



THE UNSUCCESSFUL POET.

THE poet took a quire or more
Of paper, fresh and white,
And sat down at his costly desk,
Where he was wont to write.
He chose with care a golden pen
Quite suited to his hand,
And picked him out a choice cigar,
One of the finest brand.

His inkstand had been freshly filled,
And blotters lay around
To dry his ink, when with success
His labours had been crowned.
He had a license, too, and yet,
In spite of all his pains,
He failed. He had been fitted out
With everything but brains.

TOO GOOD TO LOSE.

'JOSEPHINE won't take any medicine for her dreadful cough.'
'Why not?'
'She doesn't want to get rid of it because she got it in Paris.'

BETRAYED.

FIRST DETECTIVE: 'What makes you think it is a man in feminine disguise?'
Second Detective: 'Because when I showed him a piece of string and asked him how long it was he said, "About nine inches," instead of "About a quarter of a yard."'

HIS SOLICITUDE.

'It's scandalous!' exclaimed the extremely penurious property owner, as he gazed at a lot of urchins who were playing in the street.
'To what do you refer?'
'These children. Just look at their dirty faces!'
'It does seem too bad that they should have so little care.'
'Um; I wasn't thinking of that. They're carrying off my real estate.'

ADVICE.—We cannot impress too strongly upon all correspondents, when in doubt whether the postage of a letter is a penny or twopence, the force of the old proverb, 'Two heads are better than one.'

A PERTINENT QUESTION.



'Oh, dear! Every ironing day Bridget scorches everything that comes in her way.'
'Why, mamma, has Bridget got a bicycle?'

ONLY A SLIGHT CHANGE.

'SPIFFENS has quit the photography business and is now a florist,' remarked McSwilligen.
'Oh, well,' replied Squildig. 'It's not much of a step from poses to posies.'

PRACTICE.

'IT'S very interesting' said young Mr Giggs' tailor, 'to read about some of the customs of people in Asia.'
'I suppose so,' was the reply.
'I have just learned that in that part of the world every man makes it a rule to pay all his bills on the first of each year.'
'You don't say so!'
'Yes. And what strikes me as the most extraordinary part of it is that those are the people to whom we send missionaries in order to civilize them.'

EITHER WAS IN ORDER.

HE: 'I have been married ten years to-day.'
SHE: 'Well—do you expect congratulations or sympathy?'

TOO GREAT A SHOCK

BENHAM: 'Henry, I am glad to learn that you don't drink any more, but how did you come to leave off?'
Henry: 'You remember the last time my mother-in-law was here?'
Benham: 'Yes.'
Henry: 'Well, one night while she was here I came home in pretty bad shape and saw three of her. That settled it.'



QUERIES.

'How many more times do you intend proposing to me?'
'Well! I don't exactly know, but if you tell me how many more times you intend refusing me I may be able to figure it out.'

THE CULMINATION.

'A SWELL bonnet goes far to make good any deficiencies in the rest of the costume.'
'That is, all's swell that ends swell.'

MR ASBURY PEPPERS.

'KEEPING boarders,' said the landlady, 'soon makes one coldly practical.'
'But is that any reason,' asked Asbury Peppers, 'why the soup should be practically cold?'

THE HUMANLY FEMININE.

'YES,' exclaimed the elephant, bitterly, 'they have gone and educated my wife to almost human intelligence, and now she doesn't know how to get along with one trunk any more.'
There were times, possibly, when education was not the blessing it was cracked up to be.

SHE KNOWS HIM.

SERVANT: 'Shall I put the master's pipes away in the closet, mum, now that he's sworn off smokin?'
Mistress: 'No, Jane; just put them in the corner of his desk, where he'll be able to find them the day after to-morrow.'

APPRECIATION OF EXPERIENCE.

'WHY do you think so much more of your father than you did before you were married?'
'Because I had never lived with any other man up to that time.'

WELL MEANT.

MOTHER (reading over a batch of her son's rejected jokes): 'I'm sure I can't see, John, when the editors print such stupid jokes, why they should reject yours.'

IT ALL DEPENDS.

'I DON'T care,' said the amateur philosopher, 'how bad a man's condition is, it might be worse.'
'It depends altogether on whether the man is married or single,' said Henry Peck.



SERVANT (from next door): 'Please, mum, missus sends her compliments, and will ye be so kind as to sing and play the piano this afternoon?'

Lady: 'Why, certainly. Tell your mistress I'm glad she likes it.'

Servant: 'Oh, it isn't that, mum; she's expecting the landlord, and she wants some excuse for asking for a reduction of the rent.'

DEPEND UPON HIM.

MRS DE FORM: 'Now that baby is three weeks old, John, we must send out his cards to let folks know the dear little fellow has arrived.'

John (as the baby yells): 'Er—ah—my dear, don't you think he'll make the announcement himself?'

COMPENSATION.

'BILKERTON's death was lamentable, wasn't it?'
'Yes, but awfully stylish—he died in his private car.'

A FAMILIAR MANIFESTATION.

WIFE: 'I'm going to practise economy again this winter.'

Husband: 'Good! How many winters do you suppose it will take you to learn it?'

A POSER.

'If it wasn't for me my class in school wouldn't have any standing at all,' said Hubert.

'Nonsense!' said his aunt. 'Your mother says you are the foot of it.'

'I am,' said Hubert. 'How could it stand if it didn't have a foot?'

TIRED OF THE LOAD.

ATLAS: 'Did I hear some one say that he wanted the earth?'

Jupiter: 'It is quite possible you did.'

Atlas: 'Shade of Demagorion! Who was it? I'm willing to part with it.'

Patient: 'Doctor, I don't think I can use the battery any more. Will it be necessary to shock me again?'
Doctor: 'Only once more. I'll send in my bill to-morrow.'



'No; I suppose it's no good talking. A woman never really appreciates a fellow till he's gone.'

'Well, I only wish I could really appreciate you—so there!'