

Driven to drink—the cows.
Down in the dumps—the tailings.
Reforming an evil—making cigarettes out of cigar stubs.

Tangle had been using some very vigorous language.
"Don't you know," suggested Goodman, "that the good book says 'Swear not at all.'"
"I'm not swearing at all," replied Tangle.

HE WENT.

ALGIE—I proposed to Alice Moneybags last evening.
CHARLIE—Did you indeed? And was it a go?
ALGIE—It was. I had to go, in a hurry, too.

GOOD ADVICE.

FASTLEIGH—Yes, Bronson, I have made up my mind to give up all my bad habits, get married and settle down.
BRONSON—You will do well to settle down, Fastleigh, but you owe me \$100, and I'd like still more to see you settle up.

WITH A SHOE ON IT.

CLINTON—Don't you do anything for that importuna'e fellow. If you give him an inch he'll take an ell.
CHINOOKER—You needn't worry. I'm more likely to give him a foot than an inch.

A DETERMINED MAN.

JOHNSON—When are you going to paint that fence for me, Uncle Rastus?
UNCLE RASTUS—Well, sah, I reckon I'll do it Saturday, if de Lawd's willin'; or if not, I'll do it Monday, any way, suah.

WHERE TO GET IT.

"I must go down to the hotel awhile to-night," remarked a Brooklin writer to his wife.
"For Inn-spiration, I suppose," she replied, sweetly and sarcastically.

A USELESS QUESTION.

MR. MONEYBAGS (sternly)—So you love my daughter, young man. What are your prospects, may I ask?
CHARLIE SLIMPURSE—It's no use asking me. You know better than I do what my prospects are.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

MRS. GRIZZLY—What on earth is that screeching over at Johnson's about?
GRIZZLY—Oh! Johnson is going to sing in a concert Saturday night, and as he's too lazy to practice he has hired Senor Highkey to practice for him.

A GOOD START.

MERRILL—How is the new university in your city coming on?
WOOLLEY—Oh, splendidly. The base ball and foot ball grounds are laid out, the bath house built, and we've secured seven athletic instructors. We're going to hire a man to teach Latin and history and all that, and I expect we'll open with a large class next fall.



NOT SO BAD, EITHER.

BLATHERS (to Slathers, who prepared to bow and was ignored)—I say, Slathers, isn't Miss Blood like that yacht out there?

SLATHERS—How so?

BLATHERS—Oh, well, if you don't see it! But it strikes me she's something of a cutter.

NO SENSE TO KNOCK.

REPORTER—A policeman was knocked senseless a while ago.
EDITOR—Impossible!

DEFINING THE WORD.

JOHNNY CUMSO—Pa, what does "primeval man" mean?
CUMSO—Prime evil man? It must be a reference to satan.

ESTIMATING THE EXPENSE.

"Do you charge by the acre?" asked Goslin of a bootblack who was shining up a Trenton man's shoes.
"No; I charge by the boot."

THEN IT WAS REFILLED.

"That empty castor reminds me of quail," remarked the star boarder at the dinner table.
"Why?" asked Mrs. Small.
"Out of season."

VICTORIA'S OPINION.

"It is very wet weather we are having, your Majesty," remarked Lord Salisbury.
"Not too wet, me lud," replied the queen. "In fact I don't think hit possible to 'ave too much reign in this country."

HE DID NOT KNOW HOW.

"Now say your prayers," said the hawk to the Bantam rooster; "for I am going to eat you."
"Alas, how can I?" replied the rooster; "I am not a bird of prey."
WM. H. RYTER.