

IT WAS CONCLUSIVE.

MRS. LIVEWAYT (of Chicago)—Yes, young Mr. Laker wanted to marry our Susie, but I put my foot right down on it.

MRS. NORTH RIVER (with a glance at Mrs. Livewayt's feet)—Well, that covered the ground.

A MUCH BETTER PLAN.

EDITH—I'm very fond of bathing, but it's a nuisance to have to dry one's hair when one comes out of the water.

LITTLE LAURA—My sister Maude never gets her hair wet when she bathes. She leaves nearly all of it in her dressing room.

Idaho is threatened with a loss of territory, but she will be comforted by a gain of a whole state.

A league game—bunko.

A brotherhood game—working the G. A. R. for an office.

The happy medium—the one who has not been exposed.

Frothing at the mouth—a glass of beer.

Spots on the sun—measles on the baby.

A spirited meeting—mixing a cocktail.

A scissors grinder, accompanied with his usual paraphernalia, on his first visit to one of our country towns, approached a housekeeper who was standing in the doorway, and asked: "Have you any knives or scissors—"

"Stop right there," interrupted the housekeeper, "I said I wouldn't answer them foolish census questions, and I won't, either!"

THE TABLE DID IT.

JOHNSON—How are things up at the boarding house?

GRIZZLY—Like one of Mr. Sankey's songs—"Nothing but leaves."

THERE IS SOME HUE IN THAT.

MRS. CUMSO—James, what does "hue and cry" mean?

MR. CUMSO—I think it has something to do with painting the town red.

HOW HE GOT LOST.

"Miss May, excuse me," said the dude,

"I was lost in thought, you know."

"It's risky," said the maiden, rude,

"In unknown realms to go."

NOT A REGULAR BUSINESS.

MOTHER (whose son has just captured a rich father-in-law)—If John does as well in his business every year as he did this, he will be able to provide well for me in my old age.

BINKS (who failed to get the father-in-law)—Impossible; polygamy is prohibited in Oregon.

JAMES WACKER'S SICK FRIEND.

"You are very late this morning, Mr. Wacker," said the merchant, as one of his clerks entered the store.

"Yes, sir. I sat up with a sick friend last night, and this morning I overslept myself."

"Oh, then, you are perfectly excusable, James. I am glad to see you displaying such a Christian spirit. Visiting the sick is one of the duties enjoined upon us in the

scriptures. It gives me pleasure to know that at least one of my clerks is so unselfish."

"Thank you, sir," James replied, coloring somewhat and manifesting a desire to get to work; "but—"

"Oh, you need n't blush, my boy," interrupted the good old man; "I'm a hard old business chap, myself, but I can appreciate the finer human feelings. Your modesty does you credit, I'm sure."

"But, sir—"

"Oh, never mind, James, it does n't need any 'buts.' I am pleased to be able to commend you."

"But, sir," insisted James, "I'm afraid you do not quite understand—"

"Not understand the unselfishness of sitting up with a sick person? Nonsense! I understand it perfectly—the medicine, the weary watching, the bearing with the invalid's irritableness, the—"

"But, sir, there is nothing irritable about my friend; no medicine, in fact."

"No medicine! Did n't you say your friend was sick?"

"Yes, sir; but that is where you misapprehend me—in the kind of sickness."

"How is that?"

"It was a young lady I sat up with," replied James, blushing in earnest now. "She is my lovesick friend."

"Oh—ah—well," said the merchant, slowly, "that's different. See that such attendance upon the sick doesn't delay your arrival at the office any more, Mr. Wacker."

WM. H. SIVITER.

THE BALLET'S BAGGAGE.

DAILEY—An opera troupe that went from here to San Francisco had to pay \$500 for excess baggage.

DUMLEY—How was that—had they so much scenery?

DAILEY—No. It was because the ballet dancers had so many trunks.



LECTURER—As you see, ladies and gentlemen, this is a simple machine turned by a crank. (Tumultuous applause).