exclaimed when he saw me was: "What a head!" "Where were you the night before?"—Life.

COOLING OFF.

Collar off, and coat and vest
Sighing for a breeze out
Of the cool, cyclonic West,
Playing poker freeze-out—
Isn't this a jolly way
To pass the heated term away?
—Exchange.

AS SEEN AT TROUVILLE.



THE RULING PASSION.

Superintendent of Insane Asylum—"What's that woman howling about?"
Attendant—"She doesn't like her strait jacket."
"Does she want it taken off?"
"Yes, she wants one with puffed sleeves."—Detroit Tribune.

HIS CAREER SETTLED.



The Uncle—"Why don't you have your hair cut, my angelic little boy?"
The Boy—"Cuz pop says I'm going to be a musician."

COULD NOT BE HOODOOED.

"Music hath charms," she said to her country cousin.
"It can't charm me," was his reply, "for I've got a rabbit foot in my pocket!"—Atlanta Constitution.

WISHED FOR DIVINE WRATH.

Little Pet (on her knees, before retiring)—
"Mamma, may I pray for rain?" Mamma—
"Yes, if you want to, but why?" Little Pet—
"Sassa Stickum didn't invite me to her picnic."—New York Weekly.

PART OF HER LOAD GONE.

"Miss Oldfirt carries her years well, doesn't she?"
"You must bear in mind that she has thrown nearly half of them away."—Indianapolis Journal.

NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.



Bell—"What would you advise me to do with my voice?"
Nell—"O, I don't know. You might have it tuned when the man comes around again."

LITERARY CRITICISM IN THE SOUTH.

Some of the leading magazines for August are fully up to the standard. The advertisements are beautifully displayed and will repay perusal.—Atlanta Constitution.

DESCRIBED.

Jack—"How do you like Darnot's latest novel?"
Joss—"Well, it's as broad as it is long."—New York World.

BEATING HIM DOWN.

Monument Man—"You didn't tell me what age you would want on the tombstone; suppose we put it 'Aet. 83 years.'"
"Make it 80, and we'll call it a bargain."—New York World.

QUITE NATURALLY.

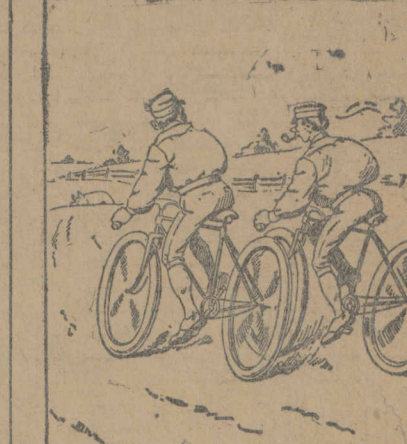
Mills—"What parts do you take in this new marine drama?"
Rills—"O, divers roles."—New York World.

A LESSON IN HYDRAULICS.

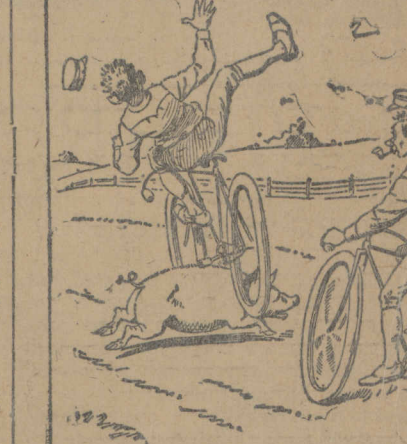


Changing the course of the waterflow, by a com—

NOT SO FUNNY AFTER ALL.



1—Mr. Alek Smart—"Now for fun. There's a pig in the road, watch me make him jump."



2—But the pig jumped—



3—the wrong—



4—why.

SUCH A DIFFERENCE.

Give me the gentle woman with a fad
Born of her culture, which to follow adds
To her enjoyment; but protect me from
The errand one whose fad is having fads!
—Truth.

CARELESSNESS.



1—Well!



2—Dat's a keersless plects o' business—



3—Le P.



Prospective bath and attendants (London).