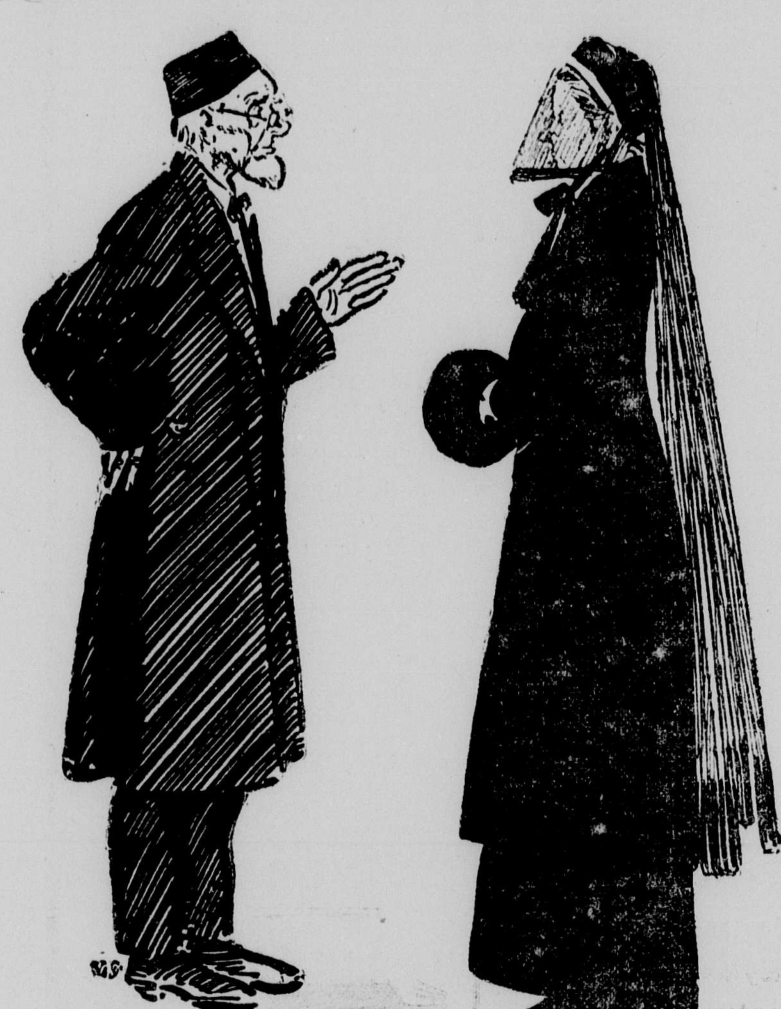
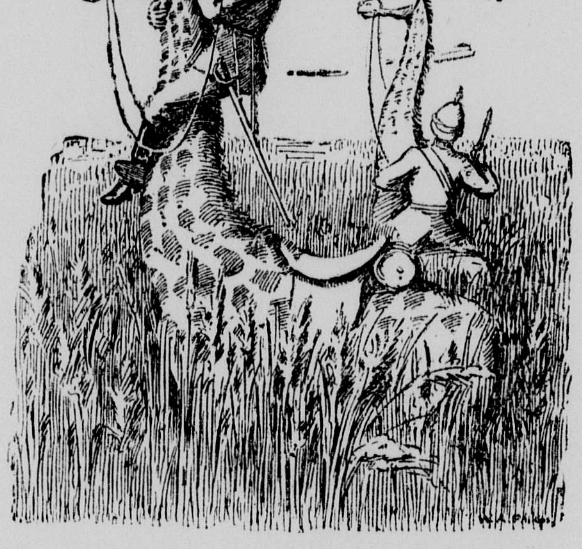
A YOUNG REPUBLICAN.

Little Lord Charles—Oh, I'm going to be an Omnibus Conductor, when I grow up."
Fair American—But your brother's going to be a Duke, isn't he?"
L. L. C.—Ah, yes; but that's about all he's fit for, you know!—London Punch.



Widow (ordering tombstone)—And I don't want any maudlin sentiment on it; just put, "Died, Age 75. The good die young."

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.



The Proposed Giraffe Corps on Active Service.—London Punch.

Our Gallant Colonel (Your daughters, my dear Mrs. Tympanum, are looking delightful to-night—simply delightful!
Mrs. Tympanum (rather hard of hearing, and very intent on a roti of ducklings)—Yes, aren't they! I've had them stuffed with sage and onions!

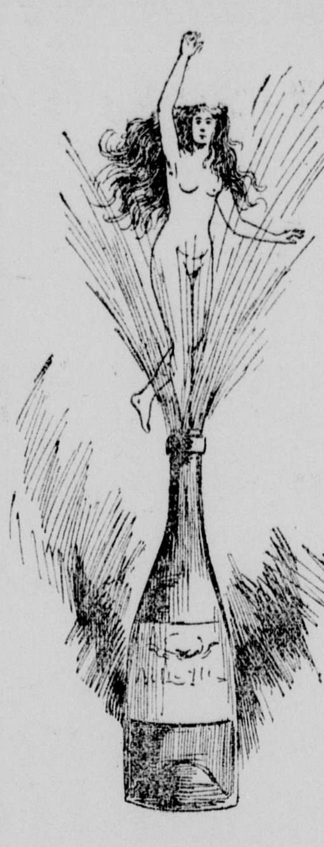
Helping Both.

"Say, Jack Perkins has asked me to lend him $10."
"Well, do it. As a personal favor to me, let him have it."
"Personal favor to you?"
"Yes. If you don't let him have it, he'll come to me for it."—Harper's Bazar.

Direct Taxation.

"It is a wonder to me," said the visiting stranger, "that you don't have these streets repaired. They are simply horrible."
"Friend," answered the village Mayor, "them streets is our chief source of income. Didn't you know that the town has got an anti-profanity ordinance?"

AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.



A "FIZZ" EFFECT.

"THE" NEW WOMAN SOLDIER.

THE "BO-PEEP" COSTUME.

THE LATEST IN CLOWNS.

The statement frequently made by scientists and doctors that the wearing of hats is what makes men bald is nonsensical. They become bald because they wear their hair short. Look at the women. They wear their hair long, and a baldheaded woman is something rare.

The prevention of baldness then is plain. Wear the hair long. Do not cut it off. No one ever saw a man with long hair who was bald, and no one ever will.

"I want you to understand——"
The young man turned defiantly to the old one, who had caused the youth to be arrested for serenading his daughter.
——"that I shall continue to pay court!"
Handing over his ten-dollar fine to the Magistrate he glared angrily at the inamorata's papa, and silently rubbed the place where he had been pinched.

IN THE HOME FOR INFIRM JOKES.

Silence reigned in the funny editor's sanctum. It was also raining out of doors, but that is another story. The editor had received a cathode rays of salary, which was invisible to the naked eye, and he had gone out to spend it. There was a sudden fluttering in the pigeon-holes of his desk, and then the jokes that had lain there began to crawl out and huddle around the electric light to get warm. They were a miserable lot to look at. It was pitiable to see how they tried to hide their age from each other by pulling their new dresses and coats closer about them, for any one could see at a glance that their freshness had long since departed.

One joke alone sat apart from the others. This joke was lying at ease right in the middle of the desk, the coveted place of honor. He was on the finest Irish linen paper and typewritten. He glanced with a supercilious expression at the old jokes clustered about the electric light, shrugged his shoulders and smiled contemptuously. He was the new Roentgen Photographic Process joke and he had just come from abroad.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Mother-in-Law Joke, as she pulled a threadbare shawl closer about her scrawny shoulders, "some people put on a heap of airs! Every joke has his day, my fine scientific friend, as you will discover to your cost before long. Why, I remember when I was considered the funniest joke in the paper. There wasn't an issue of Punch that I was not in and——"

"Don't notice him, my dear," said the Summer Girl Joke. "You are simply drawing attention to your own age and——"

"Well, you are a trifle passe yourself," snapped the Bloomer Joke, "and how you can go about in this weather in a last season's bathing dress is more than I——"

"Come off!" cried the Goat Joke.

"I won't," screamed the Bloomer Joke, "and you are just horrid to suggest such a thing. I don't wonder, though, seeing that you've been living on vulgar circus posters and tomato cans all your——"

"Don't say anything against the tomato can," put in the Weary Wraggles Joke. "It is my stock in trade."

"Stockin' trade isn't so bad," said the Bargain Day Joke, "but it's old. All of them are. Why, I heard only to-day that the Roentgen Process Joke was as old as the pyramids and that the ancient Egyptian scientists had——"

"That is not so," exclaimed the Roentgen Photographic Process Joke from his place in the middle of the desk. "I am brand new——"

"And any one can see through you at a glance," tittered the Bicycle Joke; "you give me that tire-d feeling."

"I don't approve of cathode light humor myself," said the Undertaker Joke.

"Well, I'm read anyhow," cried the Roentgen Photographic Process Joke, angrily.

"Indeed!" cried the Amateur Photographer Joke. "I heard you were colorless."

"What does that mean?" piped the Precocious Child Joke from Harper's Drawer.

"Why, read, red, read you idiot! Don't you see?" said the Bording House Steak Joke in a tough tone. "Can't you see through a little thing like that?"

"I can," cried the Roentgen Photographic Process Joke in a triumphant tone, "but I draw the line at you, Mr. B. H. Beefsteak. The rest of you are so thin that you are not worth looking through. The dust on you might be hard to penetrate, but——"

The old Jokes drowned his voice at this point with their fluttering. They were terribly angry, and they were preparing to hurl themselves upon the Roentgen aristocrat when the door opened and the funny editor came in. They flew back to their pigeon holes and lay quiet. The editor picked up the Roentgen Photographic Process Joke, glanced at it, frowned and tossed it into a pigeon hole with the others.

"Whoop!" they all cried in chorus, "I told you so! I told you so!"

And then the funny editor sat down and wrote a brand new joke on the Lost Collar Button, turned out the light and went home.

The Roentgen Photographic Process Joke's career was ended.—New York World.

Where He Drew the Line.

"You can get used to anything, my boy."
"You wouldn't say that if you had ever seen my wife."

Apparently.

"I seem to be well versed in everything," said the editor as he received poems written on all and every kind of subject.

Her Birthday Gift.

Ethel—What are you going to give me for my birthday?
George—I thought you might like these silk-embroidered suspenders you gave me a year ago.

The Pearl Was Safe.

Jeweler—Here is a nice pearl ring for——
Mrs. Buyin—Yes, it is very pretty, but I am afraid of pearls; they are unlucky.
Jeweler—No danger about this one; it's an imitation.

Called Down.

We used to think old Brooklyn worse than
Hades;
We took our lives in hand to get to town,
But the bridge trains now are even safe for
ladies
Since the trustees got their little calling
down.

We used to rinse our throats out every
Sunday,
With foaming beer or else with whisky
brown.
But now we must drink lemon pop till
Monday
Since the rumshops got their little calling
down.

The wickedness of Gotham is departed;
The ballet girl has lengthened out her
gown;
And I wonder, now the great reform is
started,
Will the churches get a little calling
down? —New York World.

But He Didn't.

Old Bullion (to lawyer)—Fix my will to avoid lawsuits or contest. Make it so explicit that there'll be no chance for misunderstanding. I want the right party to——
Lawyer—Now don't you worry. Leave it all to me.

Highways and Buyways.

Van Grit—Broadway is the great highway of the city.
Van Dit—To you it may be, but to my wife it is merely a buyway.—New York World.

Without the Slightest Doubt.

Hilldan—What are those policemen watching that side door for this lovely Sunday morning?
Willdon—There must be a murder going on somewhere in the neighborhood.—New York World.

"So you are eating at a five-cent restaurant now?"
"Yes, had to."
"Lose your money?"
"No; wife going to do her own cooking after this month, and I'm preparing my system for the change."

Maybe She Fooled Him.

I asked her to have a porterhouse steak,
The damsel, rare and sweet;
I dared to do it because that she
Looked nice enough to eat.
—Detroit Tribune.

The Boarding House Feud.

"You mustn't quarrel——"
Mrs. Skinner turned an admonishing eye toward the chronic kicker.
"——with your bread and butter."
The chronic kicker laughed disdainfully.
"The bread is weak enough——"
He folded his napkin with precision.
"——but the butter can stand up for both!"
The figure of speech may have been apt, but it was woful lack of tact in a boarder two weeks behind.

"But things like this, you know, must be after a famous victory."

A Fatal Barrier.

Standing 'neath the vine-covered arbor at the southern end of the garden, about page 236, the man and the woman gazed earnestly in each other's eyes.

"My own," murmered the man, "my very own—may I call you so? Thanks. Then will you, sweet one, be my wife?"

"Ah!" she said, her frame convulsed with sobs, "would that you had not spoken, Aubrey, for I can never be your wife!"

"You never can?" ejaculated the disconcerted lover, starting back in amazement.

"No, no," she said, with a choking sob.

"But you love me?" he queried, anxiously.

"Yes, yes!" she replied, convulsively.

"And you have never loved another?"

"No, no."

"And will always remain single if you don't marry me?"

"Yes, yes!"

"There's never been any scandal about you, has there?"

"Sir!"

"No, of course not," he hastened to mutter. "Pardon me; 'twas an unworthy thought. But as far as I can make out there seems to be no bar whatsoever to our union."

"No"—the light of love irradiated her classic features—"there's nothing to prevent our being married."

"Then why—why"—the man's voice vibrated with tense passion—"why can you not marry me if there is no earthly reason to prevent it?"

"Because," she answered, in a tone of helpless despair, "I am the heroine in a woman's novel."

As he recognized the insuperability of the obstacle before them he quailed, and then, with deep drawn sighs, they both glided into the third volume.—New York World.

Not What It's Cracked Up to Be.

"I hear that another big trust has been secretly organized, but anybody but a blind man can see through their work."
"To what do you refer?"
"The window glass combine."

A Chance for Realism.

Bowner—Have you seen that little toy theater given away by a Sunday paper with all the actors made out of paper?
Towner—Yes. I wondered why they didn't make 'em out of wood, and then New Yorkers would have taken them for the real article.

A Fitting Celebration.

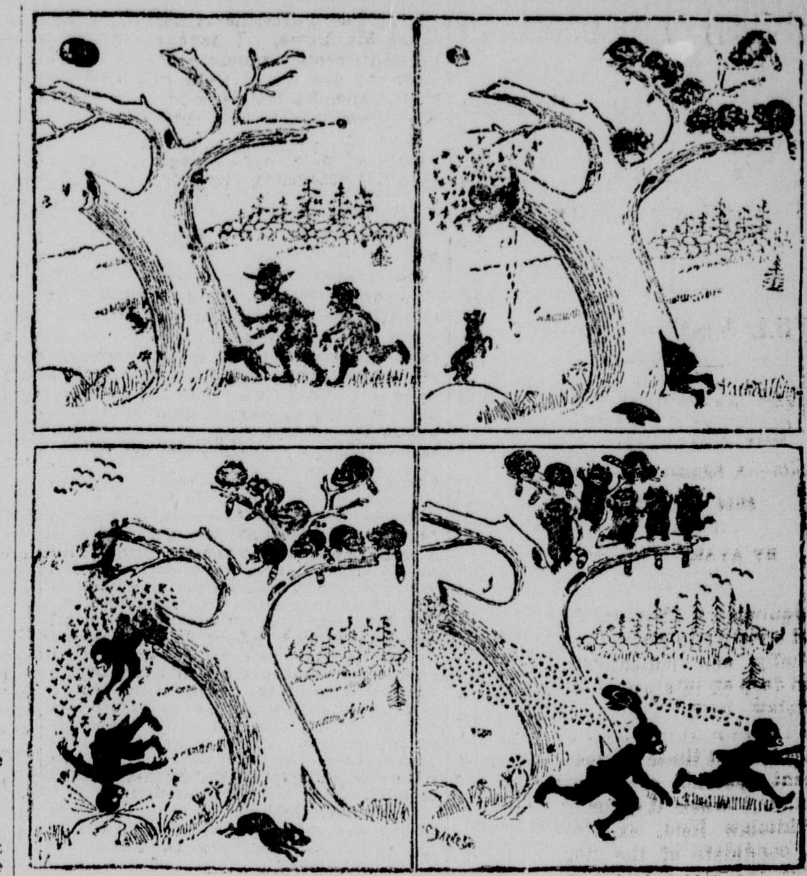
Young Curate (solemnly)—We are entering upon another twelve months of our lives. In order to distinguish this year, what do you propose?
Miss Wanterwed—Just that.
Young Curate (puzzled)—Just what?
Miss Wanterwed—Propose. It's leap year, you know.

Dying Cost Too Much.

Tom—That rich old uncle of yours is a pretty mean man, isn't he?
Dick—Mean? Why, they thought he was dying the other night, and I guess he was, till somehow or other he got hold of a catalogue of a coffin factory and the high prices scared him into staying alive.

Hard Hit.

Little Willie—So you are a pilot, eh, Mr. Suitor?
Mr. Suitor—No; what made you think I am?
Willie—Pa says that you spend most of your time passing schooners over the bar, and of course I thought——
Voice from Above—Willie! Come to bed!



AN EXCITING COON HUNT.
(From Golden Days.)

THE NEW FOOTMAN.

"Oh, mamma! Isn't John a darling?"

Just So.

Wade—When I was in Boston I met the eminent scientist, Professor Mullgrubbe, in a cafe and he set 'em up like the rest. What do you think of that?
Butcher—Hm! Sort of intellectual treat, wasn't it?

A Wise Child.

Teacher—Give me the definition of harmony.
Dick Hicks—What one is looking for after getting knocked out.

Answered.

Bunco Steerer (meeting hayseed with the glad hand)—Well, well, Reub, how are all the old folks to hum?
Reub (passing on)—Still old, thank ye!

"Hear that story about Goodman hitting the pipe?"
"Dear me, no. Is it so?"
"Sure. He came home the other night when the gas in his hall was out and he struck against the steam pipe leading from the radiator."

Hambone (after being unseated for the fourth time)—'Ere, b'lime—you, Hi 'ired you for a day's huntin', not a day's shuntin.'—London Fun.

Or the Same Make of Bicycle.

"Yes," said the Cumminsville sage, "I don't doubt that having fought in the same regiment is calculated to bind men together firmly, and so is a membership in the same lodge; but for real heartfelt sympathy gimme two fellows who have the same kind of rheumatism."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Coming Home.

First Fisherman—Let me carry that basket. Any one can see you're green at the business.
Second Fisherman—Why, how should I carry it?
First Fisherman—As if there was something in it.

Phil Space (the old reporter)—Well, I see the Error gets over to Brooklyn once in a while now.
New Editor Evening Error (much pleased)—Is that so?
Phil Space—Yep; I saw a man on a bridge car yesterday with one wrapped around an old pair of pants.