

Some of the British nobility have anything but a clear title.

"That poem contains words that burn," remarked the editor, as he watched the flames seize their prey.

DESNOKS—What was the most typical thing you saw in Europe?

DEWINKS—The most tippical? The hotel porter, decidedly.

The oyster is now on a strike. It is understood that he objects to the ate-hour movement.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Oh, no. It's because he doesn't like to have his affairs pried into.

MISS DELAKE (of Chicago)—That dreadful Mr. Swallow—how horribly he smelt of port wine!

MISS NUANCE (from Boston)—I thought I observed a certain portly air about him.

WHAT HE WANTED.

ALGIE—There goes a girl, Charlie, who would make a good wife for you.

CHARLIE—Why, could she support me in the style to which I am accustomed?

A FASHIONABLE SORT.

CLERK—Tea? Yes, ma'am. What kind will you have?

MRS. TANGLE—I think I'll take some of the pink tea that is so fashionable now.

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TROUBLE.

SPIT (to joint of meat)—What's the trouble between you and the cook?

JOINT—Nothing.

SPIT—What is he giving you that roasting for, then?

DEVOTEES OF FLORA.

MR. FANGLE—I see by the newspapers that a Buddhist temple is being erected in Paris.

MRS. FANGLE—Yes, the French people are very fond of flowers; but isn't that a queer name for a conservatory?

HE WAS SECURED.

"I can put you onto the biggest curiosity extant," remarked a man to a dime museum proprietor.

"What is it?"

"He's a democratic postmaster, the only one alive."

"Bring him in! I'll pay him his own price, and give you \$1,000 bonus."

HE WAS RIGHT.

NAGLEY—I scorn all these little social pretenses and deceptions.

JOHLOTTE—And yet, when you write to Mrs. Nagley you address her as "my dear wife," although you know you are not on good terms with her.

NAGLEY—And why shouldn't I say "my dear wife," when she costs me \$15,000 a year?



TELLING THE BEES.

In a corner of the garden, on a lazy afternoon,
We heard the bees a-humming (every one was out of tune),
And we watched the busybodies as they circled 'bout their hives,

And we envied them the happiness and sweetness of their lives;
There was no one near to hear us, there was no one near to see,
Except a bird which sang its prettiest for Rosalie and me
And the bees.

"There is something I must tell you," I began in notes forlorn,
"And I want so much to tell you ere we part tomorrow morn."
To gain fresh courage now I sighed and waited for awhile,
When on the face of Rosalie appeared a wicked smile;
And she aimed at me this parting shot before she ran away—
"If you can not tell it me why don't you try and tell it, pray,
To the bees?"

At dusk I sauntered over to the trysting place again.
"Tell the bees," I echoed slowly, while a reminiscent train—
Myths and queer old legends of a superstitious day—
Through a mem'ry unretentive coursed its much bewildered way.

Jubernates says the Aryans held the bees in holy fear,
Lest departed souls should in these little creatures reappear;
And in his Georgics, Virgil, too—but then they only told
The bees of death and trouble in those darksome days of old,
And not of love; yet, should the tiny insects understand
And start the wheel of fortune! I resolved to try my hand.
Three times I softly rapped upon the hive just next to me,
Three times I said, in accents low, "I love my Rosalie."
Silence followed; then a rustle, then a voice in tones I knew,
A human voice responded, "And your Rosalie loves you."
I sprang and caught her, while my lips—but then you plainly
see

That what they said and did is known to Rosalie and me
And the bees.

DEWITT C. LOCKWOOD.

SOCIETY EDITOR—I met with a terrible reproof just now."

BASE BALL EDITOR—Sorry to hear it; what was it?

S. E.—I corrected some proof this morning and it just came back unchanged.

B. B. E.—Why didn't you caress her?

S. E.—What's that?

B. B. E.—Why, slap her back.