



#### EXCESS OF CAUTION.

**NERVOUS PASSENGER** (on Southern Railroad): CONDUCTOR, WHY ARE WE RUNNING AT SUCH A FRIGHTFUL RATE OF SPEED?

**CONDUCTOR** (reassuringly): THERE'S A ROTTEN BRIDGE, MADAM, HALF A MILE AHEAD, AND WE WANT TO GET OVER IT WITH AS LITTLE STRAIN AS POSSIBLE.

#### CHANGED.

"WHAT I so in my husband prize,"  
Cried Clara, "is, he is so wise!"  
"That may be true now," Molly said,  
"But how he's changed since you he wed!"

#### ON BEING IN DEBT.

I KNOW that this subject has been treated before. In fact, I do not recollect just at present the brilliant young author who at some time or another in his Parnasian climb has not stopped by the wayside long enough to light a cigarette and write an essay on the pleasures of being in debt. As they have all said the same thing, I think I may be pardoned for saying it too. All have agreed that it is a delightful state of affairs. You know that at least some people in the world think of you more than often. You feel sure that the postman will not whistle at the door and leave missives for every one but yourself. You know that a score or more human beings (according to the luck you have had in getting in debt) are wishing for your speed success.

Why, if a beautiful young girl (as I am fond of hoping), rich and aristocratic, and all that sort of thing, were to fall in love with me from reading my classical writings

and were to come to my boarding-house, and climb four flights of stairs, and offer to marry me and make me so very, very happy all the rest of my life, I would never consent, never, unless she agreed not to pay my debts. I must be sure of posthumous fame in some way or other.

*Tom Hall.*

#### HE WAS ON.

**TRAMP** (to Salem girl): Can't you give me a cup of coffee?

**SALEM GIRL**: No; I have only cups of china. I can give you some coffee in a cup, however.

**TRAMP**: Thanks, miss. And please be kind enough to drop a cube of sugar into the receptacle, with a spoonful of bovine juice.

#### TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

**EDWIN FAKE**: This year I intend to set apart one matinee for the free admission of orphans.

**BRONSON**: Good. Any restrictions at all?

**EDWIN FAKE**: Only two. Orphans over twenty not admitted, and orphans under twenty must be accompanied by their parents.

#### SOCIAL LIFE IN THE DEEP.

"HOW do you do," said the crab to the lobster; "how is your dear little baby?"

"Very well, indeed," said the lobster. "We haven't named her yet—names are so hard to find."

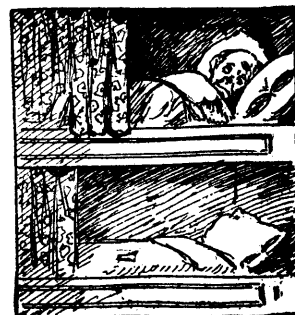
"Why not call her Clawdia?" suggested the crab.

#### NOT SO BAD.

**PATIENT**: I've lost my appetite, doctor,

**DOCTOR**: That's bad.

"Bad! You wouldn't think so if you boarded where I do."



A MAN OF HIGH BERTH.