

## WHY SHE WOULD NOT EXCHANGE.

"My heart and hand I give to thee,  
Canst thou not give as much to me?"  
Said I, "my pretty maiden?"

"My hand is thine," the maiden said  
And added, as she bowed her head,  
"My heart 's too heavy laden."

"My heart is light," continued I  
"And glad with love, and, therefore, why  
Not give me thine, sweet maiden?"

Said she, her cheeks lit as with flame,  
"It was by an *exchange* it came  
My heart's too heavy laden."

## LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

MRS. BARSUS—Benjamin Franklin, what is yo' doin' spendin' all yo' money an' livin' like the prodigal son?

B. F.—I'se workin' fo' de fatted calf an de bes' robe, Missus.

## NOT ALWAYS NEEDED.

I have an idea of being an author, Jack; what do you think about it?

JACK—The "idea" is the essential, though many have succeeded fairly without it.

## CANDOR.

SCRIBBELO—Here, pard, is an article for the press; take it and tell me candidly if you can see anything in it.

DONTNO—No, I can't; what is there in it, anyhow?

SCRIBBELO—I don't know.

## A HINT.

MISS FANNIE—Mr. Shrewdfellow, I never know how to take you.

MR. SHREWDFELLOW—I wish you would find out.

## NOT SO EASILY ENDED.

JACK—Jim, I've about made up my mind to get married and have done with it.

JIM (a five years married man with three children.)—Yes, "have done with it!" That matter grows on you.

## TEMPORAIRLY POSTPONED.

PAT—Well, Moike, and did ye thrash Finerty as ye was after doin'?

MIKE (with a bandage around his head)—No, be jabers! When I met Finerty I discovered that I had me hands so full of bein' thrashed that I concluded to put the job off for a wake or two.

JONES (who is being stared at by Mr. Blank)—What are you looking at?

MR. BLANK—Oh, nothing in particular.

## A WISE SUGGESTION.

CHARLIE—Here is a letter I can't understand. Listen to this as a sample: "I think we would better discontinue our correspondence."

GEORGE—Well, that is not just plain. You would better write her for an explanation.



## THAT DEPENDS.

CHARLIE (to his big brother)—Has a deer four legs like a dog or two legs like a chicken?

BIG BROTHER (bewildered)—That depends, Charlie, on the way you spell it.

SAMBO—Well, Susanna, what 'd ye git fo' Christmas?

SUSANNA—I did'n git nuthin', an' I 'spec' dat's mo'n I's tilled to.

## NO RIVAL NOW.

TAMBOY—I hear you have a rival—how is it?

WILDBOY—Oh, no; that matter's settled. It's my rival and some one else for it now!

## PROSPECTS GOOD.

JOHNSON—Don't you think Miss Jones a beautiful young lady?

SAMPSON—Yes; what are her prospects?

JOHNSON—Very good, indeed; she's my girl.

## CANDIDLY.

MR. NICEFELLOW—Don't you think, Miss Aubery, I would succeed on the stage?

MISS AUBERY—Not unless you act better on the stage than off of it.

## THE ORIGIN OF A STORY.

MISS LUCY (his very dear friend)—I hear Mr. Johnson, that you are engaged. Is it so?

MR. JOHNSON—Well, I guess that story got started last week—I was engaged then.

## HARD ON THE PRESS.

"Papa, will there be newspapers in heaven?" "Perhaps, my child; but they will have a new set of editors and reporters!"

## SHE CHOSE ANOTHER.

"Shure and I knew yer mither well when she was swate sixteen. And it's her fault entiorely that I'm not yer father."

## TO MY PRETTIEST READER.

If I were Santa Claus I'll tell you what I'd do;

I'd buy the prettiest gift in town and order it—to you!

## UNCONSCIOUS INGRATITUDE.

LITTLE SUSIE—Papa, I wis' you was Santa Taus.

PAPA—Why, my dear?

LITTLE SUSIE—Taus he's so dood.

## MIKE SUSPECTS PAT IS FLUSH.

PAT—Faith, Moike, and do yez think it is more blissed to give than to receive?

MIKE—Yes, I do that, Pat, and if I'd anything I'd be after gittin' rid of it.