



## HER STIPULATION.

At the old piano seated  
As I played with Margaret,  
Sweet the harmony repeated  
In the chords of our duet.

'Twas her favorite piece, she told me,  
She had chosen it to play,  
And its music seemed to hold me  
With a viewless, magic sway.

'Twas a melody Circassian,  
And its strains, in varying mood,  
Now sang low of love's sweet passion,  
Now like clarions stirred the blood.

Still with me the memory lingers  
Of that happy day in June;  
So harmonious moved our fingers  
Surely we had hearts in tune!

Visions through my soul delighted  
Passed, that told what joy 'twould be  
If our hands could be united,  
Making endless harmony.

And I thought "'T is now or never!"  
So I whispered, "Margaret,  
Why should not we twain forever  
Make our lives one long duet?"

She, meanwhile, with smile entrancing,  
Stood, in silence wrapt; but soon,  
" 'T would be nice," she said, down glancing,  
"If I always choose the tune!"

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

## IT WAS A CONFLICT.

"Here's some conflicting information—"  
"O, well, I don't care to hear about those endless Russian  
riots."

## DIFFERENT BREEDS.

PORTLAND MAN—There is some fine wool growing country  
here in Oregon. We have some of the best fleeced sheep in  
the world.

NEW YORK MAN—We have the best fleeced lambs in the  
world, though, in Wall street.

A marine piece—a rifle.

A plain account—an itemized bill.

A legal fence—practicing with the foils.

A marriage portion—A piece of the wed-  
ding cake.

A valuable present—the golden future,  
when it arrives.

NIGHTBIRD (passing a policeman asleep)  
—He doesn't look like arresting much to-  
night, does he?

STAYUPLATE—Oh, yes; he'll arrest lots  
of attention.

## THE MEAN THING.

MISS TRIFLEFAST—How I do detest that  
Mrs. DeBrown!

MISS DITTO—Why, what has she done?

MISS TRIFLEFAST—Told me I was show-  
ing my ankle, so, of course, I had to look  
embarrassed and stop it.

## A NEW ENTERPRISE.

HAYSEED—Got any bird seed?

MERCHANT—Yes, sir. How much?

HAYSEED—Oh, I reckon er dozen'll be  
ernuff. The ole 'oman tuck er fool notion  
to raise er few birds, an' I thought I'd git  
a settin' fer 'er, so's to keep peace in the  
fam'ly.

## AT DEAD HORSE CREEK.

MISSIONARY (producing some papers)—  
My young friend, I am a missionary, and  
I would like to give you these tracts.

COWBOY—Say, mister, did yer make  
them 'ere tracks?

MISSIONARY—No, young friend, but I  
distribute them.

COWBOY (producing revolver)—Well, if  
yer didn't make them 'ere, yer'd better  
make tracks now.

## THE WOMAN OF IT.

MABEL—What a perfectly exquisite new  
bonnet, dearest!

ETHEL—Oh, I'm so glad you like it. I was so afraid you  
wouldn't. Are you sure you like it?

MABEL—Sure? Oh, perfectly! I always did adore that  
shape. Why, I had three just like it—when it was in fashion.

## QUITE LIKELY.

SYMKINS—Don't you think, Mrs. Snobkins, that I tried to  
kiss my wife at the kitchen door to-night as I was leaving, and—

MRS. SNOBKINS—Of course she did not object.

SYMKINS—Object? I should say she did! She said that  
she didn't want people to be mistaking her for the hired girl.