



FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

'From hand to mouth,' he gaily said,
Then kissed her hand, which quickly led
From those white little finger-tips
To one upon her rosy lips.
She blushed and turned extremely red;
She drooped her blonde and shapely head.
The first one was a kiss well bred.

The second put it in eclipse—
From hand to mouth
They married ere that year had fled,
For then the future held no dread;
For youth expects well-laden ships
To make wealth-bringing homeward trips.
But dreams are gone; they live instead
From hand to mouth.

WHO IT WAS.

MRS. SINGLETON puts her head over the garden wall, and thus addressed her neighbour, who was hanging out her week's washing:
'A family has moved in the empty house over the way, Mrs. Clothesline.'
'Yes, I know.'
'Did you notice their furniture?'
'Not particularly.'
'Two van-loads, and I wouldn't give a couple of pounds for the lot. Carpets! I wouldn't put them down in my kitchen. And the children! I won't allow mine to associate with them. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a day's happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighbourhood. I wonder who they are.'
'I know them.'
'Do you? Well, I declare. Who are they?'
'The mother is my sister.'
A painful pause ensues.

A REGULAR NIPPER.

Two Scotch sugar planters in Demerara were once boasting of their indifference to the bites of mosquitoes. The dispute got so warm that Mac bet Allister that he was the better man. They agreed to lie down in the verandah in the scantiest of clothing. Smoking and drinking were allowed, but the first man who complained was to lose a case of whisky. For a long time each endured the attack of the mosquitoes, but at last Allister could endure it no longer, and was turning round about to give in, when he noticed that Mac's back was towards him. Allister was smoking a cigar, and carefully removing the ash, he applied the end to Mac's back.
'Eh, man!' yelled Mac, 'that was a gallinipper.'
'Ye'll send me that case of whisky in the morning,' was Allister's reply, as he hastily put on the remainder of his clothes.



MR. B.: 'What are you laughing about, Jennie?'
MRS. B.: 'I was just thinking what a fool you looked when you proposed to me.'
MR. B. (sighing): 'Yes; I was just as big a fool as I looked.'

TURNING THINGS TO ACCOUNT.

YANKEE TRADER (in Sahara desert): 'Good morning, Mr Arab. I am agent for the Neverwear umbrellas. Warranted all silk.'
Arab Chief: 'But it hasn't rained here for ten years.'
Yankee Trader: 'Well, that is all right. I am agent for the Neverwear parasols, too.'

HE FAILED TO GET HIS DINNER.

A METHODIST minister, now stationed here, while relating some reminiscences of his early days in the ministry, said:
'One day, while travelling between stations, I so timed myself as to arrive at a good brother's in the country about dinner-time. I hitched my horse and went in. Brother — was absent from home, and the wife and daughters appeared glad to see me. We chatted pleasantly for a half-hour or more. I was very hungry, and was sure dinner was being prepared, as the girls had dropped out of the room one by one, so I tarried, but was very uneasy, and thought the lady of the house was becoming so. Finally she excused herself and went out of the room for a moment. A small boy, who had been running in and out of the room since my arrival, entered, and I said:
"Come here, my little man," and as he came towards me I asked:
"How soon will you have dinner here?"
"Just as soon as you go," was the ready answer.'



CHIVALRY.

TOM DEWITT: 'Won't you allow me to relieve you, Miss Holder.'
Miss Held (indignantly): 'Sir!'
Tom Dewitt: 'Ah! I am only solicitous for Miss Holder. I never could bear to see a woman doing man's work.'

HOW IT WAS DONE.

A GOOD story is related of a member of the bar. He was 'long-winded' and when he arose to make an argument he didn't know when to stop. On one occasion he was making a speech before the Judge. He had spoken several hours and the Judge and everybody else were thoroughly tired out, though they were helpless. At last Judge Ballard beckoned his brother Jack to him, and implored him to stop the council if he could.
'Oh, that's easy enough,' replied the brother. 'I'll stop him inside of three minutes.'
There was a great deal of curiosity to see how this could be accomplished, as the orator seemed to be nowhere near the end of his speech. Jack Ballard took a pencil and a sheet of paper and wrote:

MY DEAR COLONEL: As soon as you finish your magnificent argument, I would like you to join me in the clerk's office in a bumper of fine old Bourbon whiskey.

The note was handed to the orator, who paused at the end of a soaring period, drew his glasses from his pocket, and read the note. He put it in his pocket and said:
'And now, if you please, your Honor, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I leave the case with you.'
He picked up his hat and was in the clerk's office in about a minute.

HOW HE WOULD HAVE ARRANGED.

'You should learn some trade my son,' said Mr Manhattan Beach to his young hopeful. 'Bricklayers are getting fifteen shillings a day, while lawyers can't afford to ride on the street cars.'
'Pa, why didn't you learn a trade when you were a boy?'
'That's not only a silly, but also an impertinent question. I didn't learn a trade when I was a boy out of regard for your feelings. I wanted to give you an opportunity to say that your father was a gentleman.'
'It can't be helped now,' replied the boy moodily, 'but I wish you had consulted me, for if we had arranged for you to be a bricklayer, I could have been the gentleman myself.'

IN VINO VERITAS.

'WHAT do you mean, sir, by coming home at this time of night?' exclaimed Jaggs' wife at 3 a.m., as she let him in.
'I mean to go to bed, my dear,' he gurgled.
'And what excuse have you got, you horrid wretch, for coming home in such a condition?'
'Best in the world,' m' dear. Is'n too drunk to find'n way anywher's eish.'



PAYRENTAL AFFECTION.

PAULINE: 'Then you give your consent, dear papa?'
Isaacs: 'Yes, my daughter; but—but I cannot let you leave me. You are mein only child, and you and Benjamin must live here with de old folks. You can haf that second floor front room for a pound a week.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

'THERE is one man in the world that is invariably bound to rise.' 'What one is that?' 'The man who sits on a tack.'
'She (on the river): 'Oh how delightful it would be to drift on like this for ever and ever.' He (who has hired the boat): 'Not at a shilling an hour.'

Jack: 'I love you.' Maud: 'How nice!' Jack: 'But I am poor.' Maud: 'How romantic!' Jack: 'Yet I want you to be my wife.' Maud: 'How stupid!'
Precocious Child: 'Papa, what is humbug?' Parent (with a deep-drawn sigh): 'It is, my dear, when your mamma pretends to be fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt.'

'If—if you only knew what the bill was for,' sobbed the young wife, 'you would b-be ashamed to scold so about it.'
'What was it for?' demanded John. 'My birthday present for you,' said the sad little wife.

'In concluding my remarks on this non-alcoholic beverage in front of us, I may say that it looks like gin, smells like brandy, tastes like whiskey, and we call it rum. What more do you want?'

'I hear Bronson sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," at the concert.' 'Yes.' 'Did he do it well?' 'He did indeed. It was so vivid that five people left the hall overcome with sea-sickness.'

First Theatre (Goer): 'How was the new play last night?'
Second Theatre (Goer (enthusiastically): 'Grand! They had a big tank of genuine water, and one of the snipers got drowned.'

Judge: 'You attacked this gentleman. You knocked him down and robbed him of his watch.' Prisoner: 'Your honor is right; but if I had not taken the initiative, who can tell but that he might not have done the same to me?'

Briggs: 'I had a dickens of a time to-day.' Braggs: 'What was it?' Briggs: 'Just for fun I shook my fist at a blind beggar across the street, and he chased me three streets and up a court before I could get away.'

'Gh,' exclaimed Brown, 'I believe I shall freeze to death; but I've got to die some time,' he added, 'and I might as well die that way as any other.' 'Much better,' replied Fogg, consolingly, 'you'll have such an excellent chance to thaw out on the other side, you know.'

'My wife has a saving disposition,' said Hicks. 'When we got our upright piano she made a red plush cover for it, so that the rosewood wouldn't get scratched. Then she covered that with a sort of linen duster arrangement so as to save the plush. I tell you, women have great big minds.'

HIS DIAGNOSIS.—Dr. Mixwell (who has asked Mrs Whiffet to put out her tongue): 'You say your husband is very nervous and irritable?' Mrs Whiffet: 'Yes; terribly so. But I'm not ill.' Dr. Mixwell (calmly): 'I think I'll prescribe a long sea voyage.' 'For John?' 'No; for you.'

QUITE WILLING NOW HE SHOULD BE A FIREMAN.—Husband (to wife): 'Maria, I had my life insured in your favour for \$20,000 to-day.' Wife (delightedly): 'You are a dear, good man, Harry; and now you can join the fire department if you wish to.'

Prominent citizen, rushing into Oklahoma hotel: 'Tanner, your little son Theobald, who is over at his aunt's got his uncle's gun down just now an' shot Preacher Harps in the leg!' Landlord Tanner, promptly, to recently arrived tenderfoot: 'Only think, stranger—the little feller is not quite five years old!'

YOUNG ONCE HIMSELF.—Aunt Sally, a Connecticut lady (to little Charlie, her bright little nine-year-old nephew from Boston, who has entered the parlour just in time to see her alighting from Mr Pigeontoe's knee): 'What do you want in here, anyway?' Little Charlie: 'Do not let my presence cause you uneasiness, dearest aunt. I have not forgotten that I was young once myself.'

NOT RIGHT.—Bridget, said a young housekeeper who was fresh from college, 'it would be useless for me to disguise the fact that your ignorance of grammar is very marked. Let me try to correct you. For instance, does it sound right for me to say: "Bridget, you've been a settin' in the drawin' room?"' 'No, ma'am,' said Bridget frankly, but with evident surprise—'no, ma'am, it don't sound right; but I were only a settin' there the mather of a half hour or so wid my cousin Terence, who is just over. I s'pose that second girl has been a-tattin'.'