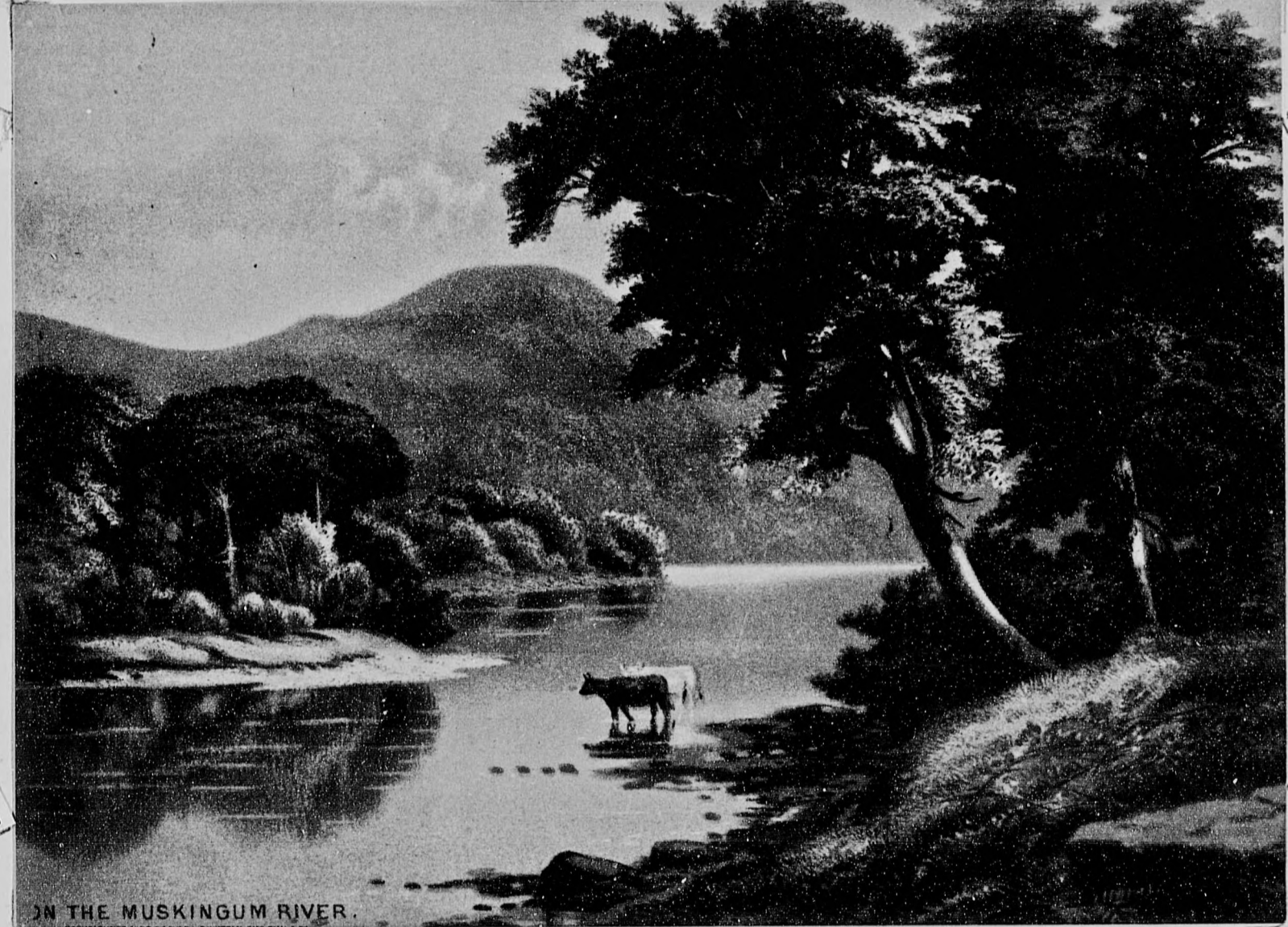




Boswell once asked Johnson if there was a possible circumstance under which a divorce would be "justifiable." "No," was the reply. "Well," said Boswell, "suppose a man had been guilty of a fraud that he was certain would be found out?" "Why, then," said Johnson, "in that case, let him go to some country where he is not known; and not to the devil, where he is known."



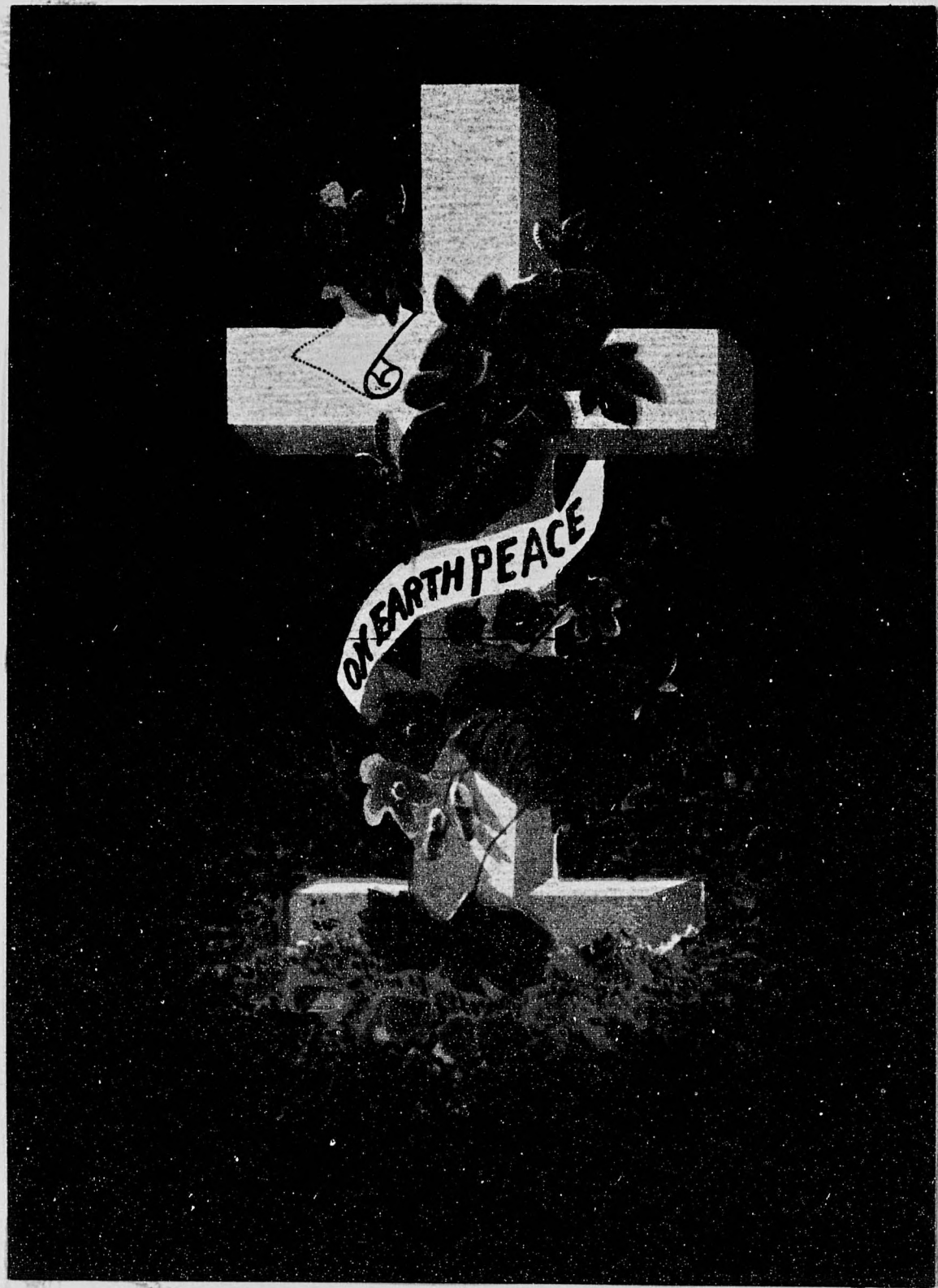
DURING a revival in one of our Western cities, an individual noted for his untidy dress was proclaiming that he had had a "change of heart," whereupon a disgusted auditor remarked: "I am glad to hear it; now, you had better change the next thing to it." "What is that?" said the convert. "What is next to godliness?" "Cleanliness is."



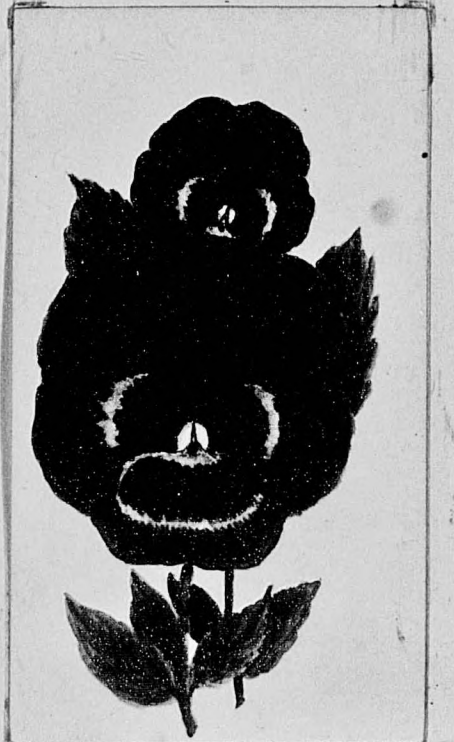
"They tell me Brown has a great ear for music," said Fenderson. "Yes," replied Fogg; "I knew he had a great ear, two of them, in fact; but I did not know that they were for music. I supposed they were for brushing flies off the top of his head!"







*Florinda Sears.*



How to Treat the Oyster,  
Don't drown him deep in vinegar,  
Or season him at all;  
Don't cover up his shining form,

*J. B. Holden*

With pepper, like a pall;  
But gently lift him from his shell  
And firmly hold your breath,  
Then, with your eager tongue and teeth,  
Just tickle him to death.—New York







*Conice Cantrell*

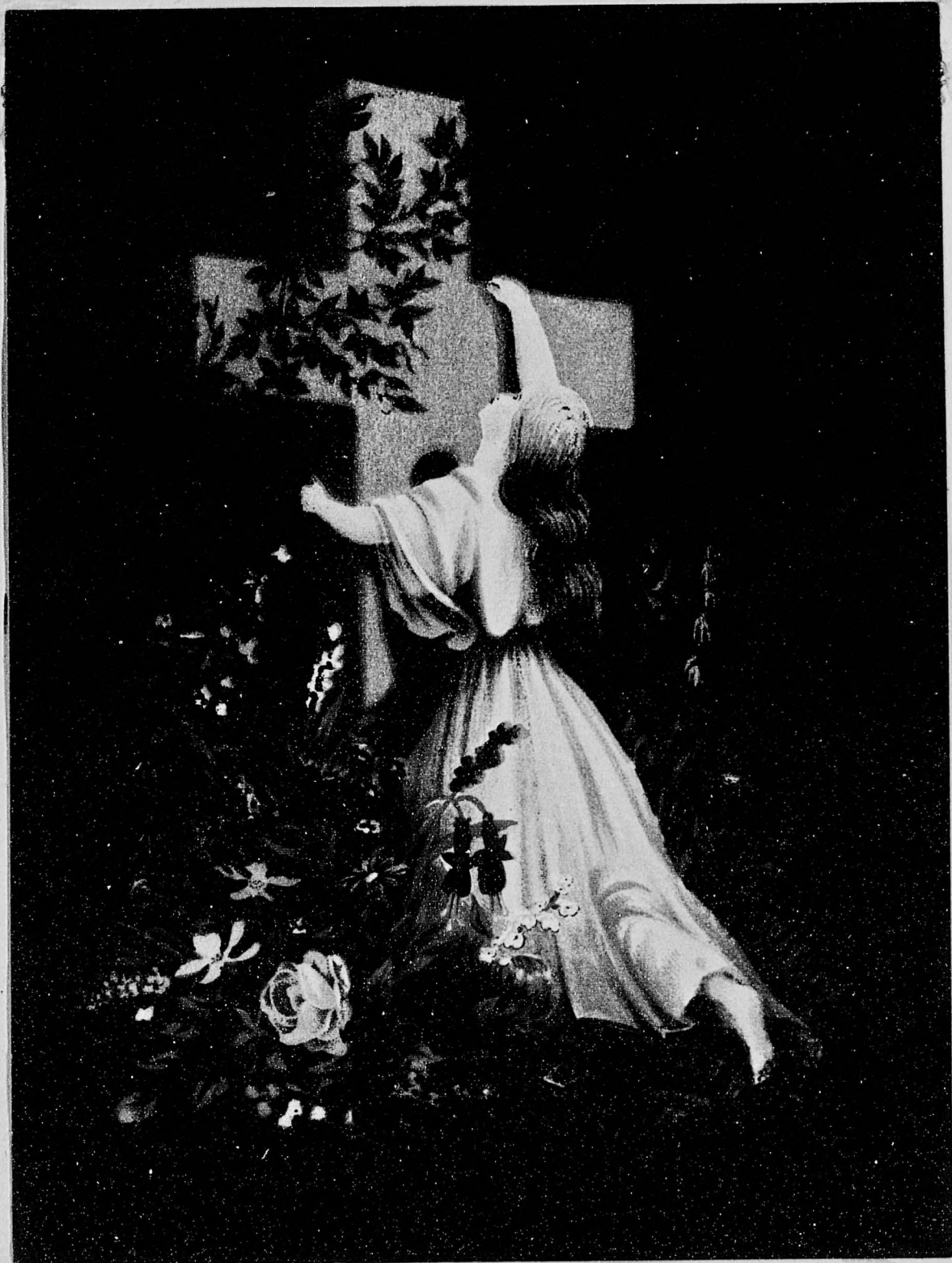
—An envelope is like a woman. It can't go any where without address.



A white squall caught a party of tourists moving across a lake in Scotland, and threatened to capsize the boat. When it seemed that the crisis was come, the largest and physically strongest of the party, in a state

*G. H. Cantrell*

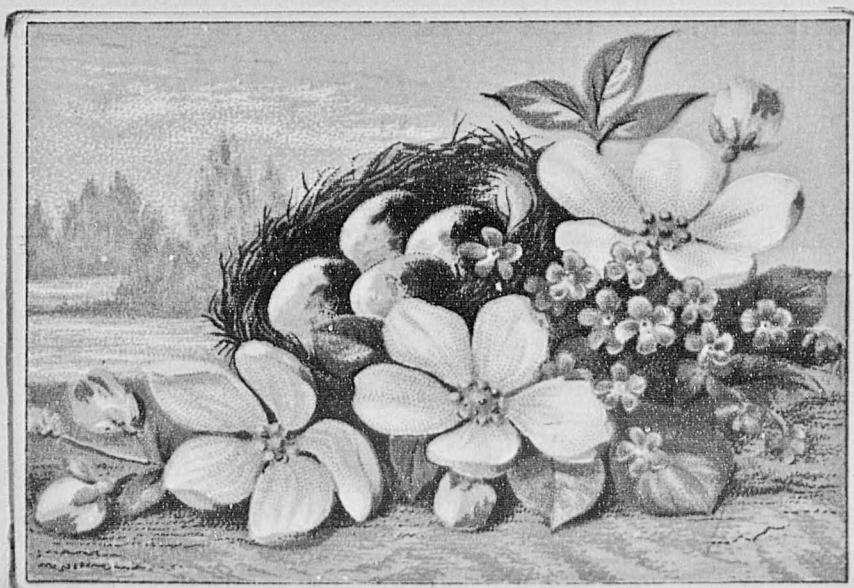
of intense fear, said: "Let us pray." "No, no, my man," shouted the bluff old boatman, "Let that little man pray: you take an oar."



*Adaline Cantrell*



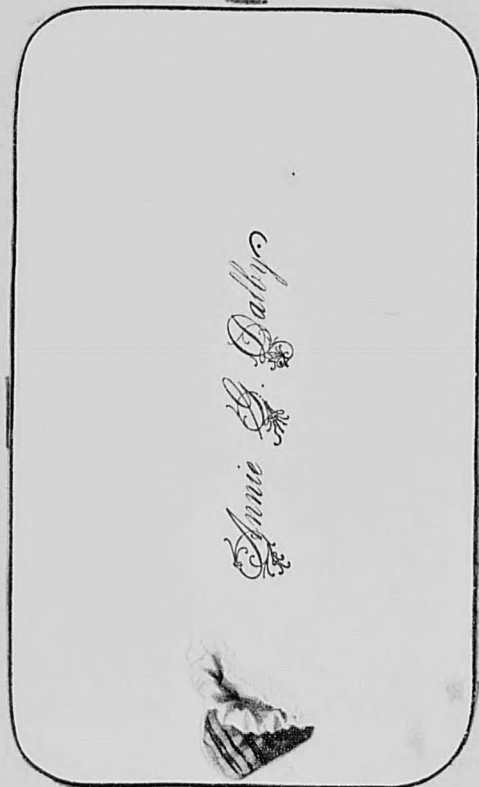
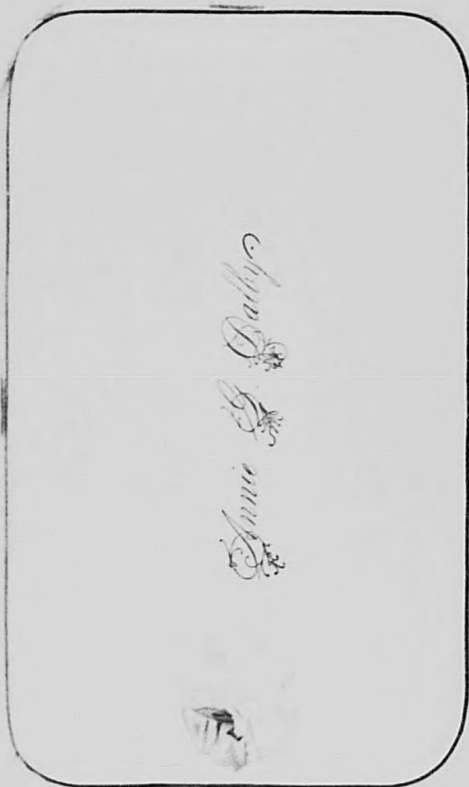
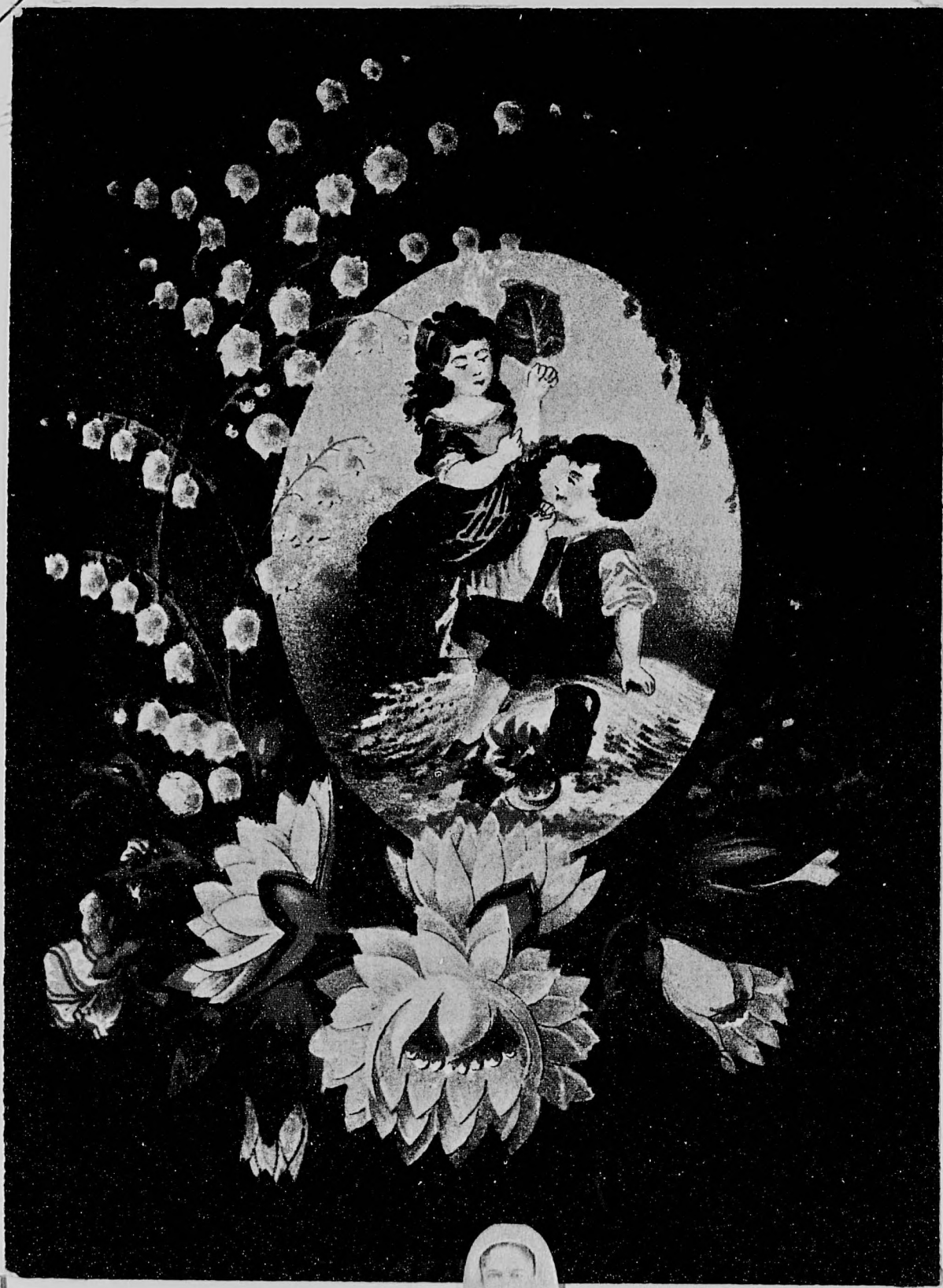
*Elizabeth Cantrell*



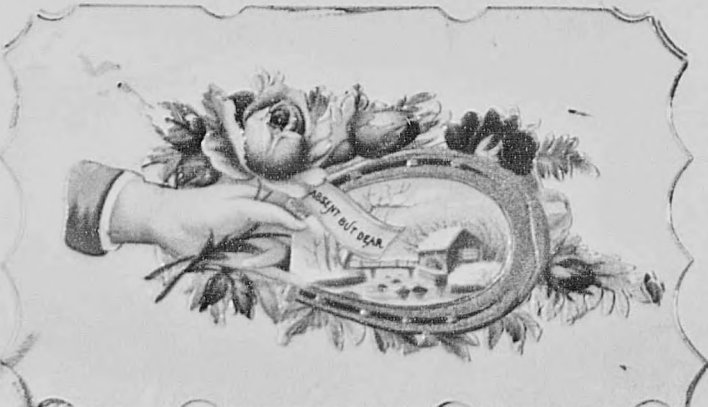




Elizabeth Ann Sears



Marritta Stever.







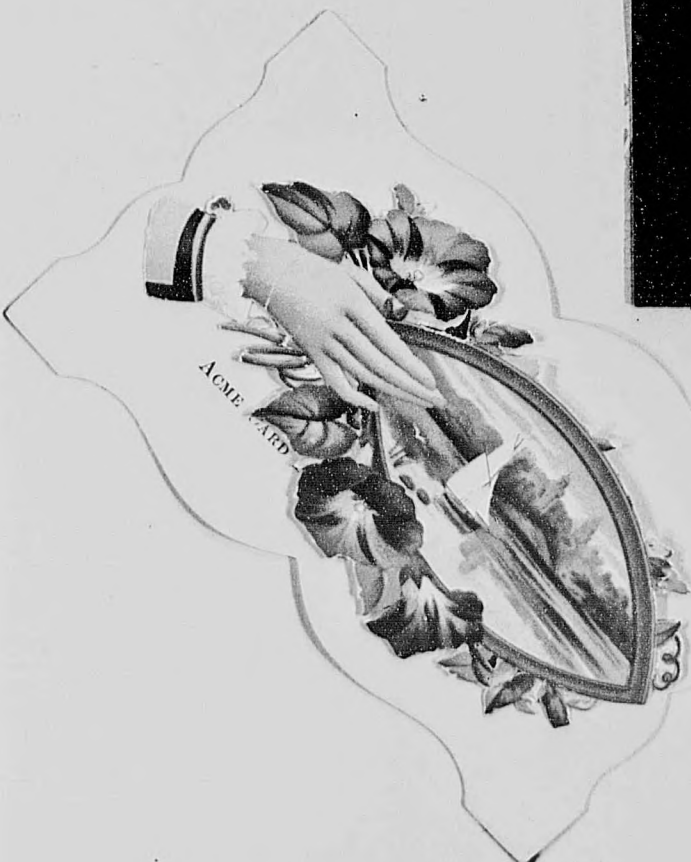
"Isn't my photograph excellent?" said a young wife to her husband.—"Well, my dear," replied he, "I fancy there's a little too much repose about the mouth for it to be quite natural."

*Dorothy Wright.*



At a party a young lady began a song "The Autumn days have come, ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screamed out, then stopped. "Start her at five thousand," cried out an auctioneer present.

*Doretta Horton*





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ALLEN B. WRISLEY'S  
WHITE BORAX SOAP.

YUM YUM USES



ALLEN B. WRISLEY'S  
WHITE BORAX SOAP.

David G. Gill.



J. AUSTEN & Co.  
Proprietors.

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PER BOTTLE

Elizabeth M. Gill.



Esther Gill.

LET the people praise Thee, O  
God: let ALL the people praise  
Thee. —Ps 67: 3.



Margaret C. Gill.



BALL'S CORSETS NEED NO BREAKING IN



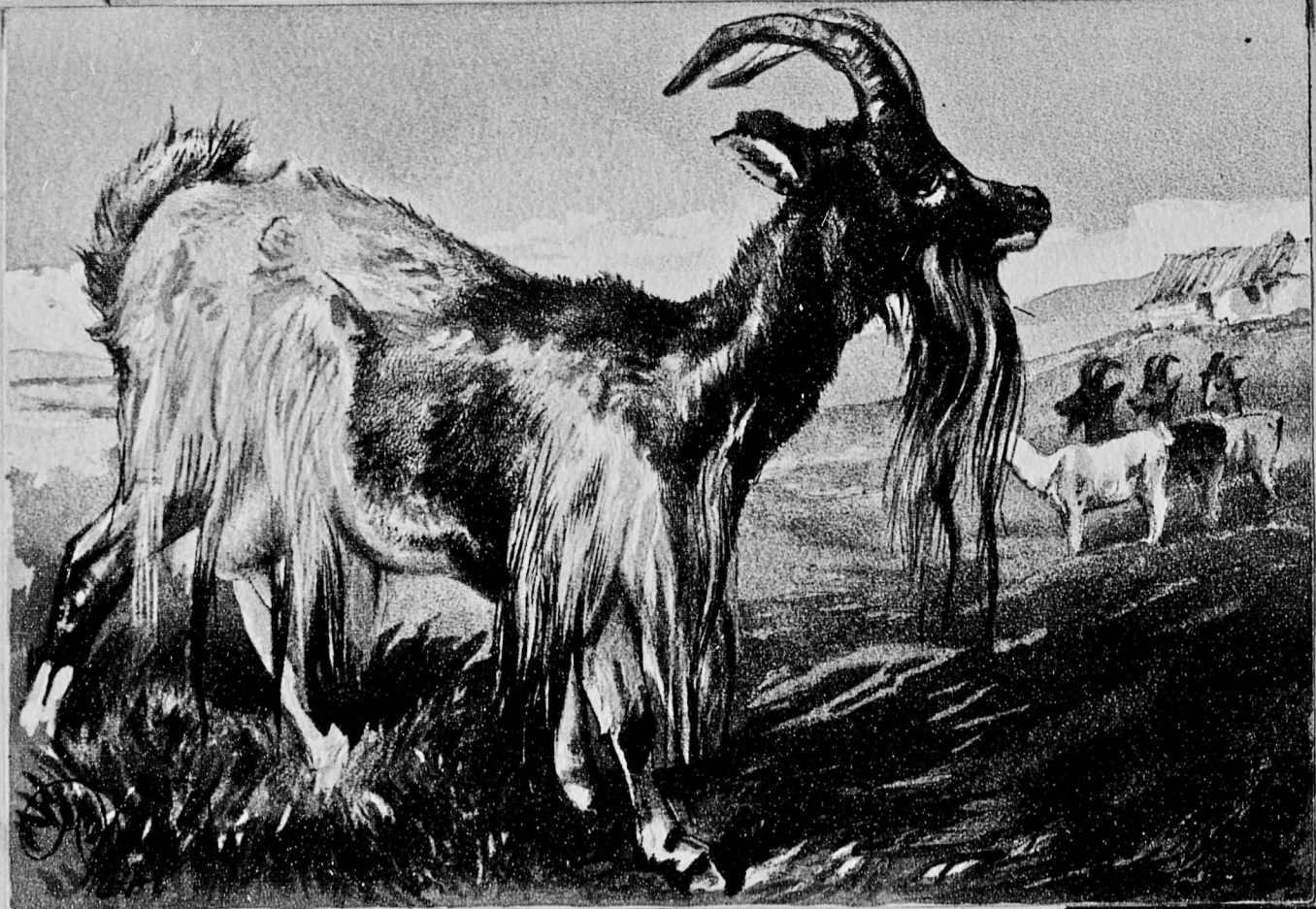








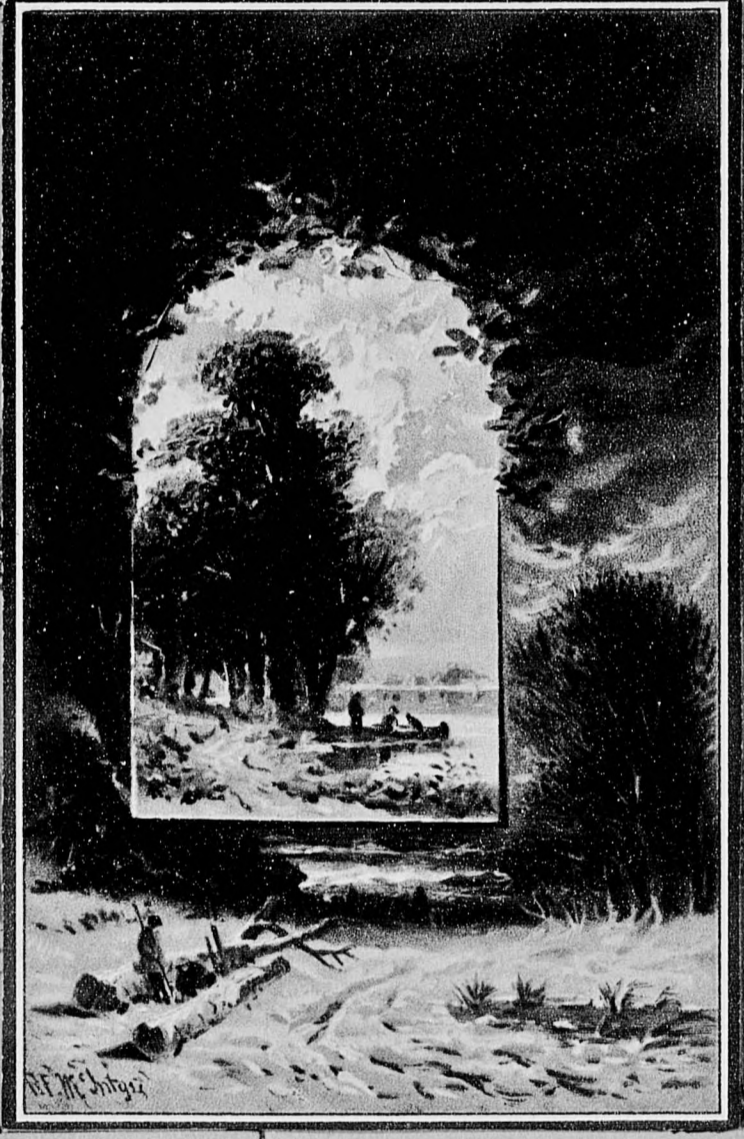
LUTHER L. ATWOOD,  
APOTHECARY,  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.



LUTHER L. ATWOOD,  
APOTHECARY,  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.



A BRIGHT AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

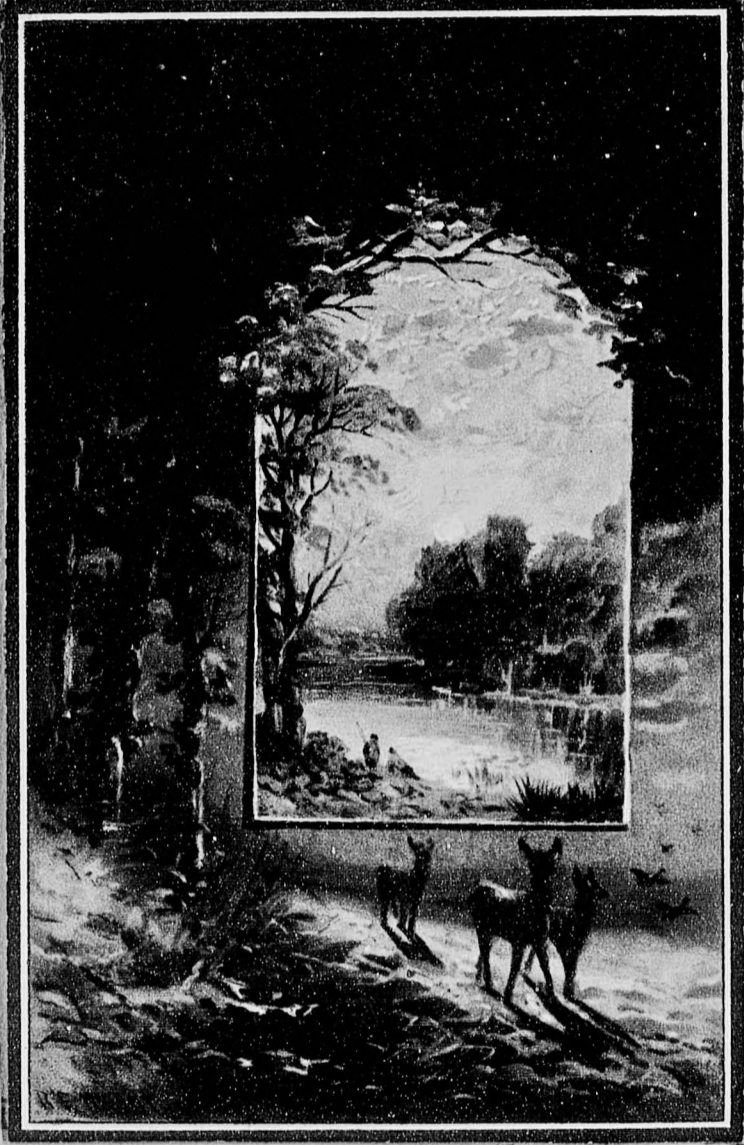
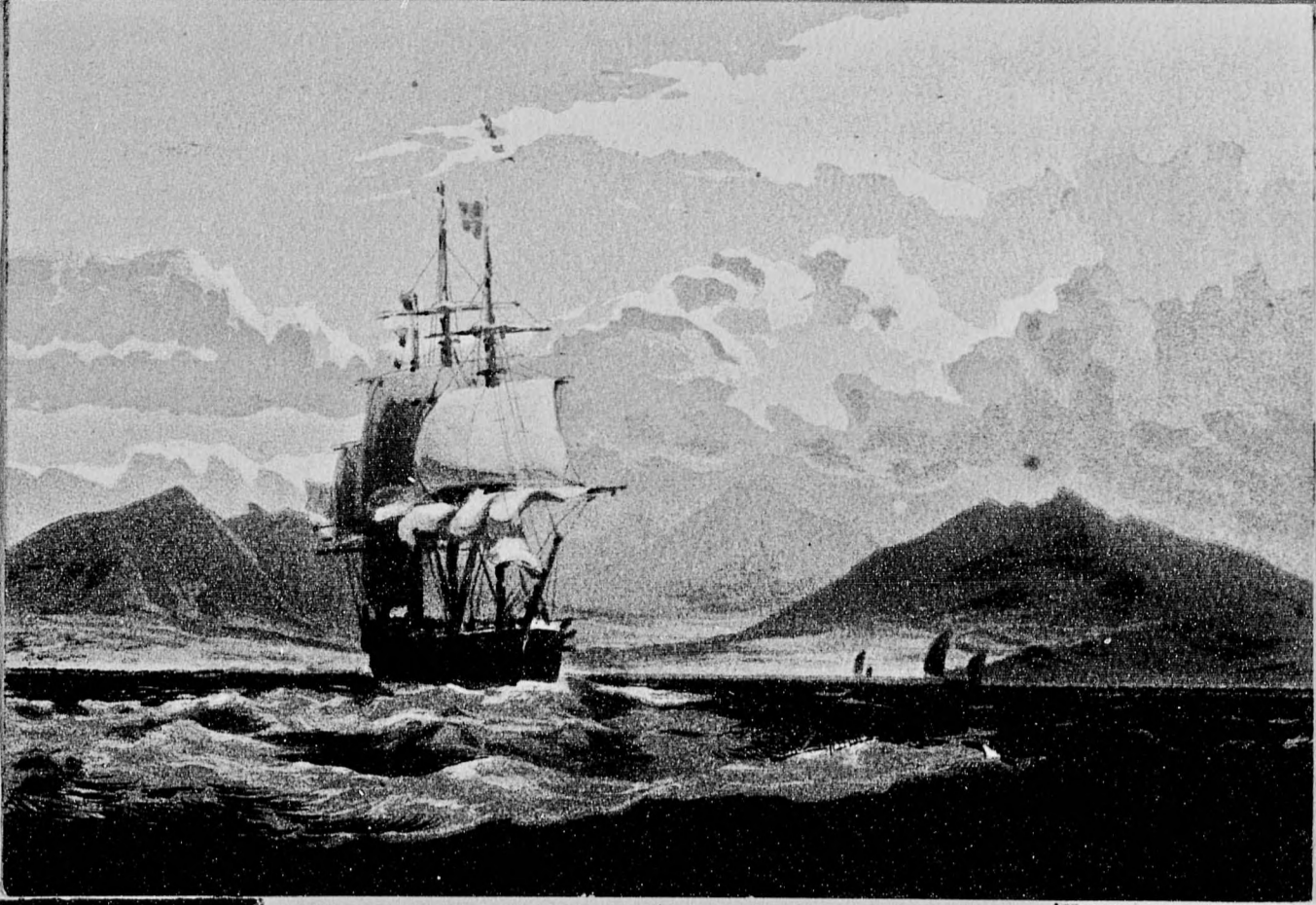


LUTHER L. ATWOOD,  
APOTHECARY,  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

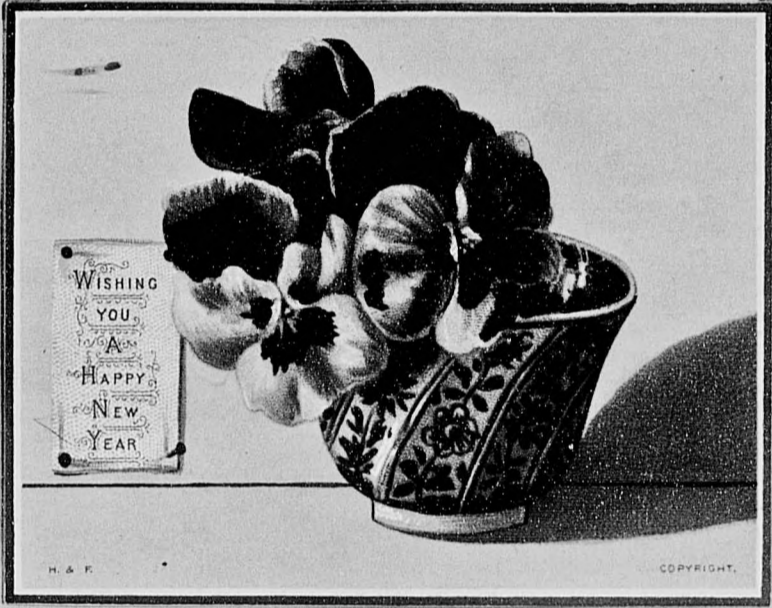


Sherman & Francis

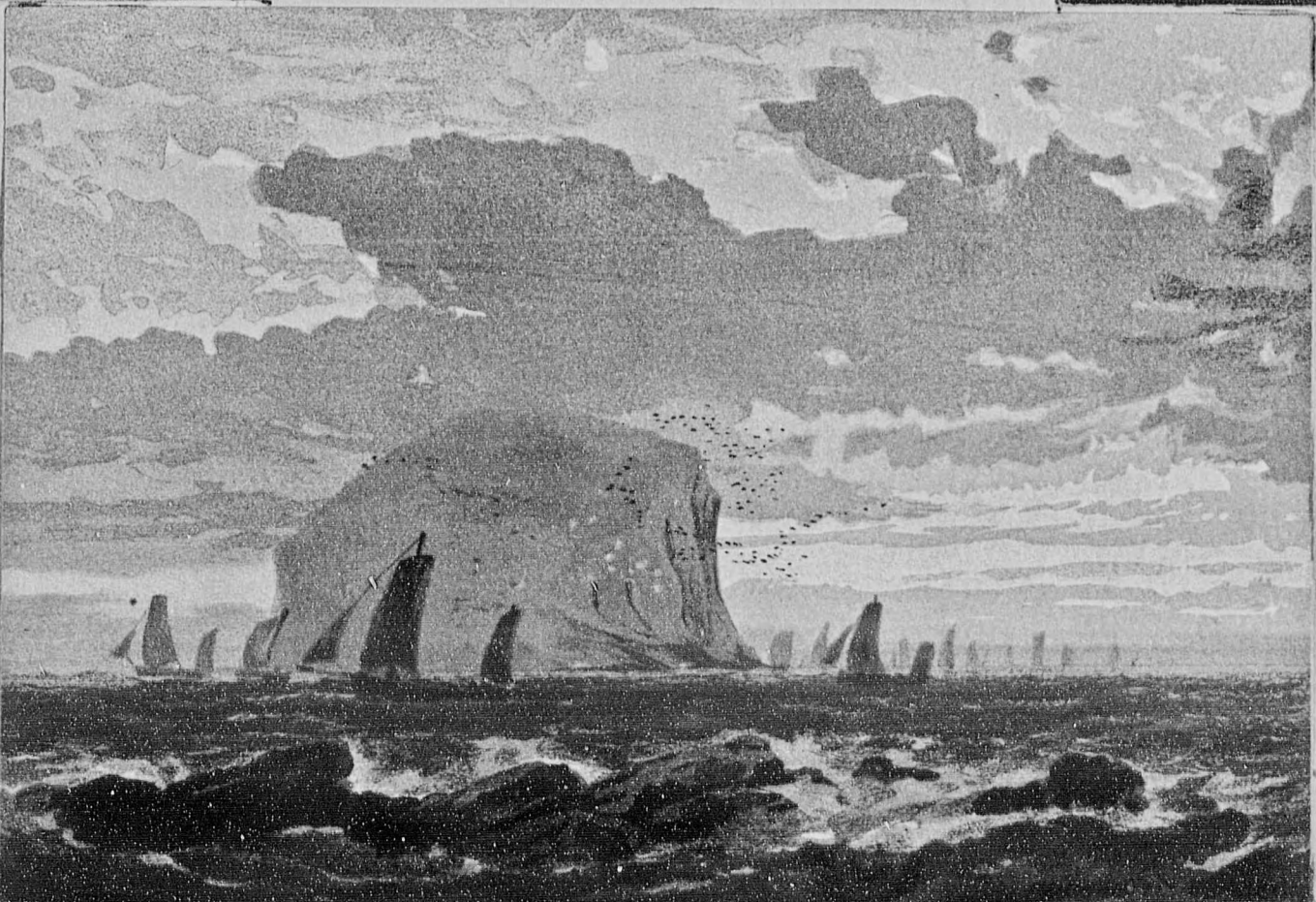




*Helen A. Stone.*



*Amelia J. Calver.*





Scenes on Millers River  
THE FACTORIES

on which are located  
ORANGE MASS.

Compliments  
**NEW HOME**  
*Sewing Machine Co.*  
ORANGE,  
MASS.

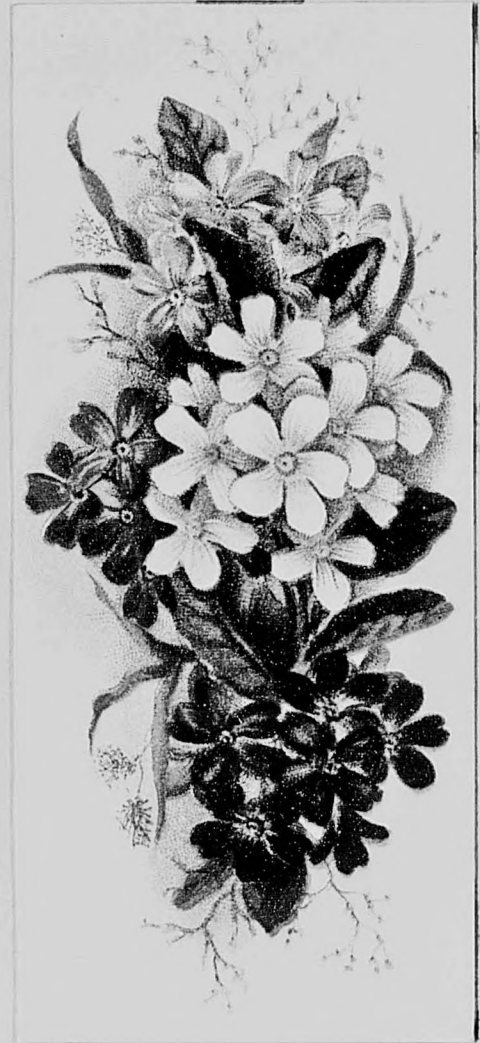


Putnam's Meadow  
vicinity of  
Orange Mass.

Compliments  
**NEW HOME**  
*Sewing Machine Co.*  
ORANGE,  
MASS.

INDUSTRIAL GEMS.

COMPLIMENTS  
OF THE SEASON  
**JULIUS SAUL,**  
SPRING 1884.



CLARK'S  
MILE-END  
TRADE MARK  
30 CUT FOR

This happy day  
begin a  
HAPPY-YEAR.

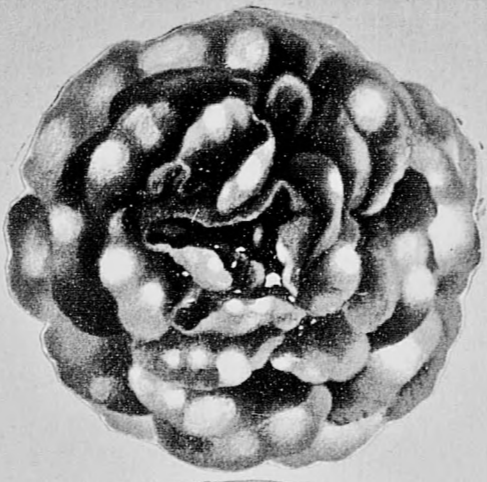
CLARK'S  
MILE-END  
TRADE MARK  
30 CUT FOR





ASTER.

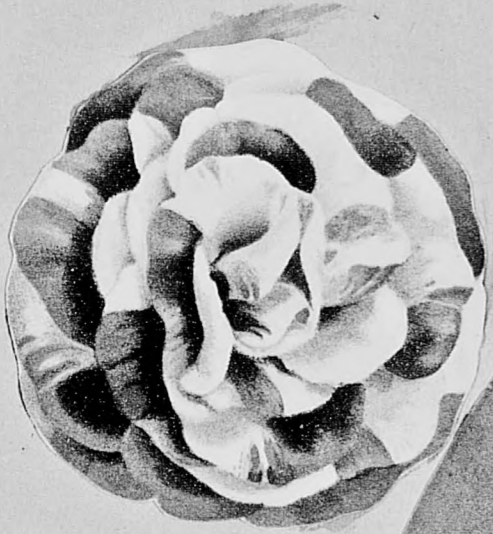
*Angelina Turner*



*Miss L. Platt*



HELIOTROPE

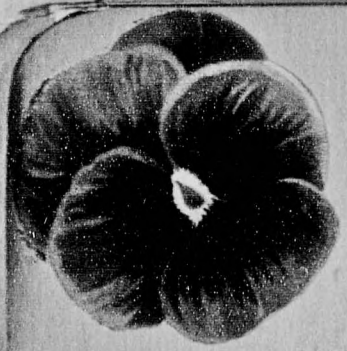


CASTOR BEAN.

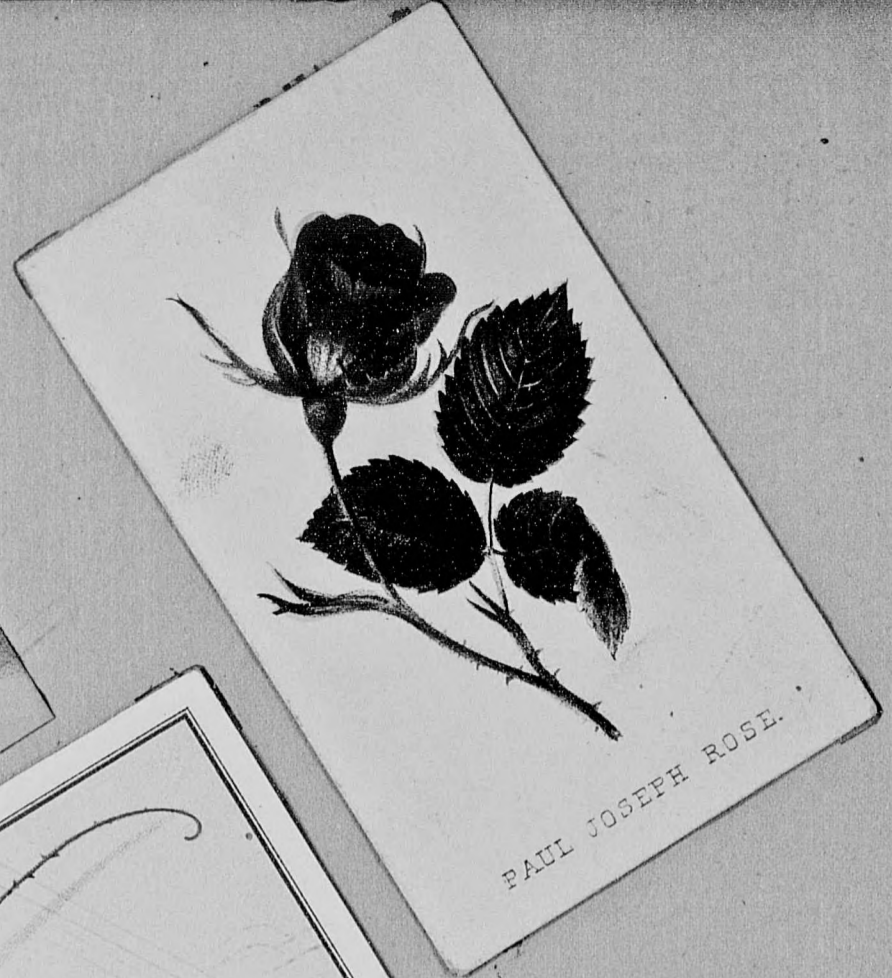


SMILAX.





HAPPY CHRISTMAS EVE

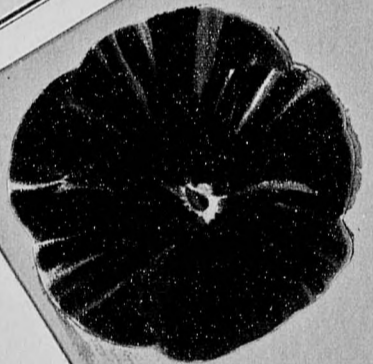


PAUL JOSEPH ROSE.



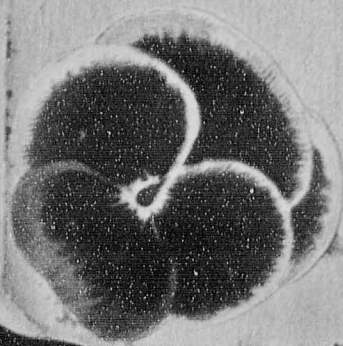
Give me Thy counsel for my guide  
And then receive me to Thy bliss,  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this.

No. 131

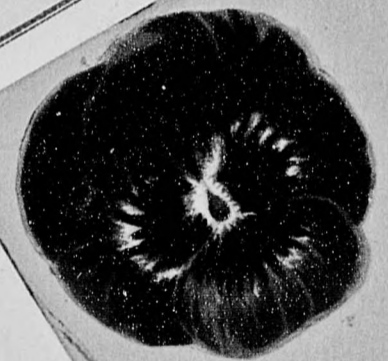
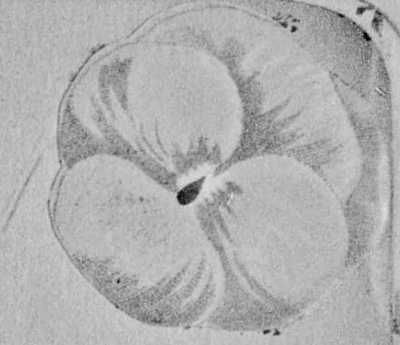


The eternal God is thy refuge.  
Deut. XXXIII, 27.

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Matilda Reed.



He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

Heb. XIII. 5. 1556



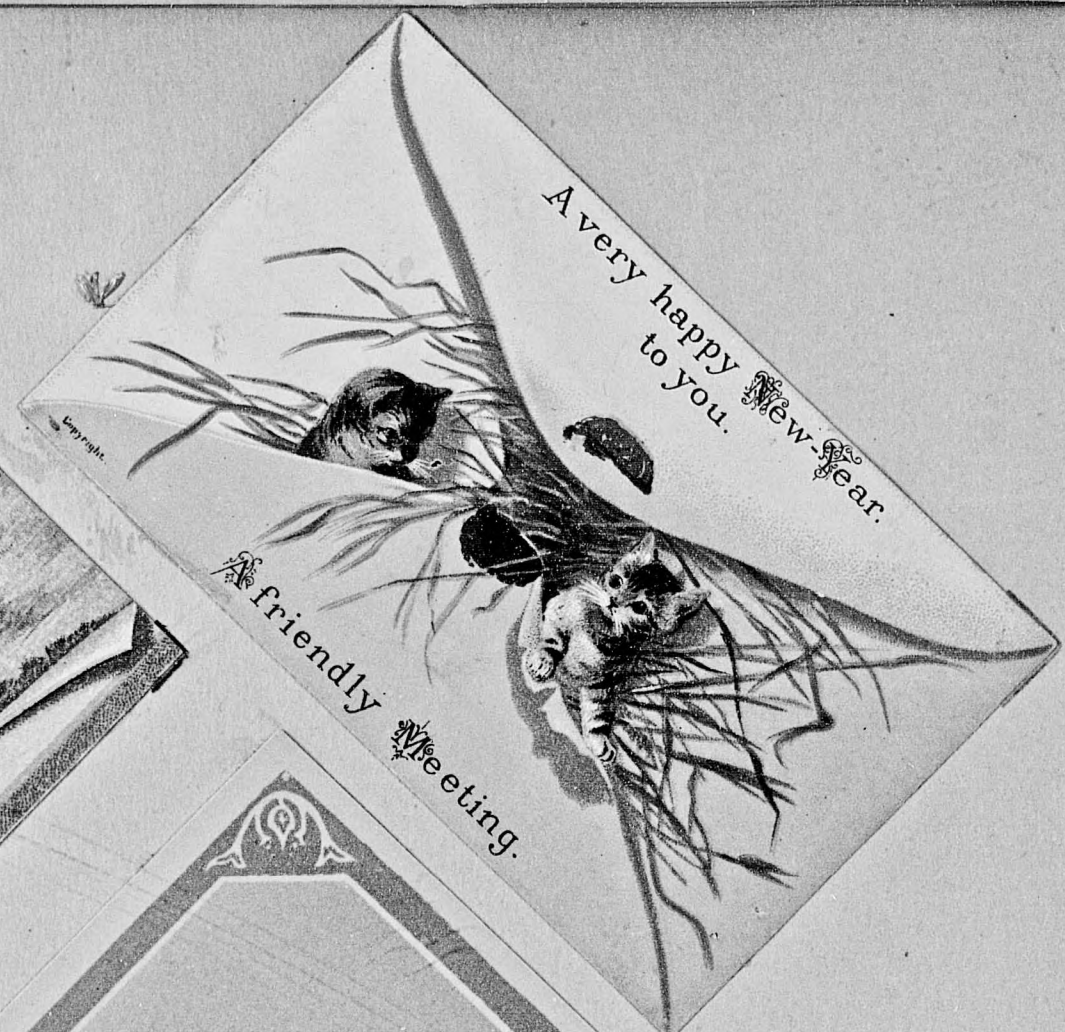








CINERARIA



A very happy New Year to you.

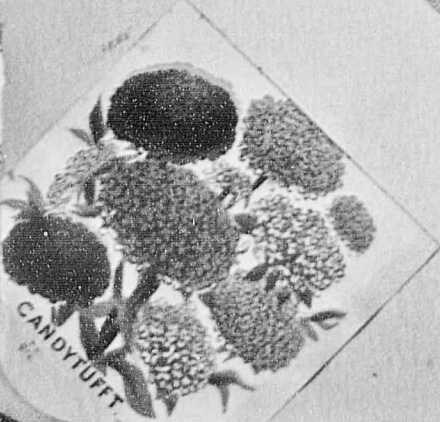
friendly meeting.



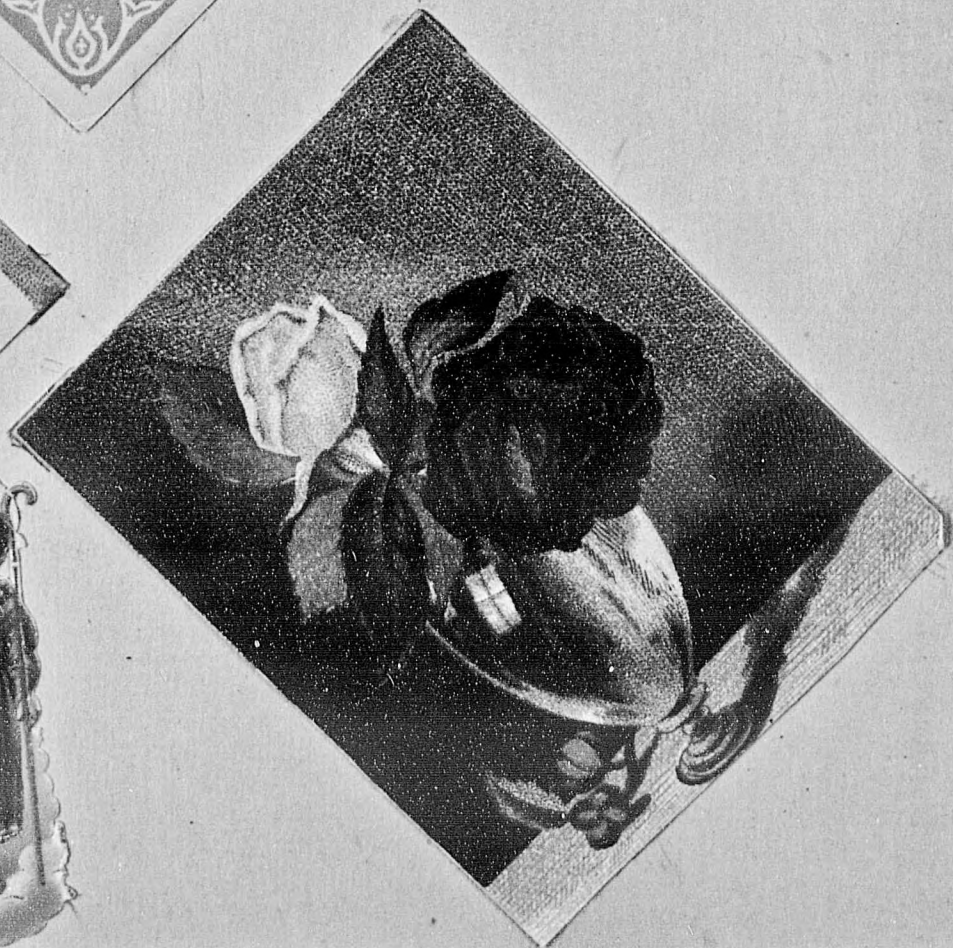
PRIMULA SINENSIS



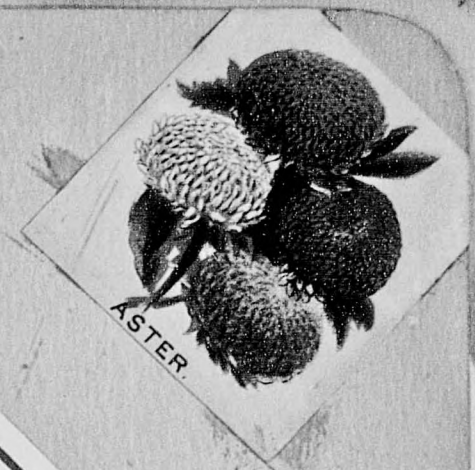
Happy may thy Birthday be.



CANDYTUFF









Little Beauty.

Lillian M. Barber.



HOWEVER it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets  
And simple faith than Norman blood.



GLOBE AMARANTH.



PETUNIA.



A glad New Year.

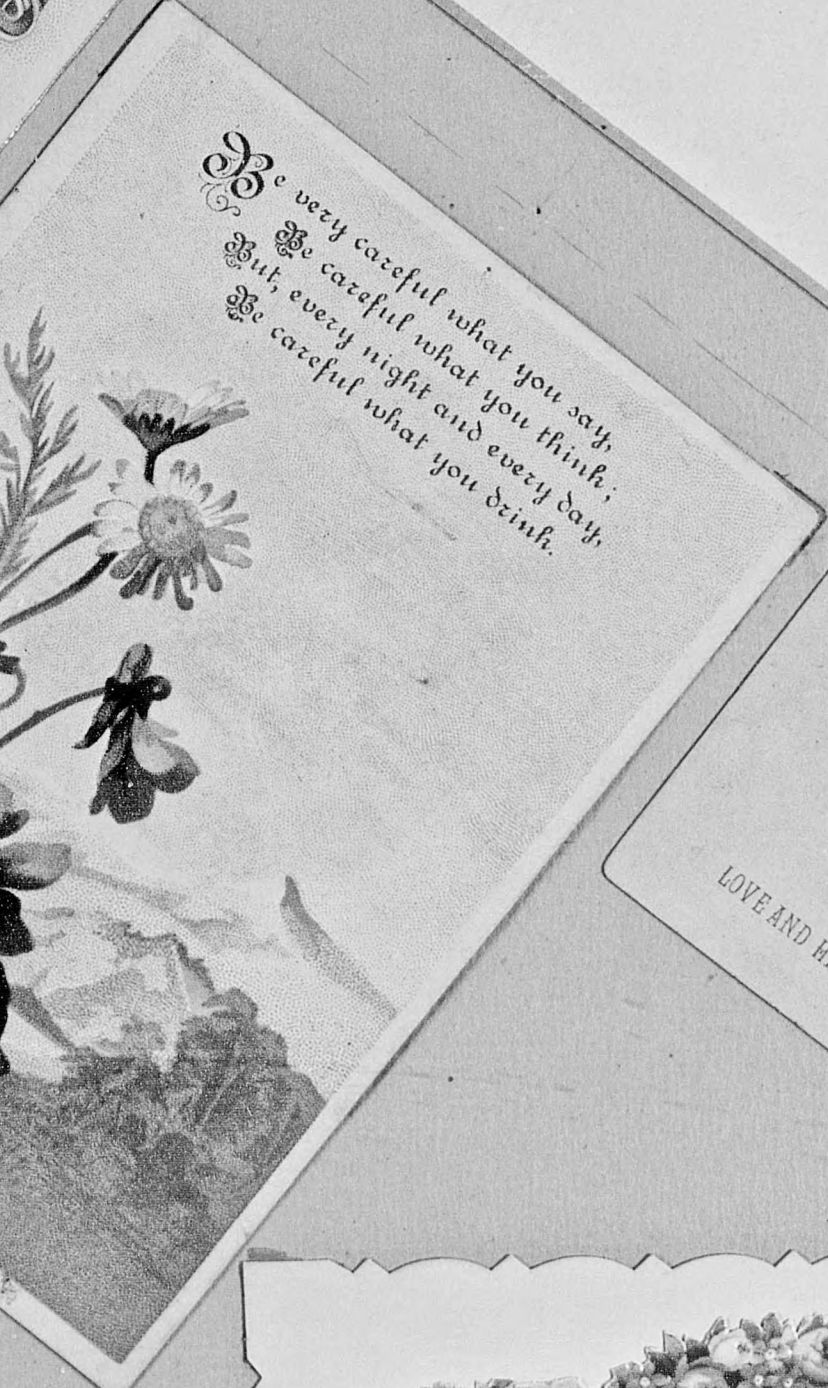
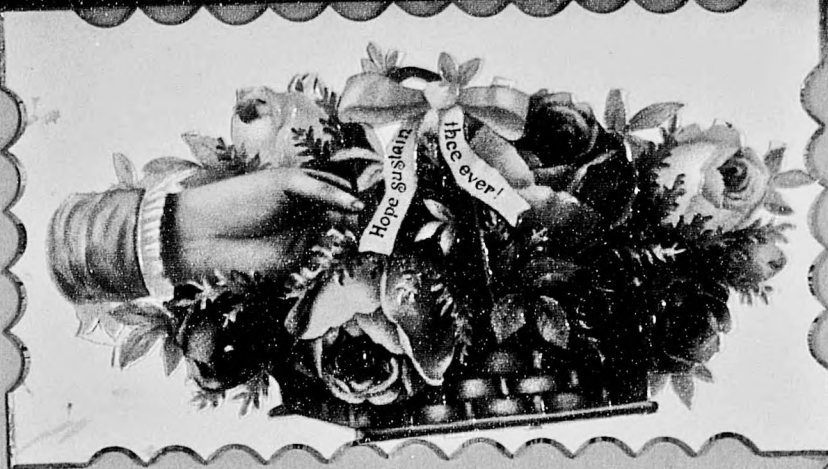


RUTH crushed to earth shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain  
And dies among his worshippers.  
—Wm. Cullen Bryant.

Agnes Perry.

Cecinnie Bishop.





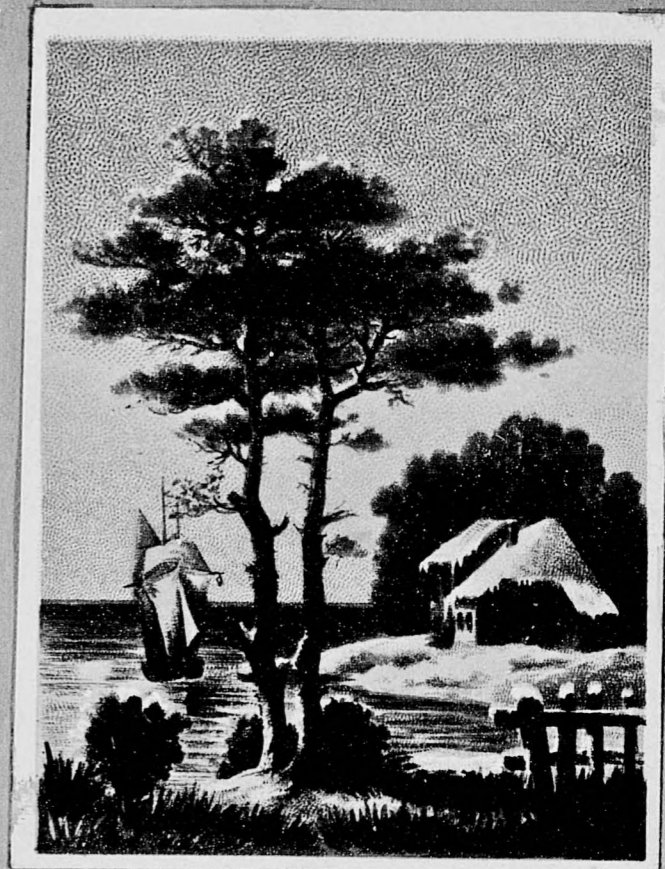


"You Americans," said an Englishman to a young lady, "have no ancestry to which you can point with pride." "That is very true," she assented; "most of our ancestors came from England, you know."—*Boston Journal.*

**USE ACME SOAP.**  
 Top of the Heap! Sure to Please!  
 Will do Honest Work!  
 No More Yellow Clothes!  
 MANUFACTURED BY  
**Lautz Bros. & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**  
 Mail us 25 Wrappers with your full address and we will send you a handsome Chromo.

**A Happy Birthday.**  
 My fading garland formed of many a flower  
 May haply smile & bloom to last one little hour.

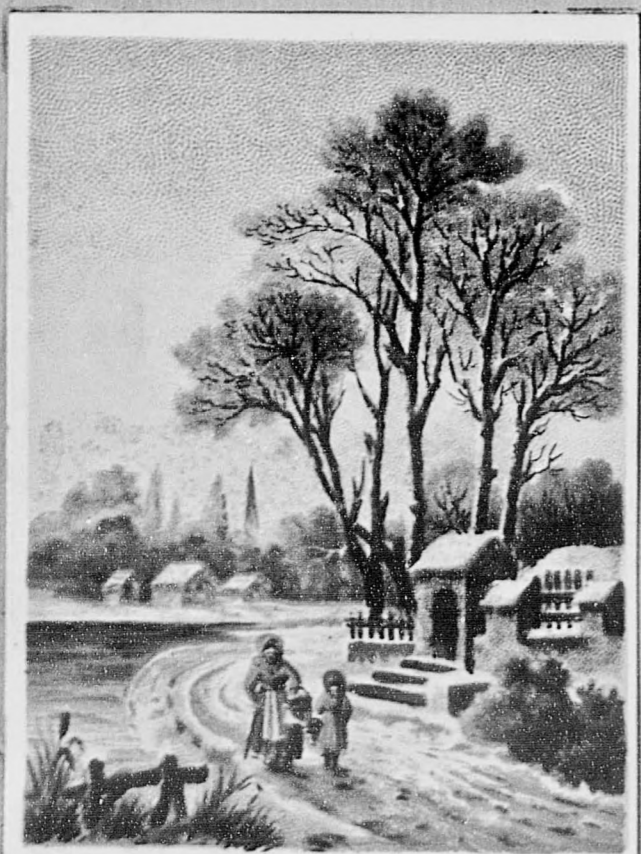
*Anna M. Graves.*



*Forget me not.*

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;  
 But let it whistle as it will,  
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

*Emmie F. Hall.*



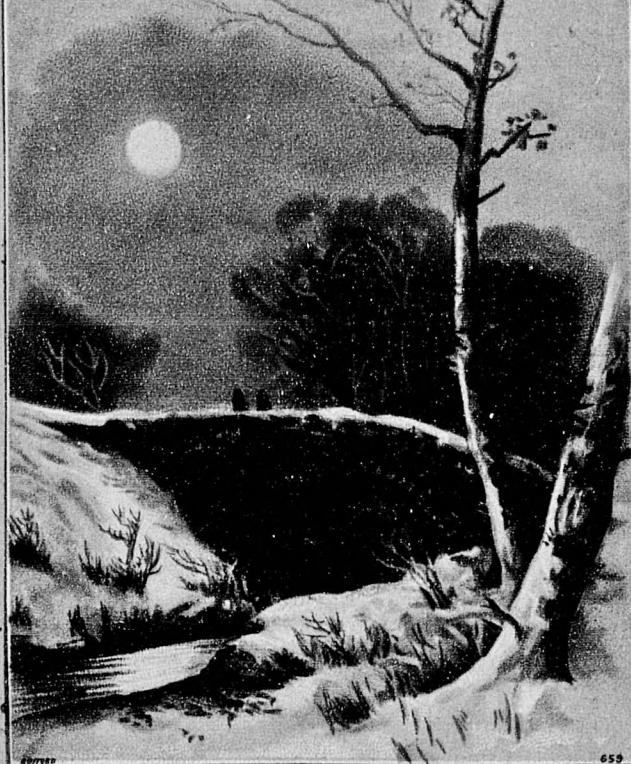
**A Peaceful and Happy Christmas.**

What is the difference between a camel and some men we could mention? A camel will work for seven or eight days without drinking, while some men will drink for seven or eight days without working.

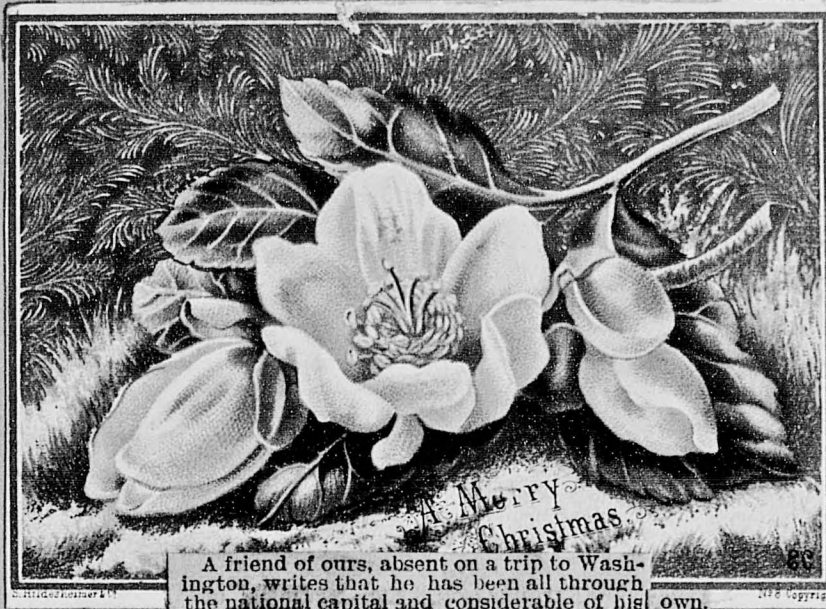
**USE ACME SOAP.**  
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**Lautz Bros. & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**  
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How oft the sighs of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done! SHAKESPEARE.



"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table upon her lord and master, "tell me, what was it that first attracted you to me? What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above all other women in your sight?" And her lord and master simply said, "I give it up."



A Merry Christmas  
A friend of ours, absent on a trip to Washington, writes that he has been all through the national capital and considerable of his own.



*Henry Perry Clough.*



All men are not homeless, but some are homeless than others.



A Christmas so merry and bright  
That gladness puts sorrow to flight.  
Is the wish that is sent to thee  
O'er icy brook and snow-clad lea.



The dreary, weary crouker,  
Will have to die some day;  
Perhaps he'll go to heaven  
And walk the golden way;  
He'll view the shining pavements  
With gloomy eyes askant,  
And shake his head and mutter:  
"They're so extravagant."

**USE ACME SOAP.**  
Top of the Heap! Sure to Please!  
Will do Honest Work!  
No More Yellow Clothes!  
MANUFACTURED BY  
Lautz Bros. & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Mail us 25 Wrappers with your full address and we will send you a handsome Chromo.

*Jane B. Clough.*

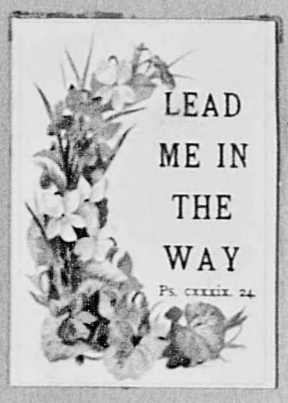


A CHRISTMAS GREETING WITH LOVE

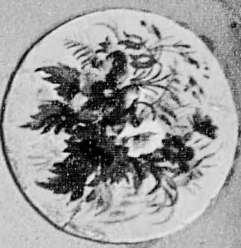
"Have you a soul for poetry?" asked a wild-eyed man as he entered the editor's office and threw down a roll of manuscript. "Well, I don't know about that," replied the editor glancing at the bottom of his liberally proportioned boot, "but I have a sole for poets." The poet didn't stay.



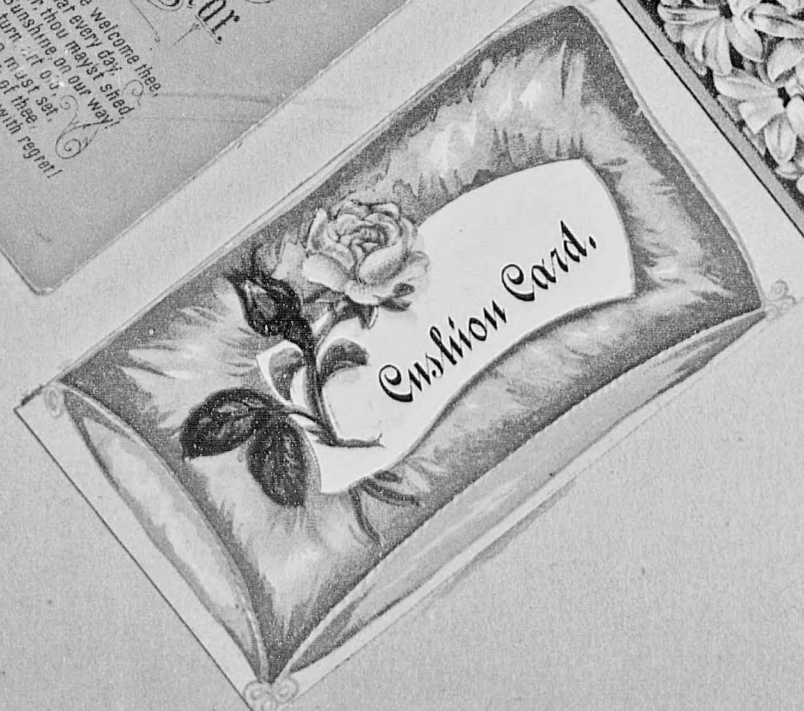








*S. M. Jones*

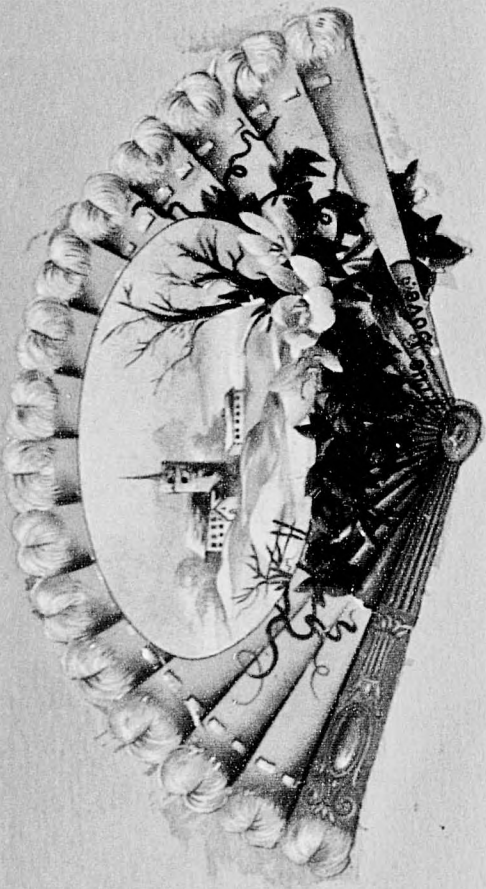




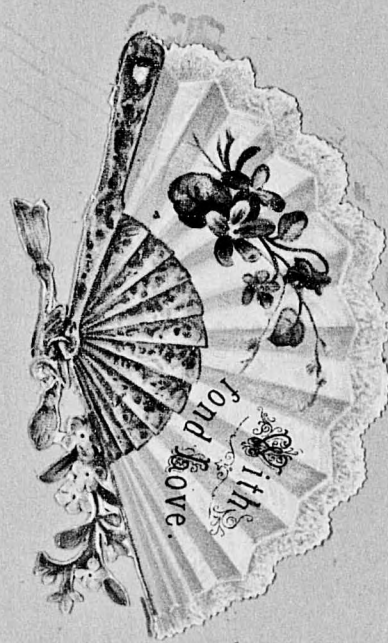


Christ is risen. Alleluia!

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Cometh now the gracious time when the angels sing again  
 As of old their song sublime: "Peace on earth, good will to men"  
 From our hearts the blessed song ringeth clear and soareth free,  
 For the angels, sweet and strong, are HOPE and FAITH and CHARITY.



A Yankee physician was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people of their own complaints, and said that a young lady once asked him what his next lecture would be upon, and being told the "Circulation of the Blood," replied that she should certainly attend, for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time.

*Nellie C. Carman.*

I wish you a Happy New Year.

*Lucie Thomas*





HEARKEN unto  
ME now therefore,  
O ye children, and  
attend to the words  
of MY mouth.

PROV. VII. 24.



A merry Christmas

My little children,  
let us not love in  
word, neither in  
tongue, but in deed  
and in truth.

1 JOHN III. 18.



Why should a man feel especially benevolent after a heavy meal?—Because he is filled with feelings of gratefulness (great fullness).

It was very ungallant in the old bachelor who was told that a certain lady, "had one foot in the grave," to ask "if there wasn't room for both feet?"

Robert Halford

George M. Wickersham

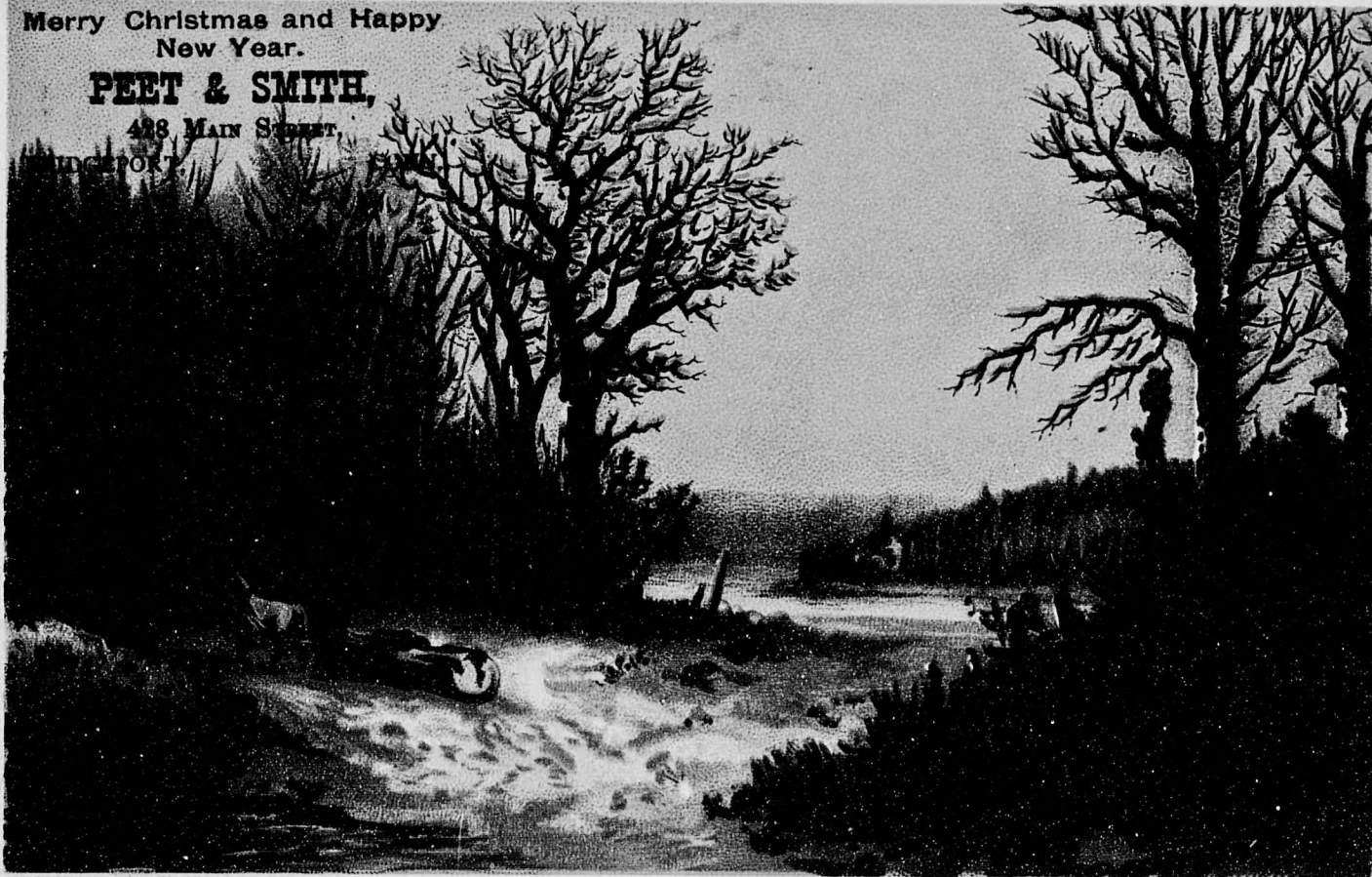
J. Martin Jones

Merry Christmas and Happy  
New Year.

PEET & SMITH,

428 MAIN STREET,

WINDSOR,



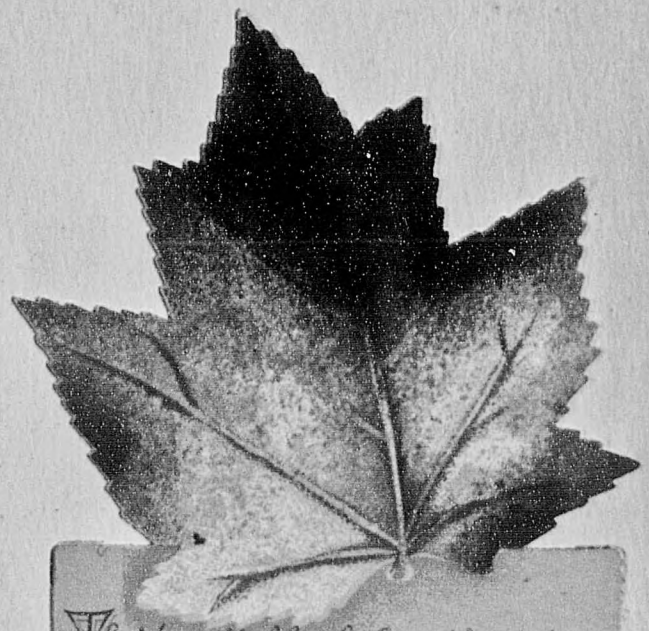
With compliments  
of the Season.



C. F. Ganabin

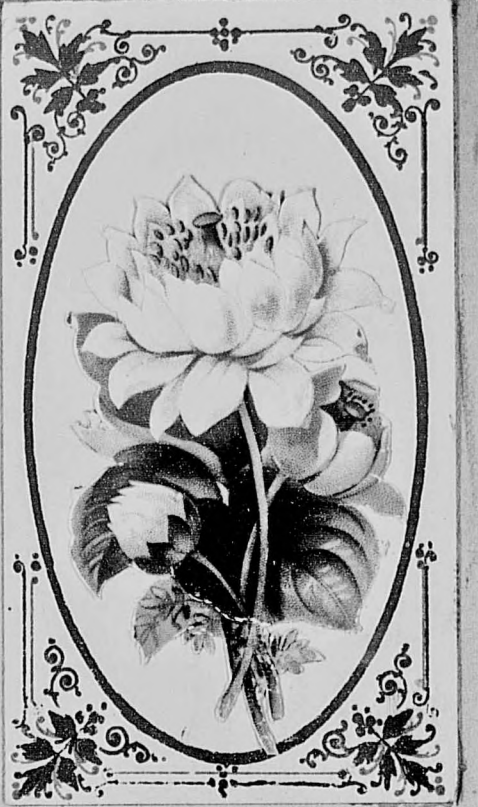


FRIEND, what years  
Can us divide?  
—\* God bless thee,  
This CHRISTMAS-TIDE!



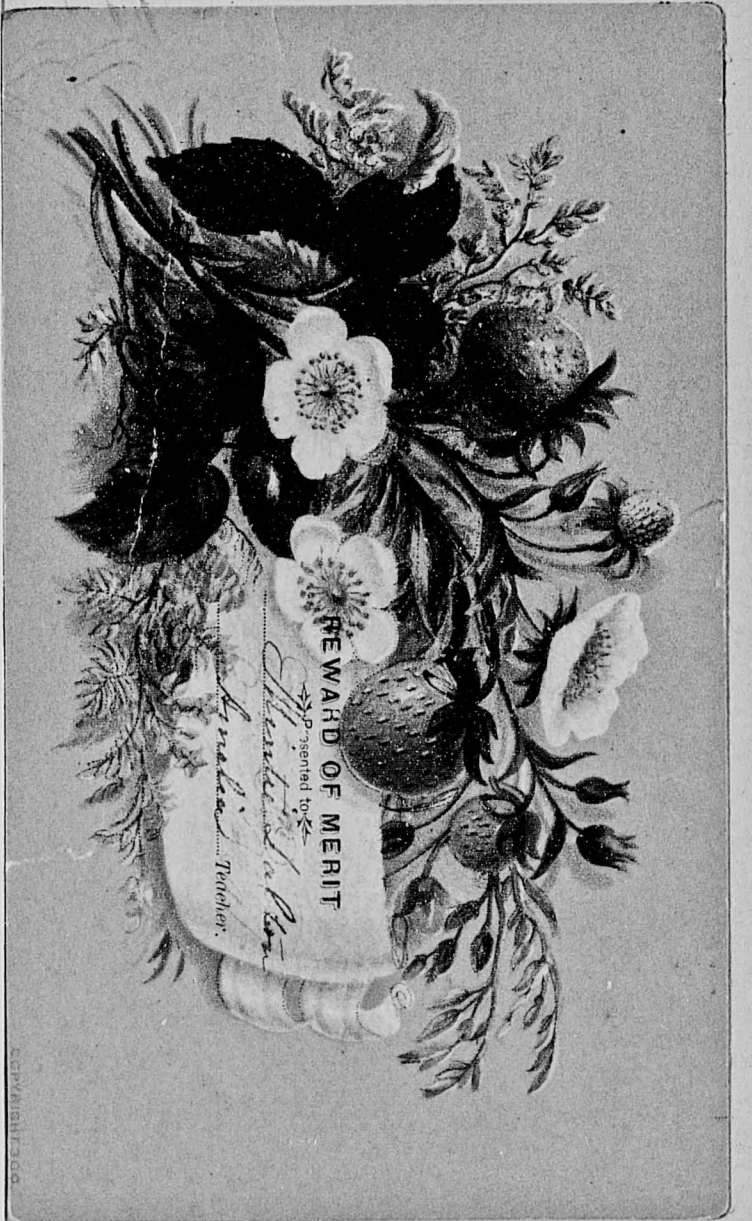
The Year ends like a leaf in autumn tints,  
It glows, it drops, is gathered to the earth.  
The New Year takes its place, with hopes and hints,  
May it be green to you, and full of mirth.





A dull old lady being told that a certain lawyer was "lying at the point of death," exclaimed: "My gracious! Won't even death stop that man's lying?"

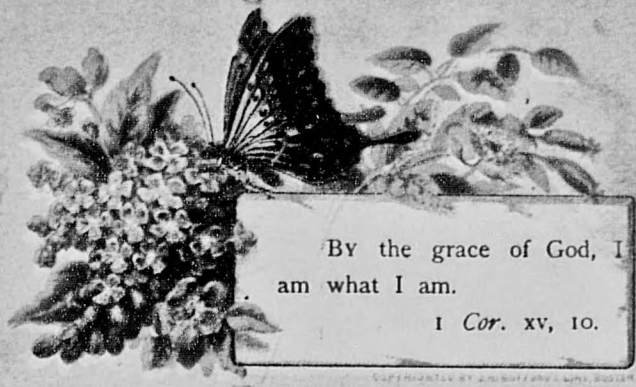
Mary Hazard







"MUCH JOY AND FAVOR TO YOU!"



By the grace of God, I am what I am.  
I Cor. xv, 10.



My soul hath hoped in the Lord.  
Psalms







Reward of Merit.  
Presented to  
*Gary Wade*  
*A. G. L.*  
Teacher



Italian Chromo.

*Anna Lane*



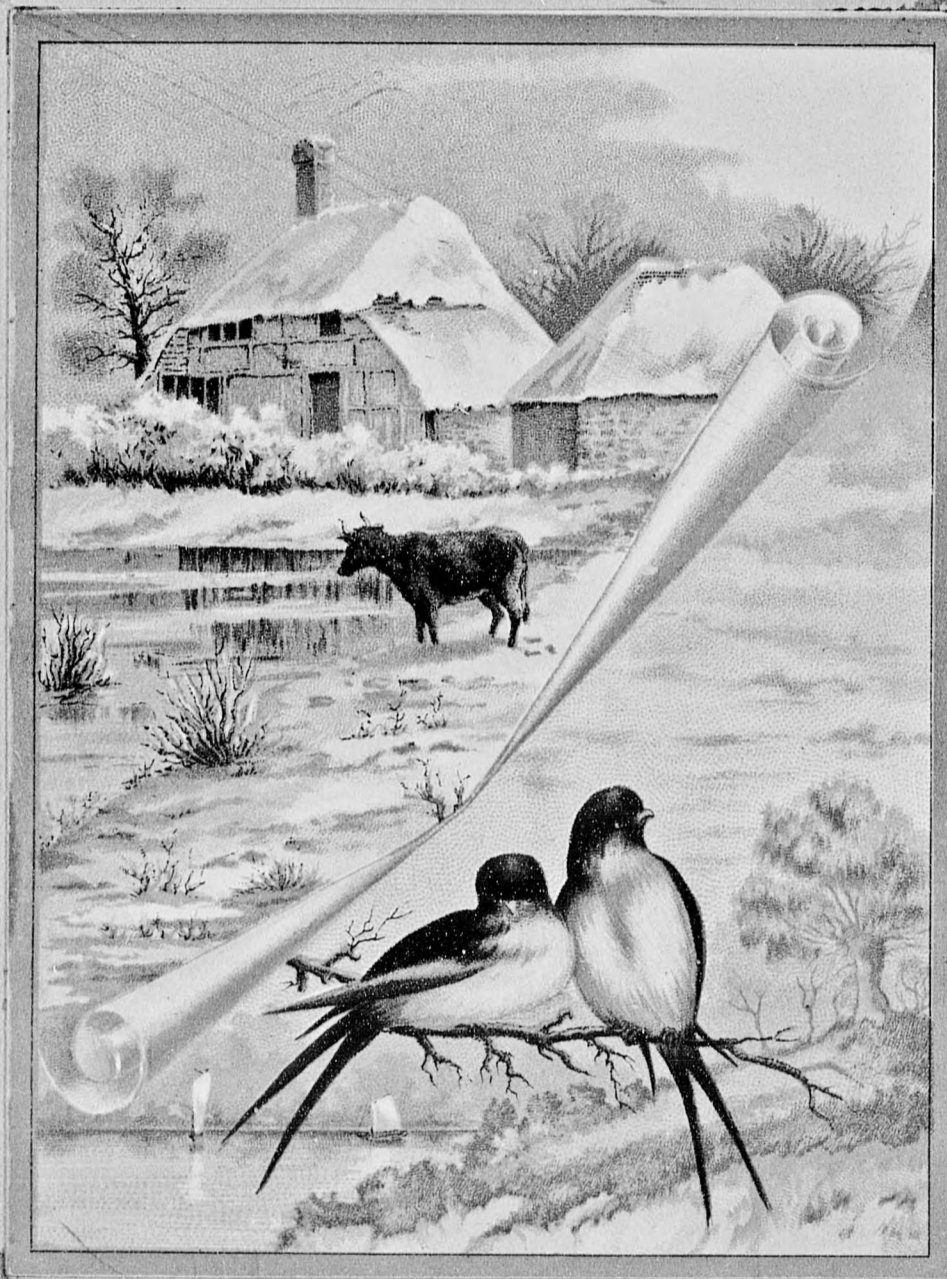
*Nora M. Martin.*

A girl ran away from home, and the father  
advertises her as "Laura, aged 18, dressed in a  
straw hat." What a fix she'll be in if that hat  
should blow off.

A girl will flirt and a girl will mash,  
And ne'er give herself away;  
But she can't scratch a match on the seat of her pants,  
Because she ain't built that way.—*Herald.*



THROUGH ALL THE  
YEARS OF THY LIFE  
MAY THY HEART BE AS A  
PURE WHITE  
TABLET ON WHICH THE ANGELS  
OF LIGHT MAY  
WRITE THY GOLDEN RECORDS!



*Emeline Lane*

*Alice Cary Wade*

"Shall I sing 'Far Away?'" she asked, as  
her fingers sought the keys. "Yes, I think  
you had better," he replied, "unless you  
want the neighbours to make a complaint."

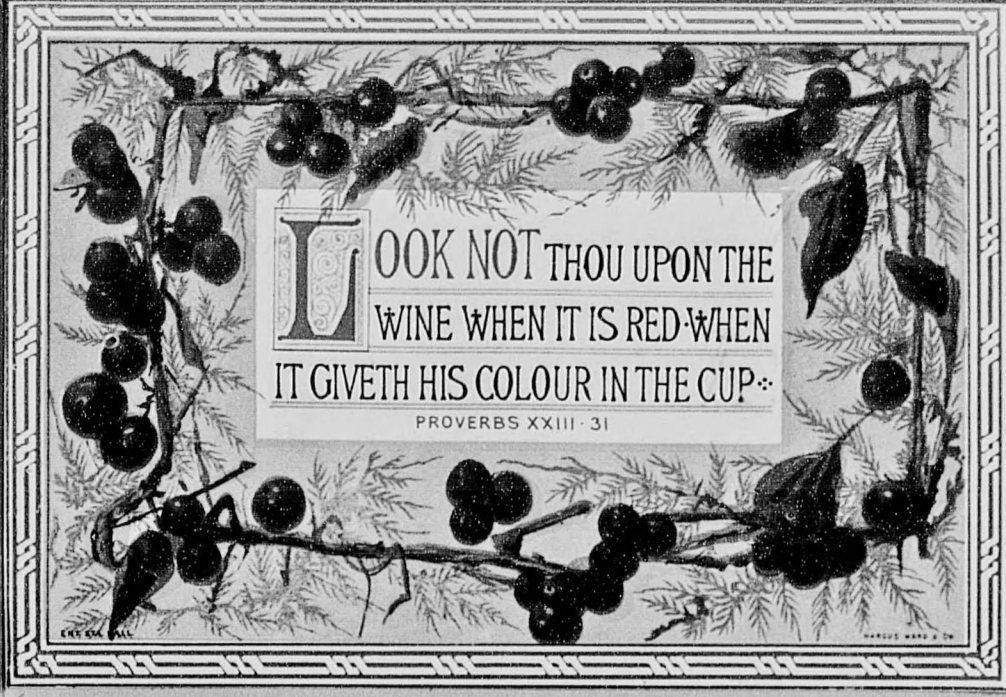


*Julia Matilda Dalton.*

A girl will sing and a girl will dance,  
And a girl will work crochet;  
But she can't throw a stone and hit a church,  
Because she ain't built that way.—*Lynn Union.*







*Philip W Singer.*

*Anna Slosson.*



Old Mrs. Pinaphor hopes that no more lives will be sacrificed in the hunt for the north pole until some persons go out there and ascertain whether such a pole really exists.

*Julia Ann Scott.*

*Minerva L Reynolds.*





"What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "The wife of an apostle," replied the young hopeful.



Little Jack—"My mamma's new fan is hand-painted." Little Dick—"Pooh! Who cares? Our whole fence is."

Teacher—"What is an engineer?" Boy No. 1—"A man who works an engine." Teacher—"What is a pioneer?" Boy No. 2—"That man that works a piano."

"Oh, George, I'm ashamed of you rubbing your lips like that after that dear little girl has given you so sweet a kiss!"—"I'm not rubbing it off, nurse. I'm rubbing it in."



"When I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little boy of his mother. "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school, and learn how to behave yourself." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

A little fellow rushed into the street recently to look at a monkey that accompanied an organ-grinder who was playing in front of an adjoining block. Never having persued the "Origin of Man," he gazed in wonder and admiration for a few moments, and then rushing into the house he met his grandmother, to whom he addressed this inquiry: "Grandmother, who made monkeys?" "God, my boy," replied the old lady in her candid way. "Well," said the excitable grandson in rejoinder, "I'll bet God laughed when he got the first monkey done!"



"Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you carry that umbrella over your head? It's not raining." "Noh," "And the sun is not shining." "Noh." "Then why do you carry it?" "Cause when it rains pa wants it, an' when the sun shines ma wants it, an' it's only when it's this kinder wedden that I kin git ter use it at all."



"Adieu," she said sweetly, as he kissed her good-night. "He's adieu'd, ain't he?" sung out her little brother, as he vanished upstairs.

"We had shortcake for tea," said a little girl to a little boy over the fence.—"So had we; so short it didn't go round."

The Mystery of It.—A little fellow bothered his mother by making the following inquiry: "Mother, if a man is a mister, ain't a woman a mistery?"







Nurse: "Come, Willie, didn't you hear your mother tell you to come right into the house?" Willie: "Stop 'minding me of it; I'se trying to fordet it."



"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys."  
"They ain't, eh?" the boy replied, with his mouthful. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, mister. Three of these apples 'll keep me out of school for a week."



On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he replied: "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"



A Little Girl in Connecticut was taken by her mother to a dentist, who removed a tooth. That night at prayers she said: "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."

"Can you tell me?" asked a Sunday school teacher of a little girl, "why the Israelites made a golden calf?" "Because they hadn't gold enough to make a cow," was the reply.

A LITTLE girl was sitting on the floor, when the sun shone in her face. "Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking out at it. "You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said her mamma. "I s'ant; I dot here first," said the little one.







Soapine



Frederic Sizer

Friendship's New Year token.



True through the year to thee as Erin to her Shamrock

S. Hildesheimer & Co.

Copyright



A Happy CHRISTMAS.



• Mercy unto you and peace and love be multiplied.

HAROLD TUCK & SONS

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Alberia R. Gimes

BLIFFERS says the young lady on his street plays the piano with a good deal of feeling—around after the right keys.

J. J. Foster & Co.  
THE RELIABLE  
CLOTHIERS  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.



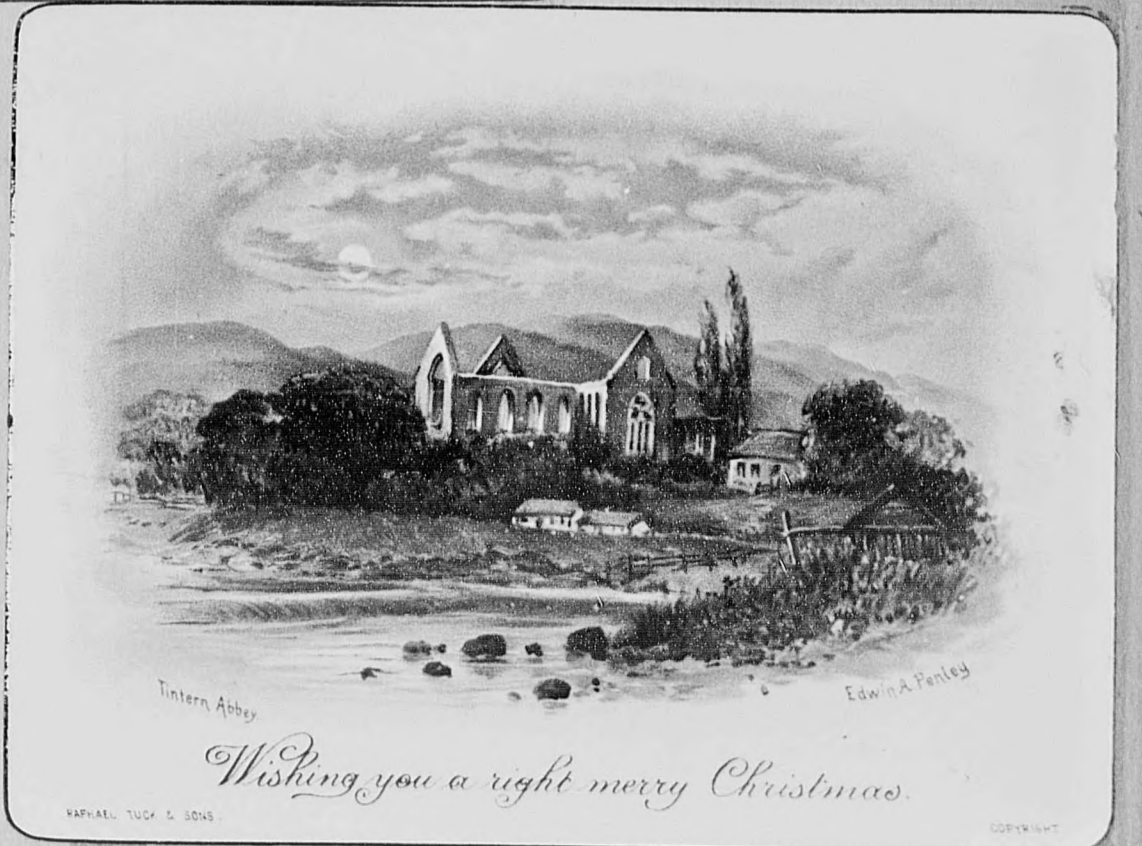
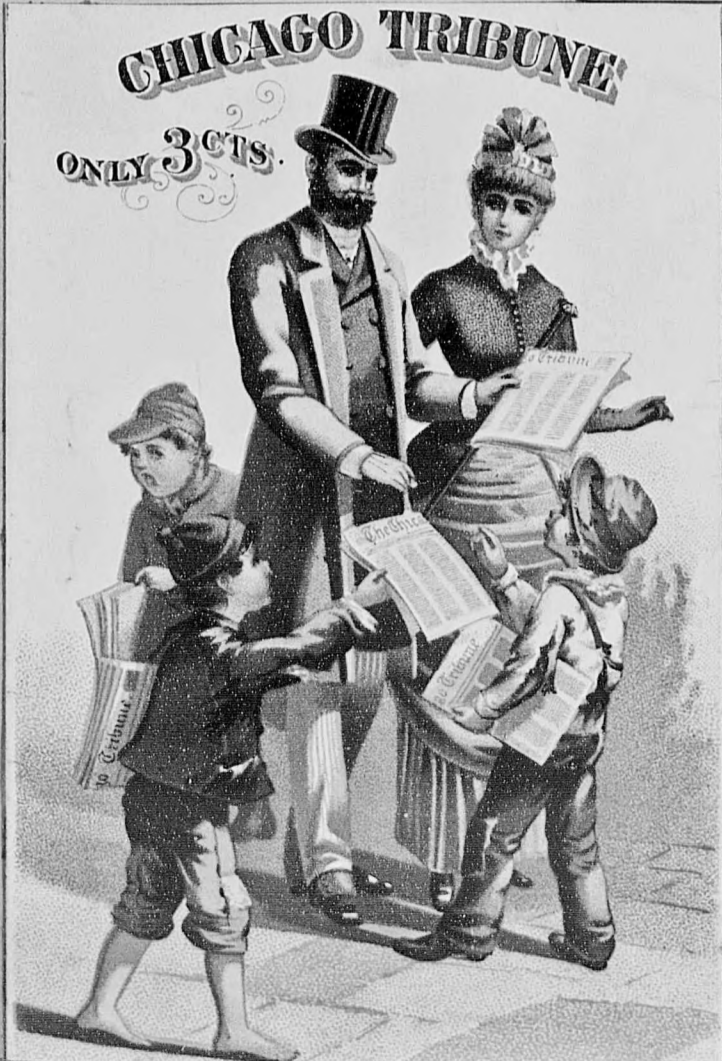
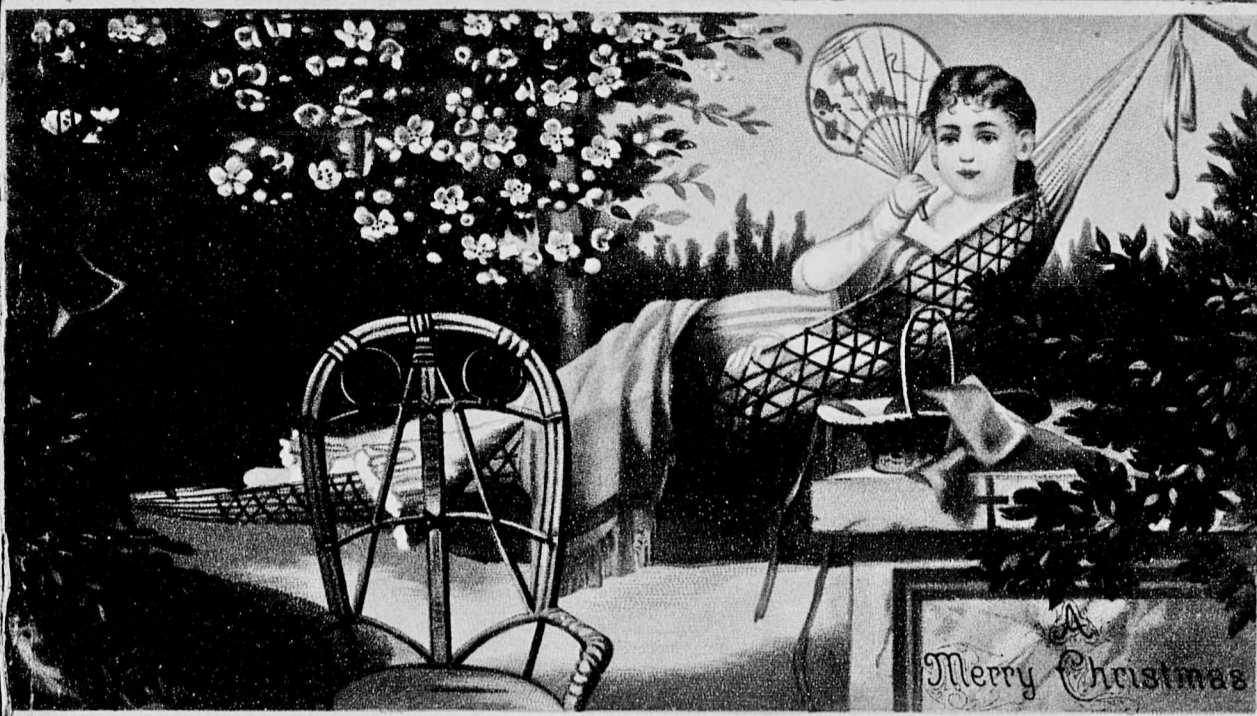
Miss Mary Foster  
February 2<sup>d</sup> 1894  
from Bliffers.



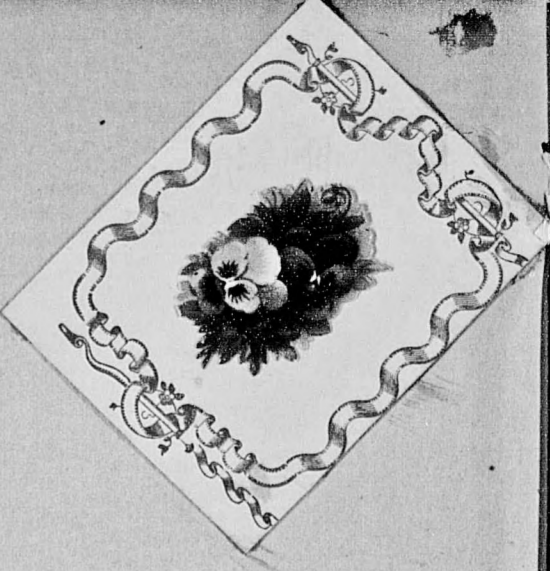
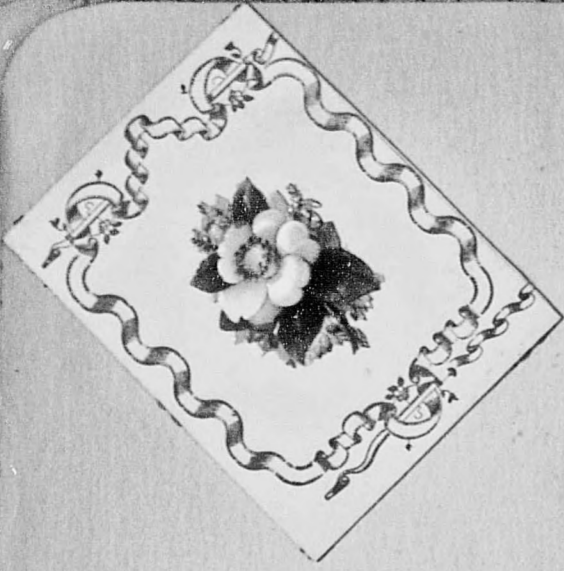


*Calvin G. Reed*

It is related of a certain clergyman, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among the teens, he reached, at length, a kind of resting place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, and asking the question, "And what shall I say more?" a voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "Say amen!"







Lorrie Young



Borden G. Wilton

Rufus Crossman aged 91



Bessy Crossman aged 96

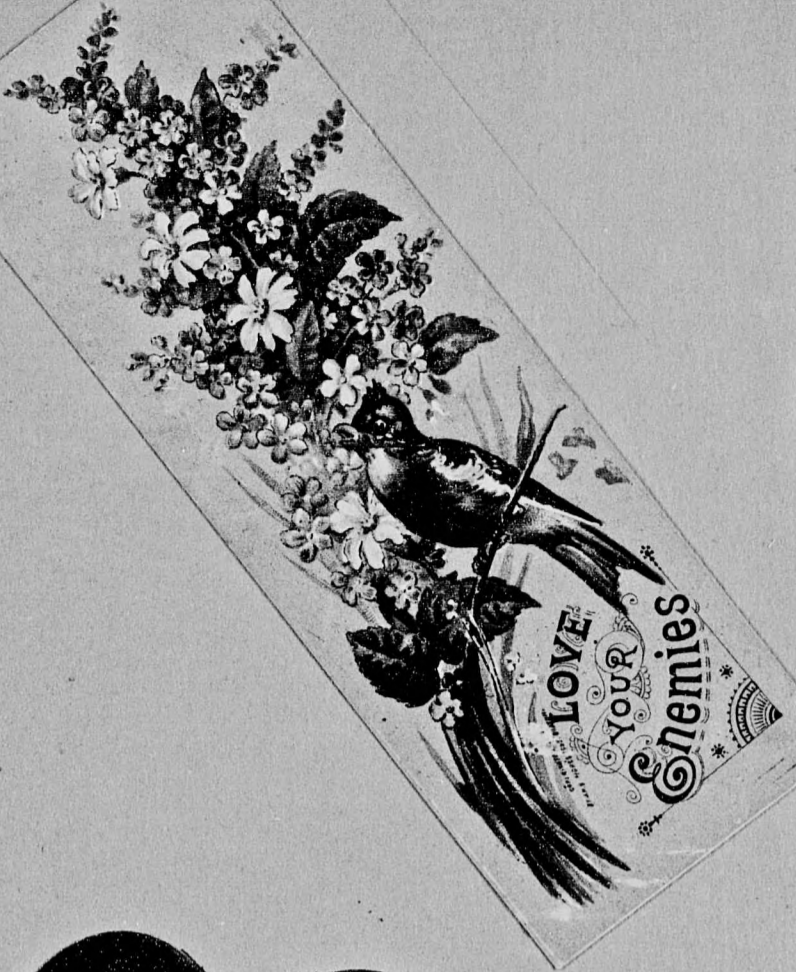




A MERRY CHRISTMAS!



Emma J. Neale



Robt Valentine

"THE sentence of the court is," said Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, to a notorious drunkard, "that you be confined in jail for the longest period the law allows; and I hope you will spend your time in cursing whisky." "I will, sir; and Porter, too."







**AUTUMN**  
 The Sparrow's twitter in the field  
 That Autumn tints with yellow glow,  
 And Husbandmen the harvest reap  
 They sow.

While their good Wives content at home  
 By practical experience know  
 Garments won't rip if with 'MILE-END'  
 They sew.



A loving greeting on your  
 Birthday.



**SPRING**

The Birds in Spring a Congress held,  
 The Blackbird and the Lark,  
 The Oriole, Thrush and Nighthawk  
 Each made a sage remark.

If Mortals could but understand  
 The language of the Nest  
 Quite likely they would often hear,  
 "CLARKS MILE-END" is the Best.

Husband "That fence you're painting badly  
 I think I'll do it myself." Wife "Yes, do it  
 badly." If you think it wants to be done

*Louisa Belia Gardiner*



Think  
 of me

Gibbons the bachelor, asserts that a married man never has a cold dinner, for when he happens to get home late, his wife always makes it hot for him.

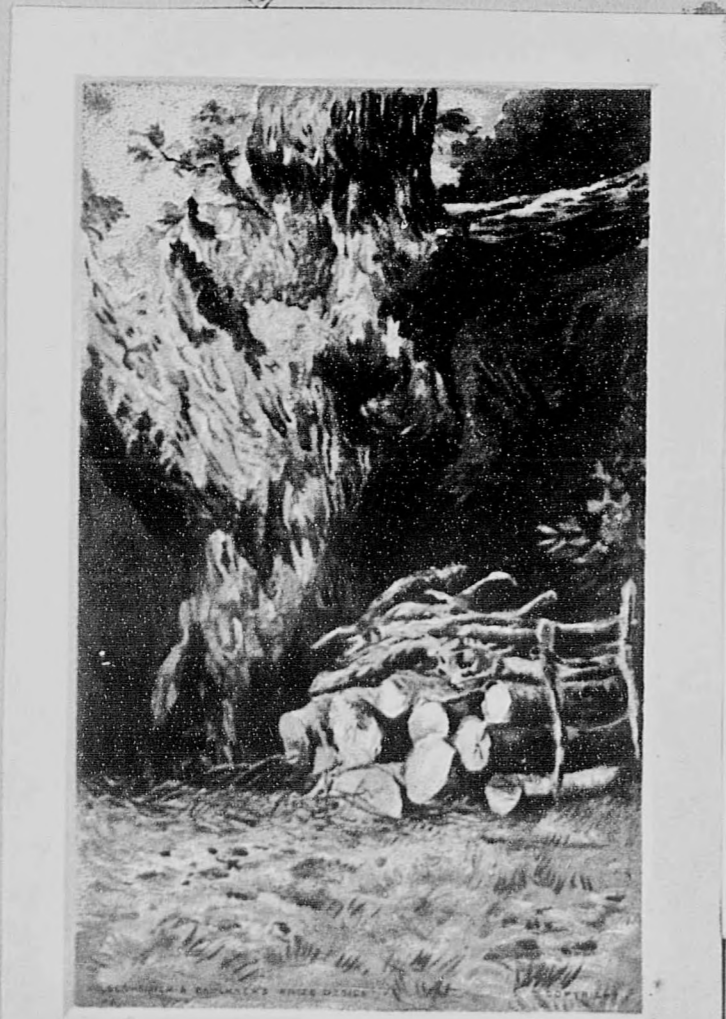
*Ed. H. Gardiner*

*Golden Glads*  
 12 for 25c.  
 This card fringed, 70c. per dozen.



A  
 happy  
 CHRISTMAS  
 to  
 you.

RAFAEL TUCK & SONS. NEW-YEAR. COPYRIGHT



WITH EVERY GOOD WISH FOR THE NEW YEAR.



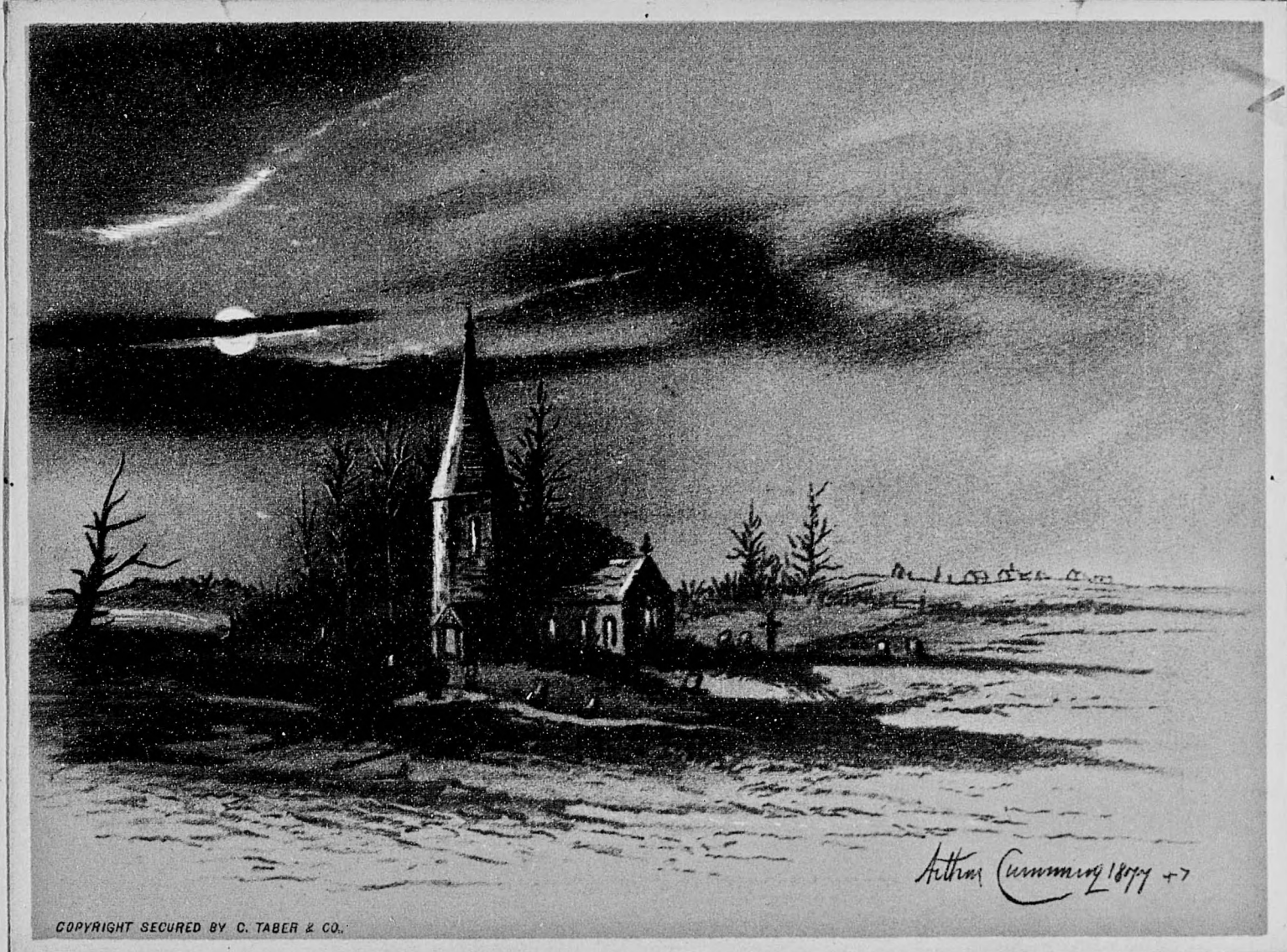



  
 May flowers of love  
 surround thee in  
 the sunshine of peace  
 Shed its joys o'er thy  
 mind  
 Lily B. Williams



Clarissa Jacobs  


Diamond Embossed

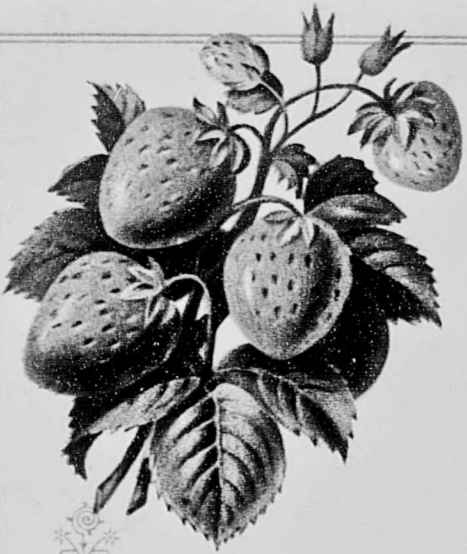


John Ross / a native of the Scottish Highlands / Decr 1884

Emily Curtis  



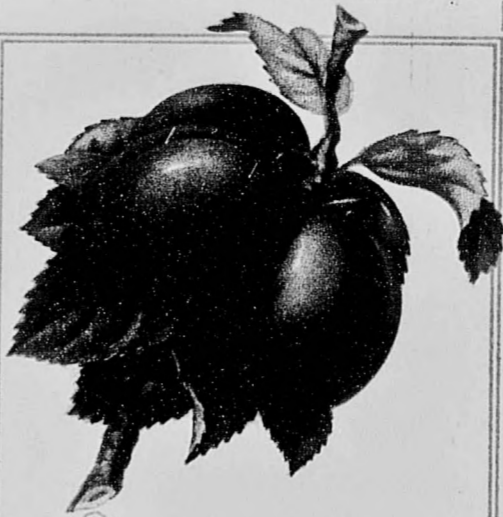


He that speaketh truth sheweth forth righteousness.

PROVERBS XII. 17

MARCUS WARD & CO. LIMITED.



To do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

HEBREWS XII. 16

MARCUS WARD & CO. LIMITED.



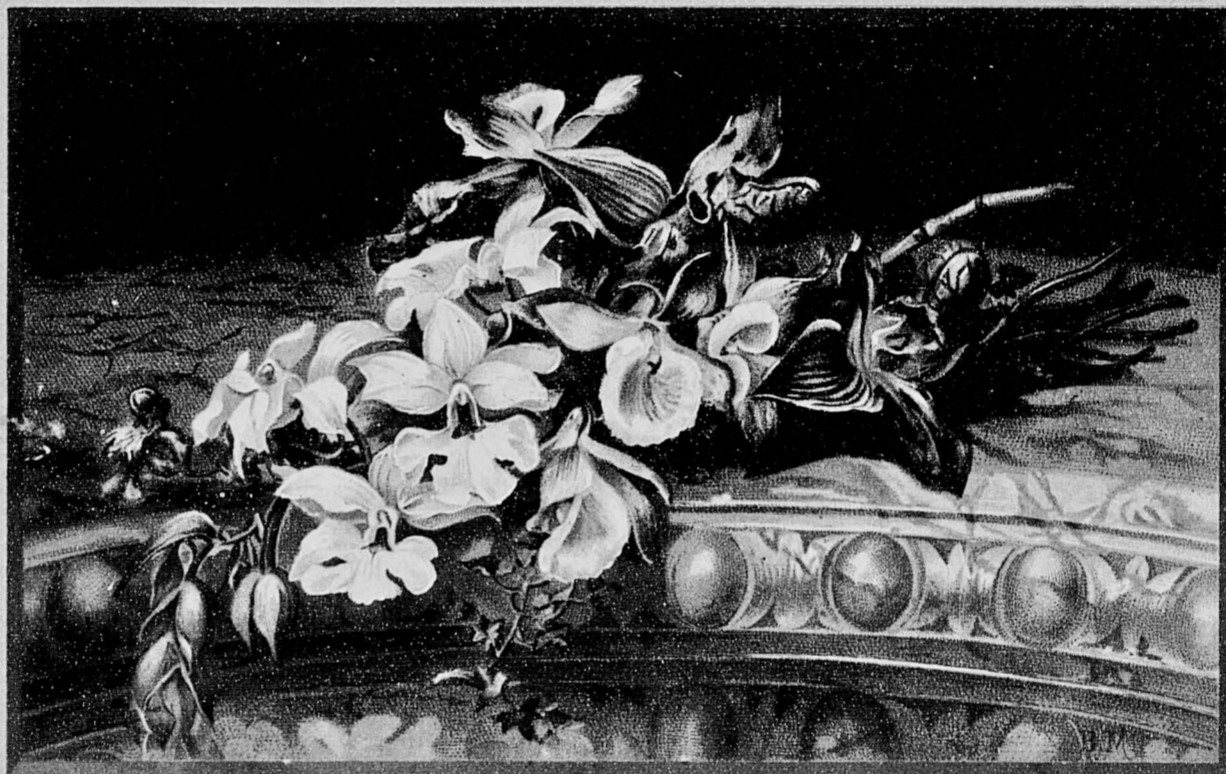
Being made free from Sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness.

ROMANS VI. 22.

MARCUS WARD & CO. LIMITED.



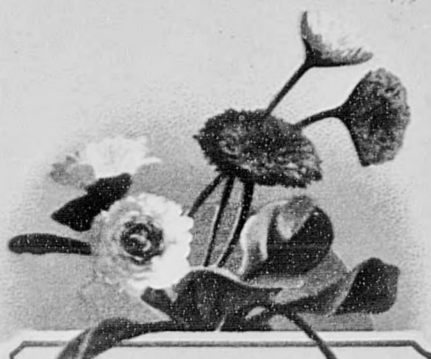
ACHYRANTES



MAY THY BIRTHDAYS BE HAPPY IN THEIR FLIGHT.



COLEUS, HERO.



WITH EVERY GOOD WISH FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY.

Meet the hour which waits thee ere the long days work is done With a strong heart, for generous hope is power.

MARCUS WARD & CO. LIMITED.

1911

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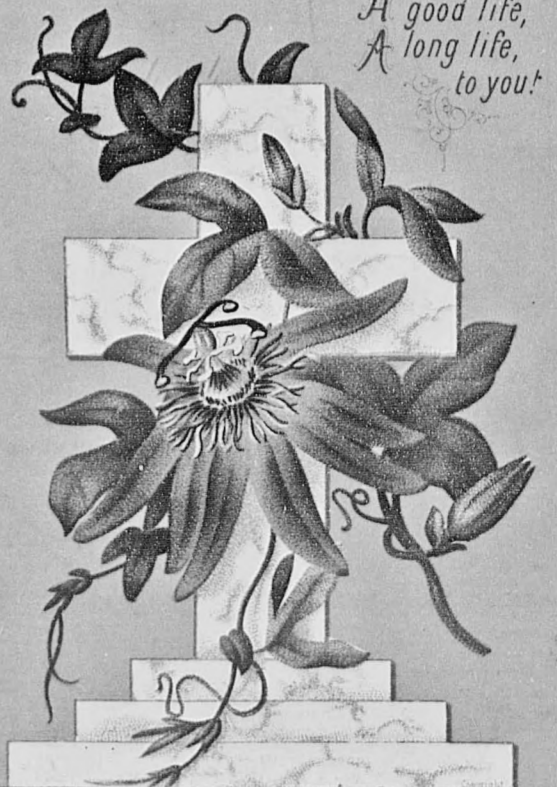
Fear not: for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

LUKE 2

MARCUS WARD & CO. LIMITED.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

A wise life, A good life, A long life, to you!

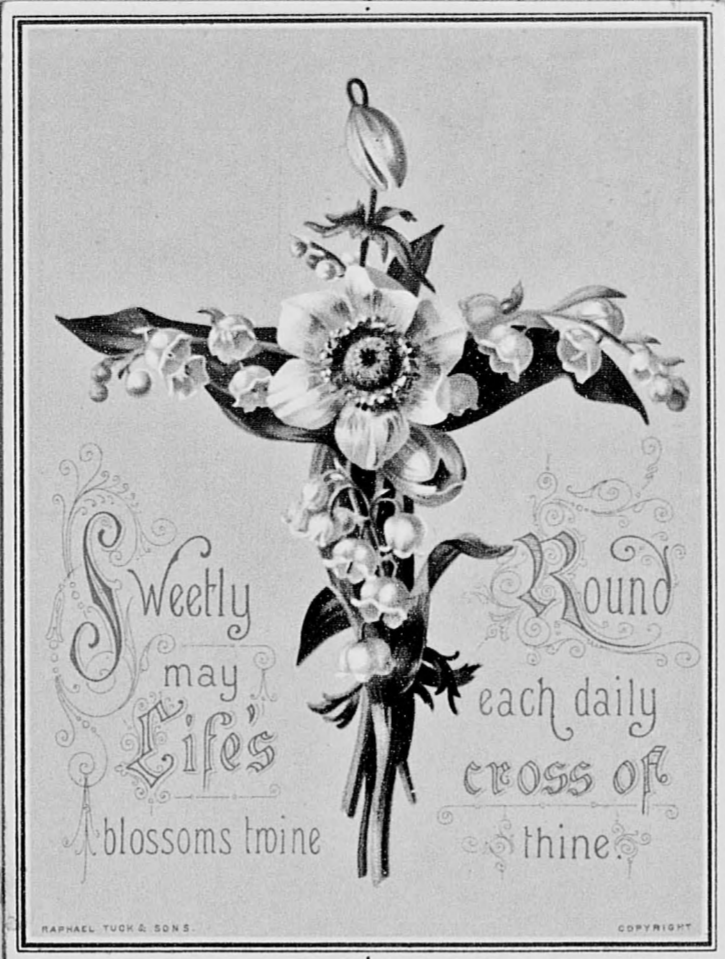


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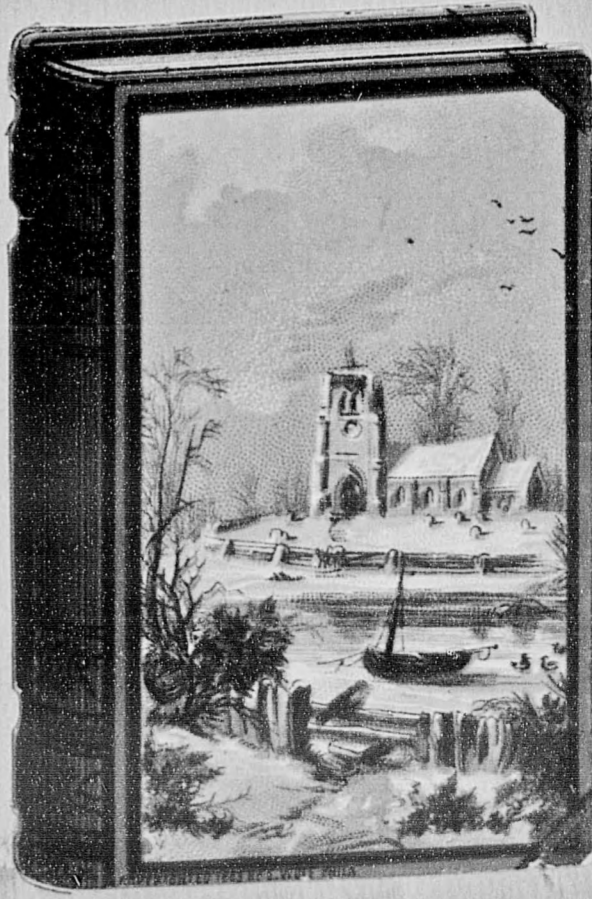
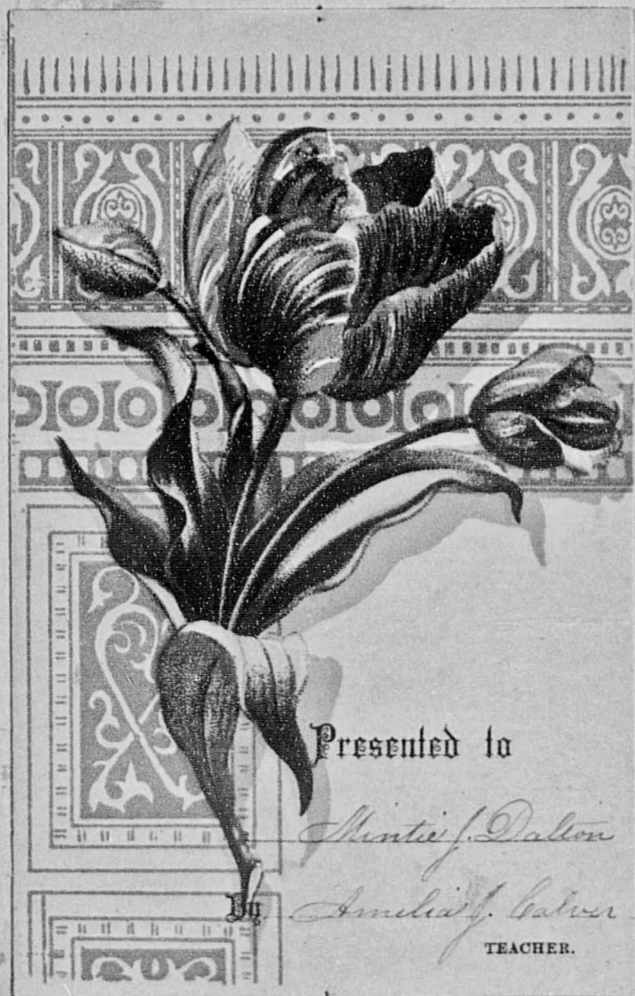




ALTERNANTHERA.



COLEUS, THE SHAH.







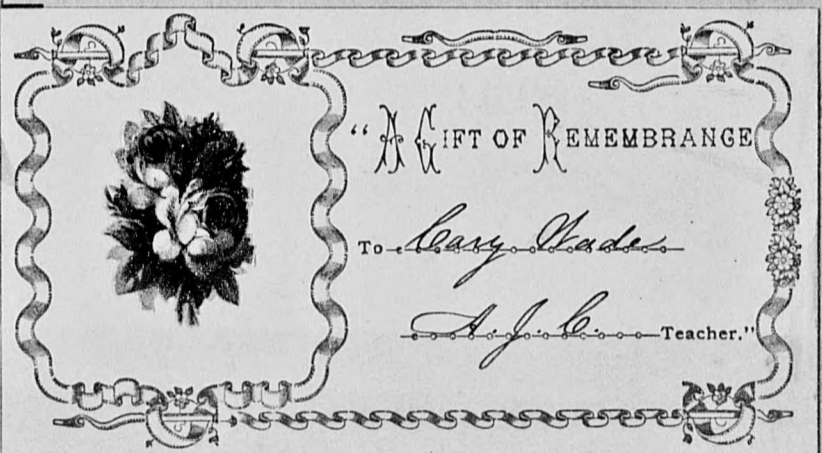
COPYRIGHTED 1883



Thomas Dalton



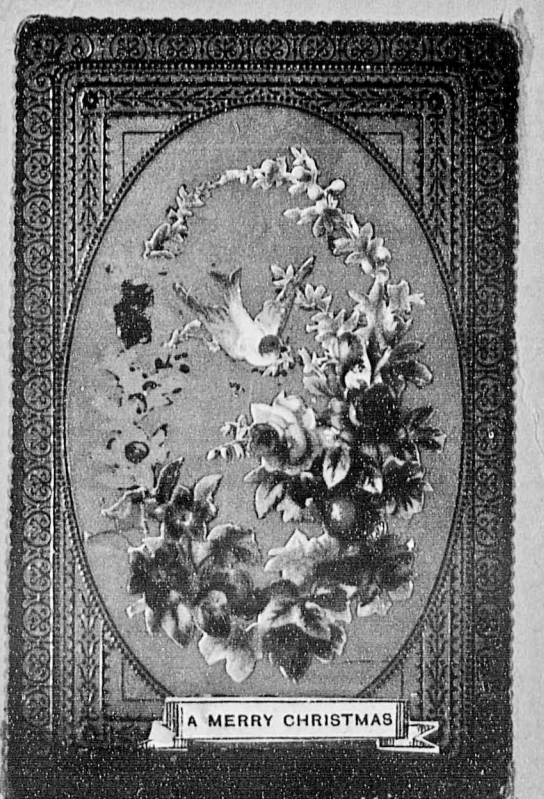
A happy Birthday.



John C. Winters jr.  
Edna L. Winters



Helena E. Dalton





WITH-  
-IN  
MY  
CAS-  
-KET  
SO  
RICH  
AND  
RARE



CHRIST-  
-MAS  
GREET-  
-ING  
FOR  
THEE

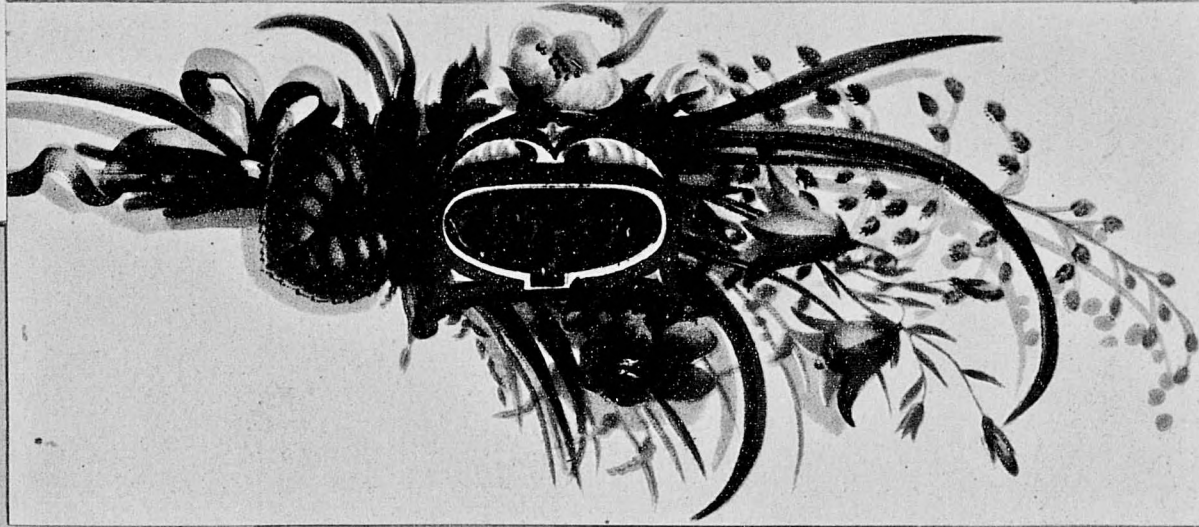
I BEAR



Accept my  
best wishes.



COPYRIGHTED BY A. B. SEELEY, 1882.



"A GIFT OF REMEMBRANCE"

To *Minnie Dalton*

*Teacher.*



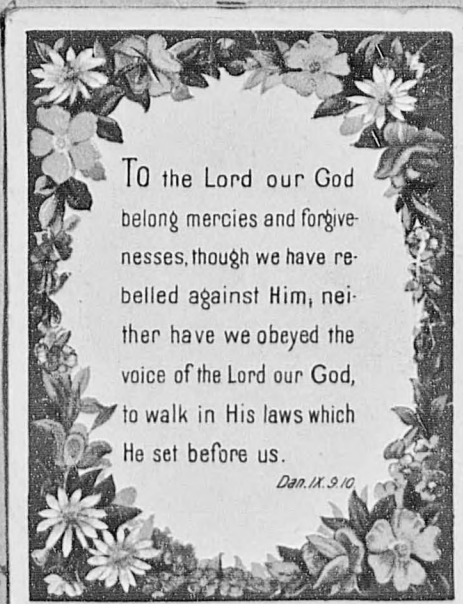
"A GIFT OF REMEMBRANCE"

To *Alice Cary Wade*

*Teacher.*

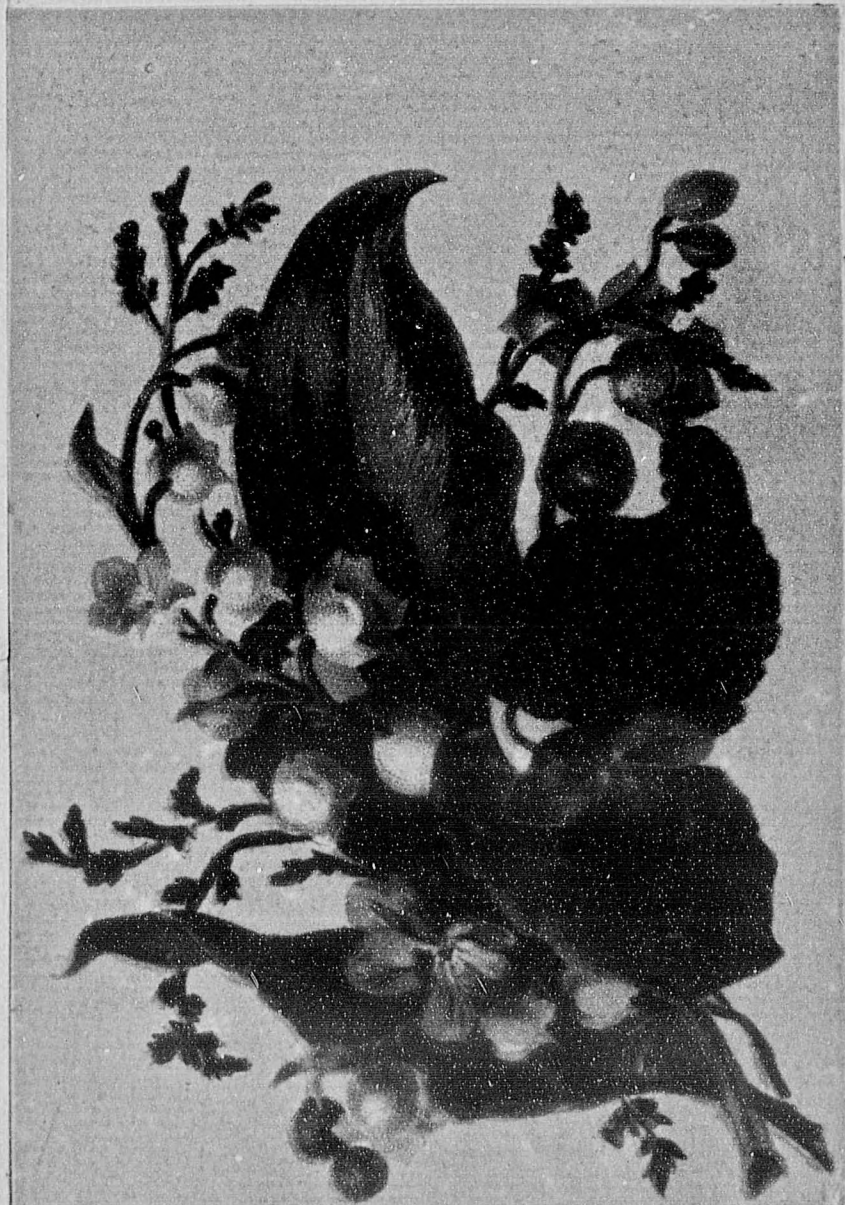


A bright Birthday.

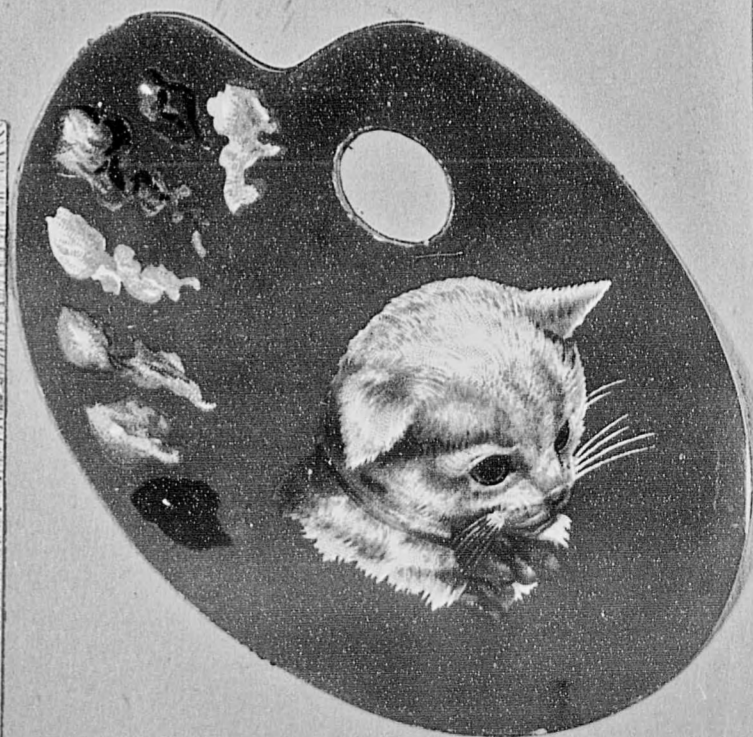
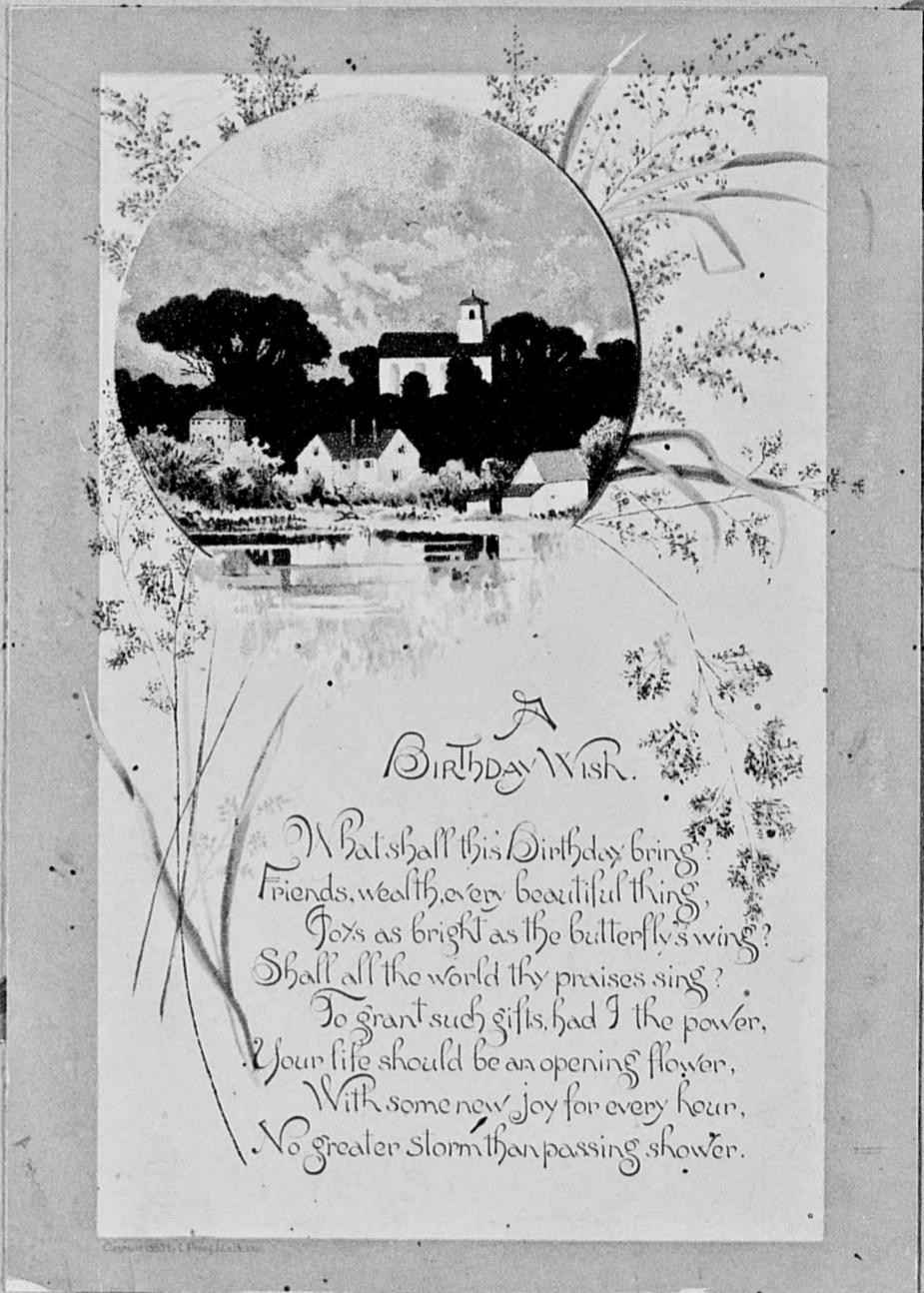


TO the Lord our God  
belong mercies and forgive-  
nesses, though we have re-  
belled against Him, nei-  
ther have we obeyed the  
voice of the Lord our God,  
to walk in His laws which  
He set before us.

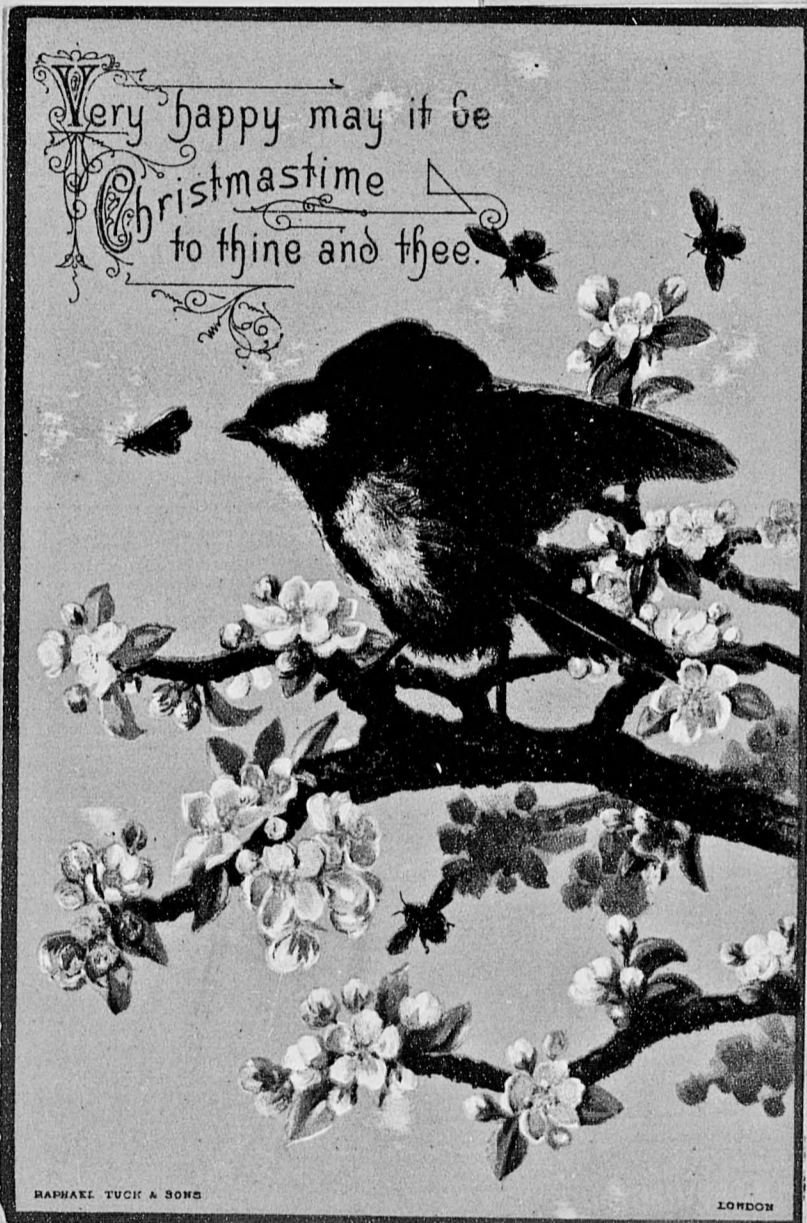
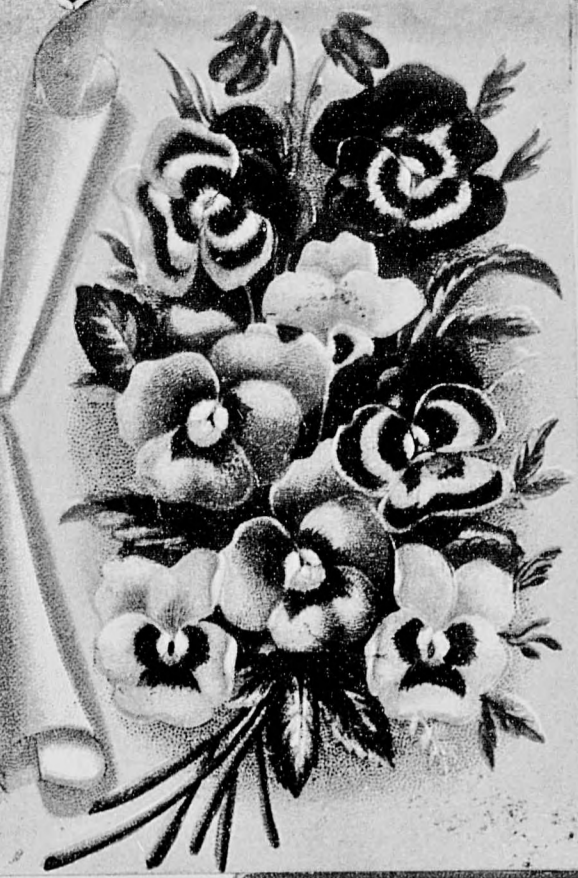
*Dan. ix. 9, 10.*











*Erving Carlyle*







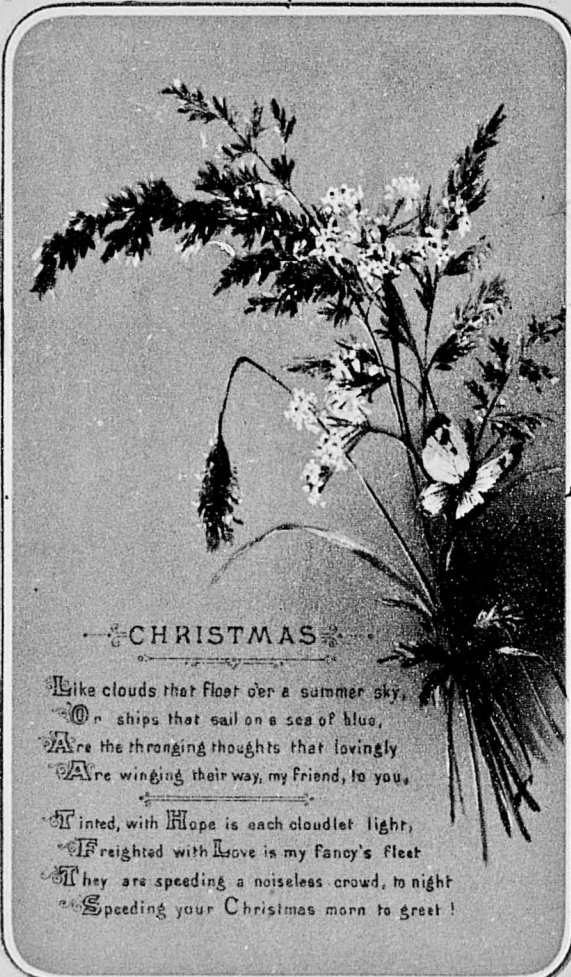
S. M. Calver aged 75



Arthur W. Calver.



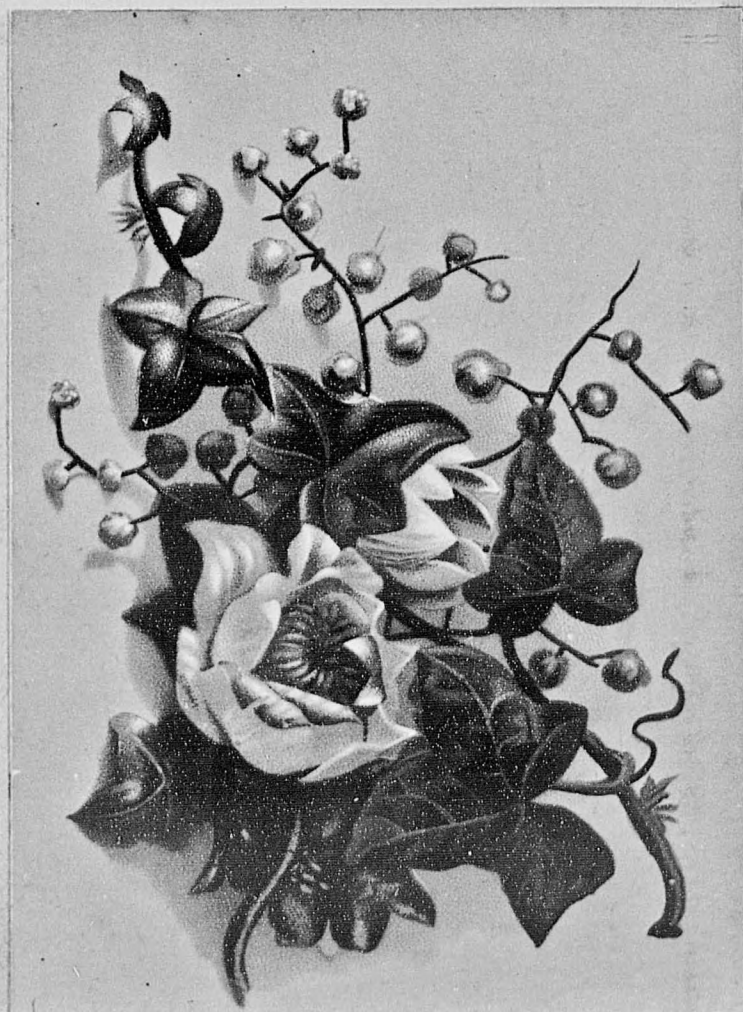
Henry Calver.



Mary C. Whiting



Fannie Calver.







*With best Christmas wishes.*

RAFAEL TUCK & SONS.

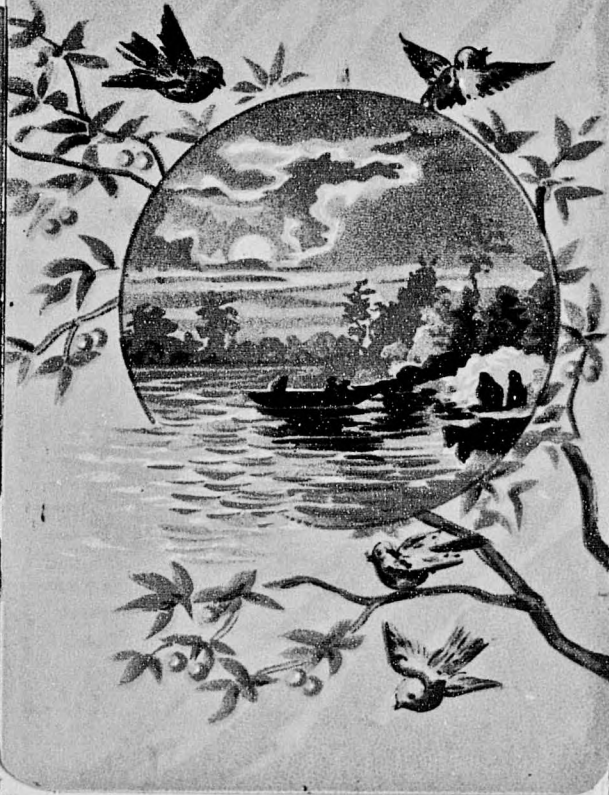
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*With every good wish  
For Christmas and the New Year.*

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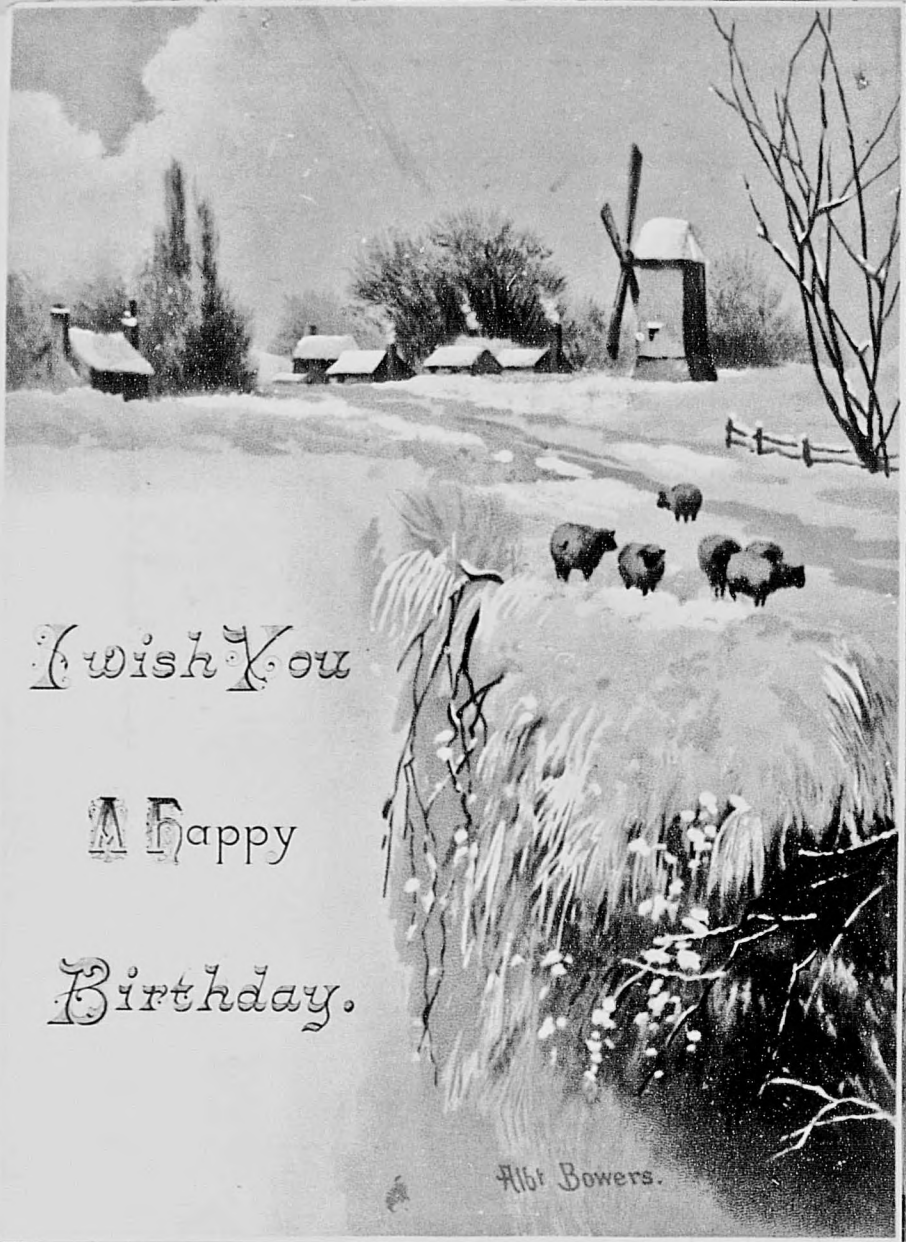
*Chas. F. H. McIntosh.*



Happiness  
follow thee all  
through the year.







I wish You

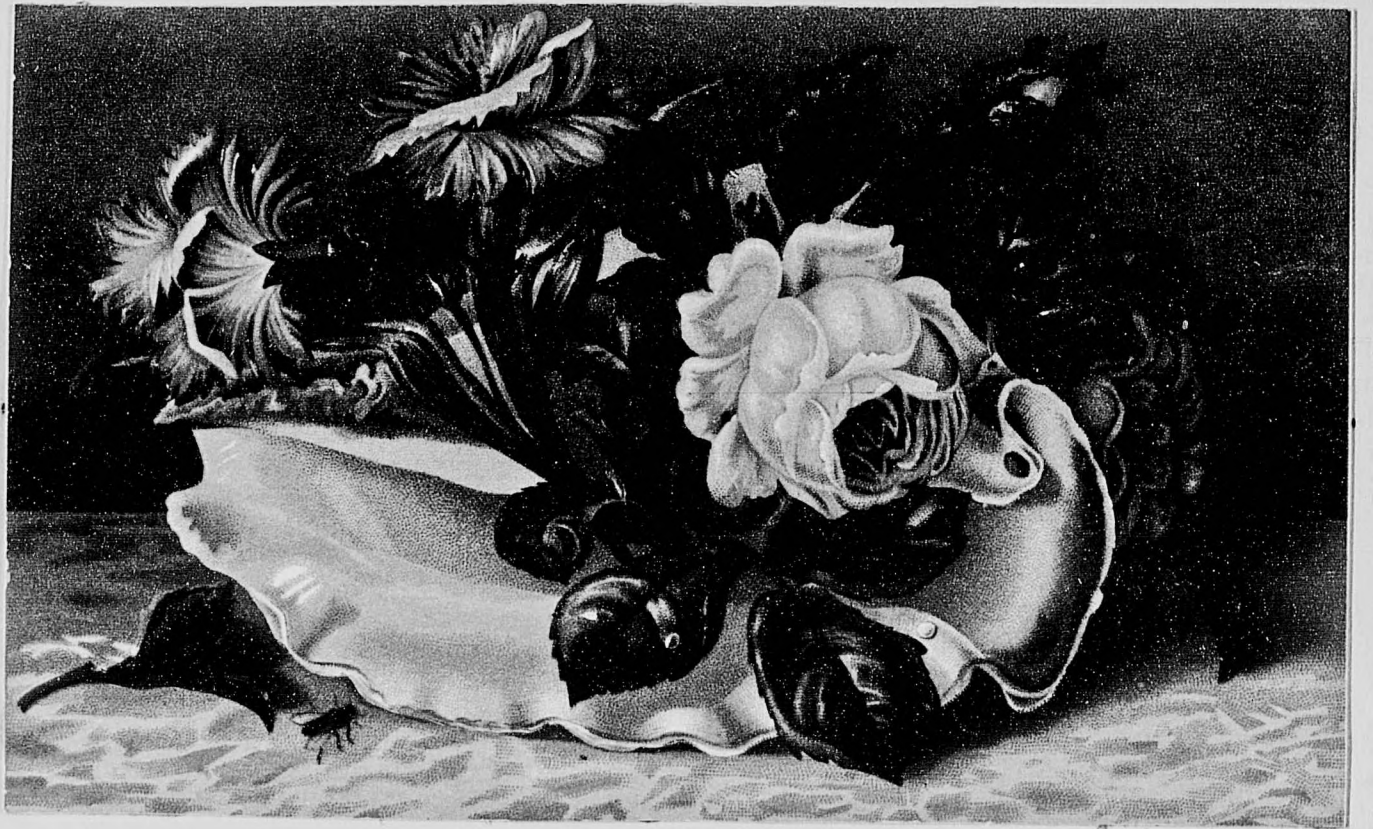
A Happy

Birthday.

Albt Bowers.



Happy  
New Year



I could as happy be  
As these dear birds with thee!

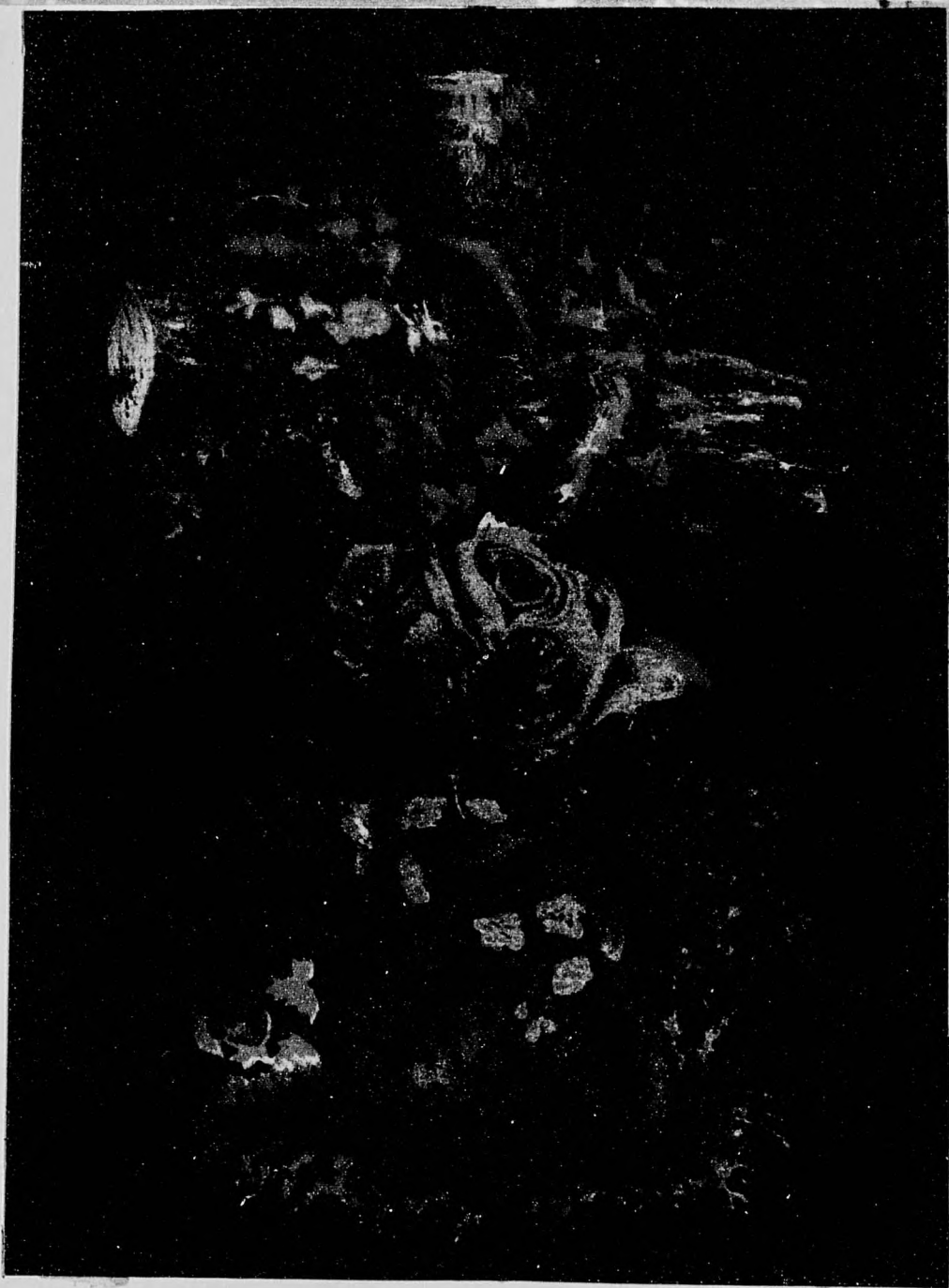


BRIGHT  
AND HAPPY  
CHRISTMAS



With Compliments  
of the Season





*Arron P. Huskins*

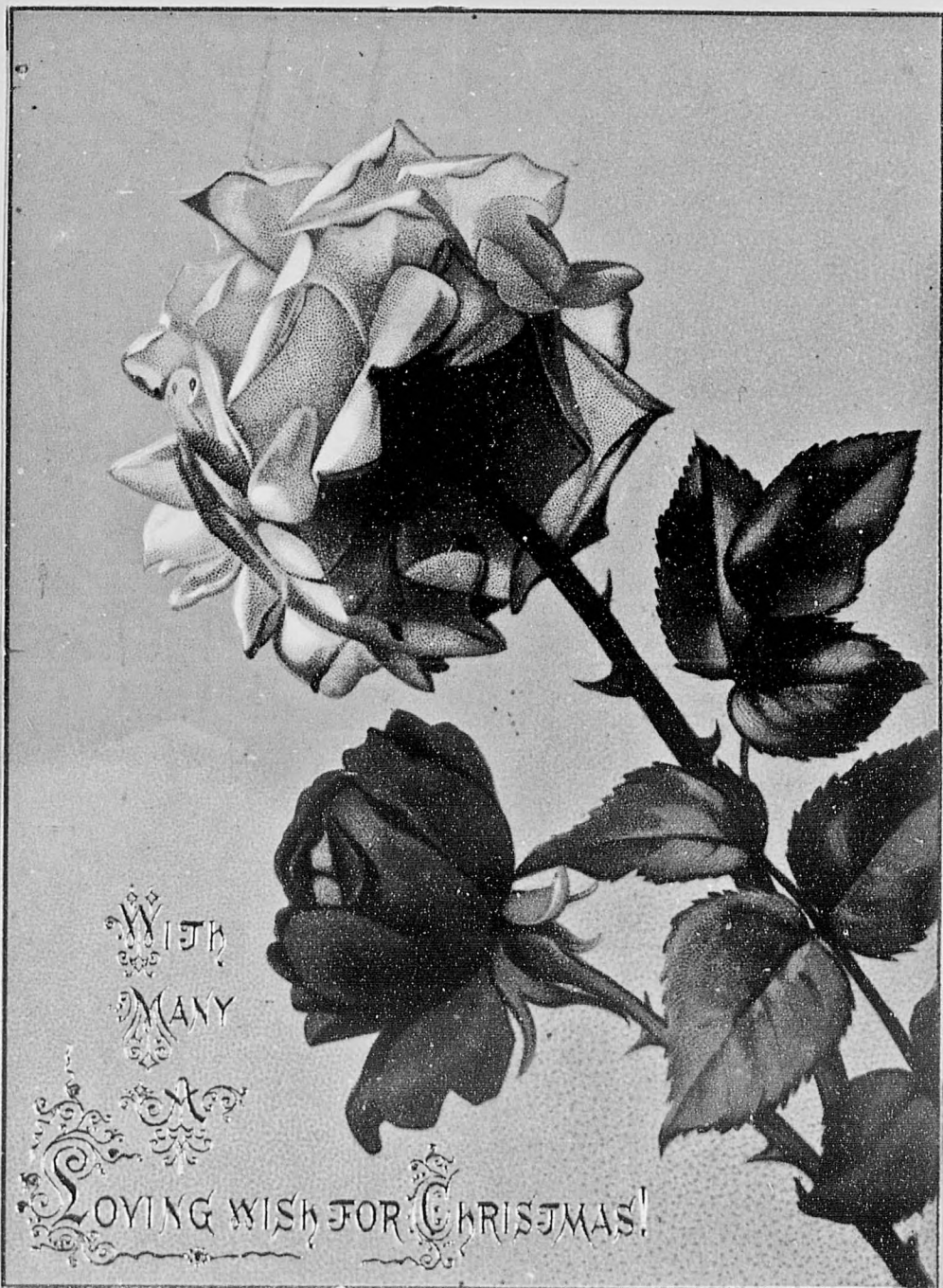
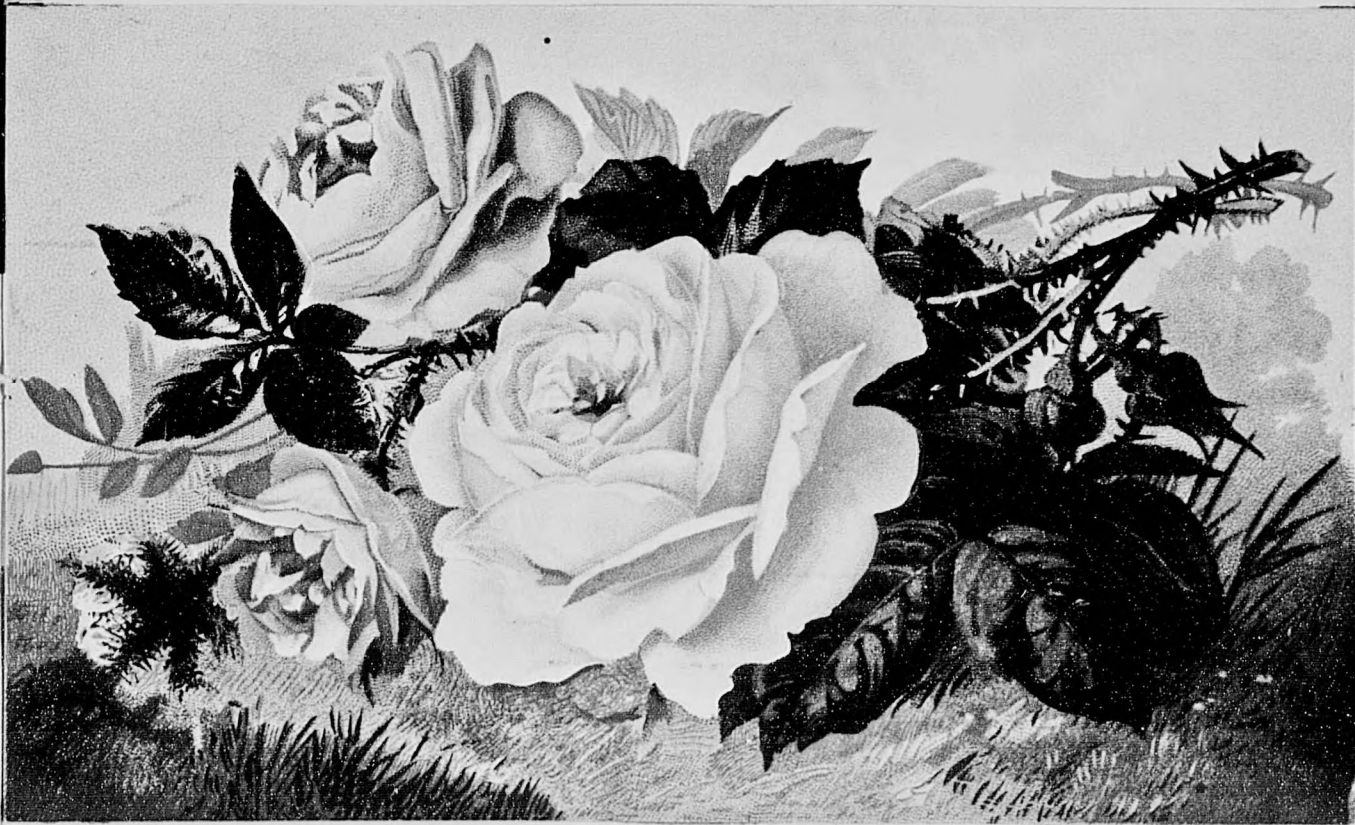


*Many happy Returns of the Day.  
Oh, be thy skies more sweet more dear,  
With each returning joyful year!*

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS.

ARTISTIC SERIES 1282.

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*WITH  
MANY*

*LOVING WISH FOR CHRISTMAS!*





Providing for a Dude.  
 "Aw, can you sell me, aw, a blue necktie to match my eyes, you know?" inquired a dude in a gentleman's furnishing store.  
 "Don't know as I can exactly," replied the salesman, "but I think I can fit you with a soft hat to match your head."  
 Then the dude withdrew from the store, a crushed strawberry hue suffusing his effeminate features.

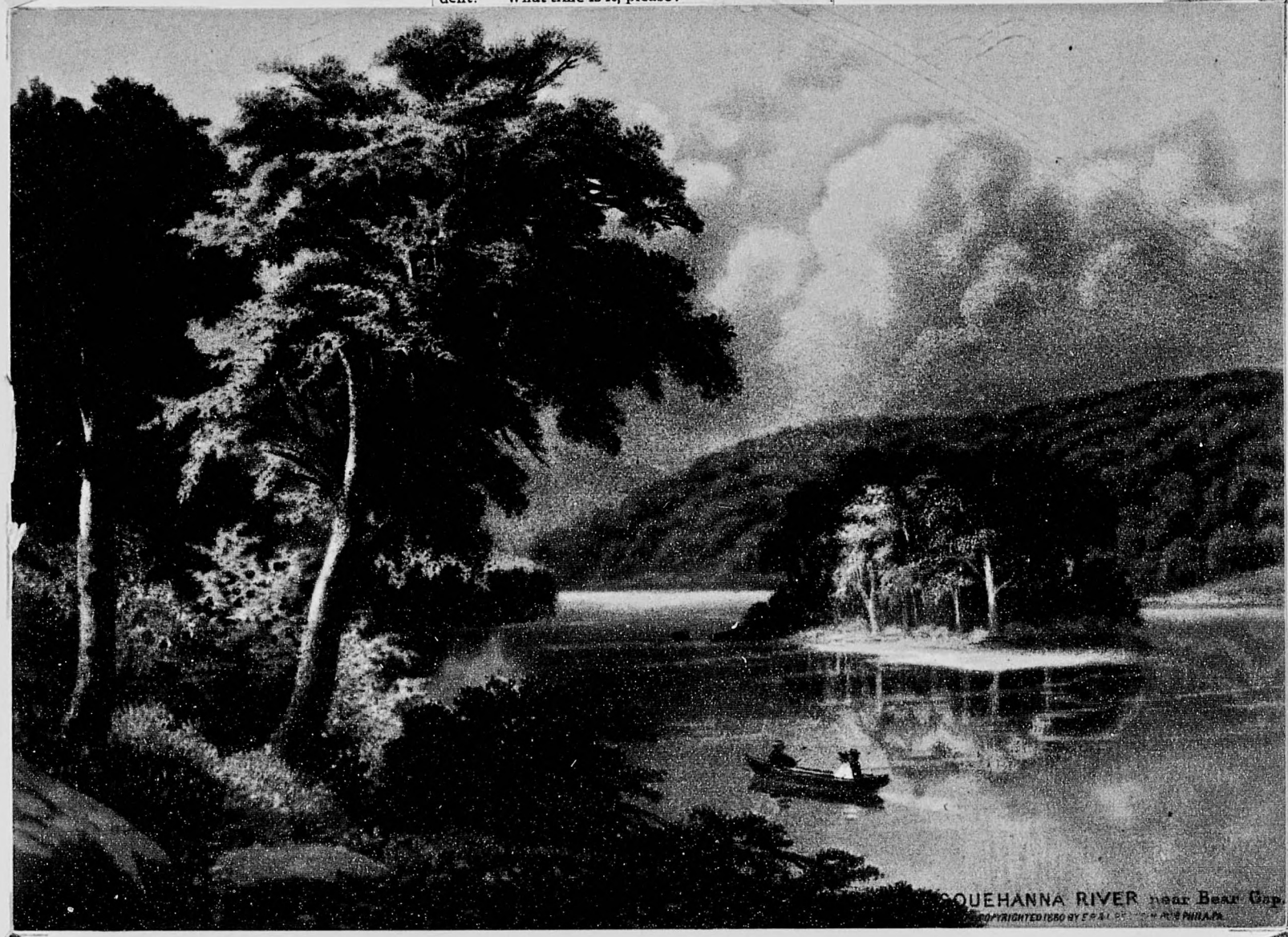


A poor, emaciated Irishman having called in a physician as a forlorn hope, the latter spread a huge mustard plaster and clapped it on the poor fellow's breast. Pat, with a tearful eye, looking down upon it, said, "Dochter, dochter, dear, it strikes me, that it is a dale of mustard for so little mate."



*John C. Dalton*

PROFESSOR (looking at his watch): "As we have a few more minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." Weary student: "What time is it, please?"



*Bessie Halford*

"Not Built that Way."  
 A boy will eat and a boy will drink,  
 And a boy will play all day;  
 But a boy won't work and a boy won't think,  
 Because he ain't built that way.—Chicago Ledger.



"There's one thing I envy a hog for," said Spencerton to the barber. "He don't have to be shaved till after death." "Some hogs does and some doesn't," replied the artist. "There's no use arguing with a barber while in his power."

Some Still Alive.  
 Old Bluffins was a pretty much of a crank and a chronic abuser of mankind in general, and the other day after speaking his mind to his wife, he concluded by saying:  
 "I tell you what it is, wife, all the fools ain't dead yet, by a long ways."  
 "Of course not, my dear," was the gentle reply, "because if they were, I'd be a widow."  
 —Merchant-Traveler.





Hungry guest: "How is this? I ordered a steak and a poached egg. I see the egg, but where is the steak?" - Sable attendant: "Dat's all right, sun. De steak am under de egg."



Come unto me.

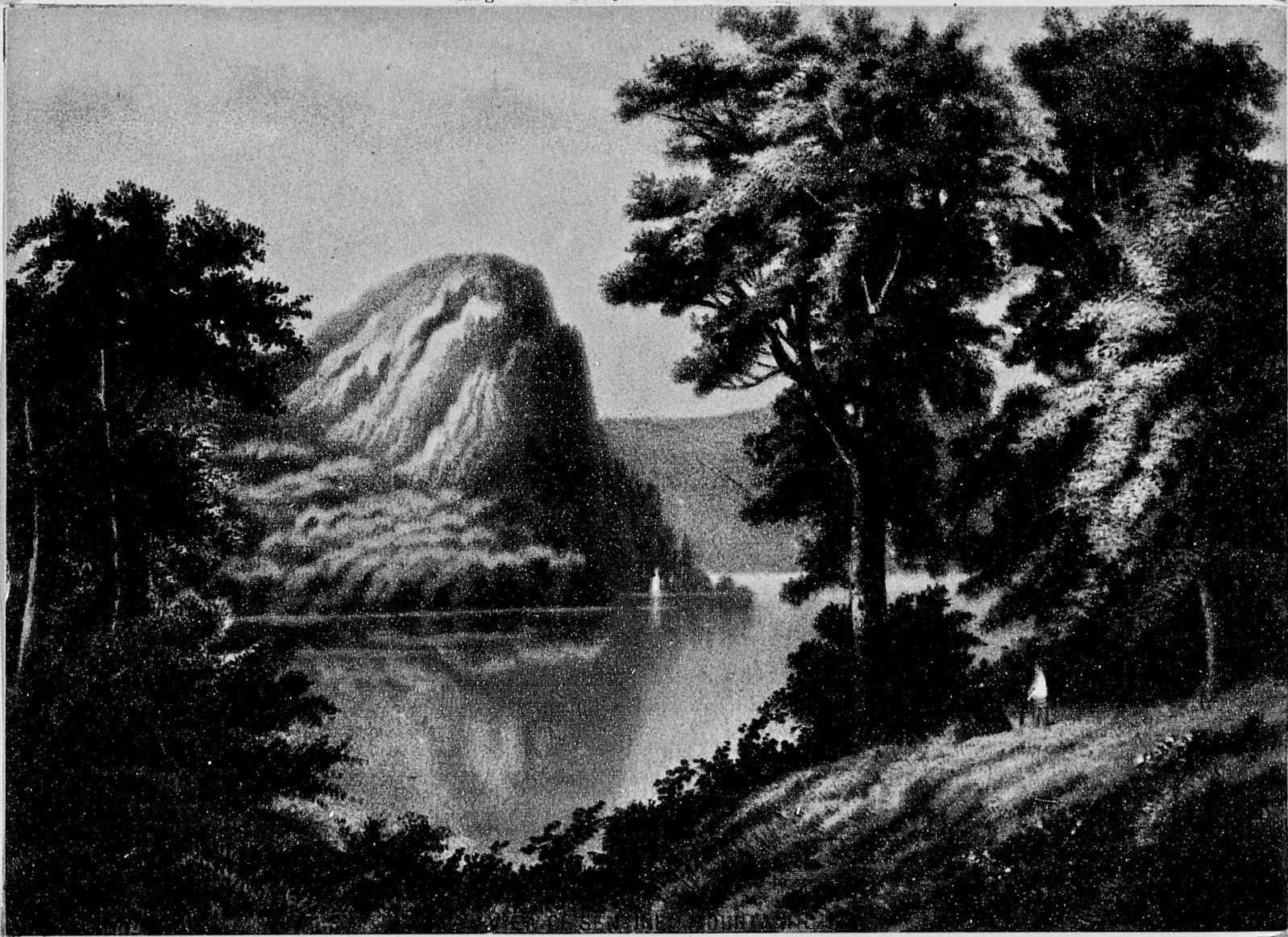
A dandy at a hotel table, who wanted the milk passed to him, thus asked for it: "Please send your cow this way." To whom the landlady retorted: "Waiter, take the cow down to where the call is bleating."



The young man who wants to get up with the sun, must not sit up too late with the daughter.

*Edward Langford.*

Customer—"What have you this morning?" Walter—"Beefsteak and shad; shad all gone. What'll you have?"



*Frank Halford*

Mamma, dining out: "It isn't polite, Bobby, to smack your lips when eating. You never do that at home."—Bobby: "Cause we never have anything worth smacking over!"



"Patrick," said a priest, "the widow Molony tells me you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?" "Yes, yer honor." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it, and ate it, yer honor." "Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on Judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?" "Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?" "To be sure I did." "Well, thin, yer riverence, I'll say, Mrs. Molony, there's yer pig!"



We would see Jesus.

"I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing a manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said that when it came to speed, no long-haired poet should distance him; and he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the waste-basket.