ILLUSTRATED HUMOR.

THE HUSKING BEE.

The husking of the corn, you know,
Is something now in line;
October's mellow hazes glow
With colors superfine.

It's kissing in the corner,
And hugging in the dark;
The lovers of the rural parts
Are ready for the lark.

There's rosy Kate, with not a fear,
Her teeth are pearly white;
There's lusty Will, who's found an ear
That's red—and his delight.

It's kissing in the corner,
And hugging in the dark;
The lovers of the rural parts
Are ready for the lark.

It's up and down the middle;
'Cross over to the right';
The banjo and the fiddle;
Round the husking bee's delight.

It's kissing in the corner,
And hugging in the dark;
The lovers of the rural parts
Are ready for the lark.

"Since your brother has been in business, does he seem to take very much interest in it?"
"Yes, indeed, he's a pawnbroker."

A SURE TEST.

Bella—What can I do to bring the Count to my feet?
Donna—Drop a nickel on the floor.

THE USUAL CUSTOM.

Mr. Poorly—This ere wall oil fall down ef ye don't fix it, th' cracks are enormous.
Landlord—All right. I'll have it papered at once.

SHE FIXED IT.

He—I thought De Sporte's left leg was shorter than his right.
She—So it was until he met Hattie Hikick.

AMATEUR BASE BALL.

Mr. Rapley—How many men is paid on yo' nine, Mr. Catchah?
Mr. Catchah—Oney two.
Mr. Rapley—Oney two?
Mr. Catchah—Yep, me an' de umpiah.

AN OKLAHOMA CARPENTER AND SIGN PAINTER AT WORK.

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A NARROW ESCAPE.

She—Charlie, the engagement ring you gave me has E. C. engraved on it.
He—Never, darling. E. C. stands for—um—er—well, that means—eighteen carat.

AT THE SEASHORE.

Farmer Wayback—Say, I want yer ter give me back thet quarter. Thar's not a durn bath tub in enny o' them houses.

FARMER BROWNBEARD EVOLVES A GREAT SCHEME FOR TYING OAT BAGS.

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A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

1—Moses—Good ebenin', Missus Jackson.

2—Missus Jackson—Tip yo' hat when yo' speaks to a lady, yo' impudent rascal.