

**QUIPS AND CRANKS.**

There are a great many men of note who have no ready cash.

A drum-major can't get up half as big a racket as a ten-year-old minor.

Teacher: What is a passive mood of the verb to work? Johnny: To loaf.

Teacher: What is a right angle? Boy: Two straight lines around a corner.

Boarder: Is this genuine vegetable soup? Waiter: Yes, sir; fourteen carrots fine.

A hypocrite feels better satisfied with himself every time he sees a good man make a mistake.

Every man longs to get rich, and then puts off until next month his determination to save more money.

The best way to down an opponent in an argument is to let him get through and then yell "Rate."

A paper advertises for "a first-class riding horse for a lady that is young and gentle and easy to manage."

A Kansas Prohibitionist is so radical that he refused to attend an entertainment in which a tight rope figured.

My son, observe the postage stamp—its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.

Sometimes it is well to keep in ruts. I would rather ride in an old lumber waggon in an old rut than in a palace car off the track.

"Banks, how are"—"Rivers, do you know of any cure for a bad cold?" "None." (With fervent gratitude) "Rivers, your hand!"

Celebrated Lawyer: Now tell me honestly—did you rob that bank? Client (in disgust): Of course I did. Do yer s'pose I'd be able to retain you if I didn't?

At the Salon.—"Can you tell me what that picture represents?" "That is Queen Cleopatra. Have you never heard of her?" "Never in my life. I seldom read the papers."

The Hon. Bertie: Aw, tell me, Miss Elliot, I've—aw—long been intending to ask you—aw—are you related to the Sir George Elliot who—aw—writes novels, don't yer-know?

A blue-stocking in Boston recently said that she thought Mr. Aldrich, the American poet, effeminate. The remark was repeated to Mr. Aldrich, who replied, "So I am compared with her?"

Things one would rather have expressed differently. Sir Pompey (so much in earnest that he forgets his grammar): Well, all I can say is this, that what I give in charity is nothing to nobody!

Barber: Hair's very thin sir. Customer: It was thinner than that thirty years ago. Barber: Indeed, sir; you surprise me. Why you don't look more than thirty now. Customer (brusquely): Thirty yesterday.

Customer: Among the other items on this bill you've got four and a half hour's work. You worked just exactly four hours by the clock. Paper hanger: Yes, sir, but it took me half an hour to make out the bill.

"Jack said he was going to propose to Miss Snow last night and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. How did he come out?" "He won her." "He did? Well, it seems he gets Snow for an answer, after all."

Mrs. Tawker: I was at the theatre last evening. It was an awfully sad play about a man being thrown out of work and his family dying from starvation. I couldn't keep from crying, to save my life. I don't know when I had been so affected. Enter Servant: Mum, there's a woman at the door as wants some cold victuals. She do say her children haven't had bit nor sup for two days. Mrs. Tawker:

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Tell her to go away; that we don't give anything to beggars. As I was saying, Mrs. Brown, it was a very sad play. Mr. Tawker says I ought not to witness such performances; they take hold of me so. He says that I am all heart.

"Say, Tom," remarked Jenkins, as he coiled lazily on a lounge; "if a man were asleep under this lounge, why would he resemble a prisoner in a police station? Tom: Give it up. Jenkins: Because they would both be under a rest.

**MOTHERS.**

"One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters," said George Herbert. Men are what their mothers make them. But if the mothers are peevish and irritable, through irregularities, "female weakness," and kindred ailments, they find no pleasure, no beauty in the care of their babes. All effort is torture. Let all such, who feel weighed to the earth with "weakness" peculiar to their sex, try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. They will find the little ones a delight instead of a torment.

To those about to become mothers it is a priceless boon. It lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens labor and promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

A beggar in Dublin had been a long time besieging an old gouty, testy, limping gentleman, who refused his mite with much irritability; on which the mendicant said: "Ah, please your honour's honour, I wish your heart were as tender as your toes."

**A Puny and Fretful Baby.**

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A Slave to Courtesy.—He: Do you mind stoppin' a bit now. I get rather giddy, don't cherknow. She: But if you get giddy, why do you come to dances? He: Well, I'm a bachelor, and that sort of thing, and it's the only way I can see of repayin' hospitality.

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What would this man? Now upward will he soar, and little less than angel, would be more.—*Pope.*

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