

SHARPS AND FLATS.



Tom—Know Wilson?
 Jack—Yes.
 Tom—Very well?
 Jack—Yes. Fifty dollars

"They really fear she will go insane. You see, she found a dairy he kept before he met and married her——" "Oh, I see. And the awful revelations——" "Revelations nothing! It was in cipher, and she couldn't read a word of it."

"A fast horse, is he?" "Trots like a streak of greased lightning." "Well, that's fast enough. What do you call him?" "What Ma Says." "What Ma Says! That's a strange name. Why do you call him that?" "Because what ma says goes!"

Miss Twitter—I want to ask you something, Mr. Penn, I hope (blushing) you won't think me too forward?

Steele Penn—Have no hesitation, Miss Twitter.

Miss Twitter—I am going to have some handkerchiefs embroidered, and I was wondering if it would be safe to have the initials of my maiden name placed on them.

Algy—"Do you think, my love, that your father will consent to our marriage?" Angely—"Of course papa will be very sorry to lose me, darling." Algy—"But I will say to him that, instead of losing a daughter, he will gain a son!" Angely—"I wouldn't do that, love, if you really want me. Papa has three such sons living at home now, and he's a little bit touchy on the point."

"Why did you not have me called at 6 o'clock?" roared the commer-

cial traveler, as he faced the dazzling hotel clerk and banged his fist on the register."

"I did!" retorted the unabashed dazzler.

"You did not, sir!"

"I tell you I did!"

"You did not, sir, and I can prove it."

"No, you can't prove it."

"Yes, I can"

"Prove it, then."

"Well, you did not have me called at 6 o'clock, because I did not leave word to be called at all!" and the commercial traveller grinned and looked for the hotel clerk to blush and apologize.

But he looked in vain. A little thing like that wouldn't even make a hotel clerk's eyelid flutter.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE PRIZE RING



JEM SMITH.



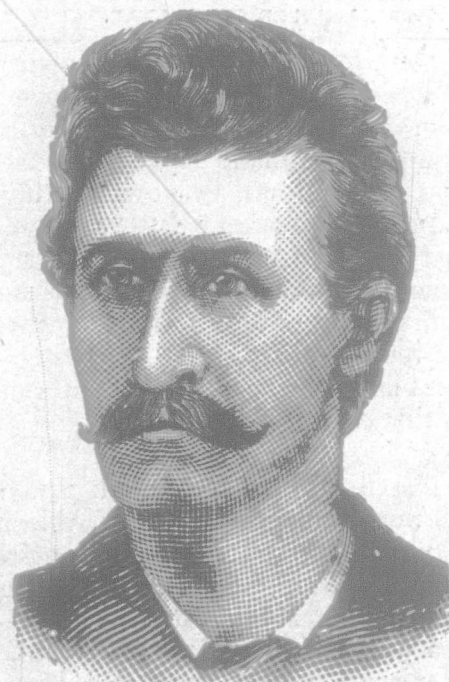
ED. - M'KEON.



JACK DEMPSEY.



SAMUEL GOMPERS.

ANARCHIST SPIES,
(Executed Nov. 11, 1887.)