

BEYOND PARDON.

"Oh, while the lamps hold out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return ;
Regard thy soul and save it."
"Alas !" exclaimed the wight outside,
"That blessing is to me denied ;
For I am the villain who supplied
The circulation certified
And daily affidavit."
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"What are you doing now, Gus ? said one young man—about-town to another.

"Oh, I write for a living."

"On the daily press ?"

"No ; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance."—*Merchant Traveler.*

"Say," said the hotel-keeper to the reporter, "if there's one thing I do get tired of its the way people have of telling me how to run a hotel. One fellow says I ought to do this, and another says I ought to do that. By the way, it's a wonder to me you fellows don't write that kind of people up. It's just the thing you ought to do. If I was running a newspaper you bet I'd—what are you grinning at, I'd like to know ?"—*Terre Haute Express.*

A PUBLIC CALAMITY.

STRANGER (in Clayville, Ky.)—What makes everybody so solemn here this morning ?

RESIDENT—Stranger, a great misfortune has befallen this community. The church got afire last night, and while everybody was standing around, enjoyin' the spectacle, some miscreant set fire to Bill Nogg's saloon in the other end o' town, and before the fire department could be got out it burned clean to the ground—whisky and all !—*Life.*

"There is one thing that always strikes me as funny about your productions," said the editor to the amateur humorist.

"Is that so ?" said the humorist, with a pleased expression on his face ; "and what is that ?"

"Why, that you should think that they are funny yourself," said the editor ; and the pleased expression vanished like turkey at a newsboys' dinner on Thanksgiving Day.—*Somerville Journal.*

THEY MADE A SPLENDID BOARD.

BAGLEY—Well, old man, I'll expect you to-night.

BAILEY—I'll be there.

BAGLEY—Oh by-the-bye, if you don't mind you might wear your new trousers and we can have a game of chess.—*Judge.*

BALKED AT LAST.

ST. PETER—Who are you ?

NEW SPIRIT—Um—I was the manager of a British syndicate—"

ST. PETER—Well, you skip. This place is not for sale."—*New York Weekly.*

NO AMUSEMENT TO HER.

MRS. HOULIHAN—Phwat do ye t'ink about this debate, "How to kape a husband at home," Mrs. Rourke ?

MRS. ROURKE (the wash-lady)—Sorra a bit do Oi care about it at all, at all. Sure it's meself has to kape Rourke, at home and out av dures, all the toime, bad luck to him !—*Puck.*

"How is it you call Gore 'Colonel' now ?" asked a northern visitor in Arkansas. "He was a plain 'Mister' when I was here six months ago."

"Oh, he's killed a nigger since then."—*Life.*

FOR SHORT.

MISS BRACON HILL—What is your brother's name ?

MISS WARASH—Lucullus Swinburne Hobbs ; but we call him "Cully," for short.—*Puck.*

THE CHEERFUL FIRE BUILDER.

VISITOR—How cheerful the fire looks !

JOHNY—It ought to. Pa made a big hurra about building it.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A DISINTERESTED LOVER.

"Are you going to break off your engagement with Miss Prentice ?" inquired Merritt. "I hear she will be a cripple for life through that railway accident."

"I intended to break it off at first," returned his friend, "but I have just heard that the company has offered her twenty thousand in settlement."—*The Epoch.*

NEW YORK HOTEL CLERK (to bellboy)—See what the rum-pus is in 621.

BELLBOY (returning)—Col. Bluegrass is mad because there's a pitcher of water in his room.

CLERK—But that's not to drink. That's to wash in.

BELLBOY—That's what I told him, and he got madder still. He wanted to know if they thought he was a heathen. He said he washed before he started away from home.—*Life.*

ONE.

"This is an awfully new country," remarked the Englishman : "you haven't a single ruin worth looking at."

"Oh, that's all right," confidently replied the American : "wait a year or so, and see the Harrison administration."—*Puck.*

HE DIDN'T WAIT FOR THE VACANCY.

APPLICANT FOR POSITION (to manager of New York Electric Light Co.)—I saw your advertisement for linemen in this morning's paper, Mr. Carhon, and have called to make application for a place.

MANAGER—Well ! Um ! Er ! The fact is, we have no vacancy, but if you will sit down for half an hour one of our men is sure to get hold of a live wire ; and you can take his tools and go right to work.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

ABSENT MINDED.

ALGY (at the door)—I—aw, bless my soul, Miss Gushly ! I believe I've forgotten something. Lemme see—

MISS GUSHLY—Coat—hat—case ? Why, you have them all, Mr. Baboony.

ALGY—Aw, yaas ; but—but—Miss Gushly—dear Edith—I fawgot to awsk—will you—will you be my wife ?—*Texas Sittings.*

LOVE'S TEST.

BEATRICE—Reginald, I can always tell when you are near.

REGINALD—How, darling ?

BEATRICE—I can smell the Acme blacking on your shoes.—*Munsey's Weekly.*