



Who's ever blithesome, light and free,
And active as a boy can be;
Who revels in his youthful glee
And makes my life a joy to me?
Her little brother.

His hair is soft, like velvet moss;
Of long, slim neck there is no loss;
His ears are large and outward toss;
He wears a grin stretched way across—
Her little brother.

When at their front gate he has been,
I've asked him: "Is your sister in?"
To entertain me he'd begin
By widening his blithesome grin—
Her little brother.

The time when I first knew him, he
Was ten years old, and seemed to see
His mission on this earth to be
To shadow and keep track of me—
Her little brother.

I never took her anywhere
And reveled in her charms so fair,
But that I saw the bristly hair
And flapping ears a-grinning there—
Her little brother.



I have a picture in my mind
Of summer night, with starlight kind,
Out strolling, when I turned, to find
A-clamping, 'bout a rod behind—
Her little brother.

I fear he'll climb the golden stair
With flapping ears and bristly hair;
I think there'll be, some morning fair,
A funeral, and he'll be there—
Her little brother.

JOS. BART SULLIVAN.

SEASONABLE DEFINITIONS.

All fools day—365.
Good Friday—He's dead now.
An equinox—A drawn prize fight.
March weather—St. Patrick's day.
Springtime—When you sit on a bent pin.
Writing for recreation—working over old jokes.
The last of the season—An empty pepper box.
Keeping Lent—Not returning a borrowed umbrella.
Springtime of love—When the old man comes in.
Gaining a color of title—Writing your deeds in blood.
Making most of a bad thing—The biggest distillery in the country.
An Easter cross—An angry woman—cross herself and a cross to her husband.
Great bar-gains in real estate—The mud left on the Columbia river bars by the flood.

HE WAS THERE.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—Have that editorial of mine on the evils of prize fighting double leaded. And, by the way, our account of the fight was not correct. If Mr. Johnson can't be more careful you must detail some other man. If they had been allowed to go on Finnigan would have licked the life out of him.

THE COLONEL'S CARRIAGE.

MR. NEWBICH—Col. Rapier has a very fine carriage. I confess I envy him.
MRS. NEWBICH—Well, dear, surely we can buy one like it. Do you know where the colonel got his?
MR. NEWBICH—Yes; at West Point.

SHE HAD TO PAY FOR IT.

ALGERNON—Oh, Arabella, I must have something as a keepsake. Give me a lock of that beautiful hair.
ARABELLA—No, sir, I will not; I'd have you know that my hair costs money.

A SOFT ANSWER.

VICTOR—What are you painting?
ARTIST (sarcastically)—Can't you see?
VICTOR (sweetly)—Yes, I see it is a sewer. Have you decided what to call it, yet?

People who wonder why the Duke always stands in the theater exit and ogles the ladies in exactly the same way, will cease to wonder when they learn that he goes by machinery.