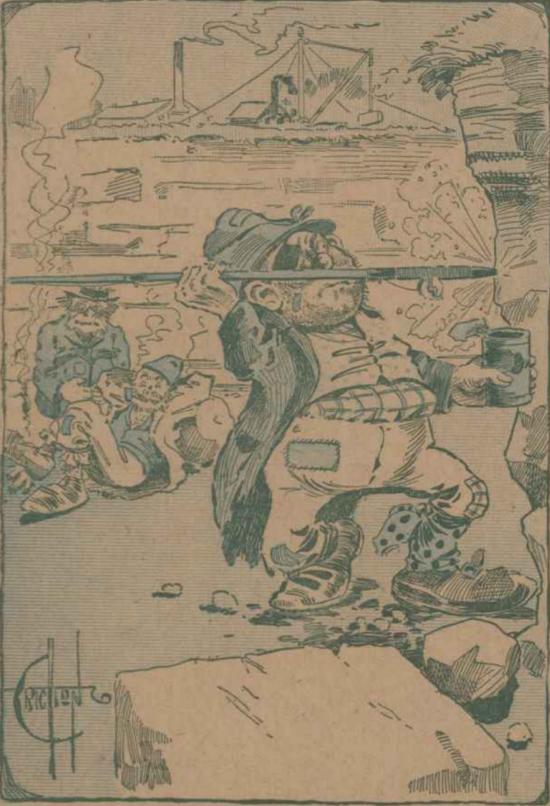


BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.



FIRST PILGRIM (in the background)—Say, wot's Percy tryin' t' do tuh dat fishin' pole? Is he bughouse?
SECOND DITTO—Naw, He's jus' heard dat a guy named Moses onct smited a rock an' water cum out. He t'inks dat mebbey he kin strike one dat gives beer.

Helping Him On.

The young man and the young woman walked along the busy street in the mild Spring evening, and all was peace and love.
Suddenly she exclaimed rather loudly: "Hic!"
He turned. She blushed.
"What's the matter?" he asked.
"Oh, nothing," she said.
In five minutes again she made the same noise. It startled him, but she again assured him that nothing was the matter, though she spoke rather pettishly, too.
For the third time, after a while, she made the noise. "Hic! hic!" she exclaimed, gulping.
"Why, you've got the hiccoughs," he said. She replied carelessly that yes, she rather thought she had. It seemed to be a bad attack, for she "hic'd" several times at intervals.
"What's good for it?" he asked in a solicitous tone.
The moment had arrived.
"I read in the paper, George," she replied, while a slight blush mantled her fair brow, "I read that a man was cured of it by eating a large plate of ice cream."
And then it flashed across him that he had heard her "hic!" each time they passed that kind of a store, and he took the hint.

ONE LEG WAS SHORT.



"Now, old Pegleg, put your helm to starboard and de bear can't catch you."



"Double on him now, Bill. He can't turn quick."

A Busted Dream.

I.—In June.
HE (soulfully)—Araminta, until I met you by the sounding sea and saw your queenly form emerge from the watery embrace of Neptune, I knew not what love was! Araminta, oh, Araminta, say that you'll be mine!
SHE (equally so)—Reginald, your words move me strangely. I scoffed, too, at love before this season, and wondered what the thing was. But your manly bearing and your guitar playing have won my simple girlish heart! Reginald, oh, Reginald, yes, I will be yours. I will!

II.—In September.
HE—See here, my good girl, I've gotter get back to the city to-morrow, and as I've been coughing up a good deal of money lately, I think it's just as well that we should come to some understanding.
SHE (coldly)—As you please.
HE—In the first place, I've been able to cut a bit of a dash down here only because I received a hundred dollars from the will of a dead aunt last Spring. As a matter of fact, my salary is eight dollars a week, and I'm in the imported grocery business.

SHE—Reginald, I will be equally frank. I make nothing a week. Still—
HE—Nothing? Who's been paying your board then? You're alone down here, ain't you?
SHE—Not alone. Are not you with me, Reginald?
HE (impatiently)—But look here, my name ain't Reginald. It's Jake.
SHE—And my name is Sarah.
HE—Well, dash it all I'm a married man!
SHE—So am I—I mean I'm a married woman, and my husband pays my board on condition I stay away from him!

Regarding Its Scope.
HE—Have you read that last French novel?
SHE—Yes.
HE—What is its tenor?
SHE—It hasn't any. It's base.



One Way.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going in swimming, kind sir," she said.
"And may I go with you and join your play?"
"If you'll keep me from drowning, kind sir, you may!"

"Alas! but I never have learned to float. To swim, tread water or row a boat; So how can I save you, my pretty maid?"
"You can go to the bottom and wait," she said.

Proving the Proverb.

CANNIBAL KING (feebly)—Soon after dining heartily on that last missionary I was attacked by nausea, followed by a feeling of complete goneness.
COURT PHYSICIAN (briskly)—Ah, yes, Your Majesty. You found it impossible to keep a good man down.

JERSEY MEANNESS.



NUTLEY COMMUTER (as conductor starts to punch his ticket)—This beautiful Summer day has made another man of me.
CONDUCTOR—That so? In that case, as commutation tickets aren't transferable, you'll have to pay fare for the other man.

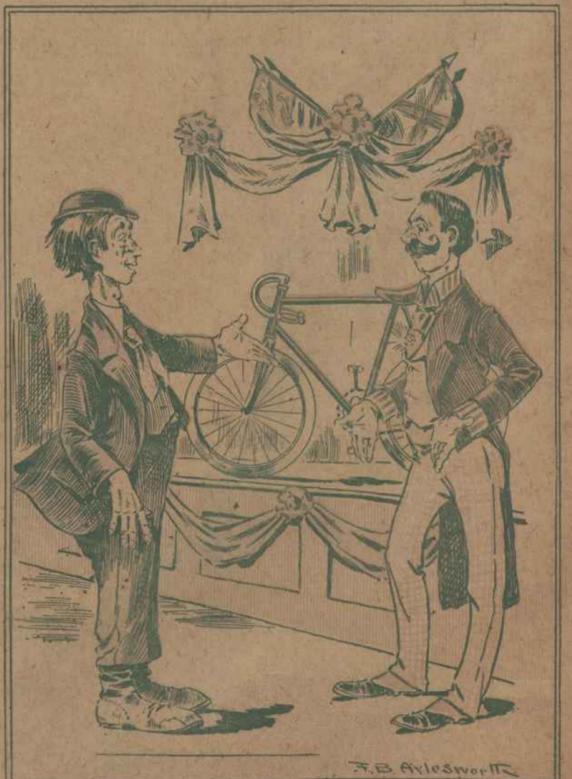
Unique.
"Yes, I come from Podunkville, Me."
"Is it noted for anything?"
"Yes. It's the only town that hasn't more pretty girls than any other place of its size in the country."

The Story of a Life.
Meeting—"Miss Raymond."
One month—"Miss Edna."
Two months—"Edna."
Three months—"Dear Edna."
Four months—"Darling."
Five months—"My little wifey."
Six months—"Mrs. Kirby."
Seven months—"Madam."
Eight months—"!!!!" (The Judge filled it in)

dealings; how he had never wronged man, woman or child knowingly, and how he had ever gone through life sustained by the self-respect that alone, etc., etc.
His sermon was a long one.
At the end of it the same laugh occurred, but with more scorn and derision in it than before.
But nobody heeded it, because nobody heard it.
The laugh came from the ghost of the dear departed, for he was the only one who knew that the preacher had uttered a pack of lies.

Abating the Nuisance.
MR. GRUMP—If Lucy doesn't stop banging that piano I'll send her to the Conservatory.
MRS. GRUMP—But I always thought you didn't like music.
MR. GRUMP—That's the reason, and I've noticed that a girl's desire to play diminishes in exact ratio with her acquisition of a musical education.

ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE MANUFACTURER.



"What's that thing in the museum for? Ain't it an ordinary bicycle?"
"Well, I should say not. That, my dear sit, is a low grade wheel."

Knew the Truth.

The funeral service of the prominent citizen was being performed with all the solemnity due to the impressive occasion, when a low, hoarse laugh of derision was indulged in by some one present.
Nobody took the slightest notice of it.
The clergyman was preaching the sermon as he stood by the edge of the grave, and the large number of mourners stood around and listened with profound attention.
The minister expatiated on the merits of the dear departed. He told what a loving son, husband and father he had been, and how carefully and religiously he had brought up his family; how honest he had always been in his

His Winning Ways.

It was just after the matinee, and the levy of fair young creatures were wending their way slowly toward the alluring fascinations of the ice cream soda sign upon the adjacent block.
"I am going for a bicycle ride with Charlie Robinson to-morrow," said Gwendolin in a triumphant tone of voice.
"Pshaw!" declared Myrtille vivaciously. "I don't see what you like in him. Brother Bob says Charlie always makes the girls pump up their own tires, and often has the cheek to ask them to mend punctures as well. Now, I like Willie Jones. He always rides first and shows you the way, and you don't have to bother about ringing your bell or falling into a mud hole or anything."
"Just exactly like Reginald," cooed Ariadne sweetly. "Why, he wout even allow me to wheel my machine up hill. Pushes both wheels himself."
"Ah!" remarked Gwendolin—the first speaker—in a far-away accent. "Yet I rather prefer Charlie Robinson. You see, he has an entirely new way of riding. Has both machines side by side, with his left arm around my waist, so as to steady me and," etc., etc.
Poor Gwendolin! She is having a hard battle to keep Charlie Robinson for herself nowadays.

Madge is thinking of marrying again.

"How can you say so? She still wears her heavy crepe veil."
"Yes, but she has on tan shoes."