

A gentleman who married a widow complained to her that he liked his beef well done. "Ah! I thought I was cooking for Mr. Brown, said she, "he liked his rare. But, darling, I will try and forget the poor dear."

A little boy asked his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked, "don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well you might say, 'Charley, wont you have a pie?' That would be very funny for you."

Master Jack: "How often are the clothes washed, Emma?" Laundry Maid—"Once a week!, Master Jack." Master Jack—"Only once a week! Then the clothes are much luckier than sis and me, if that's all the washing they get."

"This is a nice time of night to be coming in," said a mother to her daughter, who had returned from a walk at 10 o'clock, "When I was like you," continued she, "my mother would not let me out later than 7 o'clock." "O you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl. "I had, you young jade," said the mother, "a nicer mother than ever you had."

THE GENTLE ANSWER.—"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No sir, mother's gone out washing, and forgot to put it out for you." "Did she tell you she'd forgotten?" "Yes, sir."

Cabmen are the most troublesome people with whom census-takers have to deal. They show fight as soon as anything is said about "taking their numbers."

AMERICAN BUTTER.—"Is your wife's name Margaret?" asked a hired man. "No," said the farmer; "Margy's short for oleomargarine, and I calls her that cause I don't love any but her (butter)."

MILLINER (with little account owing): "Is your mamma at home, Miss?" "Intelligent Little Girl: "N-no, she's not." Milliner: "When will she be at home?" I. L. G.: "I don't know, see but I'll go and ask her."

HALF WAY, ANYHOW.—There's no difficulty now in recollecting your partner's name since the new monogram dresses have come in, only by the way, don't you know, is it Smithson or Smith, or Brown or Brownjones?

The City of Brotherly Love is seriously considering the advisability of resurrecting the stocks and whipping-post. In our city the stocks have been in full blast for a long time, and we opine that the whipping-post would prove a very useful adjunct.

LATEST FROM THE CAMP.—At No. 1, 526 target, we understand, a volunteer had a miraculous escape from death. The bullet carried away all one side of his tunic-collar. Exactly! it was just what we expected when we read that the men were allowed to shoot off their ties!

JUDGING BY APPEARANCE.—Smith (who hadn't seen the lady before): "Was it Mrs. Brown I saw with you last night?" Brown: "It was. Why?" Smith: "Oh, nothing; only I heard your mother was staying with you just now, and I thought it might be——" [Pauses Suddenly. General awkwardness.]

NOT TO BE TAKEN IN.—Cautious Customer: "An hoo d'ye sell postal orders the day, young leddy?" Official: "Well, Sir, if you'll say what amount you wish to send——" C. C.: "I mak' it a practice never to bid until I know the terms. I question, young leddy, if I wad na do better to try anither establishment in the same line of beesness."

CURE FOR LAZINESS.—A shrewd old Yankee said he did not believe there was any downright cure for laziness in a man; "but," he added, "I've known a second wife to hurry it some."

At a social science reunion, a few evenings ago, the question was asked, "Of what sort of fruit does a quarrelsome man and wife remind you?" The young lady who promptly answered, "A prickly pair," got the medal.