



JUVENILE UTILITARIANISM.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, PAPA?" "TO THE CITY, MY DEAR."
 "AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO THE CITY FOR, PAPA?" "TO MAKE MONEY FOR YOU, AND MAUD, AND MAMMA, AND BABY!"
 "YOU NEEDN'T TROUBLE TO MAKE ANY MONEY FOR BABY, PAPA!" "WHY NOT, MY DEAR?"
 "HE'LL ONLY PUT IT IN HIS MOUTH!"



THE COMING RACE.

Doctor Evangelina. "BY THE BY, MR. SAWYER, ARE YOU ENGAGED TOMORROW AFTERNOON? I HAVE RATHER A TIDDLING OPERATION TO PERFORM—AN AMPUTATION, YOU KNOW."
 Mr. Sawyer. "I SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU."
 Dr. Evangelina. "O, NO, NOT THAT! BUT WILL YOU KINDLY COME AND ADMINISTER THE CHLOROPFORM FOR ME?"



THE LAST "FEATHER."

TIME—4 A.M.

Little Twister (to his Host, lighting his tenth cigar, and having exhausted "The Spanish Crisis," "Dissolution of Parliament," and "Voyage of Challenger," &c.) "BY THE BY, BLOKER, IT STRIKES ME THERE ARE SEVERAL POINTS IN THIS THORNBORN CASE THAT—"
 [All we know further is, that about this hour a short Gentleman was seen to leave a house in Grosvenor Crescent hastily, without his hat, which was thrown after him.]



THE FIRST SET AGAIN.

Lone Widow (to Literary Giant) OH, MR. SHRIMPINGTON, THEY TELL ME YOU'RE SUCH A DREADFUL WICKED MAN, I'M ABSOLUTELY AFRAID OF BEING SEEN WITH YOU.



WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Ancient Lady. "LET ME DRIVE YOU, MISS SHARP. IT IS QUITE IN MY WAY, AND I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF YOUR WALKING HOME ALL ALONE!"
 Modern Ditty. "OH, I DON'T MIND WALKING A BIT, THANKS! BESIDES, I WANT TO SMOKE!"



"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS."

Country Practitioner (about to go up to London on Business). "I SHAN'T BE MORE THAN TEN DAYS AT THE MOST, MR. FAWCETT. YOU'LL VISIT THE PATIENTS REGULARLY, AND TAKE CARE THAT NONE OF 'EM SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS—OR GET WELL—DURING MY ABSENCE!"



REGRETS.

Leon Gormandier. "I SAY, JACK, DO YOU RECOLLECT A CERTAIN SADDLE OF FOUR-YEAR-OLD WELSH MUTTON WE HAD AT TOM BRISKET'S ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON ABOUT THIS TIME LAST YEAR?"
 Pat Ditto. "I SHOULD THINK I DID!" (Pause.)
 Leon Gormandier. "THAT WAS A SADDLE OF MUTTON, JACK!"
 Pat Ditto. "AH! WASN'T IT!" (Long Pause.)
 Leon Gormandier. "I OFTEN WISH I'D TAKEN ANOTHER SLICE OF THAT SADDLE OF MUTTON, JACK!"