



A COSTLY LUXURY.

TOMBROWN—"Well, old man, what are you going to have?"

BILLSMITH—"Thanks. I'll have a glass of pure spring water."

TOMBROWN—"Take something else. Fact is, I've only got ten cents, and can't go expensive drinks like that."



FITTING SURROUNDINGS.

MOSES—"Mine daughter vos a pearl of gread price."

AARON—"Den you vas give her to me in a gold setting."

ÆSOP TO DATE.

NO. 5.

THE DOG AND THE HOTEL BUMMER.

A COPPER-BOUND, Brass-cheeked Bummer entered a large and Sumptuous Saloon one day, and Ambled gently towards the Free Lunch Counter. A Dog belonging to the Proprietor, observing this Strategic Manœuvre walked up to Him. The Bummer was in the Act of Secreting a large piece of Poloney within his Liquidating Orifice, when the Animal exclaimed "Do you Know what that Is?"

"Naw," replied the Bummer, staving his Hand.

"Well, its Dog, Sir," whispered The Canine, mysteriously.

"That so?" returned the Masticator, callously, "Well its a Case of dog eat dog."

"That aint all," pursued the Inquisitive Animal, "The other day I was Walking down Town with my Master over there, when he Stopped Suddenly and said, "There must be a Butcher's Shop around here 'cause I Hear the Poloneys Barking; and sure Enough there was One at The Corner. He bought a dozen Pounds of Sausages and You're eating the Last. I think you'll Find the Dog's Collar which we give away As a Prize inside It."

The Bummer gulped down the Edible, but it took a Mighty Sized Gulp to Get Rid of It."

"Yes," pursued the Sagacious Dog, musingly, "A Tomcat friend of Mine informed me that his Mother disappeared last week, and Suspicion points to the Fact that She was Metamorphosed into Jugged Hare in this Very Saloon." The Bummer's hand, which was Foraging amid the Plates dropped briskly, and His Face assumed a greenish Tint as he Made for the Swing Door.

"Hold on," cried the Dog, "I haven't finished yet. "I knew a Man who got Bitten by a Sausage and died of Hydrophobia. The Doctors said they never sausage a case, and—"

But the Bummer had Disappeared.

Then the Dog smole sweetly.

MORAL.

Never Tackle the Hotel Lunch Counter unless you have a Cast-iron Interior.

NOT HIS EXPERIENCE.

"**L**AUGH and the World laughs with you,"
'Tis a falsehood as I maintain,
For it never has published the jokes I sent
By the dozen to Will Maclean.

WHEN Tommy Toodles was sent home with a broken arm, he had to give up his best girl and other armfull amusements.

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