

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

"Mamma," said Mabel, "if people eat up all the toadstools, what will the toads do when they want to sit down?"

When the impecunious stranger was ejected from the tavern it was remarked by a bystander that it was something out of the ordinary.

The great Ferris wheel at Chicago Exhibition can "complete a revolution in seven minutes." Valuable this in Paris. No military required.

Is there any reason that ladies should find it easier to swim than men? Of course there is—they take to the water naturally, the little ducks they are.

Wife: Can you let me have some money, dear? I am going shopping. Husband: Great heavens, Maria! you'll ruin me. Wife (calmly): All I want is ten cents for car fare.

"So you went and proposed to her, in spite of my warnings?" "Yep." "And the result?" "The answer I got was so chilling that I fell several degrees in my own estimation."

Mrs. R. says that of all Shakspeare's plays produced at the Lyceum, she liked "Henry the Eighth" the best, because of the character of "Cardinal Bullseye," which Mr. Irving played so sweetly.

"Swimming has been much neglected in the British Navy," observed Mr. Philooly. "When there's a parliament in Dublin we'll pass a law that not a sailor shall leave terra firma till he can swim."

Mrs. Stings: Last night you came home with a story of sitting up with a sick friend. Now what excuse have you this time? Mr. Stings: To-night, my love, (hie) we all gathered (hie) round his beer.

There may be nothing in luck, but the *Memphis Commercial* would like to know why it is that one man will catch all the fish and another man, his companion, will catch all the malaria out of the same creek.

Wagley: Oh, I assure you, old chap, there's a good deal more in that Miss Pound than you have any idea of! Prigley: Indeed? And pray how have you ascertained that? Wagley: Just taken her down to supper, old man.

Little Gladys: Why is your hair so grey, mother? Mother: Because you are such a naughty child sometimes. Little Gladys: Oh, mother, what a nasty girl you must have been. Poor grannie's hair is quite white.

"Why did you shoot this man?" "In self-defense," answered the policeman. "Why, he was running away from you!" "I know it looked so. But I was afraid he was going around the block to attack me from behind."

"Any good shooting on your farm?" asked a sportsman of a farmer. "Splendid," said the agriculturist; "there's a dry-well man house in a clover meadow, a pedlar at the tramps in the stackyard. Climb right over the fence, young man, load both barrels and sail in."

Baron Dowes once was judge where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter, and the latter replied. What does he say? demanded the judge. Nothing, my Lord. How dare you say that when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it? My Lord, said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, it had nothing to do with the case. If you don't answer, I'll commit you, sir; now what was it? Well, my Lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, Who's that ould woman, with the red bed-curtain round her, sitting up there? At which the Court roared. And what did you say? asked the Baron, looking a little uncomfortable. I said, whist, ye spalpeen! That's the ould boy that's going to hang yez!



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