

Merrily Grinds the Mill of Mirth



UNEXPECTED HELP FOR THE BASHFUL LOVER.
An Episode in Two Chapters.—Fliegende Blaetter.

SOLD
(Sketch.)

"It makes you look small," said the saleslady to the elephantine woman who was trying on a hat.
Sold!

"It makes you look plump," she said to the cold, attenuated damsel.
Sold!

"It makes you look young," she said to the fair, fat, and forty female.
Sold!

"It makes you look older," she said to the slate-and-sums miss.
Sold!

"It makes you look short," she said to the lamppost lady.
Sold!

"It brings out your color," she said to the feminine ghost.
Sold!

And, of course, all the hats were exactly alike.

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NURSERY NOTE
(Exchange.)

In a recent work on the rearing of infants the following directions are given, and refer, presumably, to the proper handling of the feeding bottle: "When the baby has done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under the tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

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GOOD BUSINESS
(Penny Pictorial.)

Shopkeeper (to commercial traveler)—Can't give you an order. Quite overstocked.

Traveler—Let me at least show you my samples.

Shopkeeper—Spare yourself the trouble. I can't look at them.

Traveler—Then will you allow me to look at them myself? It is three weeks since I have seen them.

WHY HE WAS BROKEN UP
(Puck.)

Asker—So you married her because of her beautiful voice and superb complexion?
Askee—Yes.

Asker—Well, what happened to her voice?
Askee—Cracked.

Asker—And her complexion?
Askee—Ditto.

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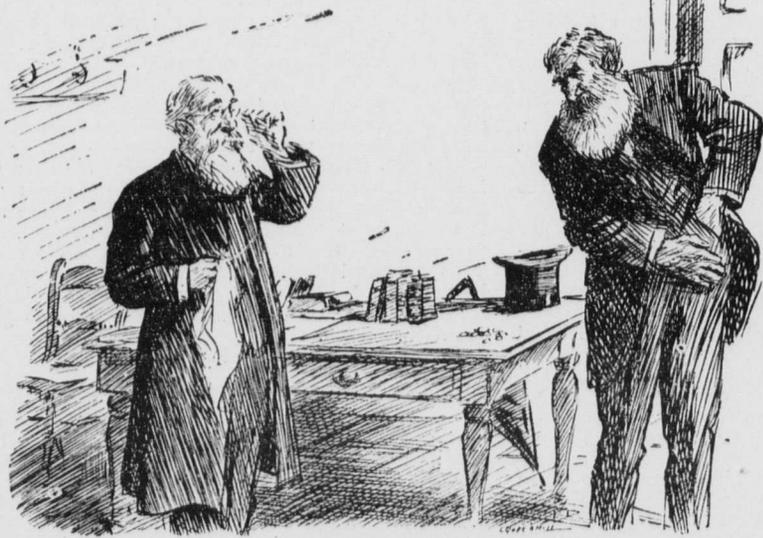
RETRIBUTION
(Tatler.)

"And so Cain cruelly slew his brother Abel," says the Sunday school teacher. "And what was the penalty he suffered?"

"He married a woman in the land of Nod," answers the towheaded boy in the end seat, "and he said his punishment was greater than he could bear!"



"Why, here's my skirt, that I've been looking for everywhere, in your box."
"How lucky! And you were afraid it had been stolen!"—Le Rire, Paris.



IN BONNIE SCOTLAND.

MACKINTOSH (to his elder, who has advised him to try and check his strong language at golf by picking up pebbles, one for every bad word, and bringing them to the elder on Sunday after kirk)—Here, man, is a handful for "bothers," and here, man, is another for "hangs."

ELDER—Well, that's no verra dreadfu', I'm thinking.

MACKINTOSH—Ay, but bide a wee; there's a cart coming up the hill wi' the "damns!"—Punch.

BAD NEWS FOR OUR DOCTORS
(Pick-Me-Up.)

"And now that you are finished with college, what are you going to do?"

"I shall study medicine."
"Rather crowded profession already, isn't it?"

"Can't help that. I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances, that's all!"



LA BELLE—The manager claims that this theatre is the coolest in London.

SPUDDER—It ought to be. Everything that he has produced for the last year has been a frost.—London Opinion.

A PECULIAR POISON
(Sketchy Bits.)

Prof. O'Flanagan held up a small phial, and the class was silent. "One drop of this liquid," said he impressively, "placed upon the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man!"

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ECONOMY
(Exchange.)

Mrs. Brown—We're glad to see you give all the scraps to the cat, Susan.

The New Treasure—Wot I ses, mum, is, be good to the cats, and you may save 'arf your washing up.

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A PROVISIO
(Answers.)

Bride—Here is a telegram from papa.

Bridegroom (eagerly)—What does he say?

Bride (reads)—Do not return, and all will be forgiven!

THE TOURIST'S MISTAKE; OR THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.



"Ah, that must be the dome of St. Peter's!"



HENRY—They tell me that Miss Fairleigh's portrait by D'Auber is one of the best things in the Academy. You have seen it. Is it really a good likeness?

CRITERIA—Of course it is. It looks exactly like what she would like to look like.

AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT
(Modern Society.)

An inspector-general was relating incidents of famous national encampments.

"I remember a little Japanese who attended one of our banquets," he said, smiling, "and a queer compliment that he paid to a colonel's wife. I sat between the two, and the lady said across me:

"'Mr. Takashira, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?"

"'Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom,' said the Japanese. 'We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that—'

"And he bowed and hissed in the polite Japanese way:

"'Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam!'"

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WHEN WOMEN VOTE
(Life.)

She—Yes; I adore a big, broad-shouldered, brainy, handsome looking man.

He—Oh, darling! This is so sudden!

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THE LAST STRAW
(Leslie's.)

"That husband of mine has gone too far. I can't stand him another day!"

"Why, what's the trouble now?"

"Why, last night he actually complained that my mustard plasters were not as hot as those his mother used to make!"



But it wasn't, after all.—Megg. Blaetter.