



THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

A RONTGEN Ray went roaming
As Röntgen Rays will do,
And, flashing light where erst was night,
The hidden brought to view.
Its powers of penetration
Were freely given play,
(In darkest nooks a tube of Crookes'
Will guide the Röntgen Ray).

The camera fiend waxed festive,
And blithe of heart was he;
In his mental eye were snapshots by
The New Photography;
For the scientists had captured
That little Röntgen Ray,
Whose doom was to illumine
A scientist's holiday.

Whether cased in toughened timber,
Or flesh and blood, or stone,
All mysteries sealed the Ray revealed—
Save one dark doubt alone:
It couldn't pierce the padding
Of a typical coryphæe,
And how far each limb is (whisper it!) slim
The scientists cannot say.

HER MARRIAGE LINES.

'You say, Mrs Smith, that you have lived with the defendant for eight years. Does the Court understand from that, that you are a married woman?'
'In course it does.'
'Have you a marriage certificate?'
'Yes, your honour; three on 'em—two gals and a boy.'

PIOUS FAITH.

MINISTER: 'And do you believe that your greatest troubles come from Heaven?'
Deacon: 'Well, they say that's where marriages are made.'

HE SUITED.

'So you think you can stand the arduous duties of a variety actor? You know in our play we find occasion to throw you down a 30ft. flight of stairs into a barrel of rainwater.'
'I think I can stand it,' said the hungry man. 'I was tax-collector for three years.'



STILL THINKS SO.

'You used to say you thought heaven sent me to you,' she said tearfully, after a little family jar.
'I see no reason to change my mind about that now,' he returned.
'Really!' she exclaimed delightedly.
'Certainly,' he replied. Then he spoiled it all by adding: 'As a punishment.'

PROOF POSITIVE.

WHEN a man has made his application and passed the physical examination and the civil service examination, and has duly seen a few people with pulls, and has got his appointment and his uniform, and his billy, and twisters, and revolver, and has had a beat marked out for him, he feels at last that he is really a policeman, but when he sees a dirty-faced boy stick his head around a corner at a safe distance and shout, 'Aw, go chase yourself!' and then run violently away, he is absolutely sure of it.

NOT SO STRANGE.

FIRST WRITER:—That article of yours, "Truth is Stranger than Fiction," is a hummer. Bound to attract attention! Where did you get the facts?
Second Writer:—'Made 'em up.'

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

ADA (plain): 'No man ever had the face to kiss me.'
Kitty (pretty): 'You mean you never had the face to make him.'

TOO TRUE.

MRS DE VERR: 'I think a woman ought to be mighty well acquainted with a man before she marries him.'
Mrs Rampage: 'Yes, because she won't have much chance to get acquainted with him afterward.'



DIPLOMATIC.

'NEVER speak to me again, sir! I will teach you to tell others that the mere sight of my face would make a man climb over a wall.'
'I—er—I meant, of course, if the man was on the other side of the wall' (Reconciliation naturally followed.)

THE MODERN MAIDEN.

DON'T give her a music box, album, or book,
A manicure set or the like.
Such old-fashioned presents she now cannot brook,
For she has her heart set on a bike.

A COOL FAMILY.

'Was it cool where you spent your vacation?'
'Cool? I should say it was. I was staying at a farmhouse. I went away for a couple of days and returned unexpectedly. I found the old farmer wearing one of my shirts and my straw hat; his two sons away at a picnic in my best clothes, and his wife straining jelly through my white flannel coat; and all they said was: 'We hain't been expectin' ye back so soon.' It was the coolest family I ever struck.'

A PARADOX.

CURIOUS isn't it, that, as a general thing, ladies who do fancy work don't fancy work.

HERE TOO.

If 'ignorance is bliss,'
There's reason in my rhyme—
Some people in this town
Must have a joyous time.

DON'T WORRY.

THE man who never worries generally has friends and relatives who have to worry for him.

RATHER NOT.

CURATE: 'I am sorry to hear you were the worse for liquor last night: you take after your father.'
Lushington, (jun.): 'No; father never leaves any to take!'



THE SILVER LINING TO THAT CLOUD.

'YOUR wife's illness was very long and expensive, wasn't it, Taddells?'
'Yes, it was expensive; but I figure that on the whole I saved money by it.'
'How was that?'
'She couldn't get out of the house at all while the sales were on to buy bargains.'

TWO WISHES.

MISTER: 'Oh, dear, I wish I could get hold of some good biscuits like mother used to make for me.'
Missus: 'And I wish I could get some good clothes like father used to buy for me.'

SECOND SIGHT.

MAN a man whose marriage was the result of love at first sight wishes he had been blessed with the gift of second sight.

OUTDONE.

'ANYTHING new at the seance?'
'Yes, Rabelais was there, swearing horribly because his laurel wreath had been stolen by Thomas Hardy.'

HE DID.

HE: 'I would kiss you if I thought no one would see me.'
SHE: 'Shall I close my eyes?'

MOST NATURAL.

BOGGS: 'How is it that your hair is quite white, while your beard is very dark?'
Noggs: 'It's the most natural thing in the world.'
Boggs: 'Indeed.'
Noggs: 'It is thirty years older.'



FOND MOTHER: 'If that boy of mine has any particular bent, I can't find it.'
Guardian: 'What experiments have you made to find out?'
Fond Mother: 'Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools, and a lot of other things carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial, or what, and I know no more than I did before.'
Guardian: 'What did he do with them?'
Fond Mother: 'Smashed them all up.'
Guardian: 'Ah, I see! He is to be a furniture-mover.'