

"Well, after a good dale of talkin' I see there was nothin' for it but to give in."

"Maggie has a nice little sum saved up, you know, Jerry."

"Yis! yis! I know that, Misther Harry, but Maggie's no beauty, shure you know that same, beside she's that tirrible close with her money; howsoiver! I settled wan thing myself. I says, 'Maggie Flanagan, since you've done the courtin' it's yersilf must pay the priest,' and she consinted to that."

"Yis, sir, she consinted; she's de-tarmined to have Jirry Dougherty, so that didn't discourage her any. So now you see, Misther Harry, what with the harrud toimes, an' grip, and the girls doin' the courtin', I was roight to call this a tirrible year."

FRANK LEEDS.

#### A FACT FOR DR. GALBRAITH.

"CHINESE actors often take a week to present a play."

Then I presume that is why each of them always carries his cue with him wherever he goes."

#### THE SWEETS OF OFFICE.

WHEN I was young a taffy pull  
Could joys unnumbered bring,  
But now the pull political  
Doth seem a sweeter thing.

#### VERY DELICATE HUMOR.

SPACER—"Mr. Funniman's humor is very delicate, isn't it?"

LINER—"Yes, but it is about old enough to be expecting death now, anyway."

#### HIS GROUNDS FOR DOUBT.

POLICE INSPECTOR—"Your suspicion of your cashier appears to me to be groundless; you may rest satisfied of his honesty. He indulges in no kind of extravagance, but lives respectably—"

PRINCIPAL (*interrupting*)—"Yes! there it is! On the salary I give him it is impossible he can live respectably."—*From the German.*

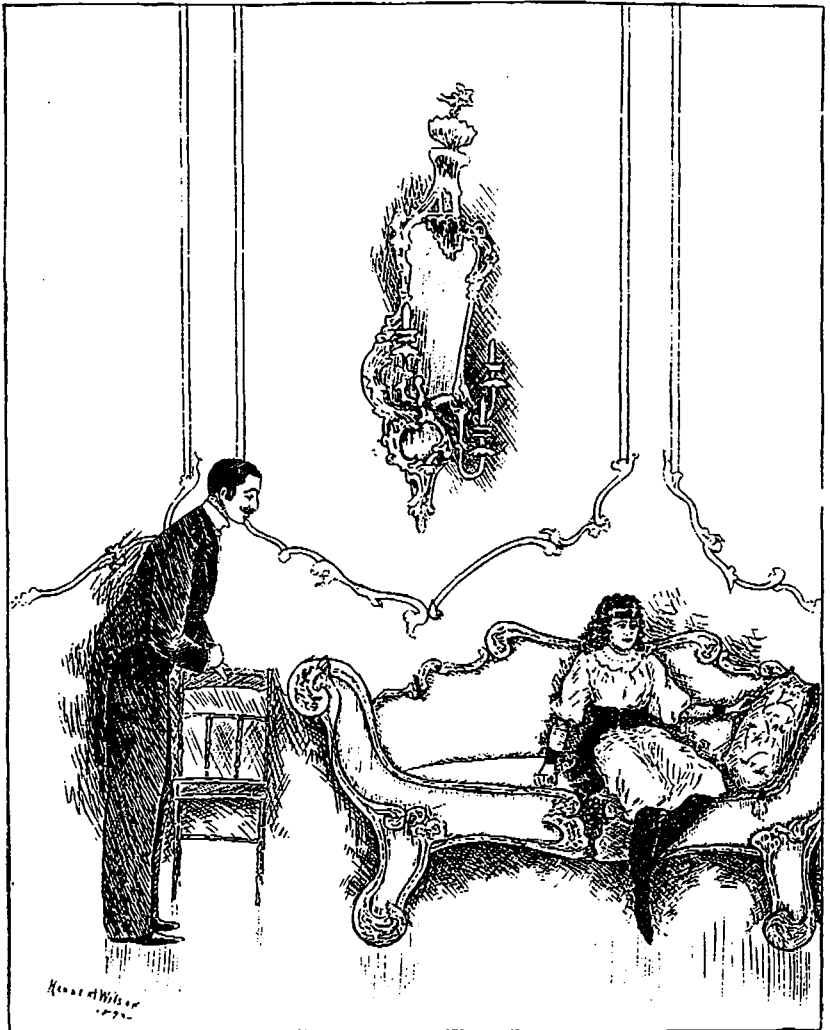
#### GET EXERCISED.

MRS. BUYLITTLE—"Isn't it cold to day?"

MRS. GADABOUT—"Yes, indeed! Let us step in to the first bargain counter we come to and get warmed up."

#### SAMJONES' MOTTO

COUNT that day lost whose low-descending sun  
Hears from thy lips no mirth-provoking pun.



#### HER CONSOLATION.

DORSON—"And you are to be my little sister now?"

FUTURE SISTER-IN-LAW (*from Chicago*)—"Yes, but sister promised me it would not be for long."

#### A KILTIE'S DILEMMA.

AT Saint Andrew's ball, my dearest,  
You thought bitterly of me,  
When I waltzed away and left you—  
When I went so suddenly.

I was sorry, love, to leave you,  
Yet when I explain you'll see  
It was best that I should go then—  
Best for you and best for me.

You were angry, oh, my darling,  
For your fair face wore a frown,  
But busted was my only button,  
And my kilt was coming down.

FITZ.

HE—"Money talks, they say."

SHE—"I have never heard yours doing so."

THE upward road has no elevators, but Satan keeps  
the downward path supplied with toboggans.