

A LOT OF NONSENSE.



REAL IRISH (overheard in Co. Antrim). Hawker of Fish. SALT HERRING—ALL ALIVE, ALL ALIVE! [But, after all, it was a doubtful recommendation.



HAD HIM THERE! Stout Party (wrathfully). HALLO, THERE! MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT! WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU FIRING AT? Little Spratson (who owes him one). MY DEAR FELLOW, I BEG YOUR PARDON. I'M SO WRETCHEDLY SHORT-SIGHTED, YOU KNOW, THAT I REALLY TOOK YOU FOR A PARTRIDGE!



REAL SCOTCH (overheard in the Highlands). First Real Scotchman. CAN YOU PLAY THE FIDDLE, TONALD? Second Real Scotchman. NO; NOR THE FLUTE TOO.



Portrait of a Little Thing who wondered how People could make themselves so conspicuous.



Aunt Beasy (to Infant Prodigy). WELL, ALGY, AND WHERE IS THAT PRETTY BOX OF PAINTS I BROUGHT YOU YESTERDAY? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THEM? Infant Prodigy. OH, I'VE EAT FIVE, AND GAVE THE REST TO ADA. THE GREEN 'UN WAS SO NASTY!

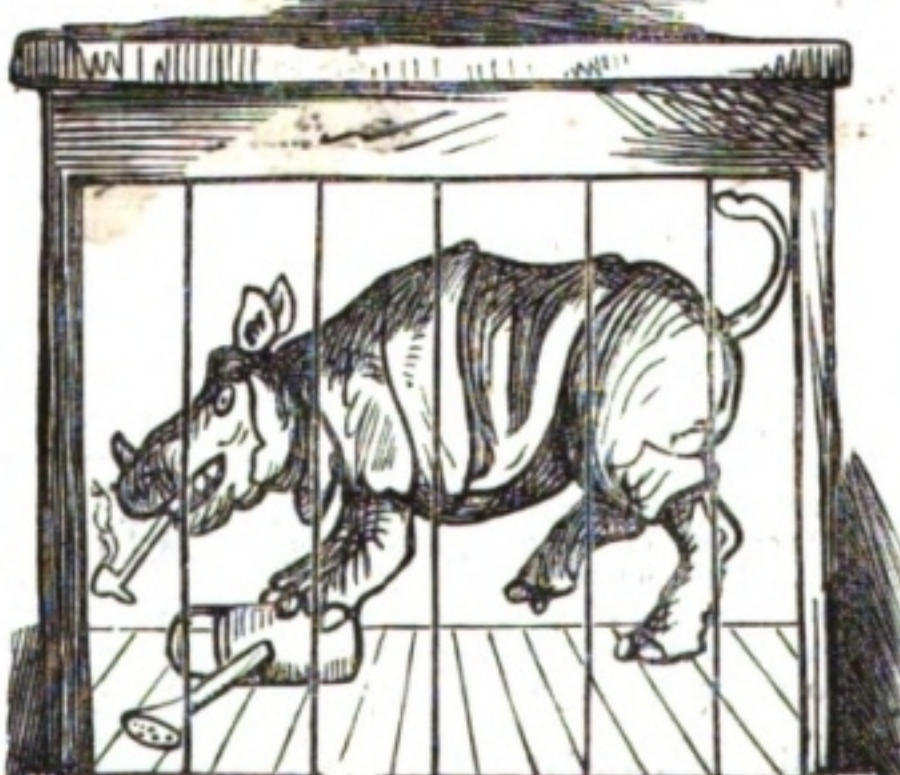


Portrait of a Party who has never missed a single Opera Bouffe since the Grand Duchesse.

ROYAL GOOD BOY 'THEATRE OPERA BOUFFE EVERYBODY IN LONG CLOTHES



Good Young Man. AH, THIS IS AS IT OUGHT TO BE. THIS VERY NIGHT I'LL TAKE DEAR GRANDPAPA AND GRANDMAMA. I CAN DO SO NOW WITH PERFECT SAFETY.



Picture of a Fabid Rhinoceros, taken on the spot by a Special Commissioner.



Original from somebody thrusts another Goose into his Umbrella. Poor ALLY, he never will be properly understood!