



This gentleman, passably fat,
On Eliza unwittingly sat,
We surmise his surprise
From the size of his eyes—
Likewise of Eliza, the cat.



Not enough men! How many does it require to escort her in to supper?
Oh, it's not that. There are men enough. Difficult to choose, perhaps? Oh, no.
She knows which is the one. Maybe she's not hungry? Oh, yes, she is, but—
ah! her gown has become unhooked in the back!



THE LATEST.

For strap hangers only.

WHY ONLY ON ONE DAY?

"Do you believe it's unlucky to get married on a Friday?"
"Certainly! Why should Friday be an exception?"

"I asked for her hand last night."
"Did her father give his consent?"
"He not only gave his consent but borrowed ten shillings from me."

THE INFERENCE.

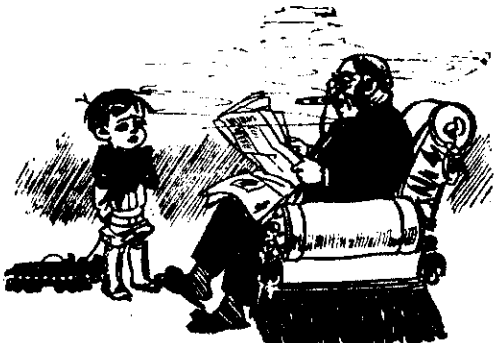
"I once wrote my name on an egg."
"Get a letter?"
"Yes, two years later."
"From an actor, eh?"

The Questioner.—I hear his wife is a brunette, but I thought he married a blonde?
The Joker.—He did, but she dyed.



KEPT IT WARM ENOUGH

Doctor.—The room seems cold, Mrs. Hooligan. Have you kept the thermometer at seventy, as I told you?
Mrs. Hooligan.—"Shure, an' Oi hox, docthor. There's th' devilish thing in a toomilder of warrum wather at this blis-sid minnut."



"Pa?"

"Well, what is it now?"

"Pa, when I grow up, how will I keep from marrying the wrong woman?"

"You won't."



Johany: "Ma, I guess you'd better walk ahead. Here comes a kid that owes me sixpence."