



"Aunt Mary, this is my friend, Mr. Spiffkins."
 "I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch the name."
 "Mr. Spiffkins."
 "I'm really very deaf; would you mind repeating it."
 "Mr. Spiffkins."
 "I'm afraid I must give it up—it sounds to me like 'Spiffkins.'"

—Punch

IN THE LIGHT OF REASON

A farmer, returning home late at night, found a man standing beside the house, with a lighted lantern in his hand. "What are you doing here?" he asked, savagely, suspecting he had caught a criminal. For answer came a chuckle, and—"It's only mee, zur."

The farmer recognised John, his shepherd.

"It's you, John, is it? What on earth are you doing here this time o' night?"

Another chuckle. "I'm a-coortin' Ann, zur."

"And so you've come courting with a lantern, you fool. Why, I never took a lantern when I courted your mistress."

"No, zur, you didn't, zur," John chuckled. "We can all zee you didn't, zur."—*Answers.*

THREE TIMES AND OUT

He—"Is Miss Smith in?"

Maid—"No, she's out."

He—"Well, then, call Miss Smythe."

Maid—"She's out, too."

He—"I guess I'll sit by the fire and wait."

Maid—"I'm sorry, but the fire is out."—*Sphinx.*

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THE PROOF

"You say he has untold wealth?"

"Hasn't filed a tax statement for years."—*Washington Herald.*

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CURED

The Smitten Man (fervently)—
 "Love you, darling? Why, before I met you, I thought only of having a good time in life."—*Puck.*