

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

Hope is the dream of those who are awake.
 They never pardon who commit the wrong.
 —Dryden.

The stock exchange is where hope is exchanged for experience.

Women are temperate as a general rule, but are fond of their glass.

Wit may raise admiration; but good nature has a more powerful effect.

At a touch sweet pleasure melteth, like to bubbles when rain pelteth.

Waiter: Do you wish to dine table d'hôte?
 Hayseed, Jr.: Naw; just bring us the regular dinner.

Carrie: I don't care; Emily looks worse than I do. Maude: Come, dear, don't be unmerciful.

The woman who can pass a mirror without looking into it has the heroism of which martyrs are made.

"At last I have reached the turning point of my life," remarked the convict when they put him on the treadmill.

The charge at Balaklava would never have been a failure if there had been a few plumbers in the ranks of the gallant six hundred.

"Sold for a Song" is the headline over a despatch announcing the sale of an Alabama "boom town." What song? "Boom de-aye?"

The man who advised people to think twice before speaking once was engaged in a vain attempt to stop conversation in the opera boxes.

"What did Rangle and his wife quarrel about?" "The point in dispute was from which of them had the baby inherited his bad temper."

Bridegroom (at the end of the wedding): Well, I am glad it is all over. Married Friend: All over? Great Scott, man! You have only just begun.

"This is a somewhat free translation," said the literary young woman in the book store. "No, miss," replied the new clerk. It costs a dollar and a half."

Young Minister: I've been praying for you a long time, Miss Dora. Dora (astonished): Why didn't you let pa know it. I'd have been yours after the first prayer.

Whenever you hear an intolerant fellow declare that there is only one side to a question you may set it down that he is about right, and that he is on the other side of it.

Judge: Well, doctor, what is the condition of the burglar's victim? Doctor: One of his wounds is absolutely fatal; but the other two are not dangerous and can be healed.

Smythe; What are you in such a hurry for? Tompkins: My wife is lost! I'm going to the police station! Smythe: You won't find her there. Go to the bargain counter.

Celia: Why should you weep and be so angry, Bella, since you refused Harry flatly, of your own accord? Bella: To think the idiot should go and take me at my word! Oh, it's terrible!

Sympathetic Stranger (to tramp: Amid the vast population of this great city have you never found a voice that took you back to the scenes of your childhood? Tramp (with disgust: Naw; allus had to walk.

Hotel Clerk: Did you tell that old gentleman from the country that he mustn't blow out the gas, as I told you? New Bellboy: Yes, sorr; but it's so afeared to trust him I was sorr, I blowed it out meself, sorr.

"I don't understand your politics," said one New York policeman to another; "now, suppose you give me a straightforward answer to one question." "I will." "Are you in favor of protection?" "In favor of protection? Certainly—if we get paid for it."

To Anxious Inquirer—While not professing to be familiar with the law, we think the placing of a bent pin in one's chair good cause for action. The quicker the action the better.

The City Girl (summering in the country): Oh, dear; what a cunning little animal. The Farmer: Yessum, it's a yearling. The City Girl (with interest): Indeed! And—er—how old is it!

Guest (looking over his bill): I see you charge me for a beefsteak; but I really don't remember eating one. Waiter: That's quite possible, sir; our beefsteaks are so small that they easily escape the memory.

She: You profess to think a great deal of me. That is all right as long as everything is going pleasantly. But would you make any great sacrifice for my sake? He: You know I would. Haven't I offered to marry you!

The dude was making the girl dead tired by his long and rapid talk on the advancement of women. "Don't you ever wish you were a man?" he asked, as a kind of clincher. "No," she responded in the sweetest, most womanly way: "do you?"

A child was asked lately if the following sentence was correct: "Is it him or her?" The child promptly replied: "The sentence 'Is it him or her?' is not correct. It should be 'Is it her or him?' because a gentleman should never go before a lady."

Was Aware of It.—"Remember, witness," sharply exclaimed the attorney for the defence, "you are on oath!" "There ain't no danger of my forgettin' it," replied the witness sullenly; "I'm tellin' the truth for nothin', when I could have made \$4 by lyin' fur your side of the case, an' you know it."

Miss Daisy Uppercrust (to maid): "Molly I heard somebody kiss you in the dark hall last night." Maid: "Well, you get kissed, too, don't you?" "Yes, but I am kissed by the young man to whom I am engaged to be married. There is no harm in that." "I'm glad to know it. He is the same young man you heard kissing me in the hall last night."

After instructing his men in the points of the compass, Lieut. X— says to one of them: You have in front of you the north; on your right, the east; on your left, the west. What have you behind you? Private B— (after a few moments' reflection): My knapsack, lieutenant.

First Artist: I received a magnificent tribute to my skill the other day at the exhibition. Second Artist: What was it? First Artist: You know my picture, "A Storm at Sea"? Well, a man and his wife were looking at it and I heard the man say, "Come on, my dear, that picture makes me sick."

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