

ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

MRS TWICKENHAM: 'It is perfectly scandalous the way that man opposite carries on every night since his wife has gone away.'  
 Twickenham: 'I know it. He keeps me awake until two or three in the morning. But if he continues I know what I'll do.'  
 Mrs Twickenham: 'What?'  
 Twickenham: 'I'll go over there and join him.'

NOTICE TO SINGLE LADIES.

BY OUR TAME POET.

WHEN'E'R I take my walks abroad  
 How many girls I see  
 Whose youthful fancy lightly turns  
 To thoughts of love and me.  
 And since I am a gentle bard,  
 And loth to give them pain,  
 I think I'll have to emigrate  
 Ere leap-year comes again.

I try to walk with downcast gaze,  
 Despite their tender sighs,  
 Because I know what danger lurks  
 Within my azure eyes.  
 My flaxen hair inspires their souls  
 With admiration vain;  
 I'll have to have it closely cropped  
 Ere leap-year comes again.

I know, I know, they long to soothe  
 My wan, poetic brow;  
 I know, besides, that if they did,  
 There'd be a jolly row.  
 So I shall have to demonstrate,  
 To make the matter plain,  
 With Mrs Poet, and the twins,  
 Ere leap-year comes again.

MEDICAL ABBREVIATION.

The medico was witty,  
 Polite and handsome, too.  
 The patient fair and pretty,  
 With eyes of witching blue.  
 'Now, Doctor, please, what ails me?'  
 'Her hand he tried to steal;  
 'My heart, it sometimes fails me—'  
 'That pulse took long to feel!'

'Twill be a life-long study.'  
 He said in accents quaint,  
 And added, 'though so ruddy,  
 I've caught your heart's complaint!'  
 And as she thought he mock'd her,  
 To make his meaning clear  
 He cried, 'Don't call me "Doctor,"  
 But shorten it to "Dr."'



EASY CONUNDRUM FOR THE LADIES.

PARSON: 'Do you take this woman?' etc.  
 Smithkins: 'Yes, ma'am—er—hem!—that is—aw—I meant—yes, sir.'  
 Parson: 'Do you take this man?' etc.  
 Bride: 'I do.'  
 (P.S.—The simple conundrum is, will Smithkins occupy the position of captain or cabin-boy as his connubial derelict drifts down the stream of life?)

WHAT HOME RULE WILL BRING.

THE special correspondent in Ireland of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* states that the Westport folks are looking for great things from the great Parliament in College Green. A Sligo man who has lived in Dublin was the other day holding forth on these prospective benefits, his only auditor being one Michael, an ancient waiter of the finest Irish brand. The Sligo man said:

'I seen the mails go on the boat at Kingstown, an' there was hundreds of bags, no less.'  
 'Heavenly Fa-a-ther!' said Michael, throwing up eyes and hands.  
 'Divil a lie in it. 'Twas six hundred, I believe.'  
 'Holy Moses preserve us!'  
 'An' the rlvine is millions an' millions o' pounds.'  
 'The saints in glory!'  
 'An' wid Home Rule we'd have all that for Oireland.'  
 'Julius Sasyar an' Nebuchadnezzar!'  
 'Forty millions o' golden sovereigns, divil a less.'  
 'Thunder an' onus, but ye startle me!'  
 'An' we're losin' all that—'  
 'Save an' deliver us!'  
 'Because the English takes it—'  
 'Holy Virgin undefiled!'  
 'To pay peelers an' sojers!'  
 'The divil's end to thim!'  
 'To nurther an' evict us—'  
 'Lord help us!'  
 'An' collect taxes an' rint.'  
 '!! !! !!'

SOME reformers remind us of the man who would abolish keyholes, because they stimulate curiosity.

THE PARTY ABASHED.

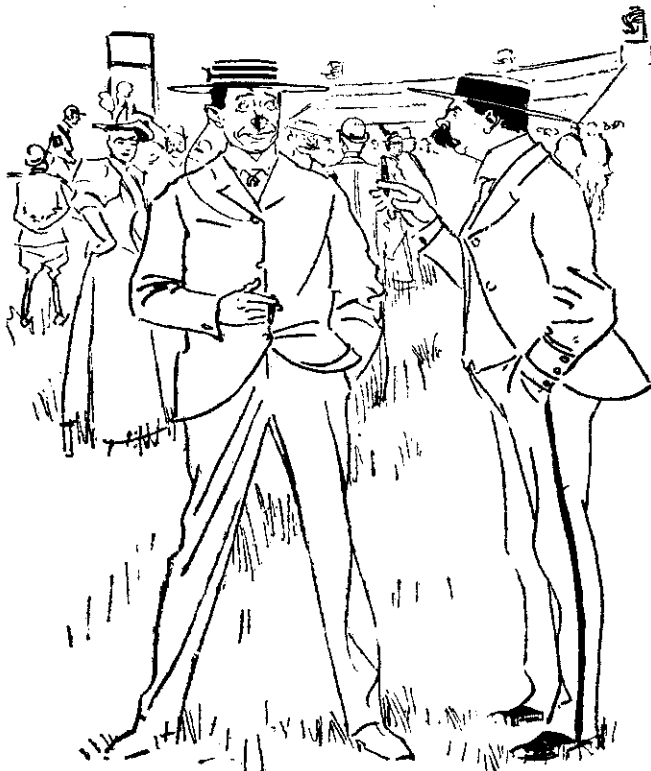
FANNING: 'So you went out to congratulate your old chum on being a father, did you?'  
 Channing: 'Yes.'  
 Fanning: 'I suppose Thompson looked like a fool when you did it.'  
 Channing: 'No. He was very dignified—er—but the baby looked awfully sheepish.'

THE SEQUEL.

'How happy little Tommy looked when he sat down to the Christmas feast! The table fairly groaned under the weight of good things.'  
 'That's very nice.'  
 'But, ah, after the feast it was little Tommy who groaned under the weight of good things.'

HER COMRADE BOY.

MISTRESS: 'That young man who came to see you stayed rather late last night.'  
 Bridget: 'Yis, ma'am, he did.'  
 Mistress: 'Ah—he—is your lover, I suppose?'  
 Bridget: 'Indade an' he is not. He's a naybur's son frum th' ould country, raised up at th' dure wid me—jist a comrade boy, that's all.'  
 Mistress: 'But he is very fond of you. I heard him kiss you good-night quite plainly.'  
 Bridget: 'Shure an' ye moight, for it's little discription he has in that way.'  
 Mistress: 'And isn't that his ring you wear?'  
 Bridget: 'It is, ma'am. He sint it to me frum Kerry three years ago cum Aithur.'  
 Mistress: 'Well, depend upon it, he will ask you to marry him one of these days.'  
 Bridget: 'Ah, thin, ma'am, Oi don't be thinkin' he'll ask me agin, fer whoy should he?'  
 Mistress: 'Then he did ask you?'  
 Bridget: 'Yis, ma'am. Oh, he's noways backward in regards av shpakin' his moind.'  
 Mistress: 'And what was your answer, Bridget?'  
 Bridget: 'Shure Oi tould him he'd be aither waitin' tin months, lvr'y day av it, till we could lay by a bit av money, an' he gev in t' do that same.'  
 Mistress: 'Why, then, be is your lover.'  
 Bridget: 'No, ma'am; far from it. Oi never had a lover, ma'am, first or laast.'  
 Mistress: 'But you intend to marry him?'  
 Bridget: 'Oi do, an' thin he'll be me husband, an' that's roight an' lawful. But Oi hov no toime t' be foolin' away with lovers, an' if Oi t'ought he had sany oadays av th' kind Oi'd sind him war-rebin', so I wud.'



AT THE WASHINGTON RACES.

TOUT: 'I jost got a dead straight tip on Jersey Lightning for de fourt' event!'  
 Sport: 'How'd ye catch on?'  
 Tout: 'I overheard one gent tell annuder gent dat he heard Jockey McMud's valet tell Jockey McSweat's valet dat he heard Mr Morse tell Bookmaker Flynn dat Trainer Magin told Trainer Magann dat—'  
 Sport: 'Well, well! Dat horse can't lose.'