



**IN A SHADY GARDEN.**

He had come on her dozing in a hammock, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss. "Well," he said, "I will admit that the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss." "One!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "I counted eight before I woke up."

**ALMOST ALL.**

Suspicious Customer: "Has this paper got the news of the latest revolution in South America?"  
Newsboy: "I'll be honest with you, mister. It's got all 'ceptin' them what's broke out in the last fifteen minutes."

**SHE WANTED TO KNOW.**

They sat on the portico of the Rush-street house.  
"Annie, dear, do you love me?"  
She looked down at the tall, handsome youth, who spoke to her with such pleading in his tones.  
"You say your are soon to become the junior partner in the firm, George?"  
"Yes, my own."  
"And that you have £15,000 in the bank?"  
"Yes, darling."  
"And that you will inherit at least £150,000 from your mother?"  
"Yes, pet."  
"Then, George, I love you. I am yours." She fell into his outstretched arms."

**CONSOLING.**

She: I believe you are marrying me for my money alone?  
He, Oh, no; that'll be gone soon.

**IT DEPENDED.**

Collector: "Is Dr. Smith in?"  
Servant: "Do you wish to pay a bill or leave one?"

**JUST WHAT HE WANTED.**

Frank: "What! You going to propose to Miss Heartburn? Why, you're the last man in the world she'll engage herself to!"  
Harry: "I hope so, old fellow."

**PUTTING IN TIME.**

Grudge-But why do you wander aimlessly from place to place?  
Tramp-Well, eight hours' sleep a day is enough for anybody, an' I've got to do something with the other sixteen hours, ain't I?



**DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.**

Jack: What's become of that fellow Sample?  
Bert: Oh, he opened a shop.  
Jack: Doing well?  
Bert: No, doing time. He was caught in the act.

**FAITH IN HIM.**  
Towne-Do I understand you to say that Spender's case was really a faith cure?  
Browne-Yes. You see, the doctor and druggist both trusted him.

**CAUSTIC.**

Minnick: I sent some verses to that magazine, but I don't think the editor read them at all.  
Simnick: Ah! They were accepted, were they?

**A POLITICIAN.**

"You can't fool anyone with that lion's skin," sneered the fox. "Everybody knows that you are an ass."  
"That's where you are mistaken," replied the ass. "I fool the other asses."



**SILENCED.**

Little Boy (with toy camera): Call that a cow you are drawing! It doesn't look like a cow.  
Little Girl: This isn't photography—it's art.

**SITTING-ROOM DRAMA.**

"Who comes there?" called little Willie the sentry, in threatening tones, as he brought his deadly wooden gun into shooting position.  
"A friend," answered little Tommie from behind a rocking chair.  
"Advance and give the counter-sign," hissed the sentry, "or I'll shoot your head off."  
An ominous silence followed this terrible threat; then Tommie said, plaintively:  
"I've forgot it."  
"You can't remember nothin'," exclaimed Willie, in disgust, throwing down his gun. "Come over here, and I'll whisper it to yer agin."

**AN ANALYSIS.**

"Who is your favourite composer?" inquired the visitor.  
"I s'pose you mean classical," responded Mr. Newrich.  
"Certainly."  
"Wagner" was the answer. "Gimme Wagner. Some of them other music writers start with a tune, but as soon as you get your foot going steady in time to it they break off in a way that pretty near sprains your ankle. But Wagner never fools you. He plays fair. You know from the beginning that you ain't going to find anything, and you might as well go to sleep or read the advertisements in the programme."

He: No, you are not the only girl I've ever loved.  
She: It's immaterial, so long as I'm the one you'll marry.

**AT THE MENAGERIE.**

"Those people in front of our cage say they are descended from us," observed the First Monkey.  
"Well," commented the Second Monkey, "we are about the only ones of their ancestors that they would pay an admission to see."



Druggist: I am going to discharge that new assistant. He is too careless.  
Friend: What has he done?  
Druggist: This morning he sold a wild-eyed woman a dose of poison and trusted her for the money.

**SHE UNDERSTOOD.**

"Excuse me," he said, to the applicant for the typewriter's position, but I would like to know your age."  
The young woman looked astonished.  
"May I ask what has that to do with my fitness for the place?" she inquired.  
"Nothing," he promptly answered. "You see, it's my wife that wants to know."  
"In that case," said the applicant, who was pretty as well as young, "tell her I am forty-seven."  
And the smile that followed this ingenious statement brought out four delightful dimples.

**IN THE DRAWING ROOM.**

Bobby: "Sister will be down in a few minutes, Mr. Softly; she's upstairs rehearsing."  
Mr. Softly (who has come prepared): "W-what is s-she rehearsing, B-Bobby?"  
Bobby: "I don't know; but she's standing in front of the mirror and blushing and saying: 'Oh, Mr. Softly—er—this is so sudden.'"

**THEY THREW THEM AWAY.**

Young woman (in open street car): "I don't see why some men are bound to smoke every moment they are on the car."  
Old Woman (loudly): "Oh, let 'em smoke, poor fellows. I s'pose their wives won't let 'em smoke at home."

**THE REASON.**

Sallie: I suppose you know why mother whipped you?  
Tommy: Because I wasn't big enough to whip her.

**NO DOUBT WHATEVER.**

Mistress: "Did you tell the lady I was out?"  
Servant Girl: Yes, ma'am.  
"Did she seem to have any doubt about it?"  
"No, ma'am; she said she knew you wasn't."

**ON THE RACECOURSE.**

During one of the principal events at a race-meeting in the North, the cry of "Hats off in Front!" was raised and obeyed. When the horse had passed, the hats of course were replaced. A few moments later a young man began wildly to lift the hats of the spectators around him, replacing them with savage expressions of annoyance. On lifting the hat of one of the spectators, he was asked what he was "up to." "Why," he exclaimed, "I bet a niver with a bald-headed man, an' I can't find him!"

**A SACRIFICE ACCEPTED.**

Clarence: Clara, if I let you buy a new winter coat I'll have to wear my old one.  
Clara: Oh, you dear, sweet, lovely, generous old boy!

**ANGULAR.**

Miss Thinley: I believe he was nice enough to say I had many good points.  
Miss Sharply: Not exactly. He said you had a good many points.

**CLEVER MAID.**

Caller: Don't forget to tell Miss May I called.  
Servant: I'll go up and tell her right away, sir.

**RIGHT TO THE POINT.**

"Where do all the pins go to?" said a Haarlem girl to her best beau when the talk about bicycles had lapsed into obnoxious disquietude.  
"I'm pretty sure I know where a million of them go," he answered.  
"Indeed! With, where?" she asked, with a start of surprise that made him withdraw his arm hastily from around her belt.  
Gazing ruefully at the brand-new scratches on his wrist, he pointedly replied, "They go to waist."  
The next time he called she wore her brother's ulster.

**THAT ENDED IT.**

Maud-What makes you treat Jack so coldly? You used to find him so interesting.  
Marie-Didn't you know I was engaged to him now?



**THE BRUTE.**

Mrs Nagge: They say that when a tiger has its prey in its power the victim feels neither fear nor pain, only a dreamy ecstasy.  
Mr Nagge: I don't doubt it. I felt just like that the night you accepted me.

Alice: She's the luckiest girl I know. She's got a lovely engagement ring.

Annie: Oh, other girls have lovely engagement rings.

Alice: Yes, but very few girls can show the ring off as she can. She's left-handed.

**CHARGE ADMITTED.**

"Your wife says you have trampled upon her affections," said the lawyer.  
"Yes," assented the client; "I'll admit it. All the affection she has is centred in a little hairy dog, and the way I've trampled on him has been frightful."