



ALAS!

Her eyes were bright as drops
of dew
With starbeams shining in
them,
And tinted with the violet's
hue.

Her lips—ah, you have seen
the rose
Aflame, its kindled beauty
(The dust, a blush) whence
perfume flows?

Her heart was like, I can
not say
Just what; for past regain-
ing
She erst had given that away.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

NOT A GOBLER.

SNOOPER—Do you take me for a turkey, Simeral?

SIMERAL—No; why?

SNOOPER—Then stop trying to stuff me with chestnuts.

A SEVERE TEST.

STRANGER (somewhat inebriated, surveying a plank across a stream)—Shay, young fel'! Zhat plank strong nuff t' hol' a fel'?

YOUNG AMERICA—Try your breath on it.

The eternal fitness of things was never better shown than in the following advertisements that appeared side by side on a theater programme:

LEMONADE
SOLD BY THE WAITERS,
5 CTS. A GLASS.

DR. BROWN,
CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.
FEE, \$2.50.

WILL CONSIST OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

SUN (to moon)—Hello, Luna, dear! What's the news on the earth?

MOON—Labor people are agitating for shorter days.

SUN—Well, they won't get them while I am running the machine.

A GREAT PRICE.

"Oh, Lillie, did you notice my new ring— isn't it just splendid?"

"Magnificent! It must have cost a snug fortune."

"It did."

"What was the price?"

(With a sigh) "My heart."

LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

LITTLE MAUDE—How can money fly, Mr. Golden? It haint got wings.

MR. GOLDEN—Why, what makes you ask such a question, Maudy?

LITTLE MAUDE—Only 'cause I heard sister Pearl say she'd make your money fly when she got you.

A late date—11:00 o'clock.

Speaker Reed finds plain sailing in congress; at all events he is not "stuck on the bar."

S. S. TEACHER—Now, Johnny, why was it Jonah was not digested by the whale?

JOHNNY—Guess it's 'cause he was a brick.

CALLER—Why! What's the matter? You act as though you had lost your senses.

HOSTESS—I have; the senses taker was just here.

A SLOW ANIMAL.

GOSLIN (applying the whip)—I'd like to pass that man ahead there, but I don't think I can with this horse.

DOLLEY—Of course not. That horse couldn't pass a resolution.

CAN'T STOP TO THINK.

SLOWCOACH (from Philadelphia)—Have you ever stopped to consider, my dear sir—"

HUMMER (from New York)—No, sir, never. I do all my thinking on the elevated.

QUITE RANK.

CAPTAIN ROBINSON (indignantly)—Here Jones has been promoted over my head, and I have seen ten years more service than he has. I call it a shame!

CAPTAIN JACKSON—Yes, it is a "rank" shame.



MRS. BLESSINGTON BLOODGOOD—Well, Algy, what's the matter now?

ALGERNON BLOODGOOD—Well, aunt, you see I'm to row in the race to-morrow, and Johnson says we must not wear anything that can catch the wind. Do you think I ought to shave off my mustache?