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BUT WHERE WAS THE WATERMELON?



"Rastus! what is you, chile?"

"Here I is!"

WHAT BACHELORS DON'T KNOW.

SUB-EDITOR.—Who originated the expression, "There is nothing like leather?"

EDITOR (*a man of family*).—I don't know; but he must have been an old bachelor.

GETTING IT DOWN FINE.

GUEST.—What's this extra charge of five dollars for?

HOTEL CLERK.—That's for fees which you neglected to give the waiter.

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT.

That old woman  
Who lived in a shoe,  
Probably lived  
In Chicago, too.

Ogden Ward.



TRICKS IN ALL TRADES.

CUSTOMER.—I would like you to repair this watch. Now, I don't want you to tell me the whole mechanism is out of order and it will take two weeks to repair it, and cost half what the watch is worth. You can't fool me! I know a trick or two.

WATCHMAKER (*meehly*).—H'm! You are a watchmaker, I presume?

CUSTOMER.—No; a doctor.

SUPPRESSED INEXPRESSIBLES.

WHIPPER.—Who was Rosalind in Mrs. Markham's presentation of "As You Like It?"

SNAPPER.—Miss Morton.

WHIPPER.—Was she dressed as the play demands, in the forest scene?

SNAPPER.—Yes; but she stood behind a tree all the time.

A GOOD DEAL TO GIVE UP.

JENNY.—Jack, you ought to make some sacrifice to prove that you love me. Come, now; what will you give up when we are married?

JACK.—Jenny, I'll—I'll give up being a bachelor.

HER WISH.

The tanned and freckled Summer Girl  
Has one absorbing dream—  
She wants to own that kind of cow  
From which they get cold cream.



A GREAT CREATION.

MR. HARDACRE.—I tell you what, Becky; this 'ere fly-paper I brought from town is great! Hits 'em every time. (*Shwack!*) Here goes another victim!

SAVING THE BANK.

BANK STOCKHOLDER.—See here! I've learned that our cashier is living 'way beyond his means.

BANK DIRECTOR.—My! My! That won't do. We must give him more salary.

HORRIBLE THOUGHT.

HOFFMAN HOWES.—Did you know that Willy Weevles buys his clothes weady-made?

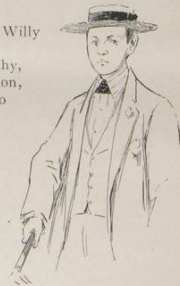
HOWELL GIBBON.—Oh, Hoffie, don't! Why, the same things he weahs might fit some common, awdinawy peshon just as well. It's howwible to think of!

AN UNFORTUNATE NAME.

WEARY RAGGLES (*in the City Hall Park*).—Hullo, Grubb! You are havin' quite a sun-bath.

DALY GRUBB.—A sun *what?*

WEARY RAGGLES.—A sun-bath. (*DALY GRUBB hurriedly finds a seat in the shade.*)



WHEN THE public has faith in a writer's name, it is a faith which must be backed up by good works.