

HUMOUROUS.

A ROTHSAY HOTEL DIALOGUE.—Englishman: Let me speak, sir. I'm an alderman, and from London. Scotchman: An' I'm frae Lanark, an' I'll bate ye whit ye like I'm the alderman!

SYMPATHETIC old lady: Oh dear! I do so feel for that poor man with the long trumpet. (She must mean the trombone in the orchestra.) All through the piece he's been trying to fix it right, and he can't do it poor fellow.

TEMPTATION SOLICITED.—Willie (who has eaten his apple): Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve, and I'll be Adam. Mabel: All right. Well? Willie: Now you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll succumb.

LADIES are just like watches, said M'Whirter, reflectively; such pretty things to look at, with such sweet faces and delicate hands. Ay, and deucedly difficult to regulate when you get 'em, added Jolliboy, with his most satirical chuckle.

WHEN a man sees another wearing a hat of identical pattern with his own, he takes it as a compliment to his judgment. When a woman sees her new hat duplicated, she either buys another new one or sits down and cries because she can't afford to do so.

MILITIA.—Officer going his round one night. Officer to Sentry: Why don't you challenge sentry? I'm no a fechtin' man; I never challenge onybody. Why don't you cry Halt! who goes there? Sentry: Man there was nae need for that, for I kent fine wha you was when I saw you comin'.

THE IMPROVED METHOD.—Strolling musician: Can you give me a few pennies? Housewife: But you haven't made any music yet. Strolling musician: Certainly; but although my instrument is sadly out of tune, I shall play unless you contribute something. Housewife: How thoughtful and kind of you. Here is a dollar.

MILLIONAIRE (showing his grand house): How do you like my new dining-room? Observe the frescoed ceiling, the pictured walls, the sideboards made to order, the costly chandelier, the massive high-backed chairs, the magnificent silver and glass dishes, gold spoons.

How do you like it? Fat guest: that depends entirely on what there is to eat.

SAD BUT TRUE.—First lady: It's a shame that all the stores do not close at noon Saturdays and give the tired clerks a rest. Second lady: Yes, it is. A good many of them do. I was shopping last Saturday and found several of them closed, but fortunately De Stayer's was not and I bought quite a bill there. First lady: Why, it is strange I did not see you. I shopped there most of that afternoon.

THE ROAD TO FAME.—Mr. Dumpsy: Johnny, put away that arithmetic and go out into the barn and punch a bag for awhile. You've got to make a prize-fighter to succeed nowadays. Johnny: But, pa, I'm figuring out how many blows, delivered with the force of Sullivan's, it would take to knock an elephant out. Mr. Dumpsy: All right; but you must get in some more exercise pretty soon.

THE MEANEST MAN ON RECORD.—Husband (kindly): My dear, you have nothing decent to wear, have you? Wife (with alacrity): No, indeed, I haven't; not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My very newest party dress has been worn three times already. Husband: Yes; that's just what I told Blifkins when he offered me two tickets for the opera for to-night. I knew if I took them they'd only be wasted, so I just got one. You won't mind if I hurry off?

WANTED TO SPARE THEIR FEELINGS.—There were a dozen or more excursionists sitting on the City Hall steps, Detroit, recently, when one of them asked of a gentleman who was passing by what the two cannon were placed there for. He looked the party over and replied:—"So as to guard the building if attacked by a mob?" "That's funny," said a woman to her husband when he had passed on. "It's more'n funny, Hemily," answered the husband. "Them 'ere guns was a-took from the British at the battle of Lake Erie by that 'ere feller called Perry, and you can read it right there for yourself." "Then he meant to deceive us?" "H'o no, 'e didn't. 'E meant to spare our feelin's, hand hour feelin's his accordingly spared." "Then he took us for Canadians?" "Right you hare, Hemily, hand that's the

honly place where it 'urts me. Hi sot 'ere a-thinkin' that we looked to be Hamerican hall hover, hand e twigged hus hat a glawnce."

HAD TO DO IT.—The little girl in this story had been very anxious to peep in upon the grown-up world and find out what kind of conversation took place between her mother and her friends. She had begged to be permitted to stay in the drawing-room when her mother received visitors, and at last she was granted permission. She was very quiet; she sat demurely for a while and listened. Then she went out, and presently a curious noise of thuds and knocks was heard outside. It was not very loud. Presently she came in again and took her seat, sat patiently a little longer, and got up and went out. Again the same peculiar noise was heard. After the visitors had gone her mother called her and said: "What were you doing out there and why did you leave the room?" "Well, I'll tell you, mamma. I got so very tired of hearing those women talk that I went out in the hall and turned somersaults to relieve myself."

LITTLE girl: If I should die and go to heaven, would I have wings? Mamma: Yes, my pet, and a crown and a harp. Little girl: And candy? Mamma: No. Little girl (after meditation): Well, I'm glad we've got a good doctor.

THE HISTORY OF BILLIARDS.—The latest *English Illustrated Magazine* gives us a paper on the game of billiards, with portraits of players. "An investigation into the early history of billiards reveals the curious fact that while many English writers on the game attribute its invention to a native of France, the French authorities declare that it had its origin in Britain. There is, however, great conflict of opinion on both sides of the Channel, and no research has definitely settled when the game was first invented. Among those who declare for its English origin we find that Bouillet says—"The game of billiards appears to be derived from the game of bowls. It was known in England in old times, and was, perhaps, invented there;" and, he adds, it became the fashion in France owing to Louis XIV. playing the game after meals by the advice of his physicians."

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