



**CONFLICTING THEORIES.**

ONCE upon a midnight dreary  
A detective formed a theory  
That a man was being murdered in the street a block below;  
He could hear him loudly calling  
As the wicked blows were falling,  
And his keen detective instinct told him all he wished to know.

By the sound his ear detected  
That the blows must be directed  
By a man with blonde complexion with a blue and gentle eye,  
And with legs a little banded,  
Either right or else left-handed,  
And between four feet six inches and six feet four inches high.

So he calmly sat and waited  
Till the noise had all abated,  
Then he strolled at leisure down the street, the corpse to note.

Then he met with Mrs Leary  
Who herself had formed a theory,  
For she saw the fight between O'Dooley's dog and Grady's goat.

**NO HOPE FOR WEARY WIVES.**

MRS BRONSTON (pale, weary, and half-distracted) 'That's the ninth girl I've had within a month, and she just threw a flat iron at me.'

Mr Bronston—'By the way, a party of us to day were trying to evolve a scheme for co-operative housekeeping. Our plan was to rent a small family hotel, hire our own help, do our own managing, and share the expenses.'

'That's grand. It would be just like living in an absolutely perfect hotel, and at half the cost. Oh, I'm delighted! Who will go in with us?'

'Well, there's links, for one.'

'His wife doesn't move in our set.'

'And Winks.'

'Mrs Winks is a scandal-monger, and you know it.'

'And Minks.'

'Catch me living under the same roof with that flirting woman!'

'Well, there's Binks, husband of your friend Mrs Binks.'

'Very nice in company, but they say she's a terror at home.'

'And there's Finks.'

'Mrs Finks is a regular old cat.'

'And Pinks.'

'Huh! Mrs Pinks and her two pretty daughters, with no thought but dress and the opera! Nice ones they'd be to keep house with!'

'And your dear friend Mrs Kinks.'

'She didn't return my last call and I've dropped her.'

'But what shall we do?'

'Get another girl.'



**MAKING UP THE AVERAGE.**

MRS B.: 'This is disgraceful, John! You'll have no one to thank but yourself. I've warned you often enough how you are shortening your days.'

MR B.: 'Yeah, no dear; b'don't sheem t'realise whin' long nights—hic—n' having.'

**IRISH BULLS.**

AN Irish gentleman was entertained by a party of Englishmen at a hotel in a certain town in England, and the conversation turned on Irish bulls, and the Irish gentleman, being a little nettled, said, 'Bulls, bulls, what are you bothering one about bulls? You can't talk about an Irishman without speaking of a bull. You have as many bulls in England as we. In England you are bull-headed, and bull-tempered, and bull-necked; you are John Bull; you are bull all over. Now, you can't put up a sign on a public-house without sticking up a bull. In the very street where we are sitting now there are six public-houses with signs of bulls.'

'Oh, no,' said one of the gentlemen, 'not so many as that.'

'But I tell you there are, just so many.'

'No, we have counted them, and we know there are not six.'

'Well, I will wager the dinner for the company in the same place where we are sitting now, that there are six public houses with signs of bulls on them.'

'Very well, let's hear then.'

'There is the White Bull, that's one; the Black Bull is two; the Brown Bull is three; the Spotted Bull is four; the Pied Bull is five—'

'Ah, that's all, that's all.'

'No, there's another one.'

'Ah, but we know better.'

'I tell you there's another one. Black, white, brown, spotted, pied, and there's the Red Cow.'

'Yes, ha; that's an Irish bull!'

'Very well, if the Red Cow is an Irish bull, that makes six, and I've won my wager.'



**COOL.**

JORKINS: 'See here, Pawkins; that dog of yours has worried three of my lambs, and I want to know what you propose to do about it.'

Pawkins: 'Are you sure it was my dog?'

Jorkins: 'Positive!'

Pawkins: 'Well, I think I'd better sell him. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you?'

**MISTOOK HIS VOCATION.**

TWO tramps, one of them a young man, the other well-advanced in life, had just left a house where they had been supplied with a bountiful dinner.

'I say, Bill,' queried the younger of the two, 'where do you s'pose we'll get our supper?'

The old tramp turned on him in disgust. 'Here, you've just had your dinner,' he said, 'and you begin to wonder where you'll get your supper. If that's the kind of disposition you've got, young fellow, you had better quit the profession and go and work.'

**SHE COULD STAND ALONE.**

A WOMAN with a cast iron sort of face bounced into a full bus the other day and gazed fiercely around. A meek man essayed to rise.

'Don't trouble yourself for me, pray,' she said. 'I'm not a doll. I believe in women standing on their own feet.'

'That's just it,' gasped the meek man, 'but I was only going to ask you if you'd mind not standing on mine.'

She got off, and the rest of the passengers sniggered timorously.

**VALUABLE INFORMATION.**

'MAN,' said an old hand (who had just been released from gaol) to the landlord of a public house close by, 'If ye'll gie me a dram I'll tell ye something that'll be o' great sairvice ta' ye.'

With some hesitation the dram was given to him.

'Weel,' said he, after he had swallowed the whisky, 'if ever you should get intae the Calton gaol, tak' the wheel nearest the wa'; it's the easiest ca'd.'

**A WELL-KNOWN CARMENT.**

LANDLADY: 'Oh! Mr Spendem, a small thief came in and stole your spring overcoat.'

Mr Spendem (guilty): 'No matter, no matter; I'll soon get it back. He'll doubtless attempt to pawn it and every pawnbroker in town knows my spring overcoat.'



**HAD A GREAT LOSS.**

CON DOLEK: 'Hullo! Gloomy, my boy, what's the matter?'

Gloomy: 'Had an awful shock, old flier. My old uncle that I've had expectations from, and bowed and scraped to for years, has just been taken to the workhouse!'

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

WAITER (deferentially): 'Soup, sir?'

Fuddled Actor (ferociously): 'No, sir; leading man.'

'Oh, I have so much to say to you,' said Clara. 'And I to you,' said Maude. 'Let's go to the concert to-night.'

Wooden: 'If you will not marry me, I shall certainly lose my mind.' Mamie: 'Well, I don't believe it would be noticed.'

Young Mother: 'What in the world makes the baby cry so?'

Young Father: 'I quite think he makes me say I managed to get a little sleep last night.'

Small Boy: 'Ma, can me and Sally have some cake?'

Mamma: 'Johnny, you must remember to speak grammatically.'

Small Boy: 'All right! Can I have some cake?'

Egotious: 'I mean to so live that when I die all the great cities of the earth shall quarrel over the question of my birthplace.'

Witticous: 'Yes; each one will lay the blame on some other.'

A DANGEROUS RIVAL.—'Who is that giddy young thing over there to whom all those young men are paying so much attention?'

'That's the chaplain,' shouted a chorus of girls.

Hotel Proprietor: 'You say you want a job as waiter. Your face seems familiar to me. Weren't you a guest of this hotel last year?'

'Yes, sir. I have come around to get my money back.'

WHAT THEY WANTED.—'Now, boys,' said the Sunday School superintendent, 'what shall I tell you about this morning?'

'The sluggin' match 'tween David 'n' Gerlier,' cried the infant class.

'Ah, John,' she said, just before the marriage. 'I fear I'm not worthy of you. You are such a good man.'

'Never mind that, Martha, I'll change all that after the wedding.'

Mrs Suburban: 'You certainly must admit, my dear, that women who live in town haven't the complexions we have out here. Mrs Townville: 'Oh, I am sure you must be mistaken, we use exactly the same things.'

'Yes,' said the chairman, sadly, 'our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer hadn't been so absent minded.' 'What did he do?'

'He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water.'

THE ONE TO BE ASHAMED.—Well-dressed Party: 'No, I've got nothing for you. Ain't you ashamed to be begging?'

Beggar: 'You are the one to be ashamed—dressed up like a gentleman, and not a tanner in your clothes.'

'Seedsy drink (to publican): 'Your refusal, sir, to trust me a paltry drink of whisky fills me with astonishment!'

Publican: 'You can fill yourself up with astonishment as long as you like; but if you want to fill yourself with whisky you will have to pay cash.'

OVERMATCHED.—Mrs Maguire (to undersized policeman): 'So yez has a warrant for running me in, ah' yez?'

Now, young man, allow me to ax how yez intend goin' along wid me. Shall I carry you, or will you have an ambulance?'

Asye: 'Yes, it was big stakes and very exciting. I had three aces and he was drawing to a flush. My heart was in my mouth.' Bob Taylor: 'And the other fellow?'

Asye: 'Oh, he wasn't scared at all—his heart was up his sleeve.'

Rev. Jones Clutterby (to his seatmate in the train): 'How fast we travel! But, ah, young man, have you ever thought of the light of time? Think of the fleeting hours of youth, the golden days that swiftly pass away? Have you ever counted the minutes—' Battersby (unregenerate and inauspicious): 'What are you trying to do? Sell me a watch?'

**ROUGH ON A TRAVELLER.**

HUMANITARIAN TOURIST: 'And what has become of that funny little rabbit that used to gambol about your yard and stables last spring, Pat?'

Irish Innkeeper: 'Yer honor had rabbit stew for dinner, sorr!'

H. Tourist: 'What! You don't mean to tell me that you killed the droll little creature for my dinner's sake?'

Irish Innkeeper (abashed): 'Begorra! no, sorr! on my oath, he died of himself, sorr!'