

THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOLES.

Alas! Alack! 'Tis sad, indeed!
What are we coming to?
When no one seems to be at work
Tho' there's so much to do.

The carpenter says he'll no more carp
Till he gets eight hours a day;
The bricklayer, like a setting hen,
Has completely ceased to lay.

The mason's trowel hangs on the wall,
A man of leisure he,
As useless a mason as e'er was found
In lodge of the "Ancient and Free."

The plasterer is plastic and will not set
He is so badly mixed.
The lather vows he'll lath no more
Till the eight hour day is fixed.

Meanwhile the clock goes right ahead
And works for twenty-four hours,
And the almanac keeps up its lick,
Mixing the sunshine and showers.

But soon this must end. The lather will lath,
The bricklayer work on the block,
The carpenter carp, the plasterer plast;
And nothing will strike but the clock.

W.

Two young clerks in a publishing house in San Francisco, not having the funds to buy fifty cent tickets with which to go out to the cruiser *Charleston*, borrowed a small whitehall and went out independent of the tugs. As they came up alongside, the sea was heavy and drove them against the *Charleston* with a thud. Instantly a grizzled head in official uniform was thrust out from a near port hole. "Say!" said a gruff voice, "what are you two dodgasted hoodlums about? Do you want to stave a hole in the side of this vessel?"

A summer complaint—It's too hot.
A health resort—Quinine.
Ode to May—Whatever she claims.
A rose—John, when his father went up stairs with a switch.

The *Big Bend Empire* pays the following rather dubious compliment to a recent federal appointee in Eastern Washington: "Joe, old boy, accept our congratulations. The virtuous are seldom rewarded."

The explanation of why George Francis Train was able to get around the world quicker than Nellie Fly is because Mother Earth is a woman.

It takes a full man for empty talk.

THE BLIND BOY'S REPLY.

The publisher relates a story full of pathos. A little, blind boy, of Detroit, Wash., was the happy recipient of a collection. One of the bystanders asked the little fellow to loan the money to him. "I would," replied the unfortunate, "but I don't know when I'd see you again."



NOT A PARALLEL CASE.

MR. OLDSBY—My dear, I think we ought to take Lucy and her husband back and forgive them for sleeping.

MRS. O.—No.

MR. O.—You know your father forgave us in two days.

MRS. O.—Yes, but he thought I was sufficiently punished by marrying you.

COULDN'T STAND A LOAN.

GALLAN—I never saw a man lose his strength as rapidly as Dolly did the other day.

MALDINI—How was that?

GALLAN—I asked him to lend me ten dollars, when straightway he declared he was unable to stand alone.

WHAT "ORANGERLOSSOM" IS DOING.

LARKIN—I haven't heard anything of Mulhatten for a long time.

GALLAN—O, he's affidavit editor on a New York daily newspaper now.

A BETTER NAME.

"I see," remarked Fangle, "that a new and powerful explosive has been named extralite."

"Yes," said Cuzco; when extra heavy would seem to be more appropriate."

HE WAS RIGHT, TOO.

"What do you think of it?" asked an old member of a secret society of a newly initiated one.

"O, it's all rite," was the reply.

GROUND JUST A LITTLE.

"What's that?" asked a man, referring to a duke whose arm had been crushed by a wagon.

"That," was the reply, "is a ground swell."

ALL IT WAS.

Mrs. Cuzco—What o'clock is it?

Cuzco—O, that is a mere question of time.

Wm. H. RAYMAN.