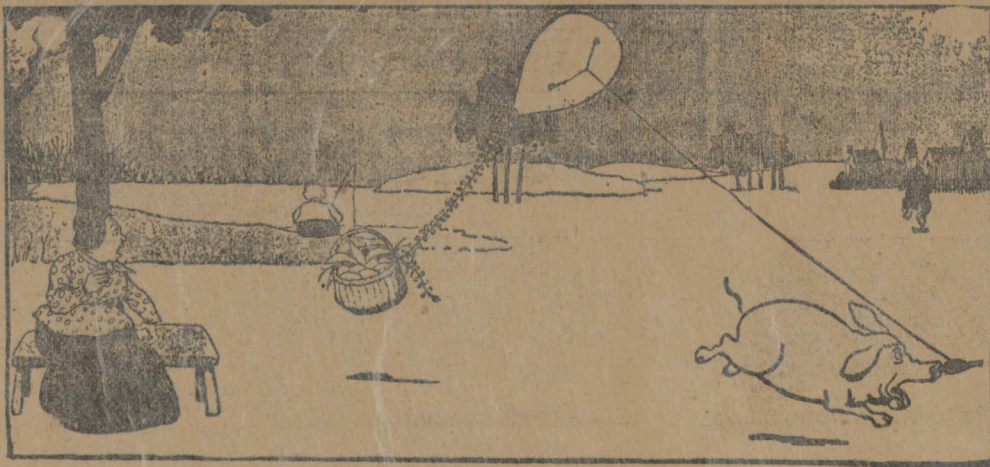
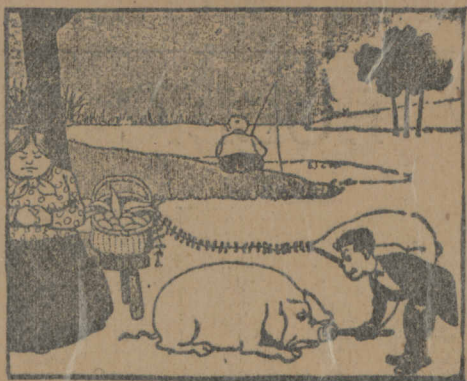
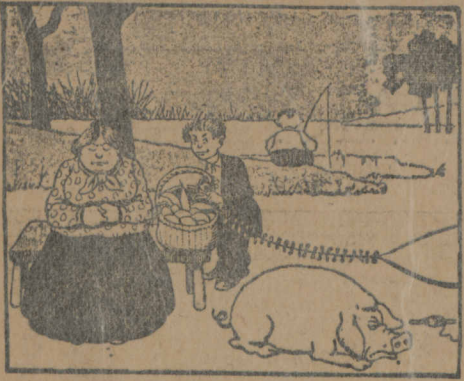


UNFORTUNATE CONSEQUENCES WHICH FOLLOWED AN INDULGENCE IN "FORTY WINKS."



—London St. Paul's.

QUITE CARRIED AWAY.



Brown—"Light-hearted, careless sort of chap your young friend there! I do believe he'd rob his father, and be delighted!"

Robinson—"Well—er—transported rather than delighted, I should have said."—London Punch.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Mr. Crusty (from above)—"Eugenie, tell that young man that it's 11 o'clock."

The Young Man (gratefully)—"Now that's what I call real nice in your father. The last car leaves at 1. Do you think he'd mind keeping an eye out for it?"—New York Journal.

INIMITABLE.

"Did you see my portrait in the Weekly Bazaar?" asked a Harlem politician of Gus De Smith.

"Yes, I saw it," replied Gus.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"It's wonderful. I never saw anything like it."—New York World.

TOO MUCH PIETY.



"You can't have too much of a good thing," said O'Bejoyful to his pessimistic friend Sadmug.

"I don't know about that. Over in New Jersey at a camp-meeting a man groaned so long and loud over his sins that he was arrested and fined \$10 for disorderly conduct."—New York World.

EXPLAINED.

"It seems to be a case of genuine attachment," said the young woman. "She hasn't lifted him yet."

"No," replied Miss Cayenne. "She heartily dislikes the girl that he is going to give the engagement ring to next."—Washington Star.

A QUIET EVENING.

N. Peck—"I think I shall stay home this evening and enjoy a good, quiet, homelike evening—something I have not done for some time."

Watts—"A homelike evening? I thought your wife was out of town."

"She is."—Indianapolis Journal.

AN ECONOMICAL SPORTSMAN.



Bag Carrier (to keeper)—"What does the master eye ask that body tee shoot wif him for? He canna hit a thing!"

Keeper—"Dod, man, I daur say he wishes they was a like him. The same birds does him a' through the season."—London Punch.

A ROPELESS CASE.

"Those men walking around the grounds," said the visitor, "who are they?"

"They," said the superintendent, "are patients who have seen the alrship. We expect to discharge them cured in a few weeks."

"And this man you have chained to the wall?"

"Incurable!" said the superintendent, sadly. "He claims he saw an ice man deliver ice before 11 o'clock in the morning."—Detroit Free Press.

OUGHT TO HAVE KEPT IT HOME.

Farmer Nubbins (shouting across the garden fence to his next door neighbor)—"Hey, there! What are you burying in that hole?"

Neighbor—"O, I'm just replanting some of my garden seeds."

Nubbins—"Garden seeds, eh? Looks to me mighty like one of my hens."

Neighbor—"That's all right. The seeds are inside of it."—New York World.

THE TEST.

"I'd like to know," said Edith, "why they look at a horse's teeth to tell his age?"

"Huh! That's easy enough," said Dave. "If they're false he's old, that's all."—Judge.

AN UP-TO-DATE VERSION.

Bigger—"The clothes don't make the man."

Bigger—"Nor does the name plate make the wheel."—New York Journal.

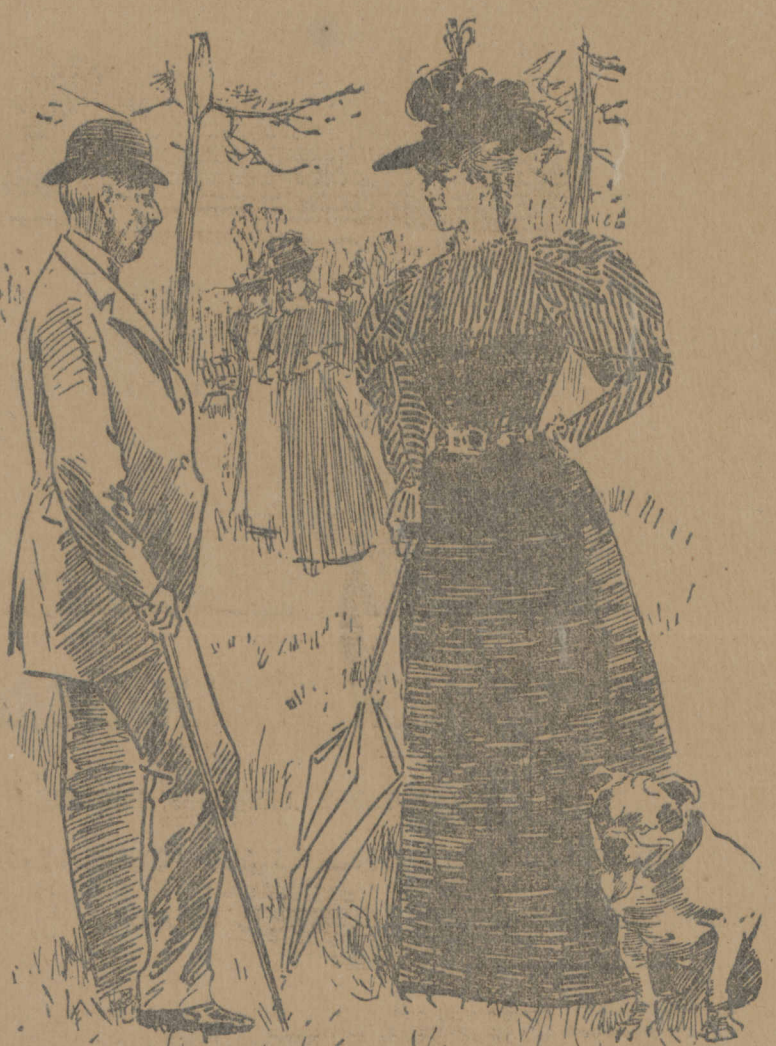
AMAZING.



"You see, Giles, in many respects we are all alike. The richest man in the land cannot eat more than a certain quantity every twenty-four hours. The Duke of Westminster, for instance, only has his three or four meals a day."

"Do's not, sir?"—Ally Sloper.

IMPOLITIC.



Mrs. Mashem—"Bull-bull and I have been sitting for our photographs as 'Beauty and the Beast'."

Lord Loreus (a bit of a fancier)—"Yes; he certainly is a beauty, isn't he?"—London Punch.

HAD HIGH HOPES.

Girl—"He says he always hopes for the best."

Helress—"Yes. He even hopes to marry me."—New York Journal.



DISGRACED HIMSELF.

Taggles—"Why did youse an' yer pard, Veary Taggers, part?"

Wraggles—"He said there wuz two cords of wood in a pile, when I knowed there wuz only one."

Taggles—"But you didn't quarrel about that?"

Wraggles—"None, but he offered to split the difference."—New York Journal.

AT MARGATE.

Angelina (very poetical, surveying the rolling ocean)—"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

Edwin (very practical)—"No drink! Now, hang it all, Anzy, if I've asked you once I've asked you three times within the last five minutes to come and a split soda and whisky! And I can do with it!"—London Punch.



He—"When I marry the girl must be both intellectual and beautiful."

She—"Ah! You believe in opposites marrying, then?"—Judy.

WHAT BROKE UP THE CLUB.

"I once belonged to an Anarchist club," said Meandering Mike. "It was a great organization. We had some fine plans for reformation laid out."

"What became of it?" asked Plodding Pete.

"De club disbanded."

"What broke it up?"

"Dey refused to trust us for any more beer till we paid for the last keg."—Washington Star.

A TRYING HOUR.

"Don't you think that Miss Frizely is a perfect poem?"

"Blank verse, I should say. I put in an hour trying to talk to her."—Detroit Free Press.

HARD LUCK.

Bell—"Saw Tom and his wife out wheeling yesterday."

Nell—"Tandem?"

Bell—"No; baby carriage."

DISPARITY.

"You're not going to the Klondike region, are you?" said the impecunious man's friend.

"No."

"Don't like the climate?"

"It isn't the climate. It's the surface conditions. There are too many mountain passes and no railway passes."—Washington Star.

POOR JOHNNY.

Mr. Briggs—"Tom Rider handed me some tickets for the circus. It'll be an awful bore, but I suppose on Johnny's account we ought to go. He'll be pleased."

Mrs. Briggs—"Why, there are only two here!"

Mr. Briggs—"Well, then, that's all he gave us. Umph! Johnny'll have to stay at home, then. Too bad!"—New York Journal.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.



He—"I only ask you to put me to the test. Give me something to do for your sake."

She—"Certainly. Go and marry some other girl."—Pick-Me-Up.

TOO OPTIMISTIC.

"And," were the concluding words of the professor's lecture to the medical students, "do not promise too much. I know a physician of real ability who covered himself with ridicule and obloquy by promising a patient whose legs he had just amputated that he would have him on his feet within two weeks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MADE HIS PILE.

"Yes," said the San Francisco business-man, "I made my fortune out of Klondike."

"Dig it out?"

"Not by a darn sight! I sold outfits to the geese who were going up to dig."—Philadelphia North American.

IN THE CATSKILLS.

Miss Gusher—"Did the sun go down clear, Mr. Hayseed?"

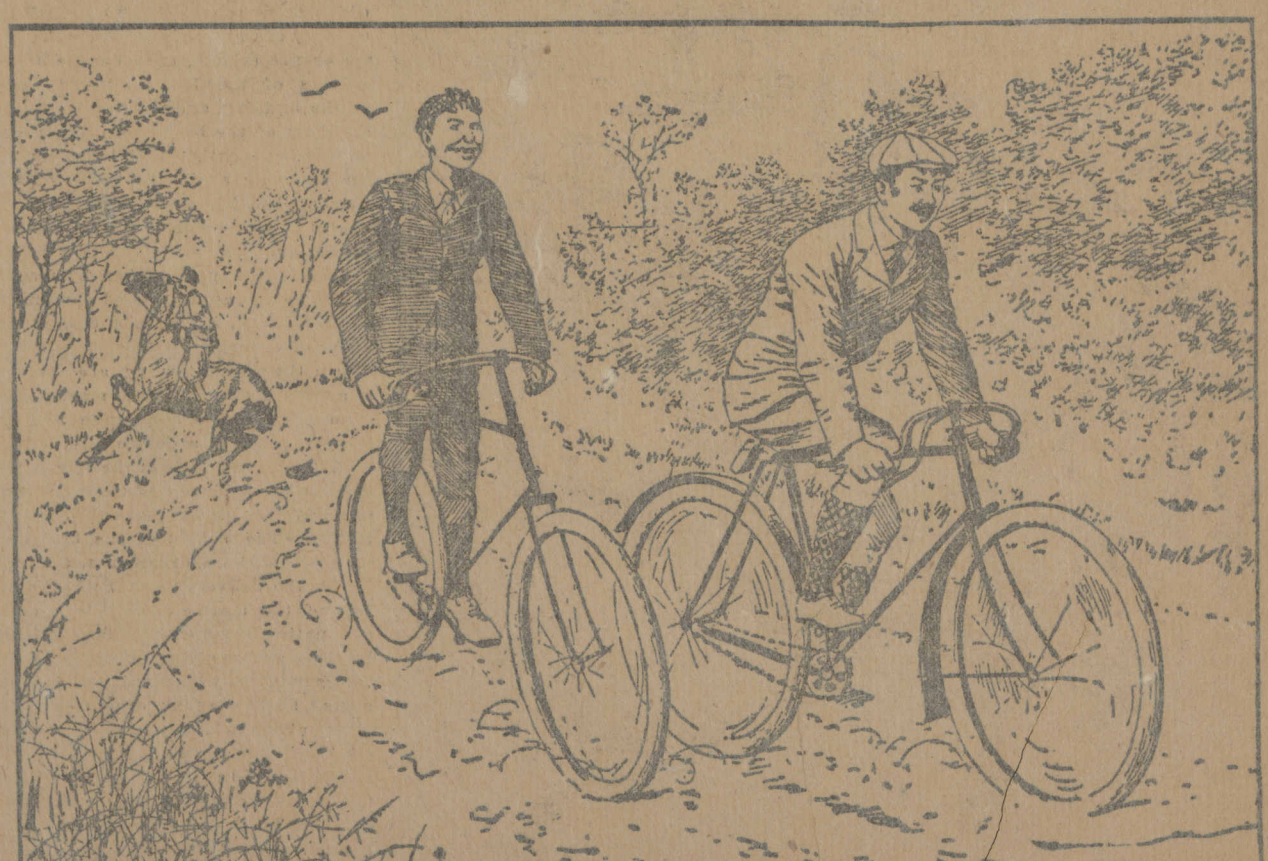
Farmer Hayseed—"Wall, I don't know. It went clear down."—New York Journal.

AT BENLEY.



"For a mile and a half the river was covered with elegant craft, in which youth was always at the prow and pleasure always at the helm."—Daily Paper.—London Punch.

KINDLY PRECAUTIONS.



Arry—"Once seemed stawled folks, my tale. Of whoistled all robbins!"

Bull—"Sow did Oi—right alongside o' 'im!"—London Fun.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER APPEARANCES.



The Shop Walker (his business).
—London Fun.

The Deck Walker (his pleasure).
—London Fun.

CONVINCED.

Mrs. Martini—"You were drunk when you got home this morning. James says he practically had to carry you up-stairs. And you gave him a dollar to keep quiet."

Martini—"Did I give that lunkhead a dollar?"

Mrs. Martini—"You did."

Martini—"Then I must have been drunk."—Philadelphia North American.

PRACTICAL.

"What nonsense it is!" remarked the sentimental girl, "to take daisies and by plucking off the petals try to learn whether or not a man loves you."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "it is very silly. A much better method is to take the roses he sends you around to the florist's and find out how much they cost."—Washington Star.

KLONDIKE HUMANITY.

"Great heavens! Two men dead in the street! What does this mean?"

"Just a difference of opinion."

"A difference of opinion?"

"Yes, they'll be buried soon. We always bury differences of opinion up here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ENVIOUS.

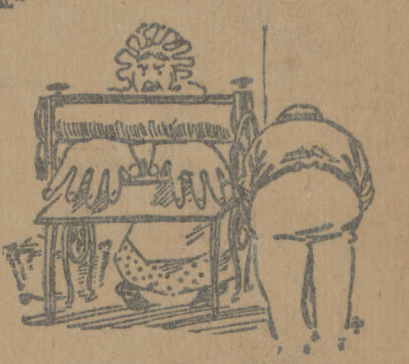
"I," said the daughter of a newly-plutocratic sire, "was caught in the rain yesterday and ruined a \$50 suit."

"And," said the girl who was poor but proud, "a twelve-dollar complexion."—Indianapolis Journal.

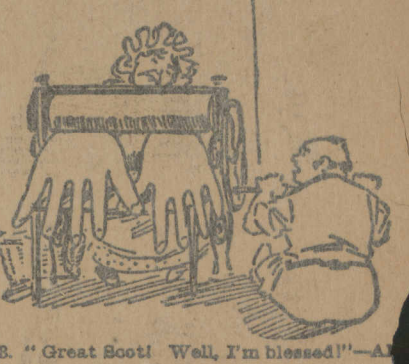
WASHING DAY.



1. Mrs. Snazzel—"Turn the handle, Sam!"



2. Mr. Snazzel—"This is stiff work!"



3. "Great Scott! Well, I'm blessed!"—Ally Sloper.

ON THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

"You're getting in pretty late," said the Klondiker.

"Yes," said his partner, "I was delayed by a big washout."

Having thus spoken he exhibited 625 ounces of gold, the result of the washout aforementioned.—Indianapolis Journal.

WHAT IT IS FOR.

"That's what lets me out," remarked Hungerford at the circus.

"What lets you out?" asked Frightie.

And Hungerford pointed to the sign that read, "Exit."—New York World.

A MAN'S INTEREST.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Do you think I would look nice in one of those new granadines?"

Mr. Cobwigger—"How much would it cost?"—New York World.

LITERARY NOTE.

Mr. Hall Caine's recent novel is said in the London hospitals to be the most exciting nurse-awry tale of the century.—London Punch.