

PAT—Workin' now?

MIKE—Yis, lookin' fer a job.

JOHNNY—Papa, what is the cannonization of a saint?

PAPA—Oh, it's sort of making a big gun of him.

"Your shoes are too tight," they told her; but no,
She treated the notion with scorn;
Till a horrid man trod on her tenderest toe,
And she had to "acknowledge the corn."

A grave subject—a dead man.

A settled conviction—ninety-nine years.

A maiden effort—the first attempt to "see her home."

A foregone conclusion—stump of a thoroughbred's tail.

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

SHOE DEALER (facetiously, to customer)—Why, I sell shoes so cheap that I might almost be called a freebooter.

CUSTOMER—H'm! I think you sell them so dear that you might almost be called a robber.

HE SELLS THE BAD ONES.

"You don't keep bad cigars, I suppose?" said Cumso to a tobacconist.

"No, indeed!" was the indignant reply.

"Then that is the reason you worked some of them off on me yesterday."

STRAUSS'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

You say dot you vish I would wride you a letter?
Vel, since I haf got to, perhaps I had better;
But vot I shall say in der letter I sendt you
Is vot I can't say, since I vish to gondendt you;
For vimmens mit letters is never gondendted
Unless dey been crossed, vich I gannot, ven ended.
Und, alzo, unless dere's fife bostscripts appended,
I've likewise been told dot dey sure got offended.
Und, alzo, I fear und I dremble mit dread
Unless, vile in writing vot comes in my head
I say, etsample, I drink blenty beer,
Vich I know, if I said, made you look pooty quveer;
At der same time I see dot your temper advance,
Vich of gourse you can't help as you vas demperance.
Den vot I should wride is der ding puzzles me,
Und I scratches my head quvite inzessantly.
Shall I doid you how valking along on der shreet—
Vile I dink of you only—each berson I meet
Vile I dink of my sweetheart, my head bended low,
I butts 'gainst his vest mit a batt'ring ram blow?
Shall I say mit your name in each song I gompose
I sing it at midnight und vake up der haus?
Shall I say how at "Castro's" your name I bropose
Mit wriders und bainters till all vas put aus?
Vell, hardtly I should not, so better I glose.

ADAIR WELCKER.

"Young Borrowit smokes pretty freely, doesn't he?"

"Yes, entirely so. I never saw him buy a cigar."



There was a young
man named
Beauchamp
Who said
"my
Children
I'll teauchamp

To read and to spell"
But he might just
as well
Have let go, for he never
could reauchamp.

