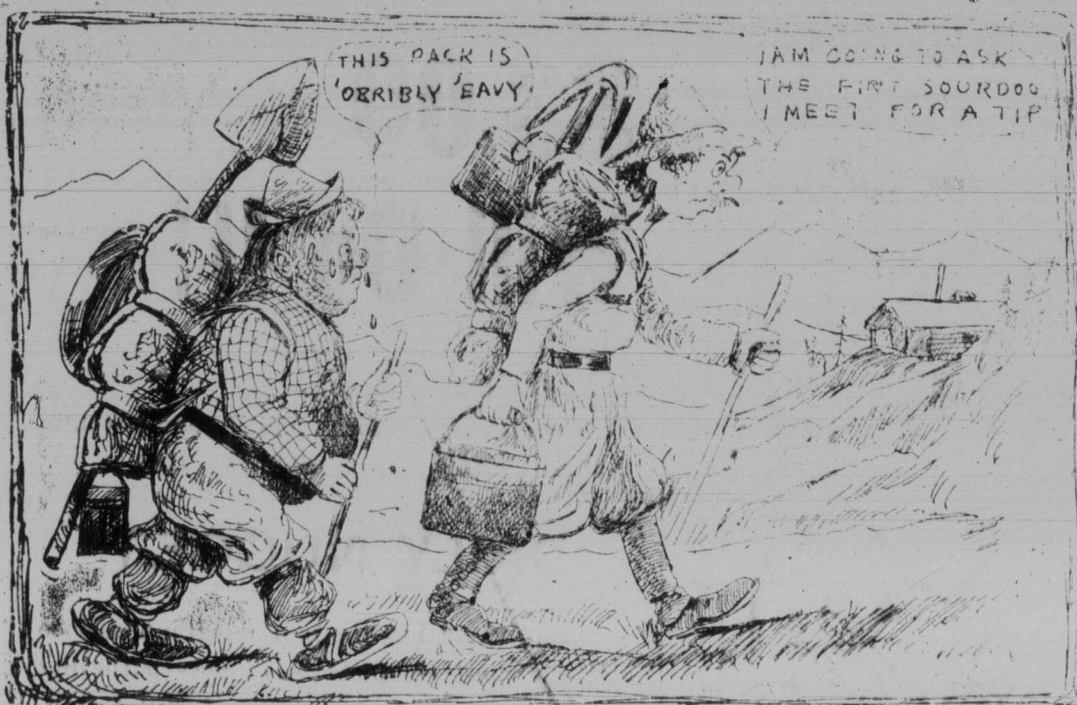


TRIBULATIONS OF TWO STAMPEDERS.



Romikalities.

"I haven't seen your daughter since her return from Europe."
"No, she has been so busy; she had a lot of foreign labels that she had to paste on her trunks."—Chicago Record.

He—What's the matter with these cigars?
She—Why, dear, they smelt so horrid that I put some eau de cologne on them!—Illustrated American.

"I will now," said Weary Watkins, as he crawled out of the loft and seized his trusty can. "I will now indulge in the pleasures of the chase."—Indianapolis Journal.



Romikalities.

Ellie—Clara is certainly a lucky girl. She must have been born with a gold spoon in her mouth.

Hattie—Yes; and from all indications I should judge it was a table-spoon.—Chicago Daily News.

"Yes, sir," said Callaghan, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried," and then, as he saw a smile around the room, he grew red in the face and went away angry.—Tim Bits.

If you would have a thing well done, As Franklin would decalig, There's one sure way, and only one—Tell cook you'd like it rare.

—Philadelphia Press.