



SPRING HATS.



BRIDGE.



DOMESTIC.



CHORUS.



AUTO.



HE MIGHT BETTER HAVE STAYED UPSTAIRS.

"Burglars entered the house of G. Watter Marksman last night, prying open the parlour window with a jimmy. Before they could get busy, however, they were discovered by Mr. Marksman, who emptied his revolver at them in the dark. The thieves escaped, but empty-handed, Mr. Marksman reporting no loss to the police."—Local Paper.

THE OBJECT.

"I've got one of my sons learning the cornet and the other the fiddle; one daughter studying the piano and the other plays the flute; while, to top it all off, my wife has started taking singing lessons."

"My gracious! is your family as musical as all that?"

"No; but there's a vacant lot next to our place, and we don't want anybody to build on it."

KNEW HIS RIGHTS.

Landlady—"What's the matter with that pie?"

Boarder—"Tain't fit for a pig, and I ain't goin' to eat it."

UNKIND.

Hewitt—"I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door."

Jewett—"If you hang it where the wolf can see it, I guess you will succeed."

OFFENDED.

One morning a rustic appeared at the window of a postal station and, after peering through the bars, enquired:

"Hev yeou got 'bout fifty cents' worth of stamps, mister?"

"Certainly!" returned the clerk. "What denomination, please?"

"Wa-al, sir, if it's enny of your business, I'm a Baptist."



IF THEY GET ANY HIGHER.

Homewardbound American (to English Tourist): You wouldn't think to look at 'em that we were still five hundred miles from Sandy Hook, but that's what they are—the New York skyscrapers. The snow on 'em never melts.



TOO MUCH HONOUR.

Blacksmith—Tha knows 'im. 'E was t'Mayor one year.

Old man—Nay, 'e never got as 'gh as that. 'E wor nobbut ex-Mayor!

CAUSE FOR ANXIETY.

The baby was slow about talking, and his aunt was deploring that fact. Four-year-old Elizabeth listened anxiously.

"Oh, mother," she ventured at length, "do you think he'll grow up English? We couldn't any of us understand him if he turned out to be French."

THOSE DREADFUL CARS.

While reading the morning paper, Miss Sarah suddenly exclaimed:—

"How dreadful! Rev. Mr. Marigold taken to the hospital, a victim of locomotor ataxia!"

"I wonder," said her sister Susan, "whether the poor man was run over or whether the thing blew up with him!"