"Thought you had sworn off on the daily papers, Jack."

"Oh, I'm just reading over the 'Business Chances,' to find a place that will suit me after the Semies."

Doctor: "I am sorry, sir, but your case is hopeless. You are suffering from nervous prostration, from palpitation of the heart, and from a cancer in the throat—all brought on by your excessive smoking of cigars."

Journalist: "Is there no remedy?"

Doctor: "None whatever! But I interrupted you; what were you writing when I came in?"

Journalist: "An editorial on the deadly cigarette."

Carpenter: I guess Mr. Smither's book didn't sell?

Wife: Why?

Carpenter: He's just ordered sixty foot of new shelves for his library.

Expectant bridegroom: "So you won't be best man at my wedding, Tom? Why, I thought you were the best friend I had!"

Cynical friend: "So I am; that's why I decline."

The glad new year is almost here,
    When better things we always seek,—
    When vows we make, resolves we take,
    And keep them—for about a week!

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;"
As 1890 now we face:
Ring out the old McGinty joke,
And give us something in its place.

"Paid $50 for that cane! My son, you will ruin me if you go on at that rate—just make a note of that!"

"Gladly, father, if you will indorse it."

Connemara Tim (on his honeymoon trip to America):
"Did yez moind th' leddy we's jist passed?"

Mrs. Tim: "Oi did, dar-rlin', an' Oi war t'inkin' she must hav a bear av a hushban' t' git hugged th' shape o' that."