



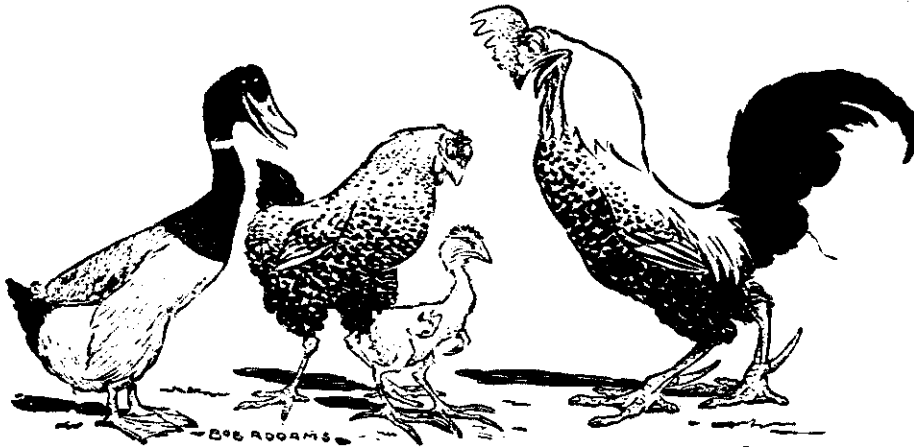
MARRY IN HASTE.

Presentation, conversation, animation, admiration, Agitation, fascination, infatuation, idealisation, Declaration, application, affirmation, precipitation, Sensation, combination, preparation, elation, Donation, celebration, solemnisation, jubilation, Tintinnabulation, collation, delectation, vacation, Peregrination, perambulation, rustication, installation, allocation, decoration, visitation, Culmination, stagnation, alteration, disputation, Calculation, irritation, alienation, detestation, Desperation, alleviation, restoration, osculation, Palliation, consultation, arbitration, probation, Litigation, separation, desolation, termination,

Ruination!
—“The Circle.”

REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

The Merchant Prince had sent for the Faithful Clerk, who confronted his master tremblingly.
“Jenkins,” said the Merchant Prince, “you have been in my employ for 25 years.”
“Yes, sir,” faltered the Faithful Clerk. “Twenty-five years to-day, is it not?”
“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, for remembering it.”
“Tut, tut! You have been an honour to the house.”
“Thank you again, sir.”
“You have proved yourself of my confidence.”
“Oh, sir!”
“You have grown grey in my service.”
“Yes, sir.”
“Jenkins, as a slight token of my recognition of this fact, I have a present for you. Pray accept this bottle of hair-dye!”



THE LAW OF HEREDITY.

Rooster: “Ye-es, he’s a nice child; but he has a queer Oriental look.”
Fond Mother: “Gracious, yes! I hatched him from a China egg.”

NATURAL AFFINITIES.

“There seems to be a strange affinity between a negro and a chicken.”
“Naturally. One is descended from Yarn and the other from eggs.”

AT THE MUSICAL.

“What a marvellous strain that is!” said the musical genius.
“Yes,” said the unappreciative; “I too, feel it.”



“Yes, sir, missus is in, but not at home. She upstairs undressing for a dinner party!”



EVERYTHING HAS ITS USE.

“It’s a mighty good thing that the glow-worms are out to-night, or I’d never find my way home!”

LEAVE IT TO HER.

Old Rooster: “What do you think you are going to hatch out of that doornob and that piece of brick?”
Old Hen (serely): “I’ll hatch a skyscraper if I want to. You go and attend to your own affairs. I’m running this branch of the business.”

THE DIFFICULTY.

“Oh, dear,” sighed her husband’s wife. “I can’t find a pin anywhere. I wonder where all the pins go to, anyway.”
“That’s a difficult question to answer,” replied his wife’s husband, “because they are always pointed in one direction and headed another.”