



**LONG LIST OF LOSSES.**

"Here, constable, I've been robbed while in that train! At least fifty-three articles have been stolen from me."  
 "Fifty-three!" exclaimed the astonished policeman.  
 "Yes, fifty-three—a pack of cards and a cork-screw—all I had in the world!"

**PUNCTURED.**

"Is it true that she said I looked good enough to eat?"  
 "Yes; she said you looked like a lobster."

**NATURAL INFERENCE.**

"Owner, Number! Who was he, d'ye know, Bill?"  
 "I expect he was the first bloke wot trained pigeons."



"Yes, mum, chickens do be such accommodatin' critturs. You can eat 'em afore they're born, and eat 'em after they're dead!"



**THE NAKED TRUTH.**

His lordship: I suppose the management insists on "drees" at this theatre?  
 Classical dancer: The rule does not apply to artistes!

**HE RETURNED.**

Jones: Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?  
 Johnny: No, sir; his office was locked.  
 Jones: Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?  
 Johnny: There was a note on the door saying, "Return at once," so I came back.

**HIS ONE REGRET.**

Passenger (as the ship is sinking): Captain, is there no hope—no hope whatever?  
 Captain: None at all, my man; no hope at all.  
 Passenger: Confound the luck! And I wouldn't eat any cucumbers for dinner because I was afraid of indigestion!



"I'm afraid I intrude, Mrs. Gambridge?"  
 "No, bless you, sir! You mustn't let thar dree-a-billie decompose you!"



**ACCOMMODATING LIQUORS.**

Bagman: "Got any good wine, Sia?"  
 Sia: "You, sir, which'll yer have—white or red?"  
 Bagman: "Haven't they got names?"  
 Sia: "Not till they go sour. Then dad calls 'em hock and claret."



**HALL-MARKED.**

"Who told y' that?"  
 "Never mind who told me! I heard it in society—that's good enough for you!"