



A Barefaced Lie.

"What is your business, sir?" proceeded the squire in the course of the examination.
"I am an actor!" proudly replied the member of a mammoth double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, thrusting his good right hand into the bosom of his Prince Albert coat.
"Perjury! perjury!" shouted every man in the room who had witnessed the performance upon the previous night.

A HEATED DISCUSSION.



Again.

"What"—
The bloated footman stood on the threshold of the house of the wealthy millionaire, resolved to prevent the entrance of the reporter at all hazards.
"—is it?"

The query was asked in a tone of under-bred superiority that galled the soul of the newspaper man.

"What"—
The reporter replied with another question in ill-concealed impatience.

"—is what?"
In the midst of the turmoil brought on in of the muddled mental by this embarrassing thrust, the reporter slipped by, and in a few minutes was chatting amiably with the magnate and laying the foundation for an interview in the Daily Knockout.

ALL BUSINESS.



"Excuse me," said the pretty typewriter, as the merchant put his arm around her; "but I am business, and nothing else, right through."
"All right," replied the merchant, tightening up. "This is press of business."

THE LAST KICK.



company seems to be on its last legs.
one girl in the chorus left.

Vernacular.

"He is mad!"
The new footman heard the words and trembled in his shoes.
Into what kind of a family had the fates at last thrust him? he thought.
Upstairs he heard a loud voice resounding through the hall, and occasionally a tremendous bang, as if some article of furniture were being hurled from one end of the room to another.
"He is mad!"
The servants clustered together and the expression on their faces showed that they were decidedly uncomfortable.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS, BUT WITH MORAL TO BURN.



The Biter Bit or the Dominic and the Dayhomeyan.

As for the new footman, who had arrived from England but the day before, he was in an ecstasy of terror.

He quickly became the victim of an impression that he had been employed by a wild and crazy lunatic.

Unaccustomed as he was to the American use of the word "mad," it never occurred to him that the master of the house was exasperated almost beyond endurance at not being able to find any shirt studs.

A Summer Memory.
"That was a good joke on Marie down at the beach."
"What was it?"
"Her bathing suit."

The New Woman Again.
"Who was the best man at Miss Bloomer's wedding?"
"The sister of the bride."

Hard Times in High Life.

"And so"—
The lip of the pauper Earl curled contemptuously—
"Our pork-packing father-in-law refuses further allowances and advises economy!"
The Chicago heiress he had wedded nodded affirmatively, but held her silent—
"Now I understand"—he bit himself hoarsely—"what you Americans mean by saying: 'Thin are on the swine!'"
Muttering a curse, the descendant of a hundred earls rushed out and hocked his hallidome.

A PAINFUL PARTING.



"Darling, nothing can ever separate us again."

Up-to-date Love.

The story of love may be "that old, old story," but the manner in which it is told is ever changing. This is the day of the motto button, and the end-of-the-century young man expresses his feeling for the up-to-date young woman in a style upon which as yet no grass has grown.

The two seat themselves in the parlor. The coat of the young man and the what-do-you-call-it of the young woman are covered with buttons. He hands one to her. It says:

"Girl Wanted."
She unpins one from her breast and, with a blush, hands it to him. It reads:
"How do you like my style?"
The man presents: "You tickle me nearly to death."
The Woman: "There are others."
The Man: "Nay, nay, Pauline!"
The Woman: "Oh, say not!"
The Man: "There's only one girl in the world for me."
The Woman: "I'm something of a liar myself."
The Man: "Then my name is Dennis."
The Woman: "Faint heart never won fair lady."
The Man: "My heart loveth."
The Woman: "Sixteen to one?"
The Man: "The others s'nt in it."
The Woman: "I wish I had been born lucky instead of rich."
The Man: "I am a gold bug."
The Woman: "On the dead?"
The Man: "Be mine?"
The Woman: "Oh, this is so sudden!"
Then the man takes her in his arms and he puts on so much pressure that he presents her the buttons on his vest as well as the remaining ones on his coat.

Feminine.

"What caused you to change your mind about Fred?"
"I heard him propose to my best friend one night when he did not know I was near."
"And then you decided to reject him?"
"No, indeed. I decided to accept the offer I was holding for consideration."

If you do not believe that it is the little things which we...

Incontrovertible.

"No one can say that I am not a lady of polish."
No one had tried to say it, in fact, but the remark was intended to circumvent a statement of that character if any were to think of making it.
The person who spoke was the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.



But the man who ran the draw-bridge did just the same.

Contrary.

"This condition has prevailed," said the lecturer, "since a time when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary."
"What of that?" asked the man with the mustache.
"Let it prevail until the mind of woman runne not to the contrary and you may talk at it."

OUT OF HER MINDS.



"Does it worry you much?" asked the cheerful...