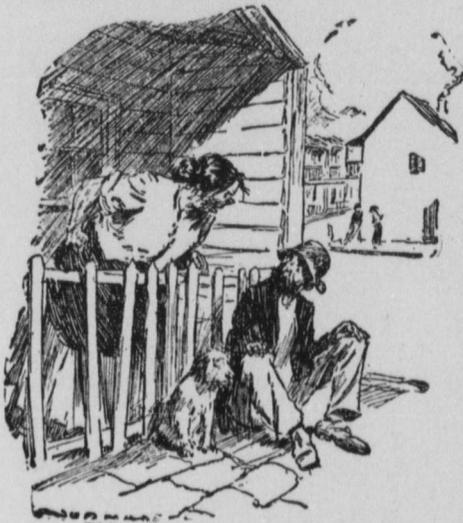


Ringling the Chestnut Bell



THE HENPECKED WORM.

THE HEN—Get hout, yer miserable, crawlin' little worm! If yer was 'arf a man yer'd come an' turn the mangle fer yer poor slavin' wife.
THE WORM—No, Sarah. I may be a worm, but I ain't one wot turns!—*Sydney Bulletin.*

A FASTIDIOUS DOG.

"Yes," said the manager of the defunct "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, "it was our dog that broke up the show."
"The dog, eh? What was the matter with him?"
"Too fastidious. You never saw such a hound in your life. You know the play, of course. We tie a piece of meat in the folds of Eliza's frock, and that's what draws the dogs after her when she runs across the blocks of ice. Well, what do you think this dog demanded?"
"Can't imagine."
"Porterhouse beefsteak, sir, and with the tenderloin left in! Yes, sir. How's that? And you couldn't fool him. He wouldn't chase Eliza a foot unless the meat was a choice cut. No, sir. And, by George, sir, our company had to live on liver and bacon so that blamed dog could have his steak. Yes, sir."
"The demand was too much for you, was it?"
"No, it wasn't. That is, it wasn't until he began to insist upon mushrooms with his steak. Then we just threw up our hands and stopped business."

HINTS FOR WRITERS.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SCRIBBLE wearily opened the envelope that brought back from its twentieth journey his "Ode on a Crushed Caterpillar."
There dropped upon the floor this letter from the regretful editor:
"Dear Sir—You ask for a few hints on authorship. Here they are.
"Hint 1.—Borrow half a crown's worth of stamps.
"Hint 2.—Don't begin to write till you feel you must. Such an attack is heralded by dizziness, listlessness and pain in the back.
"Hint 3.—Then write down just enough words to relieve your pent-up emotions.
"Hint 4.—Erase every second word.
"Hint 5.—Carefully erase all the remaining words.
"Hint 6.—Sell the stamps."—*Tit-Bits.*



TOUCHING FILIAL PIETY OF ROMULUS, AS SHOWN IN HIS TREATMENT OF HIS FOSTER MOTHER.—Bystander.

IN RETURN.

He was the only man at the tableful of lovely girls, and, like all only men, he was spoiled. So when the belle of the table remarked that she was very fond of pepper, and then sifted half the contents of the pepper box over her food, he sprang an old gag on her.
"It won't hurt you. This pepper is half peas."
"What is that you say?" asked the landlady from the next table. "Speak a little louder, please."
He reiterated his remark.
"That isn't true," retorted the landlady, hotly. "I do not use adulterated goods on my table."
"My dear madam," said the bland joker, "there are always a lot of p's in pepper." There was an impressive pause. Then the landlady said, in a crushing voice "Oh, yes—just as you always furnish part of the dessert."
"I don't understand."
"The chestnuts."

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NORAH FROM KILDARE.

SERVANT—You'll have to give me more wages, ma'am.
MRS. HIRAM DALY—Why, Norah, you were perfectly satisfied with your wages when I engaged you, and I'm sure you have plenty to eat and drink.
SERVANT—That's jist it, ma'am. O'im gittin' that fat me clothes won't fit me, an' Oi have to spend all me wages on new ones.—*Exchange.*

THE REASON.

"Do be quiet. Don't you know that there's a visitor in the next room?" said Frances to her little brother.
"How do you know? You haven't been in."
"But," said Frances, "I heard mamma saying 'My dear!' to papa."—*Tit-Bits.*



MOLLYCODDLES.

FIRST CHAUFFEUR—War is absurdly sentimental.
SECOND CHAUFFEUR—Yes, they actually go back and bury the dead.—*Chicago Tribune.*

RELIEVED.

CREDITOR—I ask you for the last time to pay me that five pounds you owe me.
DEBTOR—Thank goodness! There's an end to that silly question.—*Puck*

THE FIRST THING.

Mrs. Wise—So you're going to marry, and go to housekeeping, eh? Why, you don't know the first thing about keeping house!
Miss Pert—Oh, yes I do!
Mrs. Wise—I'd like to know what?
Miss Pert—The first thing is to get a man to keep house for.—*Judy.*

IN COURT.

JUDGE—It seems to me I've seen you before.
PRISONER—Yes, my lord, you have. I used to give your daughter singing lessons.
JUDGE—Fourteen years.—*Exchange.*

ACCORDING TO AGREEMENT.

Hicks—You don't mean to say you got the better of Gabbie in an argument?
Wicks—Yes; I tell him if he'd give me two minutes to present my side, without interruption, I'd let him do the talking for an hour.
Hicks—Well?
Wicks—Well, when I had talked through my two minutes I jumped on a passing trolley car.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

FOR FUTURE USE.

Cop—What's the trouble here?
PUGNACIOUS INDIVIDUAL—That man gave me the lie.
Cop—Well, you can't block up the sidewalk with it. Take it home and use it the next time you go fishin'.—*Boston Transcript*

INSPIRING CREDIT.

"Why do you persist in having muddy boots?" inquired the fastidious friend.
"I'm disguising myself as a farmer," replied Mr. Bliggins. "I want people to think I am prosperous."—*Washington Post.*

NOT FAR WRONG.

SEPTIMUS—How is your little girl, Mrs. Smith?
Mrs. SMITH—My little boy is quite well, I thank you.
SEPTIMUS—Oh, it's a boy! I knew it was one or the other.—*Brooklyn Life.*



SPORTS AT THE ZOO. High diving.—Illustrated Bits.

HER KIND.

Miss PRIM—I want a husband who will be easily pleased.
Miss GOUCH—That's the kind you'll get!—*Life.*

SATISFYING HER.

MODERN MAID—Am I the first girl you ever loved?
MODERN YOUTH—I cannot tell a lie. You are not. You are simply the best of the bunch!—*Punch.*

EACH OTHER'S FATE.

PENELOPE—It's dreadful! Papa wants me to marry a man I have never seen.
PERDITA—That's nothing. My father wants me to marry a man I have seen.—*Judge*

THE HINT THAT FAILED.

WIFE—A tree, you know, gets new clothes every spring—hat, parasol, everything!
HUSBAND—Yes, darling, and makes them all itself.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

A COMMON NUISANCE.

ALGY—There are some disadvantages in being a millionaire.
GAWGE—For instance, deah boy?
"Well, millionaires are continually getting letters threatening them with all sorts of awful fates unless they immediately pay the writers large sums of money."
"That's nothing. I get just such letters every month."—*Exchange.*

OF COURSE.

SHE was charged with shoplifting, and indignantly denied her guilt. Her husband, she asserted, was a retired colonel, and she had seven hundred a year in her own right. Was it likely that she would degrade herself in the way described? Was it possible for her so to have forgotten what was due to herself and her position? Perish the thought!
The magistrate interrupted the flow of eloquence.
"Madam," said he, "you persistently deny that you committed this act, though the description of the culprit fits you exactly—beautiful features, graceful figure, glorious eyes, extremely



NOTHING NEW.

"Congratulations! I hear one of your daughters is engaged. Which one is it?"
"Get out! It's only Bessie again!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

youthful appearance, most elegantly gowned, most attractive personality, and—"
The lady looked profoundly pleased.
"Your worship," she cried, "I confess all, you are right. Yes, it was I."—*Answers.*

TRADE PRICE.

"THAT'LL be three-and-sixpence, please!" said the chemist, as he handed the white-papered, red-sealed bottle across the counter to his customer.
"Three-and-sixpence!" exclaimed the customer, astonished.
"Three-and-sixpence, please!" repeated the chemist.
"Come—come!" protested the customer.
"Seems to me that's rather a big price, isn't it?"
"No, sir!" smiled the superior vender. "The drugs in that prescription are very costly."
The customer closed one eye, meditatively.
"You know, I'm a chemist myself," he coughed.
"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed the man behind the "patents." "Of course, I'll charge you cost price. You should have told me before. That'll be fourpence, please!"—*London Telegraph.*



A MUCH-MARRIED LADY.

"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.
"Sure," commented the clerk, "that makes thirteen hundred licenses for that girl this season."—*Puck.*

GOOD LUCK.

YOUNG LADY—I suppose you have had some narrow escapes, Lieut. Stayathome?
LIEUT. STAYATHOME—Y-a-a-s. Awfully narrow escape once, by Jove!
YOUNG LADY (breathlessly)—In what way?
LIEUT. STAYATHOME—Vewy near ordered on active service, don't-cher-know. The war came to an end before we embarked, and we never went out at all, don't-cher know!—*Tit-Bits.*



MY LORD BOUNTIFUL.

BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN (who has just given a penny to Miss A., of Park Lane, who is selling "Votes for Women")—No, no, keep the paper, my good woman, keep the paper!—*Punch.*

SAME OLD STORY.

SOMETHING had gone radically wrong with Crossley's cistern, and on coming downstairs the other day Crossley pere found the bathroom flooded. Off he went to Potts, the plumber, who promised faithfully to call and repair the leakage at once.
But the promises of plumbers are like the picrusts of bakers. Two hours elapsed, and still there was no sign of Potts. By good luck, however, Mrs. Crossley saw another knight of the soldering iron and enlisted his services. He was a smart workman, and the job was done in a few minutes. When Potts called about 2 o'clock that day, and was informed that the damage had been repaired, he seemed quite upset.
"Done!" he gasped. "Then you have been imposed on, ma'am. I dunno 'oo 'e was or what 'e was, but you can take my word, if 'e's done the job a'ready 'e worn't no plumber."—*Penny Pictorial*

VERY FISHY.

Two Canadians were boasting.
"Where I come from," said the first, "we have a salmon river that rises in some boiling springs. As the salmon climb up the river they gradually get acclimated to the heat of the water, and don't mind it. In fact, when we fish in the highest reaches of the stream we catch our salmon ready boiled."
"I don't doubt that," said the second Canadian, calmly. "Down my way there's a curious salmon river, too. It rises in some tin mines. As the fish work up they meet the suspended ore in gradually increasing quantities. They get quite mineralized if they keep on upstream, so that if we fish at the head of the river we catch our salmon ready tinned, and all we have to do is to pack and ship them to market."

NO LOSS WITHOUT GAIN.

GENTLEMAN—There's one of my shirts missing.
BLANCHISEUSE—Yes; I lost one.
"Yet you've charged me for washing it?"
"Oh, yes. It was washed before it was lost."—*Bon Vivant.*

BUT NOW—?

SWEET THING (to friend whom she has not seen for some time)—And so you are married, dear? I am so glad. Is your husband well off?
SWEET THING'S FRIEND (looking complacently at her diamonds)—He was when I married him.—*Lip-pincott's.*

APOLOGY NOT NECESSARY.

MR. GREEN—Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?
LITTLE ETHEL—Forgive you, Mr. Green! Of course I will. Why, that's what the party was for.—*Penny Pictorial.*

PECULATION.

SHE—Harold, do you speculate?
HAROLD—Well, I'm engaged to you!—*Puck.*