

SUBRIDENDO.

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

Lithographer.—What color will you have your bill-heads?

Merchant.—Dun color.

A literary Frenchman, after studying English for a few months, wrote to an American friend: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on to the scaffold to lecture."

Peddler.—Beg pardon, ma'am, but I am agent for Dr. Feeder's Spice Root Bitters, and I'm sure if the members of your family would try them they would soon have the finest appetites—

Lady at Door (severely)—This, sir, is a boarding house. —*Street & Smith's Good News.*

Poet.—I have a little poem here, sir, that has been indited—

Editor.—Well, sir, I would be glad to see it convicted, but I can't try it.—*Life.*

SUCCESSFUL.

Husband (to extravagant wife)—"You have succeeded at last in making something of me."

Wife.—"I knew I should. What is it dearest?"

Husband.—"A pauper!"—*Pick-me-up.*

IN MAULSTICK'S STUDIO.

Mr. Leafarde (of Chicago)—"That there picture of a pig is splendid, sir, splendid—never saw anything so true to life. I do believe you're the very man to paint a portrait of me"—*Munsey Weekly*

Hotel Clerk.—"What's this tremendous ringing?"

Farmer Squasby (at the electric bell.)—I dunno. I jes' lost my collar-button, an' was tryin' to dig this little white one out o' the wall with my jack-knife.

The Artist: What is your line of work?

The Author: I write the autobiographies of great men. And yours?

The Artist: I paint Rembrandts. —*Town Topics*

Mr. Waffle.—Aw, Miss West, kindly allow me to escort you into the banqueting salon.

Miss West.—Pardon me, Mr. Waffle, but did you expect to walk or ride?

Mr. Waffle (standing on her dress.)—Why, walk, of course.

Miss West.—Then please get off the train.—*Ex.*

A young lady in a Northport school compared ill in this manner: "Positive, ill; comparative, worse, superlative, dead." The whole class looked up very much surprised, and the master, with a great effort to control the sadness which he felt, arose and said: "Scholars, you can have fifteen minutes for the funeral."—*Ex.*

Smarte: That tree there hasn't borne a single pear for eight years.

Smiley: Why don't you cut it down then?

Smarte: Because it is the best apple tree I've got.

Long-haired Individual (to Managing Editor)—Is the literary editor in?

Managing Editor—No, he's gone off on his vacation.

L.H.I.—Do you know whether he read my poem before he went?

Mag. Ed.—I think he did. He asked for an extra week's rest.—*Buffalo Express.*

A begging letter asking for a pair of cast-off trousers closed pathetically with these words, "So send me, most honored sir, the trousers, and they will be woven into the laurel crown of your good deeds."

An orator said: "There is not a man, woman or child in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but has felt this truth thundering through his brain for centuries."

"On which side of the platform is my train?" asked a stranger in a railway depot the other day.

"Well, my friend," replied a gentleman passing, "if you take the left you'll be right, if you take the right, you'll be left."