The Cause of the Fuss.

"What was all that fussing and screaming on the upper floor about? asked the fat lady of the two-headed boy shortly after a series of long and loud shrieks had floated down the stairway of the dime museum.

"Oh! the snake-charming lady found a caterpillar on her arm and went into hysterics before the thing could be removed from her."

"If da actress is go'n' ter take her milk bath ter day, jes' let us know whin it's over, pard."

He Was More Than Accommodating.

"No, Archibald," said the haughty Vassar maiden, "you can never be more than a brother to me."

The crimson cheek of the downcast lover upraised. "It is hard to hear such a decision from the woman who is the angel of a worshiping man's heart," he said, "but may I ask the reason of your decision?"

"It is your right, I suppose," she answered. "Well, one week ago with my own hands I made Saratoga waffles after the most approved Vassar recipe. You gazed upon one, tried to thrust your knife through it, and, because you hadn't an axe at hand, rejected it with scorn. The next day I tried you with Mrs. Roarer's patent humtiddy biscuit; but, after breaking off two teeth and dislocating your jaw, you gave up the contest like the coward that you are. Then, still wishing not to be too hard on you, I made you sugared doughnuts, which cost me nine lessons, at $4 per, at the Nightmare Instigator Cooking College, and, after mistaking them basely for Hercules pills, you swallowed one whole, and, pocketing the rest, sent them to the Cuban insurgents for ammunition. Then, persisting still in my efforts to do anything within my power to prove that you were not a base and cruel dastard without any sympathy in your heart for the efforts of my love to try you and bring out your soldier qualities, I built you a beautiful mince pie after the most approved plans adopted by the United Boiler Workers' Pharmacopeia, but, after one or two half-hearted onslaughts, you slid the hot slab under your waistcoat and sent it to the marble cutters to be carved with your name and date of birth, to be used as a headstone on your demise. No, no, do not enter one word of protest, for I know the truth, and we must part forever."

"Ah, I see," moaned the lover, bowed down with blasted hopes. "I thought you wanted a husband who was a poet, a man of sympathy and of means to cherish you forever, but I was wrong. However, as I have no feelings but those of kindness toward you, I will bring you two acquaintances of mine who will bear every test—doubtless. And the one who still lives after the ordeal you may make your own."

"Thank you," said the fair one. "And may I ask who they are?"

"Certainly," replied the lover. "One is a glass eater in a Bowery museum and the other travels in a circus as the 'gent with the iron jaw.'"

But the sweet listener only sighed. "Alas," she said, "I fear then that I am doomed to perpetual girl-bachelorhood; for, could I not find these two convenient heroes combined in one, marriage is not for me."

At the Swagger Club.

"I see that a member of the '400' has promised to introduce a tailor's son into society this Winter in order to balance an outstanding account.'

"Whew! I don't wonder they say that some people will go through purgatory in order to collect a bill."

It is a clear-headed man who never mistakes his luck for ability.

To Be Cast Out.

"He must be exorcised!"

The two men surveyed the restive horse critically and speculated on its various merits and demerits.

"You say"——

The speaker was evidently the owner of the horse.

——"that the animal"——,

He turned his eyes toward the other man, equally evidently the groom.

——"has been eating his head off"——

He moved aside to avoid a kick from the restless hoofs.

——"and developed a devil of a temper?"

The groom nodded respectfully and added that the horse had been shut up some time.

The owner thereupon repeated that he ought to be exorcised.

His reference was of course, to the devil of a temper and the reader can, therefore, drop his superior smile caused by the thought that he had detected a typographical error.

It was only the owner's way of speaking.

A Reminiscence of Summer.

I saw her clinging to a rope—
A maid of beauty rare;
Within my heart there rose the hope
That I might meet her there.

At last across her charming face
A look of horror sped—
She seemed to swerve from place to place,
The salt surf beat her head.

"Fair maid," I cried, in tones discreet,
"Pray let me take your hand!"
Quoth she, "For ——'s sake take my feet
And stick them in the sand!"

An All-Star Ballet.

OPERA HOUSE MANAGER—Well, what sort of a ballet has this new attraction of yours, anyway?

ADVANCED AGENT—Ballet? The finest on the road! Sixty dancers, and every dancer "the only and original far-famed Fatima, from the World's Fair Plaisance."

Sinners to Burn.

"How do you like your new charge, Brother Longnecker?" inquired the Reverend Mr. Smiles, addressing the pastor of the Rapidville Church, who had been recently transferred thither by the conference.

"Ah, Brother Smiles," replied the god man sadly, "I am bowed in spirit and my heart is daily torn with sorrow because of the sins and shortcomings of my people. The condition of affairs in the church is truly deplorable; there are quarrels and dissensions almost continually, backbiting and recrimination seemingly without end. One of the deacons is suspected of leading a double life, and another is a confirmed and unscrupulous horse trader. A prominent member is believed to be addicted to gambling, another is an opium fiend and a third derives his income from violating the prohibitory law. Another delights in horse racing, and the leader of the Bible class is suspected of indulging in periodical debauches. One of the most active workers among the ladies is a kleptomaniac, another has been sued for slander by the superintendent of the Sabbath school, and there is believed to be a bigamist in the choir. The young women of the congregation are frivolous and given to dancing, and the young men regularly attend the Sunday ball games. It is terrible, Brother Smiles, terrible!"

"My goodness, Brother Longnecker," replied the Reverend Mr. Smiles, who still had a slight streak of worldliness in his composition, "you've got sinners to burn, haven't you?"

A Stage Beauty.

Twas on the stage I saw her first,
With flaxen hair and eyes of blue—
So young was she, I could but sigh:
"Soubrette, perhaps, or Ingenue!"
Unmindful of the gaping throngs—
Her ease would quite astonish you,
So young was she, but then the stage
Was only a Fifth avenue.

A Good Substitute.

FIRST BURGLAR—There, it's just my luck! This man's awake ,and I have forgotten my sand bag.

SECOND BURGLAR—Don't worry. I just stumbled over a soft pillow.

No Reward Offered.

"What do they mean by 'Virtue is its own reward?'"

"I suppose they mean that it is no use advertising when it is lost.

"Did you ever see 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room?'"
"No, but I've seen ten bar rooms in a night."

The Thin Man's Narrow Escape.

A Broadway cable car, late at night, was on its down trip. At Cortlandt street a tall, thin man with long hair, a shiny felt hat that was too small a shiny frock coat that was too long and shiny black trousers that were too short, got aboard In a front corner of the car sat a fat man with a big valise. There were seats a-plenty, but the tall, thin man walked the length of the car and sat down next the fat man in the corner.

"Erastus G. Lovell, of Hackensack!" exclaimed the thin man, "how are you to-night?"

The fat man stared a moment at the speaker and replied with some asperity.

"I am not Erastus G. Lovell, of Hackensack, but I am quite well to-night."

"Not Erastus G. Lovell, of Hackensack!" said the thin man apparently much surprised. "Why are you sure?"

"Well, I guess I ought to know who I am!" exclaimed the fat man.

"Certainly, sir, certainly To be sure," asserted the thin man. "But, mercy! How could I be so much mistaken? Why, if I had gone on with what I had on my mind I would have been mortified beyond measure. I was so sure you were Erastus G. Lovell, of Hackensack."

"Mistakes like that frequently happen," said the fat man, his good nature restored.

"Yes, I know," said the thin man. "But it is the thought of the mortification I would have suffered if I had gone and done what I had on my mind, and then found that you were not Erastus G. Lovell, of Hackensack, is what annoys me. Mercy!"

The fat man smiled reassuringly and bowed.

"Yes, indeed!" continued the thin man. "I don't know what bade me pause on this occasion, for I always go straight up to Erastus G. Lovell, of Hackensack, and say: 'Lend me a dollar until to-morrow!' Now, if I had done that to-night, and, after you had lent me the dollar, I had discovered that you were not Erastus G. Lovell, of Hackensack, just see how deadly my mortification would have been! Mercy! It makes me cold to think of it."

The fat man assured him with a smile that there would have been no occasion whatever for mortification on that score.

"Thanks! thanks!" exclaimed the thin man. "You are very kind! But I don't know that I ought to accept it even until to-morrow. If you were only Erastus G. Lovell, of Hackensack, now. You are so exceedingly like him in looks and manner."

The fat man bowed again, but his smile was missing. The car was nearing the end of the route.

"If, as you say, my fears of being mortified beyond measure if I had gone at you as though you were Erastus G. Lovell, of Hackensack, are groundless," continued the thin man, blandly, "I will put the thought aside and accept the loan—but only until to-morrow. Only until to-morrow."

The car hadn't stopped yet, but the fat man grabbed his valise, hurried to the platform and jumped off, looking back as he rushed for the sidewalk as if he feared the thin man was in pursuit. The thin man wasn't. He sat still and watched the fat man as he disappeared. Then he arose, mopped his forehead with a red handkerchief, and, as the car stopped at the end of Broadway, said to the conductor:

"It's terrible nowadays how tight the money market is, ain't it?"

But the conductor said nothing, and the thin man got off.

ED MOTT.

TURNING THE HOSE ON HIM.

One On Him

CLUBSON—Higbee has been bragging that he just imported those Winter togs from London, but—

RIPLEY—But what?

CLUBSON—He might have taken the precaution to empty out the camphor balls from the pockets before he put on his big front.

"How did Washington first make his marks?"
"With a hatchet."

They Took Offence.

ALETHEA—Mother, I fear you have offended Professor Clawer and Herr Von Pounder. What did you say to them just now?

MRS. NEWROCKS (complacently)—Why, I have been complimenting them most highly upon their playing. I told them I never before so greatly enjoyed a piano duel in my life.

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER.

HE BECAME SPEECHLESS FROM THE SHOCK.