



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Man on Fidgety Mare. "GENTLY, OLD LADY! GENTLY! NO HURRY!"  
Stout Lady crossing the Ride. "WHO ARE YOU, CALLING ME 'OLD LADY,' I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW! I DON'T INTEND TO HURRY, I CAN TELL YOU!"



CIRCUMFERENCE.

Tailor (measuring Customer of "Ortonian" girth). "WOULD YOU HOLD THE END, SIR, WHILE I GO ROUND!"



EXTREMES THAT MEET.

AT MRS. LYONS CHACRE'S "SMALL AND EARLY."

Fair Enthusiast. "LOOK! LOOK! THERE STANDS MISS GANDER BELLWETHER, THE FAMOUS CHAMPION OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS, THE FUTURE FOUNDER OF A NEW PHELLOPEA! ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE RISING YOUNG GENIUSES OF THE DAY ALL FLOCKING TO HER SIDE, AND FRANKING ON HER LINE, AND FEASTING ON THE SAD AND EARNEST UTTERANCES WRUNG FROM HER INDIGNANT HEART BY THE WRONGS OF HER WRETCHED SEX! O, ISN'T SHE DIVINE, CAPTAIN DANDELION!"  
Captain Dandelion (of the 17th Walkers). "HAW! 'FAIR OF TASTE, YOU KNOW! WATHER FWEFFER SHE WOMEN MYSELF—WATHER FWEFFER THE WRETCHED SEX WITH ALL ITS WONGS—HAW!"  
Mr. Millefleur (of the "Eau Bouquet" Club). "HAW! WATHER A GURBY, SKWURRY LOT, THE WISING YOUNG GENIUSES! HAW—AW—AW!!!"



AN OLD OFFENDER.

Country Gentleman (eying his Gardener suspiciously). "DEAR, DEAR MR. JEFFRIES, THIS IS TOO BAD! AFTER WHAT I SAID TO YOU YESTERDAY, I DIDN'T THINK TO FIND YOU—"  
Gardener. "YOU CAN'T SHAY—(sic)—I WARR DRUNK YESTER'DAY, SE—!"  
Country Gentleman (sternly). "ARE YOU SORRY THIS MORNING, SIR?"  
Gardener. "I'M—SHEPHERDLY SORRY, SIR!!!"



THE TALKERS IN THE STALLS, No. 1.

Man with Mind. WHY ON EARTH DO THESE WRETCHED PEOPLE KEEP CLAPPING THEIR HANDS!  
Woman with Mind. PERHAPS IT'S TO KEEP THEMSELVES WARM.



THE TALKERS IN THE STALLS, No. 2.

First Golden Youth. WELL, MOST PLEAS I KNOW LIKE OF' BOUFFE BETTER THAN ANYTHING, 'CAUSE, YOU KNOW, BETWEEN THE ACTS, A PLE—  
Second Golden Youth. YA—LA—'SACHTLY.



RUDIMENTS OF REPARTEE.

Maria's Hero. "YAS! D' 'ER KNOW ME!"  
Maud Evangeline. "NO; AND I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO!"