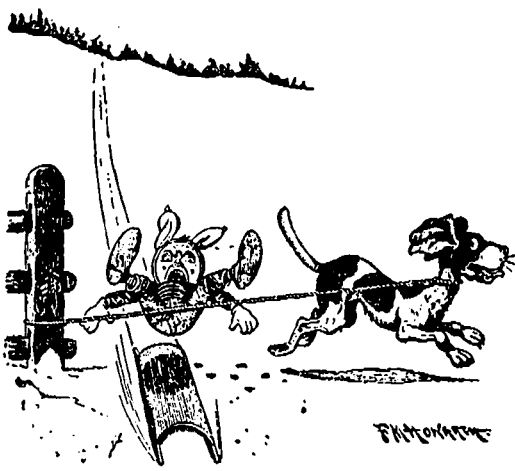


HE DIDN'T.



BOY ON THE SLED.—Hi! Get out of there, you fool dog! Do you want to get killed?



THE DOG (jumping away).—You bet I don't! do you?



HIS ADVENTURE.

Willbur.—"I got lost out in the woods to-day."
Uncle Ben.—"And what did you do?"
Willbur.—"I just got scared, and wandered round till I found myself."

"There goes a man that keeps his word." "He does?"
"Yes; no one else will take it."

He.—"You can't impose upon me; there are no fools in our family." She.—"Sir, you forget yourself."

A stray philosopher asserts that this is the age of woman. But of course he doesn't dare give the exact figures.

"It was disgusting. The fire didn't reach my room until an hour after I had left it." "Well, what of it?" "I might have had forty minutes more sleep!"

Bumpus.—"Say, McSmith, I am acquainted with the president of this road." McSmith.—"Oh, that's nothing; I am acquainted with the porter on this train."

"It seems to me," groaned the sufferer, apostrophizing the reflection of his aching tooth in the looking-glass, "that for as small a customer as you are you have lots of nerve."

This budding craze for bicycles
The whole broad country feels;
And soon the horse thief way out west
Will take to stealing wheels.

Customer.—"Bring me some lobster salad and some cucumbers." Waiter (bringing pen, ink and paper).—"Please write your name and address before you tackle that order."

Amateur artist.—"I should like to present the last picture I painted to some charitable institution. Now, which would you recommend?" Cruel lady friend.—"The blind asy lum."

Kathi (in the museum, viewing the Venus de Milo).—"Sepp, see here; they have knocked both arms off this woman." Sepp.—"Come let's get out, or they'll suspect us of having done it."

Lea (sadly).—"I don't know what to do with that son of mine. He's been two years at the medical college, and still keeps at the foot of his class." Perrius (promptly).—"Make a chiropodist of him."

Mrs. Fogg.—"Then there was a man who recited a poem or something. I couldn't for the life of me make out what, but he was tremendously applauded." Mr. Fogg.—"Evidently one of our most talented elocutionists."

"You made a slight mistake in my poem this morning," said the poet. "Sorry," replied the editor. "What was it?" "Well, I wrote, 'The clouds hang murky o'er the west,' and you made me say, 'The crowds hang turkey over my desk.'"

"It seems to me," said the manager, "that you do that part of receiving the money from the chief villain in a most awkward manner." "Mebbe I do," admitted the actor; "it has been so long since I had any chance to rehearse with the real stuff."

Upward-on.—"I had a singular experience last Tuesday. You remember it looked like rain and the weather prophets predicted rain?" Atom.—"Yes." "Well, I brought my umbrella, raincoat and rubber shoes down-town that morning." "Yes." "Well, it rained."

Employer.—"Why, Murty! What do you intend doing with all those silver dollars?" Murty.—"Shure, sind thin t' me ould muther in Oireland. Employer.—"But you should send paper money, or you may lose it." Murty.—"Yiz! But did yez rade thin soigns beyant, t' 'Posht no bills?"

At the dinner-table in a country hotel a guest says to the waitress:—"Miss, are you sure that this is wild duck that you've given me?" "Wild! Well, I should think it was. If you could a' seen us chasin' that duck more'n forty times round the barnyard fore we ketched it, I guess you'd believe 'twas wild!"

NOT SERIOUS.

Young lady (out yachting).—What is the matter, Capt. Quarterdeck?

Captain.—The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder.

Young lady.—I wouldn't trouble about that. The rudder is mostly under water, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it.

DUSKY POLITENESS.

A story of the colored man's fondness for good words is furnished by the New York Tribune. It is well up to date, and is about a venerable Philadelphia butler:

He was helping a visitor to put on her walking jacket the other day, and seeing her struggling to push in her rebellious big sleeves, he said, in his most respectful manner:

"P'raps you will hab de goodness to allow me to suppress dem puffs, madam."

NOTHING ELSE.

A tourist had arrived unannounced at a crowded village inn.

It was already late in the evening, and there was no spare bed. The traveller grew impatient.

"Haven't you at least a bundle of hay you can give me?" he demanded of the landlady.

That worthy was also getting impatient.

"There isn't a thing left," she said, "except a bit of cold roast beef."

"Begoh," said Mrs. Dolan, "that b'y Pat of ours'll soon be knowin' more than his father does." "O'i'll niver moind that," replied Dolan, "if he'll go ahead an' know it for sure instid av only thinkin' he does."

"Ha," cried the bold navigator, "Bring me a glass." He scanned the horizon eagerly. "Another glass. Ha!" After the second glass he had no trouble whatever in discerning the outline of a sea serpent, which was signalling that its steering gear was not under good control.

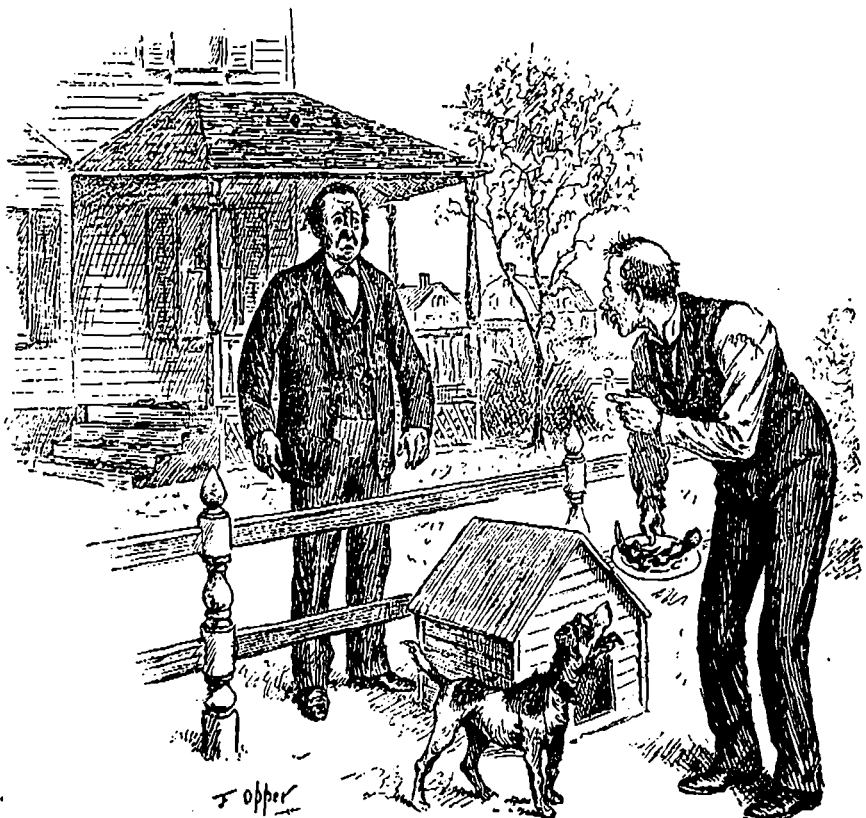
"What are you about to do?" inquired the culprit, when they tied his arms to a post and hitched a team of horses to his feet. "The inquisition," remarked an attendant, politely, "believe you possess valuable information, and we thought we'd try to draw you out a little."

Johnny.—"But my teacher says so, and I guess he knows." Uncle Reuben.—"I don't know about that. A man what's all the time givin' away knowledge to other people can't have much left for himself. I'd rather trust to a man who isn't all the time partin' with what he knows."

Lecturer.—"The boa constrictor just tried to swallow the snake-charmer, and the woman was only saved by her rare presence of mind." Manager.—"Well, well! How did it happen?" Lecturer.—"Oh, she put forth that claim about her age and clung to it; and you know nobody could swallow that!"

Little Girl.—"Did the newspaper reporters notice your papa was at the great banquet last night?" Little Boy.—"Yes." Little Girl.—"Mamma said she couldn't find your papa's name in the list." Little Boy.—"No, but the list ends up with 'and others.' That means papa. They always mention him that way."

A FEASIBLE PLAN.



NEIGHBOR.—Every time you feed your dog, he brings the bones over and gnaws them on my premises. Isn't there some way to stop it?

OWNER.—Suppose you feed him, hereafter; then he'll probably bring them over and gnaw them on my premises.