

PROOF POSITIVE.

MRS. POMPOUS—Our new neighbor across the way is very unladylike and quite a busybody, I'm sure.

POMPOUS—Why, my dear, how can you know that?

MRS. POMPOUS (firmly)—Well, I know this much. I caught her today looking over her blinds to see what I was doing.

POMPOUS—How did you catch her?

MRS. POMPOUS—Why, I was just peeping over the blinds to see if I could see what she was doing.

TOO SUSPICIOUS BY HALF.

REV. JONAS CLUTTERBY (to his seatmate on the train)—How fast we travel! But, ah, young man, have you ever thought of the flight of time? Think of the fleeting hours of youth, the golden days that swiftly pass away? Have you ever counted the minutes—

BATTERSBY (unregenerate and suspicious)—What are you trying to do? Sell me a watch?

A STRIKING TESTIMONIAL.

DOCTOR BROWN—That was a very interesting case of Miss Squaller's. For nearly a year she had lost her voice entirely, but I succeeded in restoring it perfectly.

FRIEND—You deserve a testimonial to your skill.

DOCTOR BROWN—I received one this morning. The man who lives next door to Miss Squaller shot at me.

GETTING OFF EASY.

ROUNDER—Well, old man, I guess I'll have to go home now.

BOUNDER—I suppose your wife will be so mad that she won't speak to you.

ROUNDER—I'm sure I hope so.

HOW IT ENDED.

He made money as a farmer, at good, old, honest work.

But he wished to make it faster, and so began to shirk. He sold his farm and put the cash into a Wall street scheme.

And now he runs an ash cart behind a one horse team.



PLAINLY PUT.

ETHEL—That horrid May Sharpley says that I paint my face and dye my hair.

EDITH—She is brutally frank, isn't she?



AN UNACCOUNTABLE CHANGE.

MRS. FANGLE—A goose and a duck are not very much alike, are they, Henry?

MR. FANGLE—No, they're quite different birds.

MRS. FANGLE—Then isn't it strange that you said I was a duck before we were married, but now you call me an old goose?



HE—If I win that handsome silver set at the raffle, love, I'll bring it home to you.

SHE (trying to be magnanimous)—But, dear, had you not better give it to your mother?

HE (forgetting himself)—O, that is a good one! Why, my mother wouldn't have that old plated thing in her house.

TOUCHING LOVE.

Enraptured at her feet he kneels,
One word of love entreating,
One glance of those averted eyes
To still his heart's wild beating.

A look of pain flits o'er her face:
A tear steals down her cheek;
A smothered sigh dies on her lips,
That yet refuse to speak.

"I've touched your heart," he softly pleads.

"Kill not the love new born."

With glowing cheeks his love replies:

"You only touched my corn."

S. G. CARPENTER.

"I asked Dobbs about a simple matter, and he knew nothing about it, and yet he claims to be a well posted man."

"So he is; he's been up on the club bulletin for non-payment of dues in almost every club he belongs to."

FIRST GENT (coming up behind second gent and giving him a rousing slap upon the shoulder)—Howdy, Bob! Don't you remember me?

SECOND GENT (who proves to be a total stranger, answers coldly)—I can't recall your face, sir, but I've seen fellows before with cheek similar to yours.

ECONOMY.

"They say that Blinks married a Kansas girl. How did it come about?"

"Well, you know Blinks always was a big eater for a stingy man. His wife is the girl who took first prize at the cooking school at Atchison, Kansas, for making a two-pound loaf of bread out of one pound of flour."

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

"O, dear," sighed Mrs. Cumso, "I've got paresis and any quantity of dreadful diseases."

"I didn't know you had anything of the kind," replied Cumso.

"I didn't, either, until I read this patent medicine advertisement."

SAYSO—I hear you are going to be married, Hopkins.

HOPKINS—Yes, I am; and, I tell you, it's a big risk to take.

SAYSO—Yes, it is. She must be a very courageous woman.

DAUBLEY—What a lovely face Miss Hiffier has! How I should like to paint it.

MISS CAUSTIQUE—She could probably give you a few points, she has painted it so often.