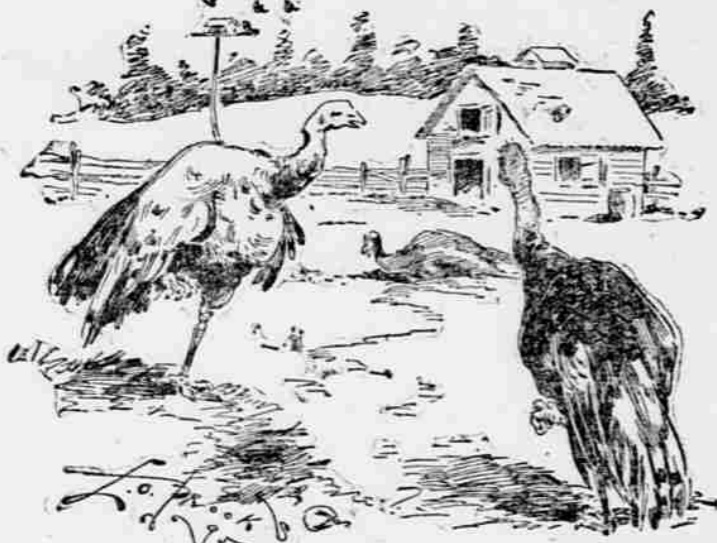


THE TABLES TURNED.



Mr. Gobber—Oh, Miss Hennie, will you have light or dark meat?

A BARNYARD MISHAP.



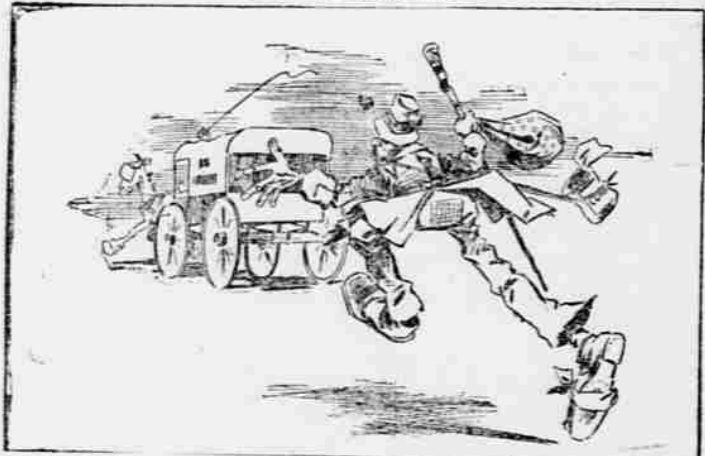
First Turkey—Our old gobber seems to be in a terrible plight. Second Ditto—Yes; he just fell down and broke his wishbone.

WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE.

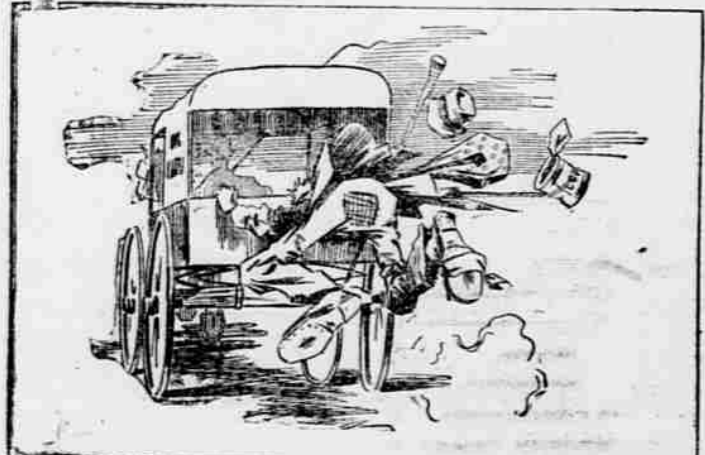


Turkey—You Cassius has a lean and hungry look.

SURPRISED.



1—Owen Lots—What a daisy turnout. Watch me catch it.



2—I'm good for ten miles at least.



3—Holy smoke! It's the dog catcher's wagon!

A TURN OF FORTUNE.



1—Farmer, to lean turkey—Oh, you needn't laugh. Your turn'll come Christmas.



2—It allus riles me ter see a dispiration ter give the laugh ter victims of hard luck.



3—Well, claw me up! There goes the hatchet off the handle.



4—So we'll hev ter eat the lean turkey fer Thanksgiving and let the fat one hev a respite till Christmas.



His Best Foot Forward.

HOW IT HAPPENED.



1—Picture of student who studied.



2—until—



3—he became



4—baldheaded!

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Great Difference Between Stealing and Innocent Accident.

The other day at Montezuma, while two citizens were conversing at the depot, a negro approached and addressed one of them as follows: "Kurnel, I h'ar yo' wants to git a man out on de plantashun." "Yes, I want a man out there," replied the colored man, as he looked the negro over. "Seems to me I've seen you before." "Reckon not, sah, I 'ze new roum' here." "But I'm sure I've seen you somewhere. Let's see. I was over at Perry the other day." "Yes, sah, yo' was ober to Perry." "And while there I called at the jail." "Yes, sah, yo' called at de jail. Dey has got a powerful nice jail ober to Perry." "And while at the jail I saw a colored man who was serving a sentence for stealing a hog." "No doubt of it, kurnel. Yes, yo' dun saw a cull'd person right in dat jail at Perry." "And you are the man," said the colored man, as he laid his hand on the negro's shoulder. "Yes, sah, kurnel—jes so. I was right in dat jail at Perry, an' I dun 'members of seein' yo' pass along. Curious what a mentry some white folks has got in deir heads." "But you don't suppose I want a man who has been in jail for stealing, do you?" exclaimed the colored man. "No, sah, no, sah. Of co'se yo' don't. Dat's what I 'ze here to dispain about. Yo' got it all wrong 'bout dat hog, kurnel. De mason who dun stole de hog, was asleep when yo' called. I wasn't in dat jail for stealin' no hog. I 'ze no such man as dat." "Then what were you in for?" "Why, dey said den two bags er cotton seed meal what dey found in my cart was taken from de depo'." "Oh, I see. Well, what's the difference?" "What's the difference? Heaps o' difference, sah. On one hand, I 'ze loadin' up a bar'l o' salt arter dark, an' den bags jes' tumbled into my cart while my back wuz turned. On de odder hand, a pusion goes out by daylight an' runs a hog aroun' de woods for ober two hours before he catches a hind leg. 'Scuse me, kurnel, I did reckon I'd like to work on yo' plantashun, but if yo' 'an desert o' man who can't see de difference between a pusion restin' in jail to oblige de jury an' bein' sent to jail for stealin' a hog I couldn't trust my reputashun in yo' hand. Good mornin', kurnel, good mornin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

His One Error.

"George Williams accused Mrs. Dashing, the new woman, 'did you not tell me before the election that you just swayed the people at will by your eloquence?'" "You just ought to have seen me, Mollie! Seemed to have a hypnotic inf—" "And that they actually hung on your words—?" "Y-yes—"

Same Old Story.

"Now that," said a mother rabbit, "is a boy—a young man— Little rabbit: 'What a funny looking creature—'" Mother rabbit: "Yes, my dears. He doesn't look much like a rabbit, does he?" "Chorus: 'Ha, ha, ha! No-o-o!'" Mother rabbit: "No, he don't. But his brother is around the hill, hunting for rabbits, and pretty soon he will see the young man through the bushes, take him for a rabbit, and shoot him. My children, always respect the amateur hunter. He is our friend."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

She Had Heard Something.

"They don't have any policemen in the country," said the little girl who had just returned to the town. "I didn't see any," added her little brother, who had been with her. "But I heard cousin Annie say something about a hard cuppe about a mile from the farm."—N. Y. World.

Rather Difficult.

A soldier leaving barracks is stopped by the corporal of the guard. "You cannot go without leave." "I have the verbal permission of the captain." "Show me the verbal permission."—Oakland Times.

Love's Sacrifice.

She scraped an acquaintance with Dudeling, in play. Then married him, out of flirtation; Then she raked, and she scraped, for many a day. To save them both from starvation. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Dime Museum.

Bearish Lady—I don't think the Circus-princess is any better than she ought to be. Adipose Lady—Neither do I. Just think how she pulled the India-Rubber man's leg. —N. Y. World.

The Goulds' Expensive Purchase.

Count Castellate is said to be running through the Gould millions so rapidly that it is possible that the fares will soon have to be raised on several American railways in order to keep him in pocket money. —Philadelphia Item.

A Matter of Accent.

Sapsmith—The first thing the phrenologist said when he began to examine my cranium was: "What a head!" Grunshaw—As you see he did not say: "What a head?"—Truth.

Anything and Everything.

"Wot'll I do with this burglar alarm bell—take it along?" asks burglar number one. Second Burglar—Yes, slip it into the bag; we can get something for it.—Tid Bits.

Awed Into Silence.

The stage is certainly a great educator. What else could impress Capt. Anson, the ceaseless tormentor of umpires, so that he could not talk?—New York Journal.

What Might Happen.

As to the danger of running up against this country, these late messages to big vessels are a warning to foreign navies to keep off.—Philadelphia Times.

A Mine.

Those who affect wonderment at Inspector Byrnes' wealth forget the Nickel Library series.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LOW ALL AROUND.



Mike—Oh want to buy a bicycle, OI do. Dealer—Do you want a high frame? Mike—OI don't. OI want th' cheapest one in th' place.

JUST THE SAME.



Circus Butcher—There's not enough turkey to go round. What must wedo? Clown—Kill the ostrich.

AND HER LOVE GREW COLD.



He—You are very beautiful. She—But beauty fades. He—Yes, I had noticed that.



Uncle Sam: "Things are looking serious. Seems as though I needed a few more boats myself." —Philadelphia Press.

THANKSGIVING DELICACIES.



The white man likes his turkey fat, The red man takes to bow wow roast, The yellow fellow bolts the rat, And Sambo sticks to 'possum toast