QUIPS AND CRANKS.

When a girl elopes with the coachman or one of the servants some other man is happily saved from getting a trumpery, poor sort of a wife.

"My dear young woman, it is well known that intellectual women are not good looking." And how would you classify me?" "Why, you are not at all intellectual." "Oh, you flatterer!"

Mrs. Blabbington (after giving all of her symptoms): Now, doctor, what do you think alls me! Dr. Blunt: Madam, you are overworked. Let me see your tongue. H'm, h'm, as I thought, overworked.

Prattle (to his wife): You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions. Mrs. Prattle: I should like to know how you get at that conclusion? Prattle: You say, there's no use talking, and then you talk for hours.

Young wife (at telephone): Is that the office of the telephone company? I want to talk to Cyrus Winterbottom. I'm his wife and— Telephone girl: Number? "Number! I'm his first and only, you insulting creature!"

Mme. Trapino: You told me, sir, that all I had to do was to leave the tablecloth outside during the night and the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I did so last night "Ah! then the stains—" "No! It was the cloth that disappeared!"

The gentleman you see pacing up and down yonder as if he were mentally deranged is Smicht, the famous accountant." "What's the matter with him?" "He was trying yesterday to unravel the complications of his wife's housekeeping book."

Teacher: Polly, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left? Polly (aged six): Three, please. Teacher: No, two would be left. Polly: No, there wouldn't tho'. The three shot would be left, and the other two would be flied away.

Bingo (to real estate agent): Now, sir, my wife has taken a great fancy to that last house you showed us; but it's a little more than I want to pay. Can't you throw out some objection that will make her change her mind? Real Estate Agent: Yes sir; I'll tell her you say you won't live in any other.

Together they were looking over the paper. Oh, how funny," said she. "What is it?" he asked. "Why, here's an advertisement that says: 'No reasonable offers refused," "What's so odd about that?" Nothing, nothing." she replied, trying to blush, "only those are my sentiments."

"No," said Mr. Bean, when asked if he would contribute anything to a charity fund. I don't think I will." "Can't afford it, eh?" It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity, the papers spelled my name wrong. They got it Mean, and if I'm so mean in prmt, I don't mean to give any more to charity."

The Widow: Do you think marriage is always a failure? Bulfinch: Always a failure! Well, I should say not. Why, I know a case where the wife fairly idolizes her husband, and he—why he can't keep away from her a minute. The Widow: Bless me! How long have they been married? Bulfinch: Nearly a week.

Little Ethel surprised cook in the kitchen in the act of skinning a rabbit. Shocked beyond measure, she enquired, with mingled pity and indignation in her wide-open eyes: Whatever are you doing, cook? "I'm dressing the rabbit, Miss Ethel?" The child reflected an instant, and said: I should think you were undressing it.

Senior Partner: Look here, Mr. Sheeply, the first of last month you came to me and said you were thinking seriously of getting married, and on the strength of that I gave you a rise in your salary. What's the matter?

Aren't you going to get married? Sheeply: No sir. I thought so seriously of it that I concluded I wouldn't.

WOMAN-HOOD

has its own special medicine in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. And every woman who is "run-down" or overworked, every woman who suffers from any "female complaint" or weakness needs just that remedy. With it, every disturbance, irregularity, and arrangement can be permanently cured.

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