Sardou hired a house in the country to pass the last summer, and went in search of a farmer who had a milk cow. Having found one, he said: "My good man, my servant will come every morning to buy a pint of milk." "All right; it is eight sous." "But I want pure milk, very pure." "In that case it is ten sous." "You will milk in the presence of my servant." "Then it is fifteen sous."

**HOW IT IS DONE.**

(Scene — Western newspaper office. Enter compositor.)

*Compositor:* Boss, we want more copy for to-morrow's issue.

*Editor:* Burn a child in Hoboken.

*Compositor:* I've done that, but there's still space left.

*Editor:* Well, contradict it then. — *Life.*

**Ambiguous.**

*Smiley (desperately).* — "Yes; I have been wanting to — er — speak to you for some time, and, when I saw you coming down the street, I — I resolved to embrace the opportunity, and —"

*Miss Yielding (rather disdainfully).* — "Is that all?"

**AT THE SALON.**

1st Friend (who doesn't want to parade his ignorance of French, and has just discovered a fifth picture marked "Hors Concours"): "Bless me, here's another of 'm; seems to be a favorite subject over here!"

2d Friend: "H'm! — yes — but still capable of a great variety of treatment, I should say."

(Each wishes he could only ask the other what the deuce it means, anyhow.) — *Life.*