

TRUE.

Is courtship a failure? I
don't think it is;

I've tried it awhile, and my reason is this:
I asked her to wed me one evening and, lo!
It was a success, for she answered me "no."

While in the east I purchased four lots in Seattle; but I did not then realize the dimensions of that city. I visited Seattle later. My agent went with me in the direction of my lots. They are in an excellent direction from the city, but just how far they are in that particular direction I did not learn. I was shown, however, a belt of timber in which I was assured my lots lay. There are no houses on them as yet, but they are better shaded than are some lots right in the center of the city. My agent informed me that as the city grew my lots would come nigher the city, and that sooner or later there would be such a movement in real estate in that direction that they would be actually in the city. Just at present they are in an

addition yet to be added. When I secure a gun and two or three faithful dogs, I am going out for the purpose of "cornering" my lots, as corner lots are higher than others. After I shall have succeeded in this I expect my lots to be away up; and they are now on the top of a no mean mountain. These lots are for sale on reasonable terms. Address my agent.

TOO COMPLIMENTARY.

You're liker spring than any one I've seen;
For spring is beautiful, you know—and green.

COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED.

Soon after I joined the "reading circle," which had of late gained in the measure of its circumference not a little, I was asked to take and discuss a certain subject concerning which, I was informed, there could be little said. I took the subject and succeeded, finally, in exhausting it.

THE THIEF.

He was a thief; and yet I fancy
You would have loved him as did Nancy—
Whose father, just himself deceiving,
Made such ado about his thieving—
He was a thief.

One day he left, and in a hurry—
Some parents get in such a flurry!—
Now, nothing Nancy's father misses:
The thief had stolen only kisses—
I was the thief.

CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

ETHEL (dressed for party)—Now, mamma,
I am all ready.

MAMMA—Well, be careful, dear, not to expose yourself.

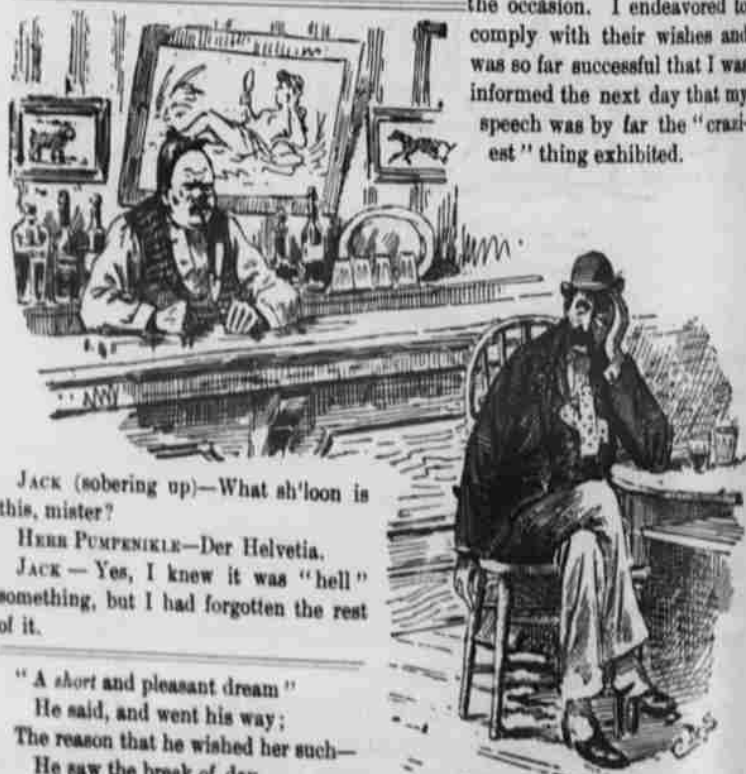
BROTHER FRED (a trifle cynically)—Nor others.

ENGLISH TOO LIMITED.

EDITOR (returning a manuscript to an aspiring genius from Jenkins Corners)—Yes, I perfectly agree with you that you are a grammatical heavy weight, for you have knocked grammar completely out. I would suggest that you give some attention to the study of Chinook, as I perceive that the resources of the English language are utterly inadequate to express your ideas.

INQUIRENDO DE LUNATICO.

The other day a committee called upon me, by proxy, and stated that the "relief corps" was going to hold a "crazy sociable," and desired me to make some remarks in keeping with the occasion. I endeavored to comply with their wishes and was so far successful that I was informed the next day that my speech was by far the "craziest" thing exhibited.



JACK (sobering up)—What sh'loon is this, mister?

HEB PUMPEKLE—Der Helvetia.

JACK—Yes, I knew it was "hell" something, but I had forgotten the rest of it.

"A short and pleasant dream"

He said, and went his way;

The reason that he wished her such—

He saw the break of day.