



FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

POETIC MAIDEN—"And when we're locked in either's arms—Two souls with but a single thought; two hearts that beat as one—we feel as though we're flying and flying, and winging our way through the light and airy transcendental firmament, higher and higher, towards the empyrean, and then—hark! 'tis he! I know his echoing step. There's music in his very footfall."

PROSAIC GIRL—"So there is, dear; for he's got on a new pair of boots, and they're creaking awfully."

THERE WASN'T ANY MUSS.

WHAT I want to arrive at," said the Police Magistrate, "is the animus of the transaction."

"Sure, yer worship," replied the prosecutor, "there wasn't any. Ye mind it was just this way. He come along quiet-like and snaked up me coat fwim I wasn't lukin', and run aff wid it. No, sorr, there wasn't any muss at all."

"THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND."

WRIGHT—"Of course you've read the new satire
What do you think of it?"

REID—"It's rough on you, old fellow, but don't get discouraged. You can live it down."

WRIGHT—"I don't think you understand. The satire isn't directed at me; I wrote it."

REID—"Yes, I know!"

"JOYS FOREVER."

AARONSON—"Go ofer py der noosbaper ohffice, Chacob, and adferdise me, 'Segont-hant Bahding-Suits Vanted.'"

THE JUNIOR PARTNER—"Vat for does you vant dem fader?"

AARONSON—"I vas taghken a gontract to brovide der wardropes for seegsty ballet-girls."

A DUDE may not always be one of the aristocracy, but he belongs to the pant-isocracy every time.

HE WAS TIRED OF POUNDING.

ARE you going to the pound concert this evening?"
"No not this evening. Went to Herr Schinkel-gumpf's concert last week, and heard pounding enough here to last me for a long time."

TOO MUCH FOR ENDURANCE.

PLUGWINCH—"What an admirable book is the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table!' It overflows with refined humor and polished epigram. Nothing crude or vulgar about it. It is Holmes' charm as a writer that everything he produces shows evidence of the scholar and the man of culture."

PETEROUT—"And yet it cannot be denied that the 'Autocrat' contains a great deal of Holmes-pun humor."

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At a late hour last evening the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict.

SKELETON POEM.

.....fool,
.....feel
.....mule,
.....heel
.....thud,
.....head,
.....blood,
.....dead.

AT MIDNIGHT.

STOUNDER—"Excuse me, sir; but that is not a letter box you are trying to put that letter in. It's a fire-alarm box."

ROUNDER—"Who' shaid it wash a letter-box? (hic) If I want to send a note to ze firemen sayin' there ain't a fire (hic) who'sh business is it? (hic). Where'sh your letter box?"

THE SOUL-DESTROYING STOVE-PIPE.



His clothes were covered with soot and grime,
His brow was creased with a savage frown,
He had jammed his thumb for the dozenth time,
When the stove-pipes suddenly clattered down.

And oh! the wild, mad oaths he swore,
As he banged his fist through his new silk hat,
And he jumped on the pipes on the parlor floor,
And danced and danced till each pipe was flat.

He kicked the stove till he broke his toe,
And lifted his voice and yelled amain,
Till the neighbors who lived in the block below
Said, "Bet your life he's got 'em again."

And oh! how he cussed till the welkin rang,
(Whatever the welkin may chance to be),
As he shut the door with a sounding bang,
And started off on a jamboree.