

Bonnets come high this season, but their altitude will have to increase a great deal to reach the height of their price.

AN OBJECT OF PITY.

FIRST CHERRY—Why so gloomy?

SECOND CHERRY—O, I am to be pitted.

THAT IS IT.

"Death loves a shining mark," quoted Mrs. Larkin.

"That accounts for Mark Twain's being so healthy," commented Larkin.

THEY HAVE DONE IT BEFORE.

MRS. FANGLE—They are marking feathers down now.

FANGLE—O, that's an old trick. Dealers often try to pass feathers off for down.

THAT WAS VERY NOTICEABLE.

CUMSO—Did you notice McFesters's prominent cheek bones?

FANGLE—I didn't notice the bones particularly, but I noticed his prominent cheek.

ONCE WHEN IT WAS ALLOWED.

CUMSO—I didn't know before to-day that judges were allowed to sit on juries.

FANGLE—They are not.

CUMSO—Well, Judge Bigwig sat on a jury in his court to-day, and he sat on it hard, too.

Wm. H. FIVTER.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN.

"If, coming late, I made complaint
Of supper cold, what would you do?"

His wife replied, with smile so faint,

"Dear John, I'd make it warm for you!"

R. H. T.

A SURE CURE.

CUMSO—Have you anything that will cure a corn?

DECOUET—Yes, sir, here's a preparation that I put up myself. It's a sure and quick cure. Why, I've got a corn that I've been putting it on for nearly two years, and I wouldn't think of using any other remedy.

HE KNEW A CHEAPER PROCESS.

FIRST TRAMP—Lend me a quarter to go to the dentist's and get this confounded tooth yanked out.

SECOND TRAMP—I can tell you a cheaper process. There's a young married woman keeping house around the corner, who makes a first-rate pie crust for removing the teeth.

HE HAD WHAT HE WANTED.

WHEEL-OF-FORTUNE MAN (at a country fair, addressing a green, awkward youth who is trying to muddle with his wares):—Well, sir, what do you want?

GREEN YOUTH (with a backwoods stare)—Nuthin'.

WHEEL-OF-FORTUNE MAN—All right. You have it there under your hat.

HER CONSOLATION.

Mrs. BELMOT—I hear that your cook has run off, carrying with her all your jewels. I am so sorry.

Mrs. GOODECOCK—So am I to lose my jewels. However, I have one great consolation: she took my husband with her.

IDEAL VS. REAL—ESTATE.

HE—My darling, will you unite your lot with mine?

SHE—I don't know; what addition is yours in?

THE LAKE COULDN'T HELP IT.

JENNIE—Why, Grizely, your party back so soon! Did not Miss Sigford enjoy the lake?

GRIZELY—No; but I believe her objections are somewhat personal. You see, she was sitting on the edge of the dock and the water cast reflections on her hat.

THE UP AND DOWNS OF IT.

DR. MILES—My dear madam, this medicine will do you no good unless you take it more regularly; you must keep it up.

IRVING—Yes, doctor; but I could keep it up better if it were not so hard to keep it down.

THE NEW MOTTO.

"Eight hours to work, eight hours to sleep and eight hours for ourselves." There seems to be a fatal omission of time for beer during the dog days.



SOCK STRANGER—Oh! It's hard to die way out here in Oregon.

NATIVE REAL ESTATE BOONER—Yes, indeed. We have the finest climate in the world. Why, our death rate is the lowest in the United States. A man simply can't die when he wants to. Now, I'll sell you— What's the matter? Great Scott! The man is dead!