



Soulful Youth (languidly)—Do you sing "For Ever and For Ever"? Sweet Songstress (practically)—Oh, no; I stop for meals you know.

Willis—Does your pastor stick to his text when he preaches? Wallace—Oh, yes, he sticks to it about an hour and a half, as a rule.

First Novice—See those cute little caps that the jockeys have on? What are they for? Second Novice—I guess those are the handicaps.

"There is one thing I cannot understand," said Benson, as he walked thoughtfully homeward after the concert; "and that is how an upright piano can pass such bad notes."

A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and said—"Oh, mamma, you ought to hear her gargle. She does it so sweetly."

Mrs. Grubbs—And so your daughter's wedding day is set? Don't you think she is too young to marry? Mrs. Dubbs—No, indeed. She has ruled the whole family for three years.

She—And what have you ever done to prove your love to me? He—Done! Why, I have done without my lunch every day for a week in order to take you to the opera last night.

"What faults have you to find with my 'occasional verses?'" asked the author of the unacceptable communication. "Sir," replied the able editor, "I find only one fault with your occasional verses—they are not nearly occasional enough."

Smith—I noticed that Robinson had an article in the paper this morning. Jones—Indeed: I didn't see it. What was it? Smith—His spring overcoat. He was taking it to the tailor to be pressed and cleaned.

A little girl has a very stubborn will. She was recently punished with some severity, and when the chastisement was over, the mother said, "Now, aren't you ashamed?" "Yes'em." "What are you ashamed of?" "Of you," was the prompt and impertinent reply.

A boy with a mowing machine called at a house on Second-avenue the other day and asked the woman if she wanted grass cut. "Mercy, no," she replied. "No one can cut grass at this season," "I'll contract for next spring," continued the boy. "But

—I may be dead by that time." "Then I'll contract to see that your grave is kept green."

"Will you be—ah—mine?" asked the bashful Simpkins. "Really, Mr. Simpkins," replied Miss Banker, "your offer of marriage is unexpected, yet I accept it gladly; but I cannot be 'a mine,' as you suggested, because you must know papa made an assignment yesterday." And Simpkins spent the rest of the night, upon returning to his fourth floor front, in deep and solemn reflection.

Mr. Charley Younghusband—Why, what's the matter? Mrs. Younghusband (in deep anguish)—I gave—a—a—a tramp—a—p—p—piece of my fresh home-made bread and—and—he gave it to Rover. Mr. Charley Younghusband (consoling)—Well, I wouldn't cry about a little thing like that. Mrs. Younghusband—You don't u—u—understand. I'm crying about Rover,—he is dead—boo-o-o—hoo—hoo—o-o-o.

The language of the Irish "servant girl" sometimes requires interpretation before it becomes intelligible to the average listener. Old words in new senses have something of the difficulty of a dead language.

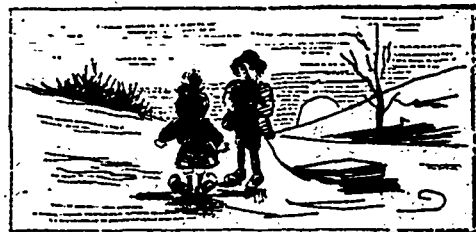
"What are me duties, if ye plaze, ma'am?" asked Bridget of her mistress.

"You'll be expected to do all the cooking, the washing, some of the sweeping, and other things which I will tell you as they come up," said the mistress. "And Thursday afternoons, when Mary is out, you will have to answer the bell and wait upon the table at dinner."

And will yez stretch for yerselves, on will I stretch for yer?" asked Bridget, doubtfully.

"What do you mean?" asked her mistress; who, after an explanation which took some minutes, discovered that her new cook meant to ask whether she would be required to pass the various dishes at dinner, or whether the family would serve themselves.

A REBUKE.



SHE: Fie, fie, Mortimer? When I was poor you scarcely reckernized me; now that I own a pair of skates, an' my father has a milk-walk, your conduct has changed.