



A TREMENDOUS SELL.

*Fidgety Old Bachelor (who hates Juvenile Parties, and has come two Hours later than he was asked, so as to avoid the Children). "SO SORRY TO BE LATE—I'M DREADFULLY AFRAID I'VE MISSED ALL THE DARLING LITTLE ONES!"*  
*Lovely Hostess. "O DEAR, NO. OUR SUPPER HAS BEEN PUT OFF TWO HOURS. THE DARLING LITTLE ONES ARE HAVING TEA, BUT THEY'LL BE DOWN DIRECTLY FOR 'SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'; SO YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HELP US CLEAR THE ROOM, AND JOIN IN A REGULAR ROMP!"*



AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

(ONE THAT MIGHT BE DISPENSED WITH.)

*Gloomy and Dissipated Youth (who has discovered that Life is not worth having). "I HOPE I SHAN'T BE ALIVE AFTER THIRTY!"*  
*Unsympathetic Elderly Party. "IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR NECESSITY THAT YOU SHOULD BE ALIVE TILL THIRTY?"*



"SO UNREASONABLE TO HAVE ASKED HIM"

*Humane Old Woman. NOW, MR. POPPUM, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT GOOD IS GOT BY SHOOTIN' DOWN THEM BIRDS!*  
*Insensate Mr. P. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "WHAT GOOD"! OH! THERE'S A GOOD IN IT, YOU MAY TAKE MY WORD. THOUGH I'M SHOT IF I CAN TELL YOU WHAT IT IS JUST THIS MINUTE.*



A DREADFUL CASE FROM THE SEASIDE.

*What ails this interesting Invalid—her cheek is pale? Poor drooping flower! There is really nothing the matter at all, only she has not been used to the Invalid Business long, and it has brought on a bad attack of Pins-and-needles.*



REBUTTING EVIDENCE.

*Wife.—"BUSINESS, INDEED! SO YOU SAID LAST WEEK, WHEN COOK ACTUALLY CAN SWEAR SHE SAW YOU COME OUT OF JONES'S SALOON!"*  
*Husband.—"NOW—(Mc)—BE CAREFUL, MY DEAR GAL! 'CAUSE I DON' CARE RAP 'BOUT DATES! I SHALL 'PPLY FOR A 'JOURNMENT, AN' CALL TWO FREN'SH O'MINE,—BOTH ABROAD PRESENT TIME—(Mc)—AN' THEY'LL SHWEAR NEVER SAW ME GO INT' JONES'S AT ALL!!"*  
*[Tries to go to Red in his Boots.*



SCIENTIFIC.

*Languid but Learned Swell. NO, FACT IS, I'VE NEVER DANCE. FINE PHYSICAL EXERCISE BAD FOR BRAIN. GOING RATHER DEEP INTO NATURAL HISTORY—AW—*  
*Ignorant Little Creature. WHAT DO YOU MEAN! ARE YOU KEEPING RABBITS!*