At the Ball. — "I do love dress!" exclaimed a young society belle. "Then I should think you would wear more of it," replied the cynical bachelor friend of middle age. — Ex.

Doctor. — My dear madam, why did you not let me be called before? Your husband already lies in the highest delirium.

Madam. — Yes; but you see, it was not until he lost his understanding that he called for you.

Two little dwarfs were travelling on foot through one of our Western States, and stopped at a farm-house to ask for food. The good woman of the house, supposing them to be only children, after satisfying their hunger, took one of them upon her lap, and asked him his name, which he told her. "And how old are you, my dear?" she next inquired. "Forty-two," promptly responded the dwarf. "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the woman; "get right down!"

Policeman. — Have you a permit to play here?

Organ Grinder. — No; but it amuses the little ones so much.

Policeman. — Then you will have the goodness to accompany me.

Organ Grinder. — Very well, sir; what do you wish to sing? — Fliegende Blätter.

IMPRACTICABLE.

Judge to Witness. — Repeat the prisoner's statement to you exactly in his own words. Now, what did he say?

Witness. — My lord, he said he stole the pig.

Judge. — Impossible! He couldn't have used the third person.

Witness. — My lord, there was no third person!

Judge. — Nonsense! I suppose you mean that he said "I stole the pig."

Witness (shocked). — No, my lord! He never mentioned your lordship's name! (Dismissed ignominiously.) — London Punch.