



SHARP PRACTICE.

Limb of the Law. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR! YOU SAID DISTINCTLY, WHEN I ASKED YOU THE PRICE OF YOUR DUCKS, THEY WERE ANY PRICE I LIKED. WELL, HALF-A-CROWN A PAIR'S THE PRICE I LIKE, AND THERE'S THE MONEY; AND THEY'RE LEGALLY MINE, AS YOU'LL FIND TO YOUR COST IF YOU'RE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO SUMMON ME. *(Puts Ducks into Bag, and walks off, leaving Worthy Tradesman dumbfounded.)*



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE," ETC.

(Only it did not answer this time.)
Magistrate (to Prisoner, accused of Beating his Wife). HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY IN ANSWER TO THIS CHARGE?
Prisoner. I'D LIKE TO ASK YOUR WORSHIP IF YOU'RE A MARRIED MAN YOURSELF!
Magistrate. YES, I AM, SIR, IF YOU MUST KNOW.
Prisoner. THEN I NEEDN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD.
(He got Six Months, though, for all that, poor fellow.)



'T WAS EVER THUS.

Letter No. 1.—MY DEAR SAMUEL,—I am so dreadfully sorry I cannot come with you and your dear sister to the Lecture on Fossilifications, this evening, at the Anticonformists. I have such an awful sore throat, and they talk of putting on some horrid leeches. P.S.—Do not call, either of you, mamma is so fidgety. I will send a telegram to say how I am, the very first thing to-morrow morning.
Letter No. 2 (posted at the same time, but not to Samuel). Unkind Monster,—Mamma takes me to Covent Garden—to-night—Box 55. Dare to come and speak to us at your peril. Mother says you mustn't.



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Scotch Lady (who has taken a House in the Highlands, her Servants suddenly giving "warning"). "WHAT'S THE REASON OF THIS! HAVE YOU NOT ALL YOU WANT!—GOOD ROOMS, AND GOOD FRESH AIR AND FOOD, AND EASY WORK!"
Spokeswoman. "YES, MEM—BUT—BUT THERE'S NO A DECENT LAAD WITHIN CRY O' US!"



"TO MEMORY DEAR."

Enthusiastic Cricketer. "AH, LAST SEASON WAS A GOOD ONE! I'D BOTH EYES BLACKED IN ONE MATCH, AND TWO FINGERS SMASHED IN THE RETURN MATCH THE SAME WEEK! BUT GIVE ME 1870 OVER AGAIN. I GOT THE BALL ON MY FOREHEAD AT 'SHORT LEG,' AND WAS SENSELESS FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR!"
Gorgeous Guest. "I BELIEVE YER, MY BOY! WHY, LAST-NIGHT AT DINNER, NOW, THERE WAS I WITH A BARONET'S LADY ON ONE SIDE, AND A BARONESS VINDICATED ON THE OTHER, AND A LORD ALFORD SIPPING JUST COGNAC, AND EVERYTHING HAD TO MATCH! BUT, LOR' BLESS YOU, I'M QUITE CONTENT TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, DEAR OLD BOY, AND DRINK YOUR HALF-CROWN SHERRY!"
[And ever since.]



OVERSTOCKED.

Cobby (to inquiring Fare, whose Friend is making a call). "OH, BUSINESS IS WERRY BAD, SIR. FACT IS, THERE'S TOO MANY CABS A'READY; AND THEY KEYS ON A LOCKING UP OF US AS IF WE WAS SO MANY GIN-PALACES!"



A TRUE FRIEND.

Humble Head. "I SUPPOSE YOU FIND SWELL SOCIETY VERY DELICIOUS, DON'T YOU, TOPSAWYER!"
Gorgeous Guest. "I BELIEVE YER, MY BOY! WHY, LAST-NIGHT AT DINNER, NOW, THERE WAS I WITH A BARONET'S LADY ON ONE SIDE, AND A BARONESS VINDICATED ON THE OTHER, AND A LORD ALFORD SIPPING JUST COGNAC, AND EVERYTHING HAD TO MATCH! BUT, LOR' BLESS YOU, I'M QUITE CONTENT TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, DEAR OLD BOY, AND DRINK YOUR HALF-CROWN SHERRY!"
[Helps himself to another glass.]