MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. SILVERCAMP (who is looking over some sketches for a scriptural frieze for his new house): Who are these?

ARTIST: The Twelve Apostles.

MR. SILVERCAMP: Now, look-a-here, Mister Painter, Jim ain't goin' to get ahead o' me on anything: you put fourteen in mine—

A Black Crook Company was recently compelled to disband. The ballet entered the "Home for Aged and Destitute Widows," and the scenery was shipped on to Chicago, to be used in the next Republican Convention. — Ex.

The man who began keeping a diary at the first of the year is still keeping it, but he now uses the pages as cigarette papers. — Ex.

CROSSING SWEEPER (to swell): "Merry Christmas, Captin! Pitch us a brown!" (No answer.) (Insinuatingly): "Ha' yer sich a thing as a bit o' cold puddin' about yer, Captin?" — Punch.

Maker of musical instrument, cheerfully rubbing his hands: "There, thank goodness, the bass fiddle is finished at last!" After a pause: "Ach, Himmel, if I have n't gone and left the glue-pot inside!" — Ex.

In the dim and distant future some antiquarian will come across a Saratoga trunk and excitedly exclaim: "Yes, it is true; they had giants in those days: here is one of their houses!" — Ex.

A woman's reason — Because.

Always on the wrong tack — the barefoot man. — Life.