



HE: *I often think I'll join Stevenson in the South Sea Islands, marry a native woman, and spend the rest of my days there.*
 SHE (sarcastically): *A native woman there has as much sense as a native woman here.*

THE LAST MEETING.

WE met at dinner; I wonder
 If ever we'll meet again,—
 Alas! 'twas a cruel decree of fate
 That brought us together then

I remember his every feature,
 And the look in his eyes so brown,
 For he was the clumsy creature
 Who upset his soup on my gown.

ATTACHING THE BLAME.

KINGLEY: How did you come out on that land scheme
 of yours?

BINGO: Poor. We had a slide.

KINGLEY: Dear me! Was the land spoiled?

BINGO: The land is all right. My partner was the one who slid.

SIR PETER: And what was your wife's dowry?
 EXPERIENCED AMERICAN HUSBAND: A mother with
 a temper, three homely sisters and a dissipated brother.

"SAY now you'll be my help-meet, Bess;
 Or how much longer must I woo you?"
 "Your help-meet? Well, I'll answer 'Yes'—
 That is, I'll be a-sister to you."

MR. SPOONEY (slipping ring on her finger): Does it
 please you?

MISS DASH:—Yes, indeed, I'm never so happy as when I
 have a new engagement ring.

ALL HE'D HAD.

"THIS," said Jacquesse, "is a portrait of my first wife."
 "Why, it's the perfect likeness of the present Mrs. J.,"
 returned Smithers.

"I know it," said Jacquesse, "Mrs. J. is my first wife."

DIPLOMACY.

TRAMP: Is the boss in?

LADY (appearing): What do you want of the boss?

TRAMP (grasping the situation): I wish to ask her for some
 cold victuals. (He got them.)

THE BREED.

SHE: What kind of a dog is that, Jack?

HE: Pointer.

SHE: Don't you think he's rather small for a hunting dog?

HE: Yes; he's a little one for a scent.



ANCIENT HISTORY.

MISS PASSÉE: *I was born just after the war.*

SADIE: *Which war—the Rebellion or the Revolution.*