



WAITING.

Maiden at the lattice gate,
 Why wait you there?
 Is your love a little late,
 Maid most fair?
 Sweet the roses on your breast,
 Sweet your eyes,
 Eager, down-dropped, seeking rest
 In disguise.
 Ah, those white lids tell the tale—
 If not they,
 Then that face a little pale
 With his delay—
 If not that, those trem'ulous lips
 Plainly prove
 That to e'en your finger tips
 You're in love.
 List! He comes, his steps draw near.
 Ah, what now?
 Crimson sweeps the tide o'er clear
 Cheek and brow,
 Raised in joyous questionings
 Those sweet eyes—
 All your heart its welcome brings—
 Paradise!

HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

HANDY TO HAVE ALONG.

TWO-YEAR-OLD—(About to start on a journey, to mamma who is packing a lunch basket)—What is dat baxit for, mamma?

MAMMA—To stay your stomach with, dear.

TWO-YEAR-OLD—Me don't want my stomach to stay; me want to take it wif me.

PORTLAND HUMANITY.

FIRST PASSENGER—I never knew before that Weed was so very tender hearted.

SECOND PASSENGER—How's that? What makes you think he is?

FIRST PASSENGER—Why, this rainy weather he keeps rubber blankets over the iron lions in front of his house.



JUVENILE AMENITIES.

SOPHIE SNOWBALL—Gimme some candy, Willie.

WILLIE WHITE—I ain't got no candy.

SOPHIE—What's that yo' got in yo' mouf?

WILLIE (mournfully)—Tuf ake.

The Thanksgiving proclamation of the governor of Oregon this year consisted of one sentence of 100 words. In two or three years it will probably take the following form:

[L. S.] THANKS.

MISS IDAHO (in the art gallery of the Chicago exposition)—This is a grand round-up, isn't it?

MR. LAKEFRONT—What—ah—to what picture do you refer?

For Thanksgiving banquets fashion demands full dress for the turkey.



THE MARRIAGE SERVICE IN SHORT ORDER.

CLARA—I hear our new minister used to be a seaman. I think it perfectly dreadful; for don't you know, sailors are such a wicked set of men.

MR. E. LEGIBLE (something of a sportsman)—I don't think that's anything against our minister. He used to be a captain, remember; and a good one too. He tells me he has made as many as twenty knots an hour, many a time.

CLARA—O, how perfectly lovely!