



DROPPING A HINT.

Boy.—Hallo, Mister! ye've dropped yer hankercher.

Leaguer.—Ha! my good boy, yes!—I mean no, my blessed little kid, no! not mine, my excellent little gentleman, not mine—Oh no, no, no, not mine!

Boy.—Well, some o' yiz dropped it anyhow, and now none o' yiz 'll own to it.