



MR. SPARROWGRASS: *Waiter, what is this?*

WAITER: *Welsh rare-bit, sah; w'at yo' asked fo'.*

MR. SPARROWGRASS: *Well, I'll be ding'd if I don't believe you raised your rabbits entirely on cheese.*

STRANGE.

"I'M dry," the bottle that was empty sighed.
"I'm Extra Dry," the bottle that was full replied.

ON A DIFFERENT BASIS.

ERNEST: *Mamma, in just one day more I will be four years old. What are you going to give me?*

MAMMA: *Yes, my dear. You shall have a lovely birthday cake with four candles in it.*

E(A)RNEST (thoughtfully): *Can't I have four cakes and one candle, mamma?*

DESTROYED THE RECORD.

"WAS everything lost in the fire?" asked Miss Passeur, when she recovered from the excitement.

"Yes, everything."

"The family bible?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how relieved I am. It makes me feel ten years younger to hear that."

SHEDDING.

"DID Chollie shed tears when your father threw him out?"

"No. He shed buttons, chiefly."

THE Cockney has no fear of hades. He thinks it a small place. He drops his H and it becomes only an ell.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

"MY mind," said the poet, is filled with a thought
I fear I can never express.
My heart is nigh driven with sorrow distraught,
And I'm overwhelmed with distress."

"A thought that you cannot express," quoth his friend,
"For details like that shouldn't fail;
A bonny red stamp worth two coppers I'll lend,
And this thought can be sent thro' the mail."

IT MADE HIM TIRED.

MODERN BLUEBEARD (who is about to take unto him his seventh spouse): *Son, I suppose, of course, you will be on hand early?*

WILLIAM (his eldest son, who has seen five step-mothers come and go): *Well, Guv'nor, I'll go to the funerals, but I'll be hanged if I go to any more weddings.*

MONEY TALKS.

"LET me have the printed report of the speeches in the Senate last week."

"What do you want it for?"

"I want to see what money says when it talks."

WANTED TO MARRY HER.

YOUNG MINISTER: *Mr. Bjones, I want to marry your daughter. She is the—*

MR. BJONES: *I've nothing to say about that. You'll have to settle the wedding matter with Sallie and her young man.*

A MIXTURE OF NUMERALS.

"THUNDERATION, Lyons," said the editor to the foreman, "You've got this obituary note nicely mixed."

"Have I, sir?"

"Yes, you have. You say that the deceased was six years of age, and leaves a wife and fifty children."



THE WIDOWS' MIGHT.