

A REVELATION IN THE EGG TRADE.



MR. RAREBOOK (to new clerk in book store): Young man, have you a copy of a Gutenberg bible?

CLERK (with sad memories of winter racing): Boy, get this gentleman a copy of the racing guide.

BARBER (to inebriate): Hold your head up, sir, or I can't shave you.

INEBRIATE: Orright—I don't (hic) give a rip—gimme (hic) hair-cut.

THERE WAS ONE READY.

"CAN'T I have a newspaper to-day?" asked the murderer, as the sheriff entered his cell.

"Yes," replied the obliging official, as he took the death warrant from his pocket, "here is a noose paper for you."

CUMSO: The third and fourth letters of the alphabet remind me of a tramp.

MRS. CUMSO: Why?

CUMSO: Because they are C D.

"WHY did Cæsar thrice decline the imperial crown?" demanded the Shakespearean student.

"I suppose it was because it was offered to him three times," replied the matter-of-fact man.