

Not in it—the girl and her bathing suit.

AND HE DID.

SIGGINS—You are not going home yet, are you, Jaysmith?
JAYSMITH—Yesh (hic) I'm goin' to (hic) make a stagger at it.

ANXIOUS TO OBLIGE.

EMBARRASSED SPEAKER (sotto voce)—Say, give a word!
OBLIGING FRIEND (handing a book)—Here's a dictionary—forty thousand words—take your choice.

JUST A FEW.

CUMSO (after his wife has mentioned a number of things she wants)—Are there any things you *don't* want?
MRS. CUMSO—I don't want cholera or smallpox.

BALM FOR HIS WOUNDED FEELINGS.

"Mad'm," said a man, entering a drug store wherein a young woman stood behind the counter, "hev y'u got any mount'n bam?"
"Mountain balm?" replied the young woman, briskly. "Yes, sir."
"No, not mount'n bam!" was the snappish reply. "I said bam, 'nd I mean bam! Et y'u don't know yer business what y'u here fer? Ain't ther no man 'bout th' premises?"

"Madam, I am a victim of the fire," began the dilapidated-looking tramp as he accosted the lady of the house.

"Victim of the fire, eh? Well, you bet you've struck just your kind of a conflagration here." And she slammed the door.

BLOBS—You should not say "tailor made girl," my dear, for that is tautological.

MRS. BLOBS—What should I say?

BLOBS—Only "tailor maid."

ONE OF THE WORKERS.

MONEYBAGS—But I'm told you are very idle, Mr. Newstyles.

CHOLLY NEWSTYLES—I assure you that that's not true, dontchewknow. I do a great deal of very hard work.

MONEYBAGS—What work?

CHOLLY NEWSTYLES—I smoke fifteen packages of cigarettes every day.

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.

SNOOPER—It's a wonder to me that the Farmers' Alliance don't start a choral society.

SIBERAL—Why?

SNOOPER—Because they are reef-formers.

CAN NOT LIVE ON BREAD ALONE.

YOUNG McWATTY—My beloved Angelina, let me be your bread winner all through life.

ANGELINA—I want a man who can win a little pie.

SHE WANTED ASSURANCES.

MRS. NUROX—This is Sterling silver, you say?

JEWELER—Yes, madam.

MRS. NUROX—Well, if you are sure that Mr. Sterling made it himself I'll take it.



DEFIED DESCRIPTION.

EDITOR—Did you see the big fire, Mr. Quildrive?
QUILDRIVE (a reporter)—I did, sir. The scene defied description.
EDITOR—Then please write a two-column description of it at once.

BLOOMED UNSEEN.

MRS. BALDHEDER—Why, Thomas, I declare! There are a lot of fine hairs on the top of your head. You are getting a second growth of hair. I never noticed it and you didn't say anything about it.

BALDHEDER (sadly)—No, Matilda. I wanted to give them a chance to grow.

THEY OFTEN DO.

ETHEL (who is studying addition)—Mamma, why do they say the "two bears" of marriage?

MAMMA—Why, my dear, the two bears of marriage are bear and forbear.

ETHEL—Well, Mamma, don't bear and forbear make five bears?

HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.

OLD MAID—Women are always getting ill-treated in this world. What they need more than anything else is comfort.

OLD BACHELOR—I don't believe that, for I once offered a poor wash-woman her choice between a load of good stove wood and a pair of high-heel French shoes, and she took the shoes.

A HOPELESS CASE.

MERCHANT (as clerk approaches)—Well, sir?

CLERK—I would like an increase in my salary, sir.

MERCHANT (turning back to his desk)—'Most anybody would.

WANTED A CHEAP ONE.

JUDGE—On what ground do you ask for a divorce?

APPLICANT—I am poor, sir, and would like it on the ground floor.

HOW HE DOES IT.

BILLINGS—You are sure you lose \$3 on this coat, Einstein.

EINSTEIN—So hellup me! I loses money on everydings I sells.

BILLINGS—But how do you make a living?

EINSTEIN—It vos mine pig pizness. I sells so mooch dot I can afford to. Ov I had von liddle redail drade I couldn't do it mein friendt.

THE PRESENT DUTY.

MISS BLEEKER (of New York)—I see that there is a proposition to put a duty on beans.

MISS EMERSON (of Boston)—A duty on beans already exists.

MISS B.—Indeed! What is it?

MISS E.—To bake them to a delicious brown.

PLEADING BY PROXY.

"Well," said Goslin, as he put on his hat, previous to a call on his best girl, "I am going to plead my suit to-night."

"I would let it speak for itself," replied Dolley, with a glance at the checked trousers.

The flies bite so we can not snocze,

And to labor it is too hot;

We'll seek the cellar's shade and think
Of the whichitiveness of the what.

