

HORRIBLE SHOCK.



Cityus—"Yes, I'm going to take that first-class, delightful room in the country I saw advertised. I know it's a fake, though, and I'll be played for a sucker."



"What! It's really less than a mile from the railroad station!"



"And by George! If there isn't actually some fishing and bathing to be had!"



"Well, bless my fool heart, if the bedroom isn't nicely and comfortably furnished!"



"Oh, oh! I can't stand it. The tablecloth is certainly clean and the food is excellent. I shall have to go home at once."



"Oh, yes, Maria. I've got a bad case of nervous prostration. It'll take all the rest of my vacation to fix up my shattered nervous system."

ALL RIGHT.



Jaggs (at 3 a. m.)—"Hullo, is that you? So glad I thought 'twas my wife."

SUFFERER.



Mrs. Rubbs—"Poor man! So you find tramping a painful lot in life, do you?"
Husky Hen—"Yas'm. I'm gittin' so fat dat I can't hardly crawl."

STUCK UP.



Mr. Bruin—"He is the proudest bear in the woods."
Mrs. Bruin—"Yes, I noticed that he has been putting on a great many airs. What is it all about?"
Mr. Bruin—"He was shot at and missed by Teddy Roosevelt, Jr."

CHANCE FOR A HUSTLER.



Wisard Guy—"Youse know de sayin' is dat de world owes us a livin'?"
P'olk A. Long—"Yep. Wush I could get some smart soliciter ter collect mine on de shares."

EXPLICIT.



"Might I ask you who lives here?"
"Certainly, sir."
"Who is it, sir?"
"Blest if I know."

TOO MUCH ROOM AT THE TOP.



Octopus—"What is the matter with you?"
Shark—"I am in a deuce of a pickle. I swallowed an old sailor's co.: leg and now I can't get below the surface!"

WELL FORTIFIED.



TOIL.



LaSalle—"Scribe is a great fellow for hard work, isn't he?"
Clerk—"For hard work? Why, he hasn't dipped a pen in ink to-day!"
LaSalle—"Yes, I know; but he's reading Harry MacLane."

SERIOUS OFFENSE.



Justice—"What's he up for?"
Officer—"Disturbin' the peace! He woke me up, yer honor."

LONG, LONG AGO.



Mane—"Dat guy used ter be er ole flame or yours, didn't he?"
Liz—"Yes, little one. I uset ter go wit 'um w'en yet but er che-ild."

ENOUGH SAID.



Stranger—"Hey, did a constable pass this place a minute ago?"
Chako—"Sir! Dis vos er saloon!"

COURTESY.



Mrs. Goodsort—"Do you mean to say that you've drunk all the beer there was in that pail?"
Tanky Thompson—"Why, yes, mum; but I'd 'a' saved some if I'd known you wanted any."

WHY HE LEFT.



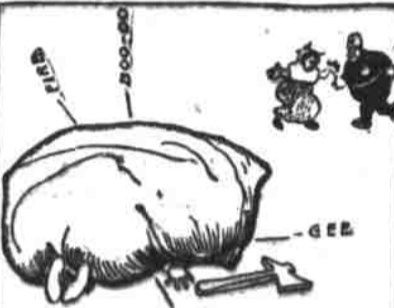
HIGHWAY ROBBERY.



Eddie—"I'm a-goin' to pretend to rob de old lady."



"Whoop! Whoop! Gimme dat bundle, see!"



(Moans.)



(Groans.)

TROUBLE FOR TWO.



Sammy's Father—"That's a good catch of crawfish, son. Now, put them away in some place where they can be kept wet until I want them."



Sammy—"This bathtub is just the place. I'll put 'em in and run the tub full of water."

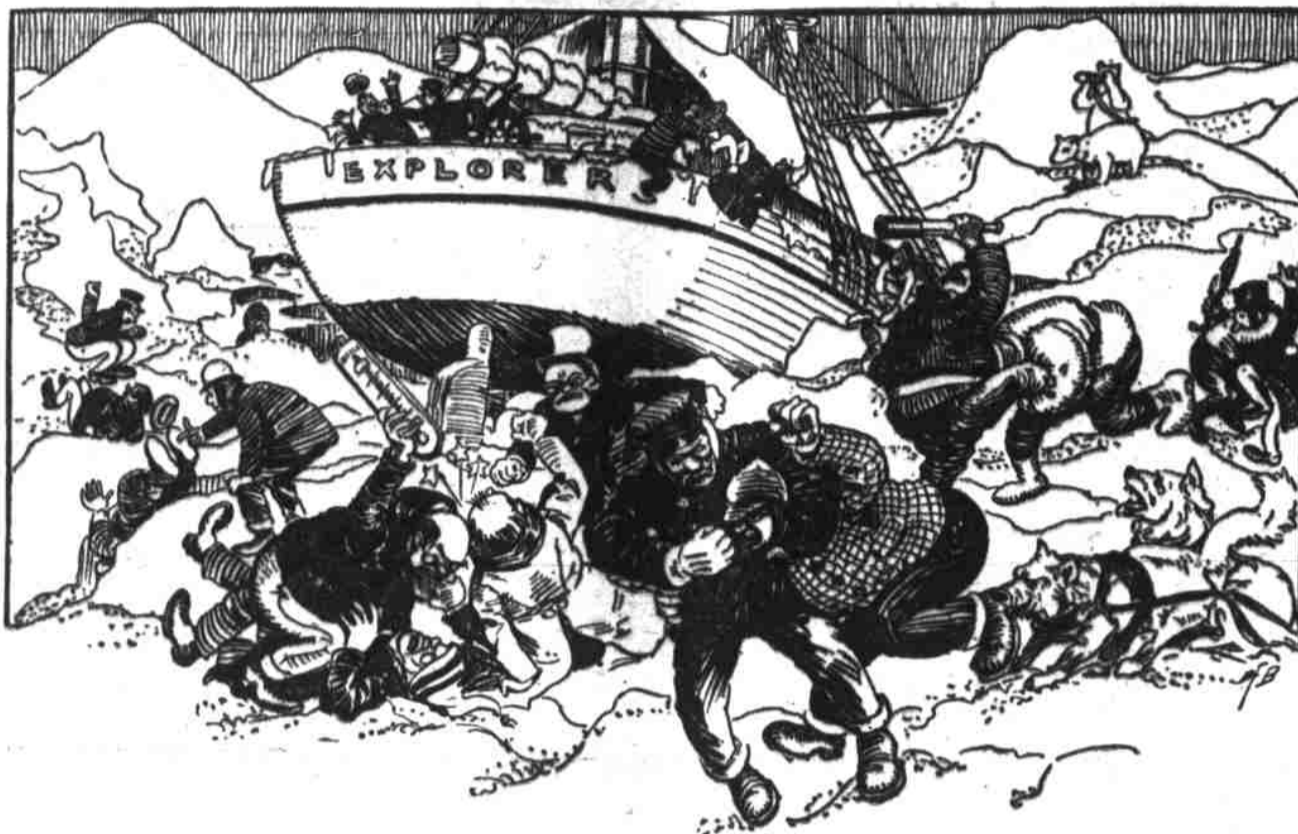


Father (next morning)—"Ah, how thoughtful! Some one has filled the tub with water for my bath."



"Murder! Snakes! Maria!"

THEY HAVE TO DO IT.



It's the only way to keep warm.

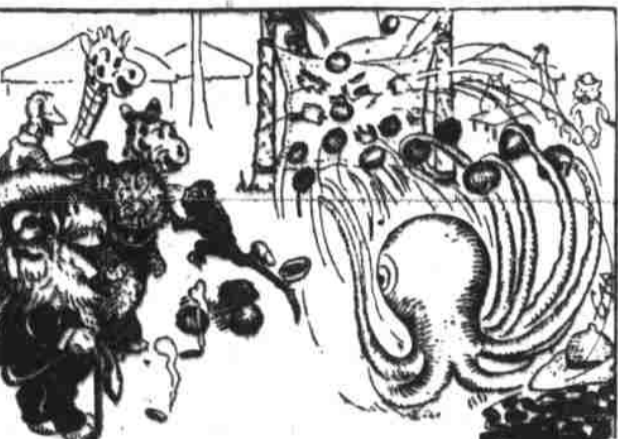
LOW PIECE OF BUSINESS.



Joeko—"Any gent who hits the monk yonder gets a 10-cent cigar."
Stranger—"Guess I'll have a shot."

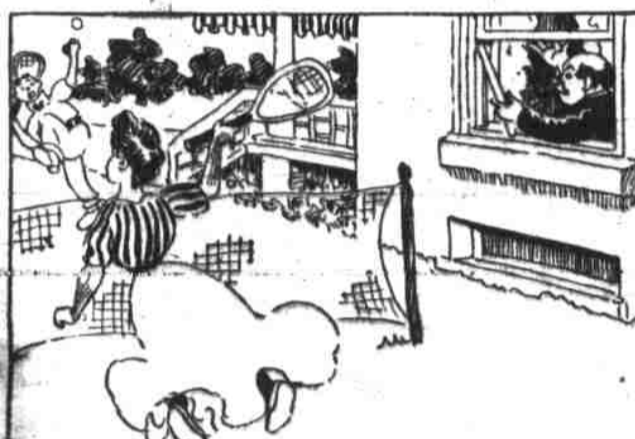


"Gimme eight cocoanuts and you can put in your time getting out the—"

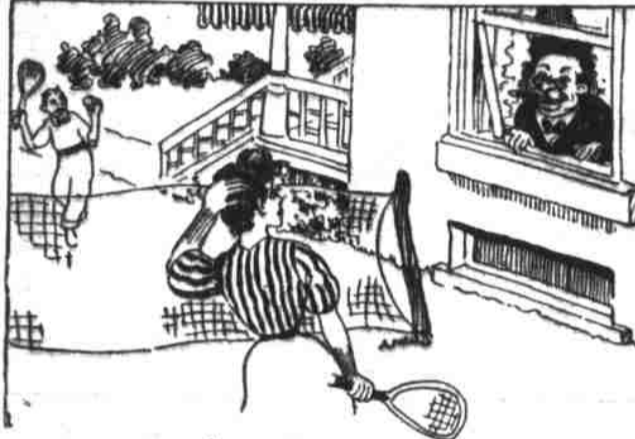


"Cigars."

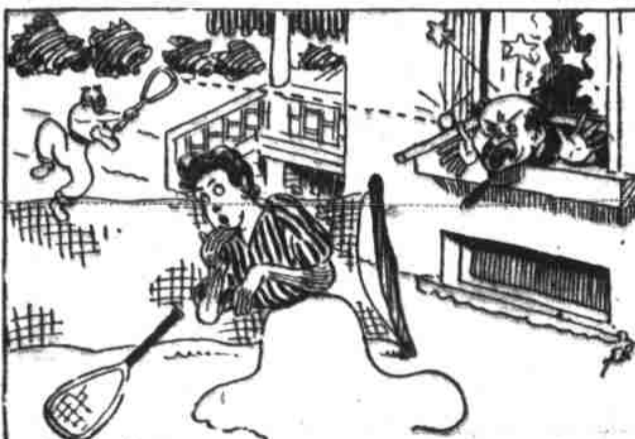
SCOFFER'S FATE.



The Old Man—"What awful playing!"

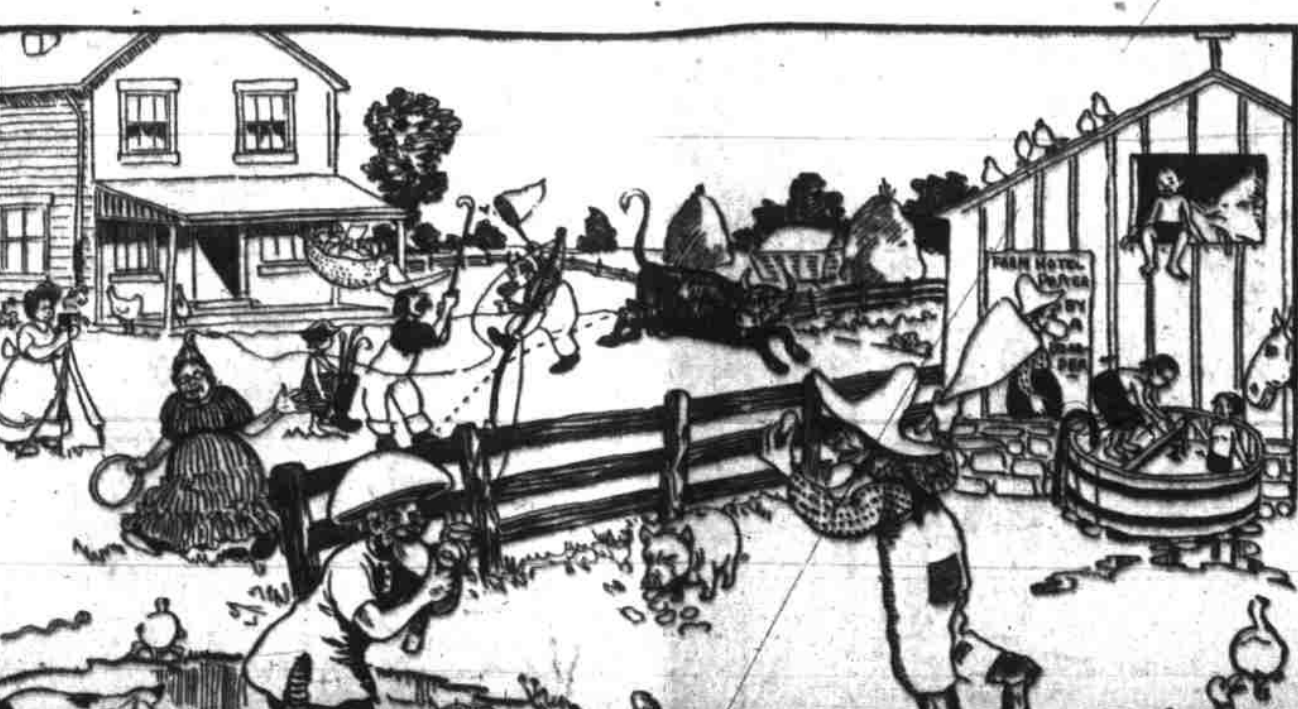


"Ho, ho! He, he! Ha—"



"Ha!"

EFFECT OF EXAMPLE: AFTER THE CITY BOARDERS HAVE LEFT.



OPPORTUNITY.



Restful Rawson—"Dere's nuttin' like selsin' yer chances when dey come. All de energetic man should want in jus' de opportunity, de open—"



"Door!"

IN THE STONE AGE.



Mr. Skintags—"Why, the Chunk-Flints must have called during our absence. There are their cards."

RIGHT IN HIS LINE.



"Muches trouble carry washes alee time."



"Guess make some slick his alee same white man."



"Starch makee one likee crowbar!"



"Luz washes samee on line! Smokee like fun! Savee!"

READY.

