



AS USUAL.

MR. DOLITTLE—"I say, old chap, can you tell me if the mawn-ing twain is behind to-day?"

MR. MCSORLEY—"Yes, it is, sir—roight behoind the engine."

CHATTER.

HE—"I always pay as I go,"

SHE—"Well, you don't owe anyone here anything."

HE—"There is nothing new under the sun,"

SHE (*meaningly*)—"No; but there are some things that are very fresh."

SANSO—"She is a perfect poem."

RODD—"Yes and she has amphibrachic feet."

JONES—"Is there standing-room to be had in that theatre?"

SMITH—"Yes; but I doubt if you can stand the play."

BROWN—"What music do bullets whistle during a battle?"

WHITE—"Ball music, I fancy."

HE—"Your father doesn't seem to fancy my suit."

SHE—"No. He says he doesn't believe your tailor has been paid for it."

MRS. YOUNGWIFE—"It seems impossible to find any enjoyment in this hotel any more."

HER HUBBY—"So? Couldn't you work up a little excitement by flirting with me for a change?"

VISITOR (*in museum*)—"Is that man a freak?"

MANAGER—"Yes, sir."

VISITOR—"I don't see anything peculiar about him."

MANAGER—"Perhaps not; but incredible as it may seem you there see a man who was once convinced, actually convinced, in an argument."

JUMPUPPE—"Is Bender so very bow-legged?"

JASTAR—"I should say so! When he wishes to go through a door he has to walk sideways."

ETHEL—"Why is Chappie so silent to-night?"

MAUD—"His mamma ordered him to always think before speaking."

STRANGER—"Is Mr. Cumso in?"

OFFICE BOY—"No, but he may be in at any moment. Will you sit down and wait for him?"

STRANGER (*after waiting an hour*)—"Are you sure he will be in soon?"

OFFICE BOY—"I don't know, sir. You see, he is travelling now and never comes to the office oftener than once a month, but we never know at what moment he may make his call."

To know how I may get the thing
I'd like to have, my brains I rack.
I wish that I were rich enough
To be a kleptomaniac.

HUSBAND—"Yes, dear, I am rich. I didn't tell you so when I asked you to be my wife. I wanted you to marry me for myself alone."

WIFE—"O, I knew it all the time; but I thought you would be better pleased if I didn't let on."

1ST SUMMER GIRL—"Ethel Longbow tells me she had seven proposals this summer. Do ybu really believe she refused the hands of so many as that?"

2ND SUMMER GIRL—"Hands! Oh nonsense. She must be counting every fellow that offered her his arm."

"PLEASE preserve order if you can, gentlemen," shouted a man on the platform to a crowded meeting. "Oh, come now! We leave preserving for our wives to do, and besides there's a deal too much jam at this end of the hall as it is," responded a voice from the rear.

BLINKS—"Charley is awful y disappointed."

WINKS—"Why?"

BLINKS—"You know that pretty Miss Fetchit he has been dangling after so long? Well, he proposed to her last week, and she refused him—left him in the lurch—won't have anything to do with him."

WINKS—"In fact he offered her his hand, as it were, and—she shook it"

He once a wandering tinker was
And well could mend a can, I wis.
But age has robbed him of his strength
And now a mendicant he is.

1ST LITERARY MAN—"What's become of that Miss Inker who writes those amusing light sketches? I haven't seen anything of hers lately."

2ND LITERARY MAN—"Oh, she's working on something a good deal heavier at present."

"That so?"

"Yes. I hear she is married, and trying to make bread and pies for her husband."

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