



THE ROUNDS OF THE PRESS.

WHEN that joke made its bow at the first,
It was brimming all over with mirth;
Like a rocket its brilliancy burst,
To enliven the sons of the earth:
And the Editor said in his heart,
"This is fine, and I'm fain to confess
That a jokelet so polished and smart
Will soon travel the Rounds of the Press!"

Ah, his prophecy soon was fulfilled,
And the joke made a start on its tour
At a pace that would quickly have kill'd
Any commonplace joke, I am sure.
Oh, the maddening rate of its speed
Filled his heart full of trouble and stress,
For more fleet than a thoroughbred steed,
Did it travel the Rounds of the Press!

It was seized by the capital's prints,
Through the provinces likewise it flew
There were even significant hints
It would journey to far Timbuctoo!
And the German upon it did sup
When they gave it a Teutonic dress,
And it doubled the Frenchman right up
As it travelled the Rounds of his Press!

There was not an American scribe
Entertained any shadow of doubt,
When he saw that remarkable gibe,
That his duty was plain—"Cut it out!"
And from pole unto pole it was sent,
All the uttermost peoples a-bless—
How the Fijians roared as it went
On the Rounds of the Fijian Press!

Now, 'tis clear that its terrible pace
Has spoiled all the mirth that it had,
Yet it stares us each week in the face,
With a look that's appallingly sad.
Ah, it yearns for eternal success,
To be freed from the printer's duress,
To repose in some haven of peace,
Far away from the Rounds of the Press!

A VERY OLD STORY.

NEW CLERN: "Young lady in front wants to see some rings exactly like one she has on. She says she thinks of having two alike just for the fun of the thing."
Jeweller: "Don't waste time on her. That ring she has is an engagement ring, and she wants to find out what it cost."

HEARD SOMETHING DROP.

JONES: "My wife essayed a new rôle to-day, as cook."
Brown: "Mine essayed several."
Jones: "What were they?"
Brown: "Light rolls, and they were so heavy I could hear them drop when I swallowed them."

A CHRONOLOGICAL CORRECTION.

"Good night," he whispered passionately at the front door,
"good night, good night, good night, good—"
"Excuse me," said an elderly bass voice over the baluster,
"but it's been good morning for the last two hours. I thought you'd like to know."



FATHER: "You children are well off now a-days. I've seen the day when I'd have been content with much less than you are getting."
Elderly Son: "Yes, father, you see you're much better off since you came to live with us."

JOTTINGS.

"I AM soul proprietor," as the devil said to the bad young man who died.
"Misfortunes seldom come singly," as the desperate father cried when he was told that his wife had presented him with twins.
"Men must work and women must weep," as the wife-beater said when he left off walloping to wipe his moist brow.
"Two heads are better than one," as Uncle John remarked when he surprised his two nephews making him an apple-pie bed, and knocked their two crania together.
"Editor's box," as the conductor of the *Society Slasher* ejaculated when he knocked the wind out of the gentleman who came to thrash him.
"Only believe half what you see," as the drunken gentleman said.
"Great Scott, how he's altered!" as the coal-heaver cried when he saw his bosom friend on the gallows.
"Brevity is the soul of wit," as the Editor of *The Weekly Wag* explained when that *Funny Paper for Funny Men* bade adieu to the public six weeks after its birth.
"I'm quite the cheese," to use the words of the mite.

HIS STORY—AND HERS.

A WOMAN was present while her husband discussed the financial situation.
"I must confess," he said, "that the money market has worried me a great deal."
"It wasn't the money market that worried me," observed his wife.
"What was it?"
"It was the market money."



THE NEW CRAZE.

MABEL: "I've been taking lessons as a surprise for my husband. What do you think of it, girls?"
Girls: "It's not what we think."
Mabel: "Oh, well, I know Jack will be pleased, because he's so fond of dancing."

AT THE ART GALLERY.

"Oh, oh!" said Mrs Gushington, "what a lovely, lovely picture! So true, so—"
"Wait a bit, Mrs Gushington," said the artist, "it's wrong side up—let me put it right first."
"Oh, oh, oh! Why, that way it's even more lovely still!" she exclaimed.

PA PLAYED POKER.

"PAPA, did you ever see a king?"
"Yes, my son."
"Oh, did you, honestly? A real king?"
"Yes."
"My! how did you feel when you saw him? What did you do?"
"I didn't do anything, my son—the other man had aces."

There was a young fellow called Snook,
Who fondly believed he could cook;
But the first time he tried,
The steak that he fried
Was as tough as the back of a book.

HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

MRS WICKWIRE: "They say that the words we have spoken in life go on echoing through space forever. What do you think of it?"
Mr Wickwire: "I bet that is the way future punishment is meted out. I'll be compelled to travel through space and catch up with all the idiotic things I said to you when I was courting and be forced to listen to them all again."

OF COURSE HE CANT.

"WHAT is this new patent medicine of Brown's for? Colds and consumption, or—"
"Great Caesar! he can't tell until the labels are printed."



THE LAST STRAW.

ARTIST: "I am going to paint this cottage of yours."
Woman: "Am glad to hear it, for it hasna been done for mony a lang day, an' s'v'e been at the landlord ower an' ower again, but he never heeded. (After a pause)—But losh, man, whaur's yer pail an' brush?" (Artist collapses.)

A MODERN PHARMACOPOEIA.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Symptoms.—Not infrequently the patient labours under the delusion that she is burdened with a mission. There is a constant craving for a vote, and a dangerous tendency to 'rational' dress and drawing-room meetings. Old-fashioned writers quote blue spectacles as a proof of the presence of the malady, but this is erroneous; blue spectacles do not necessarily indicate short sightedness. The bump of comparison or proportion is small, the subject thinking 'Femininity' a bigger word than 'Humanity,' by reason, perhaps, of its greater number of letters. The speech is often dry and too prolix.
Treatment.—The following may be administered:—1. husband, 2 or 3 or more babies. If this does not effect at least a partial cure, the case is hopeless.

HE WAS A MARRIED MAN.

By the dim, uncertain light of early morn there was visible in his countenance an expression of weariness as he groped here and there for his trousers.
"Thank heaven—"
The words came from the bottom of his heart, as was apparent from their intensity.
"I won't have to get up and build fires after I'm dead."
In strange contrast to his hard, bitter tone, was the sweet, feminine voice that made reply.
"I don't see," vociferated the voice, "why you should thank heaven for that."
He merely hissed between his clenched teeth and proceeded with his work.

TRIED TO PLEASE HER.

AT THE BALL.

"WHERE is Ella?"
"She left the ball-room a few minutes ago, saying, that she didn't fancy being squeezed in a crowd."
"Was Charley with her?"
"Yes; and I think by this time he has found a place where there is no crowd."
"I love you," said the bicyclist
To the maid he did admire.
"Oh, dear!" said she, "you cause in me
A large pneumatic tire."

"With the exception of 'procrastination' you are the greatest thief of time I ever heard of," remarked the judge to a prisoner in whose pockets no fewer than fifteen watches were found.



MANAGING A HUSBAND.

HE: "There isn't enough on this breakfast table to feed a canary bird."
SHE: "I know it, my dear; but there are several things I want you to order from the market, and I know you'll forget all about it unless you leave the house hungry."