

DID NOT RECOGNIZE IT.

Fourthbell—Janitor, there is a crack in the outer wall running the whole length of our flat that ought to be attended to.

Janitor—Wat t'ell's de matter wid yer? Dat's yer private hall.

GOOD ADVICE.

(From Life.)

He—Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes?

She—I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have had experience in both capacities?

Miss Model—"Do you need a model, sir?"
Old Persimmons—"No; I only paint flowers and fruit." Miss M.—"Well I'm a peach, see?"—Truth.

Mr. Dantzley—"I suppose you enjoy the nightly hops here?" Mr. Wyly—"Yes; if they are properly brewed and corked."

NOT NEEDED THEN.

Mrs. Dovey—Can you let me have \$25, dear? I want to spend a quiet afternoon out with Ethel.

Mr. Dovey—Can't do it, darling. Money is awfully tight.

Mrs. Dovey (disappointedly)—Then I suppose I'll have to put in the whole day shopping.

Neil—"When is marriage a failure?"
Belle—"When nobody sends a present."—Philadelphia Record.

"No," said the man who stayed in town while his family went to the sea-shore, "I haven't had any direct news from them. But they are enjoying themselves immensely." "How can you tell if they don't write?" "I read about it in my cheque-book."

THEIR GREAT AMBITION.

Citticus—How do you account for this craze among women for riding bicycles? Witticus—It gives them another chance for wearing the pants.

Miss Oldun (playfully)—"I'm older than you think I am." Miss Caustique—"I doubt it."—Chicago Record.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Romley—I thought you were going on a business trip this week, Jephson?

Jephson—I was, but the new curate is taking special interest in my wife's salvation, so I'm not going.

"My mamma got ever so many falls when she was learning to ride the bicycle yesterday," explained the little girl to the caller, "and that's why she's so long coming down. She's got the blues all over her."

A MODERN MIRACLE.

(From Life.)

"Speaking of miraculous escapes," said Smith, "young Brown was shot full in the chest the other day, and yet was unharmed."

"Mother's Bible in his pocket?" said Robinson.

"Pack of cards, more likely," remarked Jones.

"You are not up-to-date," said Smith. "The bullet struck him in the chrysanthemum!"

He—"And I will promise that I will let you have your own way in everything."
She—"Oh, I don't require that!" He—"You don't?" She—"I mean the promise."

BOW-LEGGED.

(From Judge)

Miss Avvy New (of New York)—I do so wonder why that Mr. Beacon Hill always wears an ulster!

Miss Commonwealth (of Boston)—Hush, dear! Haven't you heard of his crescent-curved continuations?

A LATE RESOURCE.

Reporter—I suppose the living skeleton married the mammoth woman for advertising purposes?

Museum manager—Not at all, sir. The doctor told him he had to get flesh, and that seemed to be the only way he could get it.

A CHANGE OF HUE.

(From Judge.)

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Sweet Alice, with hair so brown? She has used a new bleach and now she wears The yellowest hair in town.