

THE BACHELOR AUTHOR.

He: This author should be ashamed of himself. A married man, too!
 His Wife: What does he say?
 He: He says that a man's wife 'gazed at him in speechless astonishment.' Why, such a thing is unknown in matrimony!

PRUDENT.

The Nurse: Why, I'm sure you couldn't have a better baby than she is!
 The Little Sister: Well, I wouldn't let her know that you think so. There no use having her spoiled.

THE KISS SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

Mother: What's that smacking noise in the parlour?
 Studious Boy (who goes to school): It's sister and her young man exchanging microbes.

THE NEW MAID.

The maid has just arrived, and had been solemnly instructed as to the necessity of carrying the silver card tray when answering the door bell. It was an "at home" day, and the domestic, in immaculate cap and apron, rushed to the door at the first tinkle. The caller proved to be the most imposing representative of the very upper set.
 "Sure, an' she's in," said Mary, affably, in answer to the usual inquiry, and started upstairs. Half way up she turned and pushed madly back, snatched the card tray from the table, and, holding it out to the astonished visitor, exclaimed:
 "And wasn't I after forgettin' me pan!"

FLY PHILOSOPHY.

"I conclude that's a fly," said the young trout. "You are right, my dear," replied an old one: "but be careful how you jump at conclusions."



FLATTERY.

"I don't see why you should persist in asking me to lend you money," said the man whose patience had sustained much. "I don't know you very well, at best."
 "My dear sir," replied the person with shabby-genteel manners, "you compel me to be blunt where I would fain have been delicate. I was merely desirous of further and more favourable acquaintance. Ben Franklin says that the way to win a man's friendship is not to do him a favour, but let him do you one."

IMPROVING THE OCCASION.

"Mr Bibus next door just went in to his house singing a drunken song," said the minister's wife. "Did he?" exclaimed the reverend gentleman. "I'll go right in and see him?" "Do you think you can do any good, now?" "Well, while he's in such a good humour I may induce him to pay his pew rent."

NOT THE SAME THING.

Portly: "How well he fills the pulpit!" "Yes, I wish I could say the same thing of the church."

A TERRIBLE SUSPICION.

Howson Lott: "All the women around here this spring seem to be wearing their bloomers when they work in the garden."
 Mrs Howson Lott: "Oh, George, is that what you meant when you said you were just wandering round the neighbourhood to look at the different kinds of garden hose?"

THE REASON FOR IT.

Her Father: "You are going to marry that insignificant little end Percy Millyuns. Why, you once said you would never marry a man less than six feet tall." Edith: "Oh, I know, papa; but I decided to take off twenty per cent. for cash."



MORE SATISFACTORY.

Guest: Waiter, bring two boiled eggs.
 Waiter: Boss, couldn't you take dem aigs poached? Hit's been found mo' satisfactory all roun' to open dem aigs in de kitchen.

VIDE THE OTHER BOY.

"My dear little man," said the vicar, "I'm afraid you've been fighting. A black eye! I'm very sorry that—" "Never you mind," interrupted the "dear little man," "you go home and be sorry for your own kid. He's got two black eyes."

AN EXPERIENCED HAND.

"But, my good man, sheep shearing requires a man who is used to the shears."
 "Well, that's all right. I have been engaged for three years in preparing editorials for a country weekly."

HE MISSED IT.

"I suppose you did not see the lovely sunrise this morning?" said Mr Earlybird to Mr Nightowl.
 "Of course not," was the latter's reply, in a rebuking tone. "I was abed long before that. You should cultivate better hours, sir."

REST AT LAST.

"Shure, Mrs McGoogin, an' is it thure yer mon's got a position in the place foore?"
 "Yes, indeed, Mrs O'Hoolihan. An' plwy not? He was after gittin' too fat t' worruk."

TOO SMART.

"Huh!" exclaimed Mr Rox, after reading his morning mail: "our boy's college education is making him too blamed smart."
 "What's the matter?" asked Mrs Rox.
 "I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the cheque he asked for. Now he writes: 'Dear father, I shall never forget your unremitting kindness.'"

AN OLD JOKE.

"No, I can make you no contribution; I don't believe in sending out foreign missionaries."
 "But the Scriptures command us to feed the hungry."
 The man of wealth shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I'd feed them on something cheaper than missionaries," he rejoined, with the brusquerie that characterises his class.

NOT RECOVERED.

Mr Dullpate: I was hit on the head by a brick and knocked senseless when I was a boy.
 Miss Brassey: Dear me! and is it absolutely incurable?

A SLIDING SCALE.

Bootblack: Shine, sir?
 Gentleman: What's the price?
 Bootblack: Penny w'en ye ask, an' tuppence w'en ye don't.

THE MEAT RIDDLE.

"Our church is to have a conundrum supper to-morrow night," said Mrs Frisbie.
 "Hash will be served, I suppose," said Mr Frisbie.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

Sentry (who has had strict orders to prevent anyone crossing the field): No one to pass here, mum.
 The General's Wife (who wants to take a short cut): Do you know who I am?
 Sentry: No, madam, I do not know who you are, but I know you are not the General's cow—and nobody else is permitted to walk on this grass!

A GREATER TROUBLE.

Policeman: Hallo! What are you sitting here for? Have you lost the key?
 Clubby: No, I—hic—haven't lost the key; I've—hic—lost the keyhole!

THE POWER OF EDUCATION.

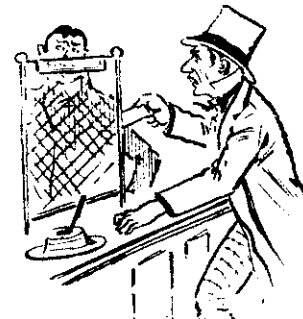
Mistress: Why, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust here.
 Bridget: That's nothing nor I can do. Sure, now, there's the more loike education after all, is there, ma'am?

A SAVING.

Mrs Sweet: Do you find it economical to do your own cooking?
 Mrs Burnham: Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat as much as when we had a cook.

HIS ONLY OBJECTION.

"I love to hear you talk, my dear," said Mr Bickers to his wife, when she paused to take breath at the end of the second column of a certain lecture, "but your volubility is really a reflection on my wisdom."
 "How so?"
 "Because a word to the wise is sufficient."



Irate Citizen (rushing into the post office): Here, you Mr. Postmaster! you've robbed me of five pounds. If you don't give up I'll write to the head office about you.
 Postmaster (pacifically): There must be a mistake somewhere, my dear sir.
 Irate Citizen: There hain't no mistake about it. I paid you the money for a money-order two weeks ago, and the man hain't received it yet. There's your receipt for it too.
 Postmaster (looking at the paper): Why, man, that's your money-order!

IT REACHED HIM.

A letter is said to have been received at the post office in Wellington directed to the biggest fool in that city.

The Postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks informed him of the receipt of the letter.

"And what became of it?" inquired the Postmaster.

"Why," replied the clerk, "I didn't know who the biggest fool in Wellington was, so I opened it myself."

"And what did you find in it?" inquired the Postmaster.

"Find?" replied the clerk. "Why, nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man.'"

A THEORY.

"I wonder why children are so quick to pick up slang?" said the small boy's mother, disconsolately.
 "Probably," answered the serious person, "it is because the constant repetition of such words as 'goo goo' and 'itchy kitchy' in infancy gives them a deep rooted contempt for words that are in the dictionary."

STORY OF LITTLE GIRL.

Little Jeannette's mother found her one day with her face covered with jam from ear to ear.
 "Oh, Jeannette," said her mother, "what would you think if you caught me looking like that some day?"
 "I should think you'd had an awful good time, mamma," said Jeannette, her face brightening.

TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE.

"We shall need," said the officer who was arranging for the Government expedition, "food supplies for six men and a boy."
 "Supplies for eight men," said the secretary, jotting it down. "What else?"

Little Tommy: Papa, what is a biped?
 Papa: an animal with two legs. For instance, a man is a biped, my boy.
 L.T.: Well, what's Uncle James? He's only got one leg.



"AYE, THERE'S THE RUB."

Appy Tite: There's only had some lines, now, we might do a little fish-in.
 Shady Bowers: Fishin', eh! Who's goin' ter dig de bait, bait de hooks, t'row in de lines, haul out de fish, and take 'em offen de hooks?
 Appy Tite: Dat's so; we'd have to hire somebody to do part of it.