



SIGNS OF GENIUS.

"Quite 'markable, M'lindy, how dat chile do take to dem shears. He am a nach'ral born editor, suah."

—Time.

A GOOD BUSINESS INVESTMENT.

LAND OWNER—"What! you a real-estate dealer and contribute to the Anti-Poverty Society! It's directly contrary to your interests."

REAL ESTATE MAN—"Not at all, my dear sir. That is a very superficial view to take of it. Don't you notice how the Anti-Poverty men are always calling public attention to the enormous profits made out of land?"

LAND OWNER—"Yes, and denouncing you and the rest of us as a set of sharks."

REAL ESTATE MAN—"That's all right. That makes the public all the more anxious to get hold of the land, so they can share in the plunder. Then they come and buy. See?"

SHE HAD READ THE BRENNEN CASE.

"OH, *Jemima*," said the charming *Letitia Piddicombe*, rushing to embrace her friend *Miss Sniggerly*, "what *do* you think? I have such news for you. *Fred Mellowboy* has proposed."

"You don't tell me so, *Letitia*," replied *Miss Sniggerly*. "And did you accept him?"

"Not yet. I told him I would consider it, and give him my answer in a few days. Now, do you think I'd better have him?"

"Well, that is for you to determine," replied *Jemima*. "You know best."

"I like him well enough, but tell me. Don't you think he's a little fast?"

"I have no opinion to offer," replied her friend.

"But he goes among people who belong to your set. Haven't you heard the *Pigsnuffles* or the *Jowdernicks* say anything about him? Is it true that he was really quite elevated at the *McGorlick's* dinner party last month?"

"I really can't say, *Letitia*."

"But you must have heard something as to his habits. What is the matter with you, *Jemima Sniggerly*? You

don't seem to take any sort of interest, and answer me so short and snappish. I haven't offended you in any way, have I?"

"No, *Letitia*, not at all. But the matter is just this. You don't get me to express any opinion about *Fred Mellowboy* one way or other, not if I know it. Marry him or throw him over, just as you please, but I'm not going to give you any chance to bring an action for damages against me for giving you bad advice should you repent of your bargain. Oh, no. I haven't read the *Brennen* case for nothing."

WHAT AILS HIM?

DINGLEBAT (*reading the Bystander*)—"Wonder what makes the Professor so disgruntled. He sees everything with a jaundiced eye—always fault-finding."

CHIPPER—"Well, I rather like his style. Anyway, he's honest and is doing good work according to his lights."

DINGLEBAT—"According to his lights! According to his liver, I should say."

AN EXCELLENT REASON.

M. R. CONVERSAT—"You read current literature very closely now, do you not?"

MRS. HIGHTOHN—"Yes. One really must be conversant with all the books it is considered good form for well-bred people to condemn, you know."

A SENSATIONAL SURFEIT.

RIPPER—"Have you seen the new play yet?"

SNIPPER—"Yes, I saw it last night and enjoyed myself immensely. There are three shooting cases and a suicide in it, and I had a paper giving a detailed account of a murder to read between the acts."

THE ATTENDANT CURSES OF MODERN PROGRESS.

EDITH—"I don't like electric light in a house."

JACK—"Why?"

EDITH—"Because it can be turned on so unexpectedly by—pa, for instance."

JACK—"Well, let us go out on the piazza. The moon won't play us any tricks."

A SHREWD BUSINESS MAN.

FIRST MANAGER—"Some prima donnas want the earth."

SECOND MANAGER—"That is so. I once engaged one who demanded all the receipts of the house; but still I made money."

FIRST MANAGER—"How did you make out to do that?"

SECOND MANAGER—"I married her when the season was over."