

TRUTH



ON THE OLD TRAIL.

THE SAME SNAKE IN THE GRASS. THE SAME LIE.

TRUTH

AV'ARY AMENITIES.

"You are a chicken-hearted cuss," said the Parrot to the Rooster.

"And you are a Pull-trout," retorted the Rooster.

SHE—Your parcel has always objected, eh?

HE—Yes.

SHE—But when you came to ask her parents for their consent you found that the shoe was on the other foot, eh?

HE (simply)—I didn't stop to see which foot it was on.



IN THE SHOWER.

MR. MURRAY—Sure de shower must be divin' all youse men crazy! Is this de way yez act every time yez without an umbrella?

MR. LEWIS—(Just behind her)—I'm! Couldn't you let me get under yours?

MR. MURRAY—Be off, ye skeleton! Me umbrella's small enough, to be sure; but if you want to shelter yure anatomy, O'd rather put yez into me basket!

MR. HOPKIN—Hang and blast you, you scoundrel, what made you step on my heel?

MR. SAM BLACK—Scuse me, sah; but I didn't see the color of yo' face. White man hain't got no right to bash nigger's long heels!

MR. HOPKIN—Nigger's heels, hang you!

MR. SAM BLACK—I'm! Wash de back eb yo' neck in future, and dar won't be no more mistakes of dis kind!

OLD LAWYER DROVER (between the two groups)—Bless my soul here, with all hands quarrelling around, devil a client can I find who will enable me to renew my last year's hat!

UNRELIABLE.

HE—Something tells me that you are not entirely indifferent to my attentions.

SHE—What is it?

HE—A little bird whispered it to me.

SHE—Your feathered friend is off his perch.

HE—I know it's awfully impertinent, but tell me, are you engaged?

SHE—I could tell better if you were to ask me another question first.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

WAGGINS—Old Goodfello seems to take the world very philosophically.

HARDUP—Well, you see, he can afford to wear diamonds.

MATTER OF PRESSING IMPORTANCE.

POET—I have here a little poem which I would like to have go in as soon as possible.

EDITOR—Goodness gracious! Here—right under the table—quick!

FLY TRAPS.



WELL GUMMED.

A PRUDENT SOUL.

DR. PRIM (severely)—You ought to be ashamed of frequenting saloons this way. Just look at your ragged clothes!

MR. BOOZE—Well, parson, a feller's got to be mighty economical and savin' 'bout other things, if he wants ter provide for his whiskey properly!

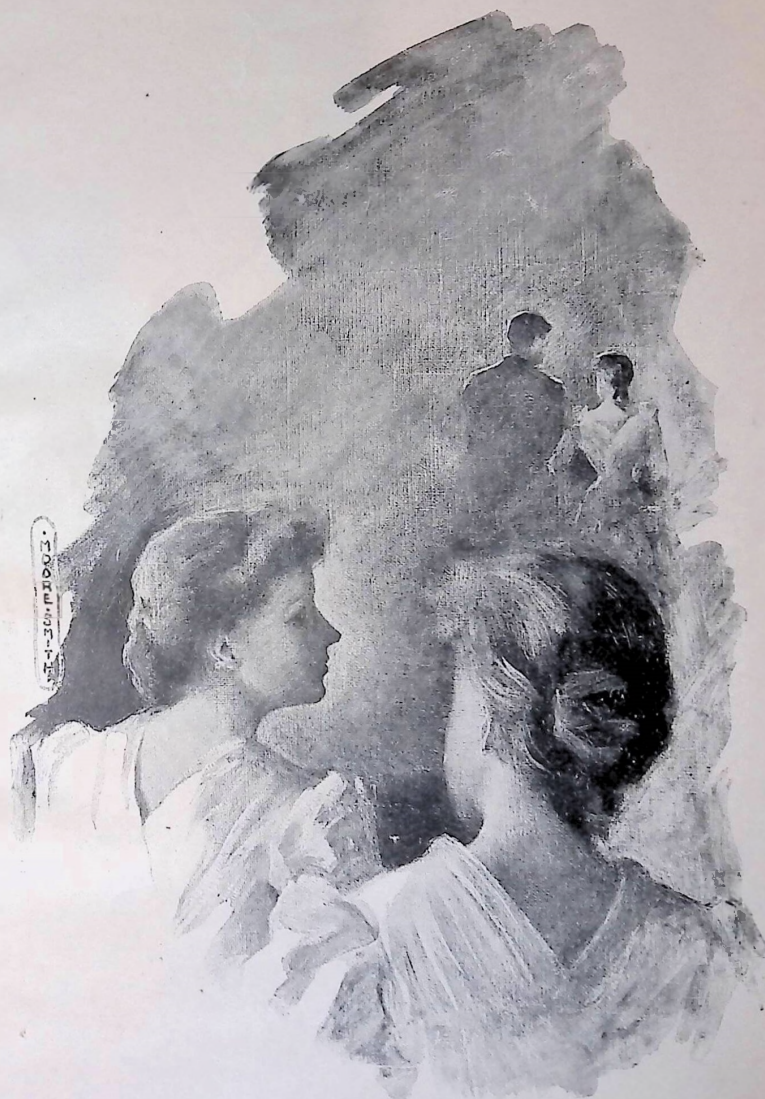
PERDITA—Oh, Pen., I'm going to marry a nobleman.

PENELOPE—That's nothing. I'm going to marry a man.

THE CONSOLER—You don't mean to say that she refused you?

THE FRESHMAN—No; I didn't propose. She is only thirteen years of age and I am a trifle superstitious, you know.

TRUTH



"Is he your fiancé?"

"No, but he's going to be. Mamma will start the rumor as soon as we are introduced."