

all littered up with broken dishes and brushes and books and their best looking-glass broken in bits. And, mind you, the next time I saw Mr. Spry he had a piece of sticking-plaster on his left temple. Didn't that look like peace in the family? My, how thankful we ought to be who never have any quarrels!

What! going already? Well now, I'm so disappointed. I thought you were going to stay all the evening and have a real good visit. It's such a comfort to have somebody worth while come to see me after all those dreary gossips tiring me almost to death. Well, be sure and come again soon. Kiss little Dot for me when you get home. Good bye, thanks ever so much. (*Mrs. Busy goes out.*)

"Mercy! but how she slams the door! Thank goodness, I got rid of her at last. Such a woman for talking! She had the conversation all to herself; she fairly made me sick. I think I gave her some very broad hints, though, if she only had sense enough to understand. I can't abide these folks who are always talking and gossiping about their neighbors, and I think she's just about the worst. I must put Mrs. Spry on her guard against her, for it isn't right that such people should go round making trouble and scandalizing people behind their backs."

OSCAR.

#### NOT MUCH CHANGE.

TOMBROWN—"Hello, Billsmith. What are you driving at now?"

BILLSMITH—"Oh, I'm in the baggage department at the Union Station."

TOMBROWN—"Why, you were brakeman on a freight train last time we met. How do you like the change?"

BILLSMITH—"Tain't much of a change. I'm still breaking."

#### PARTY CONSISTENCY.

FOR Britain Tories loudly cry;  
Freedom of speech each Grit desires;  
But Tories tax "their mother" high;  
And Grits, for talking, turn out Myers.

#### THE COURAGE OF DESPAIR.

CHOLLY—"How did you ever screw up the courage to pwopose to her, deah boy?"

CHAPPIE—"I waited till near the end of the month, when I was broke."

THE cry of the infant industries—Boo-boo boodle!



#### A HARD PLACE.

MRS. THOMPSON—"But, Mary, why should you wish to leave me?"

MARY ABBOTT—"Sure, it's no use, mum. Divil a bit can Oi kape little Haggie an' Caron clane, an' me heart's bruk entirely wid the heavy washin's. Dade the situation's wearin' me out entirely."

#### A VERY BAD MEMORY.

CHOLLY—"I can nevah wemembah anything I wead."

JACK—"I've never seen you reading anything except dunning letters."

CHOLLY—"Well, I always forget them."

#### NOT UP IN TERMINOLOGY.

DE PALLETTE—"An artist usually has to paint a great many pot-boilers."

MRS. PHIL ISTINE—"Is that so? The oil makes them very combustible, I suppose."

#### NO ROOM TO SPARE.

WESTLY—"The habit of keeping her purse in her stocking has never become fashionable with the Chicago girl."

EASTLY—"Of course not. She has no room for it."