



PUTTING HIM AT EASE.

CHAPPIE—"You always make me feel like a fool."

MAUD—"I am glad I am able to make you feel natural and comfortable."

THE PUN PARALYZED HER.

WE thought Samjones would get himself into trouble some of these days by his reckless habit of emitting puns on all occasions, and now he has. Negotiations for the delivery of his celebrated lecture on "Tom Hood" before the Women's Eleemosynary Auxiliary have been suddenly broken off on account of an indiscreet remark he made in the course of an interview with the President, Mrs. Beetlewacker. They had arranged the details, and were chatting on general subjects, when the lady observed:

"I'm afraid I shall lose my servant girl Norah. She's engaged to be married to her lover, Patrick O'Houlahan, a fine, steady young fellow with a good income, and well able to support her."

"Then I'm afraid the marriage will be an unfortunate one," said Samjones, preparing to spring a brilliant paradox on his unwary auditor.

"Why so, Mr. Samjones?"

"It seems to be a case of incompatibility."

"But I—I don't quite understand," gasped the lady.

"Income-Pat-ability," returned the ruthless punster, slowly italicizing each word.

Mrs. Beetlewacker gazed wildly round the apartment with a dazed expression for a second, and then, when

the full significance of the remark burst in upon her fell back on the lounge with a wild shriek and went into hysterics.

The lecture engagement is off. Mrs. Beetlewacker, though her nervous system has sustained a severe shock, is in a fair way of recovering. Samjones' conduct in the matter has been severely censured, not so much on account of the remark itself, as that is the result of a natural infirmity which ought to excite pity rather than animadversion, but on account of his abrupt and explosive elucidation thereof. Puns, if made in the presence of ladies and people of delicate susceptibilities, ought to be broken to them gently and gradually, so that their minds are thoroughly prepared for the shock.

A CONSOLING THOUGHT.

Queen Lil is deposed, as every one knows,
But her position is yet sublime;
For the poets may swear and tear their hair,
But they can't put her name in rhyme.

Puck.

DON'T be too smart—poetic art
Possesses votaries many,
Who in short time can fit a rhyme
To Liliuokalani.