Mrs. Lately McBride (sympathetically): “And is it truly so, dear, that Lately used to talk sweet nonsense to you before I married him?”

“Dear” (who was a close second on Lately): “He never said but one sweet thing to me in my life, darling.”

Mrs. L.: “And what was that, love?”

D.: “He said you would certainly marry somebody before leap year was over.”

It was well enough, Mr. Richelieu, to say in your unprogressive time, “The pen is mightier than the sword”; but now we remark that the type-writer is more puissant than the Gatling gun.—Puck.

Captain: “Well, what do you make it out to be?”

Miss Culture (of Boston): “Why, it is a feline vessel, a Grimalkin craft.”

Captain: “Oh! yes; we call ’em cat-boats.”—Ocean.

“Say, Sam! when you proposed to Miss Shekels did you get down on your knees?”

“No, old man, I couldn’t; she was sitting on them.”—Spectator.

AN UNREASONABLE EXPECTATION.

Mrs. Cross (2 A. M.): “Henry, what’s the matter with you? You have left the latch-key on the outside of the door!”

Chris. Cross: “Well, m’ dear, you didn’t expect me t’ unlock the door from th’ inside, did y’?”—Puck.

Tommie.—Do you suppose Gen. Harrison is a betting man, mamma?

Mamma.—I don’t know, dear. Why?

Tommie.—Because if he is, perhaps he bet a new hat on the election, and then, you know, he wont have to wear that horrid old thing of his grandfather’s in Washington.—Life.