

DRAWING THE LINE.

CUSTOMER—You will at least give me credit for my good intentions.
TAILOR—O, yes; but no more credit for clothes.

THE ONLY KIND OF BEAU SHE HAS.

"I do love archery so well!" exclaimed Miss Elder, enthusiastically.
"Yes," replied Miss Amy; "it gives you a chance to have a bow."

SAD, INDEED.

"What makes you look so glum, old man?"
"My wife went to Europe—"
"Well, that leaves you to have a good old time, doesn't it?"
"She left her mother to keep house for me."

STRAUSS AND KATRINA.

I am vandering to-nighd by der saw mill,
Und der owls, als dey roost in der drees,
Und der bats, und der frogs, und der moonlighd
Make me titalmal, als ligeste der preeze.
For der owls hoot der same als dey need to,
Und der man in der moon, he vas nigh,
Und he loogk schust der same als of oldten
Ven he vatch me mit cynical eye;
Ven he schmiled in der days of my poyhood,
Als he loogked on Katrina und me,
Als ve sat in der shade of der saw mill
Vile he peeped drough der plack cloudts to see.

Und der frogs got der same kind of "ricket,"
Und der owls hoot der same als of yore,
Ven I told my Katrina I looffed her
Und, loffing, vould loff efermore.

Berhaps, for dey see dot she leafs me
Ven a rich man vould press, too, his suidt;
Berhaps, for dey see she vouyl marry,
Und dot vas for vy dot dey hoot.

I am vandering to-nighd by der saw mill.
Und der bats, als dey dart drough der trees,
Und der frogs, und der owls, und der moonlighd
Make me titalmal, als ligeste der preeze.

ADAIR WELCKER.

PERHAPS HE DID.

MR. SNIVELY—How do I like being blackballed? What do you mean?
I haven't been blackballed.

MRS. SNIVELY—Haven't you? Why, I heard a negro bawling after you
just before you came in. He wanted to be paid for that whitewashing, didn't
he?

A SURE SIGN.

"That man must be a preacher."
"Judging from what? His coat?"
"No; his extremely ill-behaved-
children."

IT WOULD BE A LOSS OF TIME.

SCRIBBLER—I've just published another novel, Johnson. You ought to
lose no time reading it.

JOHNSON—Thanks for the hint, old
man. I'll be careful not to read it.

THE REPORT WAS ERRONEOUS.

MRS. BUSTING—Your husband is
quite a linguist, I hear, Mrs. Fangle.

MRS. FANGLE—Well, no; he doesn't
know one note from another, in fact.
He can speak three or four languages,
though.

MY QUEEN.

When I was young and love's delight
Stirred my poetic fancy,
My muse ne'er wearied to recite
The charms of peerless Nancy.

Sweet thoughts of her my mind would
throng;
My waked imagination
Made her the theme of all my song,
My fount of inspiration.

My mistress' heavenly eyes I hymned,
Her rosy cheek, her high brow;
And, like the lover Shakespere limned,
Penned sonnets to her eyebrow.

I wrote of her at morn's first blink,
And by the midnight taper;
I wasted pints and quarts of ink,
And quires and reams of paper.

The years have passed, and she's my
own—
O, happy consummation!
And to my muse, less limber grown,
She still gives stimulation.

"Tom, here's your theme"—thus falls the lash—
"Please write a poem on it;
I positively must have cash
To buy another bonnet!"

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

HE—Don't you think Miss Dash is quite chic?
SHE—She may be chic, but she's no chicken.

BELONGED TO THE CHOIR.

"Is your friend Simco a baseballist, too?" asked an enthusiast.
"No," was the reply; "he bawls in tenor."

CULTURE BY THE OUNCE.

MISS WOULDDE (to druggist)—Give me 'n ounce o' musk.
MISS WOULDDE ALISO—O, Gosh! Helen, don't buy musk! I saw 'n a
paper that it ain't cultured t' use musk.
MISS WOULDDE (crushingly)—Lord! I've saw just as cultured people
as us use musk.

HIS EXPEDIENT.

WHITELY (to small boy)—Here, sonny, if you'll collect me a lot of
insects, I'll give you a quarter.

SMALL BOY—Insects! What do yer
want 'em fer?

WHITELY—I want to put them on
my wife's plants. She won't let me
smoke in the house except to kill insects
on the plants.

HE PROTESTED.

SUMWAY—I hope cremation will
never become the recognized mode of
burial.

TANGLE—Why not?

SUMWAY—Because I find it hard
enough to earn a living without having
to turn the dead also.

I KEPT MY NAME.

She liked my name,
With rosy blush she did insalt.
She liked my name,
Though hitherto unknown to fame;
But I preferred it should be missed
From off her church subscription list,
So kept my name.

H. L. W.



IT IS ALL IN THE HABIT.

MR. PACIFIC (of Oregon)—It doesn't seem natural for a woman
to marry more than once.

MRS. LAKEHIDE (of Chicago)—O, it depends. Habit is second
nature, you know.