NOT EXACTLY WHAT HE MEANT TO SAY.  
She: "That was my daughter, Mr. Smith; people say she is the perfect picture of her mother."  
He: "Yes; but pictures always flatter, you know."—Transcript.  

De Jones: "How did you like that blonde I introduced you to the other night?"  
Van Smith: "Too tall. If I ever get married, it will be to a girl who is petite."  
De Jones: Well, you're right. Of two evils, I've been told, choose the least.—Rambler.  

Startling figures—Ghosts.—Ex.  

Trade notes.—In Chicago, Ill., butter is firm, and cheese is quiet.  

A well-known author in a street-car, rising and giving his seat to a stout woman, who does not acknowledge the civility:—  
"I'm obliged to you, madam."  
Stout Woman (flushing angrily): "For what, sir?"  
Gentleman, (courteously): "For taking my seat." Hilarity among the other passengers.—Beacon.  

"What do those letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband, as she looked at his Masonic seal. "Well, really, my love," he replied, "I presume it is because they can't sit down." She postponed further questioning.  

—Ex.  

NEW YORK ENGLISH.—Algy: "'Arry, me boy, what's o'clock?"  
Harry: "I've left me watch hat 'ome, old chappie." (To bootblack:) "What's o'clock, me lad?"  
Bootblack: "It's a big watch, you dern fool." (To boy in next street:) "Hi, Jimmy, come an see the swell as never seed a clock."—Rambler.  

"What is the expressage on imponderables?" asked Blummer of the agent, who was pasting a label on a box.  
"On imponderables, sir? What's imponderables?" said the agent, looking up.  
"Well, something that can't be weighed."  
"We can weigh anything on them scales."  
"No, yer can't. I want to express an opinion;" and he softly glided out.—Life.