

Strained relations—Broth of a boy.

A happy combination—Tom and Jerry.

The saw mills all have a boom in their business this year.

The letters of the alphabet are all prosperous. Only four of them are in want.

HE WAS AT HOME.

FIRST IRISHMAN—Phwell, Pat, an' phwat do yez think?

SECOND IRISHMAN—Faith an' I think it shill rain or snow.

FIRST IRISHMAN—Begora, an' phwat do yez know about American weather, ye foreign galoot?

THIS IS NOT TRUE.

SHOPPER—Are all these fast colors?

TRUTHFUL CLERK—Yes, indeed; just wet them once and see them run.

GRIZZLY—Jack Wedded was completely doubled up yesterday.

JOHNSTON—What was the trouble, rheumatism or colic?

GRIZZLY—Neither. Married.

HE RARELY GAVE FITS.

"If that fellow Neverpay doesn't settle his bill pretty soon," said Mr. Snipps, the tailor, "I shall give him fits."

"That would be something new for you," replied his friend.

TELL EVERYTHING.

MRS. TANGLE—Women are more honest than men. You wouldn't hear of absconding cashiers if all bank officials were women.

MR. TANGLE—H'm—well—women might not succeed as cashiers, but they would certainly be great as tellers.

PRINCIPAL OF BUSINESS COLLEGE (to young lady who wants to study for a commercial career)—Of course you understand that the most important thing is the ledger.

YOUNG LADY—Oh, dear! Is that so? I don't like the Ledger half so well as the *New York Weekly*.

THE PRINTER HAD BEEN THERE.

IRATE REAL ESTATE BOOMER (entering business office of daily paper)—See here, what does this mean? I wrote in my advertisement of the "Elysium Addition" that it is fifteen minutes walk from the postoffice and you printed it "fifteen miles."

BUSINESS MANAGER—Well, the fact is the proof reader undertook to walk out there yesterday, and when the proof came to him this way he thought it was correct.

Porter was no doubt appointed superintendent of the census because it was foreseen that it would be done in a half and half way.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

"And lovest thou me?" a bold youth cried,
While hope made all his being thrill.
To which the maiden fair replied,
With sweetest voice, "I love thee still."

He strove to kiss his hoped-for bride,
But was repulsed with resolute will.

"Thou told'st me false," he hotly cried.

"Nay; said I not, I loved thee still?" H. L. W.

When a library burns, it goes up in volumes of smoke.

"There was a striking scene at the club last night. You ought to have been there."

"Indeed; what was that?"

"We had a sparring contest."

ETHEL (who has arisen early this morning)—Oh, look, mamma! Someone has lost his watch charm on the sidewalk.

MAMMA—Nonsense, child; that is the ice.

MR. GUMPS (at the seaside hotel)—My dear, this piece of cake reminds me of your bathing suit.

MRS. GUMPS—Why? Because it has stripes running through it?

MR. GUMPS—No. Because there is so little of it.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

CUMSO—The prohibitionists seem to be still making headway in Georgia.

FANGLE—Is that so?

CUMSO—Yes. I notice that the name of a postoffice in that state has been changed from Jug Tavern to Brandon.

ARE THE FALLS TO BE HEIGHTENED?

"Do you believe that art can improve nature?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"I don't either; and yet the New York legislature thinks of spending \$66,000 in improving Niagara falls."

THE FATE OF THE "MID-SUMMER EDITION."

MERCHANT—William, what is that bundle of paper the expressman just left?

WILLIAM—It's a copy of the special edition of the *Paralyzer*, sir.

MERCHANT—Put it under the counter and cancel our last order for a bundle of wrapping paper.



WHAT MADE ALGY FAINT.

DOLLY (who has come into a fortune, relating)—Awn me way back I stopped in at Newclothe's to pay a bill—Why—Why—What's the mattah with Algy?

DICKEY—Why, deah boy, don't you know bet'ah than to make such startling statements before Algy in his present state of health?