

BY OUR CONTRIBUTORS



I knew a maiden once, so fair,
So light of heart, so debonaire,
She seemed to tread on paths of air,
So blythe was she.

By sinking sun are shed. Her lips
Were of the hue the blush-rose sips
From out the dew. E'en to the tips
Of her small hand

She seemed a queen, Titania fair,
The ruler of the kingdom where,
'Neath flow'r and leaf and maiden hair
She waves her wand.

Her fairy head she turned aside,
And, sweet as dove at eventide
Cooes to her mate, she softly sighed
"I love you, too;

"Have your own way." What could I do
But what I did? And so will you
When Love shall pierce with arrow thro'
Your heart some day.

Ten weary years have found their grave
And still I see Titania wave
Her wand; but ne'er do I, her slave,
Have my own way.

HARRY L. WELLS.

A Portland lady who is accustomed to saying "colored people" when some of that race are present and "negroes" when they are not, was asked by her little three-year-old when they passed a gentleman of dusky hue: "Mamma, is that one a negro or a coll'd man?"

Within her deeply shaded eyes
I saw the tint of midnight skies,
While o'er her head were golden dyes
That on the sea

One day, by gracious smile made bold,
I seized her dainty hand, and told
The story ever new, yet old,
Of love so true.



IN THE MORNING.

MISS MAY'S COOK—What is the matter with your face, May?

MISS MAY (on whom Mr. G. had called the evening before)—Oh, Mr. George was too busy to get shaved yesterday.

The daughter of a physician was asked to accept his company home by a young dude who had seen her father called out by a messenger boy. She smiled sweetly and said: "Oh, papa knew that he was going to be called out, and he said he would be waiting for me at the steps."

YOUNG M. D. (to first patient)—Put out your tongue, please. Great heavens, man, you would have been dead very soon if you had not called me!

PATIENT—Don't be alarmed. I've just been chewing licorice drops for my cold.

The Arab's motto—Up and Be-don-in'.

HE FELT SO.

"Your lips are like straw hats," said he
Whose love had told him she well knew
That kissing was a frightful sin,
And something she would never do.
"Now how, dear Charles," the maid replied,
With blushing cheek and drooping head,
"How can my lips be like straw hats?"
"Because they've never felt," he said.
HARRIS BARRETT.

JOHN—I've put the cat in the closet to catch the mice, and now I want a light.

MORRIS—What in the world do you want with a light?

JOHN—To put in the closet so the cat can see.

A Washington paper recently told of a gentle man's death and then startled its readers by saying that his wife is now a widow.

JERRY (who has just returned from a party)—Oh, mamma, I do wish I'd worn my overcoat.

MAMA—Why, dear?

JERRY—Because I could have eaten a great deal more ice cream.

GIZZARD (to landlady)—I am pleased to say, Mrs. Spink, that in one respect, at least, your table is as good as "The Portland."

Mrs. Spink (with gratified smile)—In what respect?

GIZZARD—You use the same make of wooden toothpicks.