



THE VICTOR VANQUISHED.

The champion of full many a fray,
I never faltered yet,
Until upon that fatal day
My conquerer I met.
I've been where whistling through the air
The deadly bullets hailed;
Though wounds and death were everywhere
My courage never quailed.

'Mid western mountains I have faced
The savage grizzly bear,
And in the Indian jungle tracked
The lion to his lair.
I gloried in my feats of strength,
My pride no equal brooked;
I boasted high—until at length
On me Clarinda looked.

And oh, her magic eyes of blue!
And oh, that melting glance!
Despite my armor, through and through
It pierces like a lance.
Ah me, the puny love-god smites
Away my chivalry;
Though victor in a thousand fights,
The victim now am I.

No longer liberty I crave;
She nods, and I obey;
I bow to earth, a willing slave,
Beneath her queenly sway;
And—at the thought my knees with fright
Together knock—I'd rather
Against a hundred warriors fight
Than interview her father.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

Some coffee is a mere Mocha-ry.

A safe transaction—Lifting one to the seventh story.

A man of much decision—the umpire.

A very entertaining man—a hotel keeper.

A man of considerable culture—a farmer.

Whatever may be said about *your* 'ology, the old Grecian is mythology.

DON'T PRACTICE ON EACH OTHER.

JOHNSON—How is it so many doctors manage to live in Portland?

GRIZZLY—Why, that's simple enough. They just let each other alone.

WANTED TO MAKE A SCOOP.

LITTLE BROTHER—Say, Charles, do you really love Maud?

CHARLES (who has been soft on Maud for three years)—Why, what a question, my little fellow. But why do you ask?

LITTLE BROTHER—'Cause she said last Sunday night after you left that she'd give five dollars to know, and I wanted to make a scoop.

JOHN WAS SO LITERAL.

HER GIRL CHUM (sweetly)—What did John get you for a birthday present?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE (mournfully)—Not a thing.

H. G. C. (emphatically)—Why, how did that happen?

MRS. Y. (weeping)—Well, you see, he asked me (sobs) what he should get for me, and—and—I (more sobs) told him I'd love him just as—just as well (sobs) if he didn't g-get me anything, and—he—he—didn't.

STRAUS'S FATHER.

Mein vater did inshtill, dot if vonce I shouldt get ill,
To leaf der dogtors effery von alone;
Shust to neffer feel no frighd, vor der ding vould all be righd,
Vor if I didn't die, den I vould liff on;
Und himself, if he vas sick, vy, he did got vell too quvick,
Und he neffer seen a dogtor and he shtill liff'd on.

He hat ringing mit der ears, he vas filldt mit groundless fears,
Hot flushes und coldt schills, mit a hundert tousant ills,
But he liff'd on till der dogtors dey vas all dead und gone;
Vas to drowtsines inglinedt, und he had a gloomy mindt,
But he liff'd on till der dogtors had departed von by von.

He hat veight upon der schest, he hat thigness in der preast,
Und his abbedide it also got imbairedt:
Und a heffiness he feels, ven he shtays too long at meals;
He vould seek for solitude und he neffer vould intrude
On der public ven he hat all his oldt clothes on.

Ven he sat up very late, vy his heart vould balbidate
If he loose der pot at poker or at vist;
He hat pains about der thighs, he hat redtness of der eyes
If he trank too much because his friendts insist;
He vas languid in der knees ven he vas brolongedt bis sprees,
Und lasitude bot in der shkin und bone;
Und his bloodt hat thicker grown, it hadt also loose der tone—
But he neffer seen a dogtor, so he shtill liff'd on.

ADAIR WELCKER.