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SNAP SHOTS.

From Grave to Gay--From Sober to Severe.

Tightening his arm one more notch, George Orville Short turned his curly head towards his affianced and whispered: "Are you sure, Eliza, that your father's name is Henry?" "Why, certainly, dear!—but why do you ask?" "Well, I thought perhaps it might be Ananias. He was the father of Lize, you know!" and the ensuing silence exhibited such painful absence of sound that you might have heard the engagement ring on its way back from the "fire."

Blank verse—poetry that misses capturing the \$100 prize.

"This thing goes without saying," was remarked by the inexperienced man who couldn't adjust properly his phonograph.

"Going out into the country, eh? Going to drive or take your bicycle?" "Well, I haven't decided yet whether it shall be wheel or whoa."

"It appears to me," said Smith, "that that Post has been sufficiently run into the ground," but the organ grinder kept on playing Sousa's masterpiece.

The servant girl's question: "Kin yez be afther lavin' me off fur the avenin', at all, at all?"

The banjoist manages to pick a living, somehow.

To Clementia Von Laskey: No, dear, no! "Thrown upon the world" is not a bicycle story.

She was a slight built college maid—Pierian ripples in her een; Thou'lt stick to me," her true love said, "Because thou art my Vassar-lean!"

"There goes young Strappt. They say he is his mother's idol." "That so? Well, he must be a broken idol. He just tried to cathode me. Don't understand that? Tried to make an "X" raise, you know!"

The terrific charge of the Light Brigade is re-enacted regularly at your gas office.

Epitaffy—the usual tombstone inscription.

The most interesting thing in "point" this year is our best girl. We state this as we go to press.

When we get the phonograph introduced into the churches we shall then be enabled to carry home a quantity of canned psalmin' for the balance of the week.

Q.: State difference between the Monroe Doctrine and Ellen Terry's milliner.

A.: One is a matter of history. The other is the hatter of Miss Terry.

Our smartest Aleck—Tricity.

"This is the most unkindest cut of all," said the prom. cit. when he saw his alleged portrait in the Everyother-monthly Buzz-saw.

A travelling spiritualist in British Columbia bears the name of Munnie Circulating medium, see?

The Baptists are healthy, considering that they are all so addicted to the dip-theory.

A burglar named Mellidy was recently captured at Albany. This midnight him of preys shall probably be relegated to Sing Sing.

Does an "artist's fine execution" refer to his kill as a painter.

A votive offering—\$10 for your ballot.

A window-blind: "Temperance Drinks Only."

At the minstrels:—
Smith:—"Those jokes seem flat. They should have been rehearsed before the show."

Jones:—"Re-hearsed? Well, I should say so!—and carried back to the cemetery again!"

Weakbrane says city milk is not very pure—not by a long chalk.

"A luvver off humor" writes to know where was it the chimney-flue? Can anyone give him a sootable answer?

A seer-sucker—A clairvoyant's victim.

Flash jewelry—electric scarf pins.

Words that burn—amateur poetry | Casey Tap.

K. C. TAPLEY
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