



A MATCH FOR THE OLD MAN.

WANTONO—What's the matter, Blankley? You're all bunged up, as though you had been in a fight, and yet you look beaming and smiling over it all.

BLANKLEY—The fact is, I have all along thought my boy Harrold a sort of flat-chested chump, and the other day I undertook to give him some boxing lessons. This is the result of the first one. Oh, I'm proud of that boy.

JACKSON—Mrs Henpeck tells me she gained six pounds while she was in the mountains.

HENPECK—That's nothing; I gained twelve while she was away.—*Life*.

IRISH, YOU KNOW.

MR. O'RAFFERTY—And what did yer brother think was the cause of his death?

MR. DUFFY—Me brother never knew the rale cause of his death, as no inquest was held on him.—*Texas Siftings*.

NO TIME FOR IT.

So you're not offended when you are called an old man? Certainly not.

Why is it that you never married?

I've had so much to do in caring for those of my relatives who are married that I never had the time.—*Boston Courier*.

COUNSEL ASSIGNED.

MR. RISING BRIEFLY—How's that case of Bill Jenkins getting along? I see you've taken charge of it.

MR. SNAP GAMMON—Oh, first rate; I just got fifty dollars out of him and he's to give me another fifty in the morning.

MR. RISING BRIEFLY—That's good; but where's Bill?

MR. SNAP GAMMON—Bill? Oh, he's all right. He's in jail.—*Puck*.

TOM—May I kiss your little baby sister?

FANNIE (aged 16, demurely)—No, she isn't old enough.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

THE OPENING JEST.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I'll give you ten minutes recess every day if you will kindly remit the usual school tasks." And then as he sat down and suddenly rose again, he realized that he had not spoken in time.—*Puck*.

CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS.

NEWSPAPER WEATHER PROPHECY (big New York Journal).—See here! If you don't discharge that careless foreman our weather reputation will be ruined.

GREAT EDITOR—My goodness! What has he done?

NEWSPAPER WEATHER PROPHECY—Done! What hasn't he done? In the paper to-day is my prediction for yesterday, which he forgot to take out, and right alongside of it is the official report of yesterday's weather.—*New York Weekly*.

A FELLOW FEELING MAKES ONE WONDROUS KIND.

ST. PETER—Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

APPLICANT—(despondently)—Well, sir, to be candid with you, I'm afraid I've no chance here. I was snake editor of the New York Moon.

ST. PETER—Never mind that; walk in. I was a fisherman once myself.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

PROFITABLE TO BOTH.

THEATER MANAGER—I called this morning, sir, to see if you would call attention in your Sunday sermon to the demoralizing features of the burlesque show I am going to run next week.

MINISTER—Is it going to be very bad?

THEATER MANAGER—Tough, sir, is no name for it.

MINISTER—Well, how much do you want to give me? Business is business.—*Judge*.



DRESS-COAT SHAGGERS.—This bread is awful stale. Do ye know it?

ONE BRACE MURPHY.—Stale, is it? Do ye mane to insinuate, ye blaggard, that I'd stale bread?