



"SMALL BY DEGREES."

Suffolk Farmer. "TWO SHILL'N'S A WEEK MORE!! NEVER! THAT 'LL NEVER DO!—OUT O' THE QUESTION!"
Suffolk Ploughman. "YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, MAS'E WUZZLES, SART'N SURE! IT 'ON'T DEW. OUR SAL RAHY THERE 'LL BE EIGHT SHILL'N' AND THREEPENCE FOR BREAD, THREE-AND-SIXPENCE FOR RENT AND COAL, AND HALF-A-CROWN FOR CLUB, CLOTHES, BOTES, AND SHOES FOR THE OWD 'CMAN, FIVE KIDS, AND ME. NO, THAT 'ON'T DEW—THAT, THAT 'ON'T, B'UM BY. BUT IT 'LL BE ENOW TO BEGIN WITH!!"



"TIME BY THE FORELOCK!"

Dodger. "HULLO, HOW ARE YOU! CAN'T STOP, THOUGH, OR I SHAN'T MISS MY TRAIN!"
Codger. "CATCH IT, YOU MEAN."
Dodger. "NO, I DON'T. I ALWAYS USED TO MISS MY RIGHT TRAIN, SO NOW I ALWAYS MISS THE ONE BEFORE IT, AND GET HOME IN TIME FOR DINNER! TA, TA!"



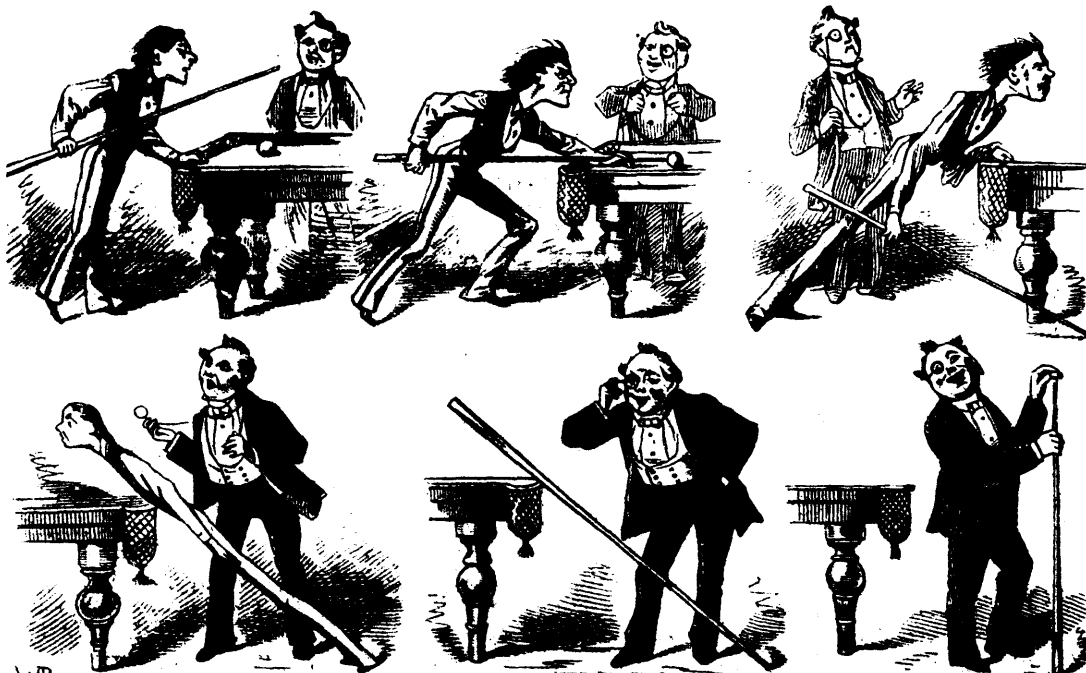
ILLI ROBUR, ET ÆS TRIPLEX....!

"WEY, COOK, I DECLARE! HERE COMES THE LONG-LOST TORTOISE UNCLE PHILIP GAVE US LAST YEAR! AND OUT OF THE COAL-CELLAR, OF ALL PLACES IN THE WORLD!"
 "LOU, MISS GRACE, IS THAT THE TORTOISE! WEY, I'VE BEEN A-USIN' OF 'IM ALL THROUGH THE WINTER TO BREAK THE COALS WITH!"



ANOTHER SAD CASE.

Lady A. BUT IF YOU REALLY WEARY YOURSELF SO MUCH AT THE OPERA, WHY DO YOU COME!
Lady B. BUT, IF I DO NOT COME, WHAT ON EARTH AM I TO DO AFTER DINNER TILL IT IS TIME TO GO SOMEWHERE!



METAMORPHOSES, BY A MANIAO.

This illustration, which is not intended for the amusement of serious and sensible subscribers, represents the awful end of a young man who stretched himself so long over difficult strokes, that the Marker, coming to look for him at the end of the game, took him for a Cue, and chucked him.



THE PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

Husband. "I THINK YOU MIGHT LET ME NURSE THAT TRAPOT A LITTLE NOW, MARGERY! YOU'VE RAN IT TO YOURSELF ALL THE MORNING, YOU KNOW!"