

"GEORGE, I called to see you this morning, and the maid said you were out."
 "Yes, uncle, I am sorry that I was."
 "But you were not, for I saw you sitting at the window as I came away."
 "Yes; that's just it; the maid did not specify; she only knew that I was out. Sometimes I am staying out, sometimes walking out and sometimes looking out. She was stupid not to say which."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"All your patients are complaining of you, and I don't feel at all satisfied with you."
 "Well, I advise you to consult a veterinary surgeon. None of his patients complain of him."

HAMFAT: "Hello, Buskin, have you returned? I thought you were starring in Shakespearian roles."

BUSKIN: "Yes, I have been; but the legitimate drama got a black eye, and I came in to get some new improvements."

HAMFAT: "Got some novelties, have you?"

BUSKIN: "Yes; we are going to make Hamlet a specialty. I am going to have the piece fixed up. Ophelia will drown herself in a tank of real water, and we will introduce a real fire-engine in the last act."—*America*.

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."

GUEST: "How much do I owe?"

WAITER: "Altogether it comes to a dollar and a half."

GUEST: "I think you are mistaken. I make it only a dollar and a quarter."

WAITER: "Ah, excuse me, sir; this time I am the stupid one."

PHYSICIAN—"You see your son is feverish, madam. Notice the coating on his tongue."

MRS. ANXIOUS—"I don't see any coating on his tongue; but I see an ulcer in his throat and his pants are dreadful short."—*Epoch*.

MRS. GASSAWAY—"I tell you, Doctor, that I am sick, and you say all that I need is rest, and you haven't even looked at my tongue."

DOCTOR—"I know that needs a rest, without having to look at it."—*Texas Siftings*.

BARBER (*with a snicker*)—"Who cut your hair last, sir?"

CUSTOMER—"You did."

BARBER (*with a ghost of a smile*)—"Ah yes, so I did. And an excellent job it was too."—*N. Y. Morning Journal*.

YOUNG LADY—"Mamma, I feel so sorry for that old beggar we just passed."

MOTHER—"Did you give him something?"

YOUNG LADY—"Certainly—a friendly look."

PFEIFFER—"How's business with you this summer?"

HOEFFER—"Oh, it's quite a fizzle."

PFEIFFER—"Sorry to hear it. What are you engaged in?"

HOEFFER—"I am running a soda fountain."

SMALL BOB (*on the sidewalk*): "Ma, ma! look out of the window!"

MA (*putting her head out of the window*): "What is it?"

BOB (*pointing to his playmate*): "Mike didn't believe you were so cross-eyed."

"MAKE way here, gentlemen," said the officious policeman, clubbing the crowd right and left. "We've got to have more room. There is an Englishman coming with a pair of new spring trousers on."—*Chicago Tribune*.

WIFE—"Heavens, Abraham! little Isaac is choking. He has swallowed the coin you gave him."

ABRAHAM (*calmly*)—"My love, be quiet. It is no loss. It was only a counterfeit piece!"

SHE—"When I think about my first ball it seems like only yesterday."

HE—"What a marvelous memory you must have." (*Cannot understand what makes her seem annoyed about something.*)

A CHARITY BALL (*defined by a Parisian*): A crowd where you show your heart and your shoulders at the same time, and where you undress to dress the poor.—*To-day*.

"THE Doctor is not at home."

"I am very sorry. I wanted to pay a little bill."

"Oh, then—then I will look again!"

MRS. LANGTRY now wants to attack "Henry VIII." She will certainly fail if she does, for Henry always did get ahead of the women.—*Baltimore American*.

SYDNEY SMITH used to say that a certain lawyer he knew reminded him of necessity; not that he was the mother of invention, but because he knew no law.

A MAN knows all about the "all-gone" feeling the patent medicine advertisements speak of just after he has lost all his money at poker.—*Boston Courier*.

JINKS—"How did you come to lose so much money on the races?"

WINKS—"Got too many tips before I started."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

MOTHER (*to her wayward boy*)—"Oh, Max, very often I get no sleep the whole night when you come home so late."

MAX—"I don't either."

BJONES said he never knew he was a conundrum until the doctors gave him up.—*Somerville Journal*.

BASHFUL BEAU—"I don't know if you are like myself, Miss Annie, but I find that a walk with a companion is not so solitary."

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and shopping centres, with over 2,000 horse cars passing daily and near to elevated, is the Sturtevant House, Broadway, cor. 29th street, N.Y. One of the most popular N.Y. hotels.—*Mail and Express*.

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THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement.

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