

CHARMING MODESTY.

"I don't see," said the sensible girl, "how you could bring yourself to run about after that actor, such a conceited stick as he is."
 "You're quite mistaken," replied the stage-struck girl. "He's just as modest as he can be. Why, when I asked him whom he considered the greatest actor in the world, he actually blushed, and replied that it wasn't for him to say."

THE WAY IT WAS.

Markley—No; I don't like Borrowoughs.
 Parkley—Why, I understood you to say you thought a great deal of her.
 Markley—No; I merely think of him a great deal. He owes me money.

LOGICAL.

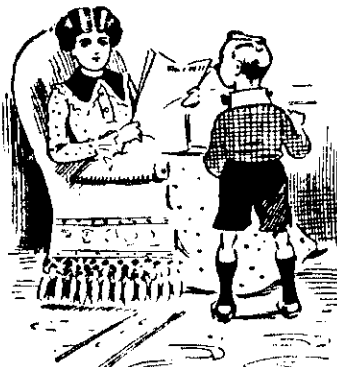
Stokes—Speaking of mourning, if your rich uncle were to die, should you put on black?
 Bickers—Certainly not. If he left me something handsome, why should I be such a hypocrite as to don the garb of woe? On the other hand, if he left me out of his will, how could I consistently put on mourning for such a curmudgeon?

A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

"Don't you find it very trying," she asked the great man, "to have to furnish your autograph to so many persistent people?"
 "Oh, no," he answered, "most of them stand stamps, and I return the autograph on a postal card."

HER UNINTENDED SATIRE.

"Charley, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins, "the paper has a sketch of you as a rising young reformer."
 "Yes, I thought that would surprise and please you. What did you think of the biography?"
 "Oh, Charley, dear, it is too good to be true!"



BOBBY TRIED IT.

Bobby—Ma, you said that I wasn't to eat that piece of cake in the pantry—because it would make me sick.
 Mother—Yes, Bobby.
 Bobby (convincingly)—But, ma, it hasn't made me sick.

FIGHT SHY.

Patient's Friend—And what did the doctor say?
 Patient's Wife—He said he'd have to make a diagnosis.
 Patient's Friend—Don't you have any diagnosis. I knew a man who was taken sick just the same way, and the doctor made a diagnosis—said he did, anyway—and the man died the next morning.

TIME, 2 A.M.

"Look me in the eye, John Henry!"
 "Whish p'ticular eye, m'dear? You sheem t' have more eyes than a p'tato!"

POOR EDITOR.

Attendant (to irate female seeking admission to the editor's sanctum):
 "But I tell you, madam, that the editor is too ill to talk to anyone to-day."
 Irate Female (with determination):
 "Never mind, I'll do the talking."

SAVED.

He—Did you hear about that man who committed suicide because he couldn't get married?
 She—Oh, Mr. Biggles, would you do such a thing?
 He—I don't know. I might if—
 She—Percival! Take me. I couldn't live with such a thing on my conscience.

HIS TROUBLES.

"Isn't it sad," asked the young lady, romantically, "to think of the roses of yester year?"
 "It is," replied the young man, emphatically; "I have an unpaid florist's bill for £35."

ALL THERE.

Bullfinch—I don't care what people say about Mr. Foxe. I think there is a great deal of honesty in his face.
 Chaffinch—Yes; all he has is there.



HOW COWARDLY OF HIM!

Mrs. En Peeki (to her better half, who has taken refuge in the river)—Yo' jes' wait till I kotch yo', yo' miz'ble chicking-hearted, white-livered, scart cat, you!

HE WAS INNOCENT.

The heat of Sunday-school was tropical, the interest of the boys beyond zero; but the patient teacher toiled on.
 "Now, surely some of you can tell me who carried off the gates of Gaza? Speak up, William."
 "I never touched 'em," said the indignant William, wrathfully. "I never had anything to do with it; I didn't even know they was took."

A SERIES OF MISFORTUNES.

"You'll have to excuse my dolly," said the little four-year-old, with great dignity.
 "What is the matter with her, Kitty?" asked the visitor, kindly.
 "She's lost all the sawdust out of her stomach," replied Kitty, "part of her left leg's gone, she's got nervous prostration, and she can't wink her eyes."

POOR CHAP.

Candid Friend—I think young Rymer, the poet, felt hurt at a remark you made the other night.
 His Companion—What did I say?
 Candid Friend—You said there was only one Shakespeare.

"What, Edith going to marry Bobby Bibb? Why, he's only an apology for a man!"
 "Well, I suppose she thought she'd better accept the apology."

POOR PAPA.

Stern Father—What an unearthly hour that fellow stops till every night, Dor! What does your mother say about it?
 Daughter—She says men haven't altered a bit since she was young, pa.

A FRIENDLY TIP.

Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week.
 Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd tried to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.

KEEPING TO THE AGREEMENT.

House-owner—You didn't pay the rent last month.
 Tenant—No? Well, I suppose you'll hold me to your agreement.
 Owner—Agreement—what agreement?
 Tenant—Why, when I hired the house, you said I must pay in advance or not at all.

CLEVER.

A little three-year-old miss, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in a peculiar noise, and asked what it was.
 "A cricket, dear," replied her mother.
 "Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."

TOO MUCH HAPPINESS.

"What's the matter, Jimsby? You look bothered."
 "I am. I had a happy home until my wife joined one of those philanthropic clubs, and promised to do some little thing every day to add to my happiness, and now she's got so many ideas I can't rest."



BUSINESS FORESIGHT.

Barber—You're getting frightfully bald.
 Customer (savagely)—Well, I don't see how it concerns you.
 Barber—Excuse me, sir, but it does. You won't have any hair left to cut, and then I will lose a customer.

THE BRUTE.

Young Husband—Don't you think, darling, that it would spoil the curtains if I should smoke?
 Young Wife—You are the best and most considerate husband that ever lived, dear; of course it would.
 Young Husband—Well, then, you'd better take them down.

NOT FOR HER.

Lady—Mary, has anyone called while I was out?
 Mary—Yes, ma'am. Mr. Bigg was here.
 Lady—Mr. Bigg? I don't recall the name.
 Mary—No, ma'am, he called to see me.

CONSIDERATE.

Mistress (reprovingly)—Bridget, breakfast is very late this morning. I noticed last night that you had company in the kitchen, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when you went to bed.
 Bridget—It was, ma'am. I knew you was awake, for I heard ye movin' about; an' I said to meself ye'd need sleep this mornin', an' I wouldn't disturb ye wid an early breakfast, ma'am.

THE FACETIOUS BOARDER.

The facetious boarder had the plot laid for a killing joke.
 "It's a wonder," he said, "that you didn't serve up this hen, feathers and all."
 "The next time," said the landlady, with marked emphasis, "I'll serve her, bill and all."

A COMPARISON.

Willie: You are not so good looking as the devil, are you?
 Parson Soother: Why, Willie, what do you mean?
 Willie: Papa says he would rather see him than you.

HOW IT WORKS.

Knicker: Our flat has special refrigerator service.
 Bocker: So has ours. But they call it steam heat.

AS TO SQUALLOP.

"Now, there's old Squallop. I reckon he's the stingiest man in the United States, and he's got money to burn. I believe he expects to take it with him when he dies."
 "Well, if he does take it with him, he'll certainly have a chance to burn it."