



"The Only Pebble on the Beach." An X-Ray, after C. D. Gibson.

Mediævalizing the Court.

"WHAT, ho, Sir Equerry!" exclaimed King Edward, "Bid the trumpets sound to horse."

"Beshrew me, Ned," said the newly appointed Court Jester, with the familiarity accorded his position, "but thou art variable as the wind."

"How now, sirrah," returned the monarch frowningly.

"Why 'tis but an hour since thou badst us prepare to depart for Cowes," replied the Jester, and a complacent smile irradiated the features of His Majesty, less on account of the intrinsic hilarity of the jest, which had been carefully rehearsed beforehand, than from satisfaction with his success in restoring a fine mediæval tone to the court circle.—P.T.

Saddest of the Sad.

Of all sad words of pen and ink,
The saddest of the sad, I think,
That man or woman ever spoke
Are these brief four: "I am dead broke."

Cohen (just arrived, to Satan): "O, vat a fire! Have you secured an adjuster yet?"

On the Boulevards.

1st Flaneur: "Ah, *mon ami*, have you heard the scandal concerning the Marquis de St. Grenouille."

2nd Flaneur: "No, not a word."

1st Flaneur: "It is said that his honor is seriously compromised. As the world knows the Countesse de Milles Tonnerres has a *tendresse* for him."

2nd Flaneur: "*Naturalment*. One in her position must love somebody."

1st Flaneur: "And she has made decided advances to him, and he—"

2nd Flaneur: "Responded to them, of course."

1st Flaneur: "No, he didn't!"

2nd Flaneur: "*Est il possible? Bete!*"—P.T.

A Question of Color.

Assistant: "What is the antithesis to the phrase 'Red letter day?'"

Editor: "'Dun letter day,' I suppose."

Willie: "Papa, what is a colic?"

Papa: "My son, it is a case of windigestion."