

THE ANTIDOTE

SMILES.

I wonder now why laughing gas,
Our homes with light won't fill,
And then we wouldn't feel the pain
When settling up the bill.

Miss Cumberland—So you've just returned from Europe? Tell me what you've brought back with you!

Miss Clinton—Oh, lots of things, a dear little French goodie, and several Worth dresses, and some jewels; and oh, yes, the nicest little blonde German count you ever saw! I'm to marry him at Easter.

"Well, Maud Anderson is a widow at last, boys," said Chollie.

"Yes," said Chappie, "I'm glad she rejected me; I'd have been a dead man now; Fawncy!"

Aunt Dinah—Whafoah yo' wears brack, Deakun Ebony! Yo' am not a widower? Deacon Ebony—I's economical, hon'ry. One brush do me foah a hatbrush, ha'r-brush, clothesbrush, sho:brush an' flesh-brush.

"That joke of Gribbsy's was rather far-fetched, don't you think?"

"No, he brought it from the other side of the room."

"There is one thing can be said of Mr. Tightlist—he's no flatterer."

"No, he's too stingy to even give a compliment."

"After he draws his salary, then what does he do with it?"

"Er—um—well, paints the town mostly."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

But still the words most sad to me,
Also, are these, 'It used to be!'"

Theatrical managers may act as though they want the earth, but it is really the stars they are after.

"Is his lordship at home?" asked a gentleman of a well-powdered flunky.

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure. I will just inquire. He returned with the message:

"No, sir, his lordship desires me to say that he has just gone out."

"Oh, thank you very much. Kindly give him my compliments, and say I didn't call!"

Don't you know, oh, skilled musician,
In the hearts of all you may earn a lasting, fond position by the tunes you do not play?

Doctor—Did you repeat the prescription as I directed?

Patient—Yes; I can say every word of it backward, but I don't feel a blamed bit better.

Little Josie—What do you suppose all these holes are in the cheese for?

Little Leah—Oh, I'd think you would know; it's to let the smell out.

When a man eloped with Bigg's wife he exclaimed, "well I can't blame him, poor fellow! I was awfully infatuated with her myself once."

It is not Darwin's theory, but a loose cuff, makes him think that under the bureau or table he may find the missing link.

The tradition declares it doth mostly occur in the uncertain space 'twixt the cup and the lip.

Upon ice—varnished walks, we are pained to aver, dwells the only original hope deferred slip.

HANDICAPPED.

When salt alone o'er paths of life,
Supports unwary human flesh,
'Tis hard, amid the punster's strife,
To manufacture jokes quite fresh.

"Highnote says he was attracted first by his wife's voice."

"Why, she can't sing a note."

"Yes, that's what pleases him so."

Y—Do you believe Schiller when he says that the best woman is the one whom nobody talks about?

Z—I rather think it is the one who talks about nobody:

"I have good news for you, Cousin Emily. My uncle has just settled all my obligations." "Is that so? Then he must have married all the girls to whom you have engaged yourself."

"Charlie, didn't you promise to try and break yourself of the habit of using slang?"

Charlie—Yes, mamma, and you bet I'm gettin' there with both feet, don't you see.

Visitor—I have here a poem on "The Beautiful—"

Editor—My dear sir, we have 10,000 poems on "The Beautiful Snow" on hand and we don't want any more.

"Then, perhaps, sir, you will allow me to continue. My poem is on 'The Beautiful mud.'"

"We'll take that young man."



A GREAT POLLY-TICIAN; A BIRD OF PREY WITH A MARVELLOUS BILL.

—Webster improved.

One Man's Economy.

Mrs. Pennywise, a meek, awed, because a much lorded-over-woman, had been gone a week on a visit to her mother. Pennywise prided himself on man's superior ability to economize, and often twitted Mrs. P. on woman's extravagance and general inferiority, telling her that if she would visit her mother for a month he could save enough to pay that month's rent.

That night Pennywise poured hot water over the same tea-grounds for the seventh time, taking his usual cup before retiring, setting the tea-pot down on the piano.

At midnight he awoke. It was not the strength of the tea that made him restless, but he had read an article in the paper before going to bed, wherein the lowest cost for seeing the World's Fair after you had got there was estimated at \$11.50.

Now Pennywise loved money, and he had dreamed that he was the sole owner (with patent applied for) of a scheme for seeing the Fair on the installment plan; it came to him with such force that he awoke with his usual desire to know what time it was.

After groping around in the dark for a match and declaring for the last time that "that woman's got to come home," he