

A BIG DIFFERENCE.
 "Call a man a sad dog," said the corn-fed philosopher, "and he will look knowing and feel flattered; but if you call him a miserable pup he'll want to fight."

GET THIRTY DAYS SOMETIMES.
 "You can't get something out of nothing."
 "That may be, but you can get a very big head out of a very small bottle."

HE MEANT WELL.
 Ex-convict: Well, old boy, I just got out to-day.
 Friend: Congratulations, Jim; and I wish you many happy returns.

NOT ENDED YET?
 "Well," said the pompous man at a dinner party, "I shall be fifty-nine to-morrow, and my honeymoon isn't ended yet."
 "Lucky man," exclaimed a guest, "how do you manage it?"
 "Manage it, why easily, my boy; you see I never have been married yet?"

IT DIDN'T INTERFERE.
 Mamma (to Ethel, who is telling an original fairy story while being put to bed): Now, dear, stop your story for a little while; Frances is going to say her prayers.
 Frances: Oh, mamma; can't Ethel please go on? I can hear her just as well while I'm praying.

FAME.
 Admiral Schley, of Manila fame, recently sat in a box in one of the Philadelphia theatres, and every movement he made was watched by the thousands in the auditorium. If the Admiral bowed to an acquaintance they applauded; if he smiled, they applauded; in fact during the whole evening there was an incessant ovation. But Schley's defeat came at the end of the second act. He rose with the intention of going to the next box, which was occupied by some friends, but he had not taken two steps before a deep bass voice from the upper gallery rolled forth, "Let's all go out and take a beer!" placing the accent on the "all." The hero collapsed, sank into a chair, and shook with laughter, while the audience shrieked.



WATERING IT DOWN.
 "Ah! what I like about a bit of fishing this time o' year is the glorious appetite it gives one for er- one's lunch!"

SUPERSTITIOUS.
 Mr Joak: Superstitious! I should think I am. Why, I once sat down to dinner with twelve others; there were thirteen courses, and it was the thirteenth week in the year.
 Listener: And one of them died?
 Mr Joak: Yes, sir.
 Listener: How long after?
 Mr Joak: Oh, thirteen years. It's a sure sign of a death when thirteen sit down to dinner, I can tell you.

THE ESSENTIAL THING.
 "I have been told, Mr Spooner, that you have been engaged before."
 "Yes, I must confess that I have; but (brightening up) you needn't let that trouble you at all. I still have the ring."



A TOUCHING APPEAL.
 "Tramp: 'Sye, gov'nor, won't yer gl' me the price of a square meal. A cove just gl' me a ticket for the bath's 'ere, an' I daren't take a bath on an empty stummick.'"

THE SO-CALLED COMEDIES.
 Amy (bride of a week): O Charley, I am so happy! I fear our joy is too intense to last.
 Charley: Just my thoughts, exactly.
 Amy: What do you say if we try to restrain our delight?
 Charley: How?
 Amy: By going to see the last new society comedy. That will keep us from being too jolly.

IT MADE HIM SIT UP.
 He was a fragile youth and didn't dance all the dances.
 "Let's sit it out," he said to his pretty partner.
 "Where?" she asked.
 "On the stairs."
 So they went up a little way and sat down.

"Wh-why, what's the matter, Mr Stackpole?" cried the fair young girl, for the young man had hastily risen and was gasping for breath. He could not reply. His face was livid. His eyes were rolled up, and with one shaking hand he clawed feebly at the skirts of his coat.

"What kind of attack is it?" she gasped.
 At this question his voice came back to him.
 "What difference does that make?" he harshly growled. Then, without a word of apology, he dashed up the stairs and flung himself into the men's cloakroom.

And how was she to know that it was an ordinary carpet tack that the man who laid the stair carpets had carelessly left standing on its head?

BRUTAL.
 "Oh, you needn't talk," said the indignant wife; "what would you be to-day if it weren't for my money, I'd like to know?" I really don't know, my dear," calmly replied the heartless wretch; "but I'm inclined to think I should be a happy bachelor."

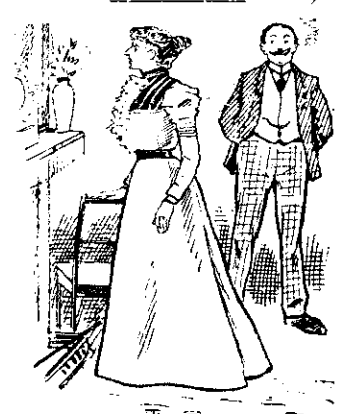
ROOM FOR ANOTHER.
 At a local cemetery, where the system of burying three deep has been adopted, a middle-aged man was attending the funeral of his second wife. At the close of the ceremony, after all the friends had pressed round the grave to take a last look at the coffin, the chief mourner advanced slowly. As he moved away he was heard to say to himself: "Aye, it's a bad job; but as see thor's room for another!"

SCRATCHED.
 Husband (returning to grandstand from paddock): Confound it! The horse we came down here especially to see has been scratched—it will not run.

Wife (her first appearance): Will not run on account of a mere scratch! How aggravating! Why don't they put a piece of court plaster on it, and I'll warrant the horse will be as good as ever!

EGGS WITHOUT HENS.
 At a country fete a conjuror was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy:
 "Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"
 "Of course she can," replied the lad.
 "Why, how is that?" asked the conjuror.
 "She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amidst roars of laughter.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.
 A certain joke writer, wearied by excessive coinage of bonmotographs, laid himself down to sleep. Near to his hand there were a pencil and pad, for who can tell "what dreams may come?" In the middle of the night he was awakened by a noise, and, lo! in the dim light he saw a thief calmly approaching his watch. "Excuse me for taking up your time," murmured the remainder. "Certainly," grinned the joke writer. "The watch cost only five shillings and I can sell your remark for fifteen."



AND IT WASN'T.
 Mrs Spittfyre: "Do you know, John, I really have a very small mouth. In the glass it doesn't look large enough to hold my tongue."
 Mr Spittfyre (testily): "It isn't."

ANYTHING BUT JEALOUS.
 "And what did thy mistress say after she caught me kissing thee behind the door?"
 "She said, 'Annabel, thou must be mighty fond of me to remain in my service at the risk of being kissed by such an old wretch as thy master.'"

HOW SHE WON HIM.
 Pilson: "Have you heard the latest? Parker has eloped with a chambermaid."
 Dilson: "Heavens! How did he come to do that?"
 Pilson: "I understand she brought him an extra towel when he asked for it."

A POOR WITNESS.
 "Pardon me," began the visitor, "but we are anxious to secure from you a testimonial. We understand that you were troubled with falling hair, and that one bottle of our 'Elixir' relieved you."
 "Yes, young man," replied the victim, removing his wig, "it relieved me of the few that remained to me."



BORROWED EVERYTHING ELSE.
 Scrape: "Shortleigh is always cheerful—never borrows trouble."
 "It's just as well he draws the line somewhere."

INCOMPATIBILITY.
 Divorce Lawyer: Why do you want a separation?
 Woman (weeping): Why, the wretch accuses me of snoring in my sleep, of having cold feet, of going through his pockets, of talking all the time, of hitting him with dishes, of scalding him, of having a mother who lives with us, and of making him sleep in the summer house when he comes home late. It would take a saint to live with him, and I want a separation on the grounds of incompatibility of temperament.

FASHODA AVENGED.
 It was on the evening of February 16th, and the placards of the evening papers announced in enormous letters, "French in Kimberley."
 A waiter employed in a Soho restaurant ran across the road and gazed on this legend with rapture.
 "A-ah! We arrive—we arrive!" he hissed. "Ze Anglais are once more In ze boiled water-re!"

HE MUST BE.
 "The man I marry," she declared with a stamp of the foot, "must be a hero!"
 "He will be," remarked the cautious bachelor.

GENERALLY SO.
 "O, there was an awfully funny joke in the paper to-day," began the dear little wife. "It was about a man and his wife, who went to the opera one—"
 "Yes, dear," the great brute interrupted; "I read it."
 "O, you mean thing, I wanted to tell it to you. It was so funny."
 "Go ahead, dear, it will be even funnier the way you tell it."

RESOURCEFUL.
 "You think I had better simulate insanity?" said the accused man.
 "I do," answered the adviser.
 "What's the best way?"
 "Well, you're no actor, of course, if I were you I'd get some South Africa war maps and repeat the geographic names over and over. In the course of a short time I don't believe you'll have to pretend at all."

THE WAY TO RISE.
 In reply to a young writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickest, a friend wrote, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

A SUITE SIGN.
 Mrs Hicks: "I just know my new dress does not look at all neat and stylish."
 Hicks: "What makes you think so?" Mrs Hicks: "Because it's too comfortable."

AN OCTOGENARIAN.
 Mike: "Feyther, phwt is an octogenarian?" M'Luberty: "An octogenarian, me b'y, is a mon that has eight toes on sich fut."