

THE TABLES TURNED.

"Fair Rosalie, be mine!" I cried,
 "Be mine—I love but thee!"
 The guileless fairy straight replied:



"Thou first must answer me,
 And say, am I the only maid
 For whom thy fancies pine?
 And was thy sickle heart e'er laid
 At any other shrine?"

"Men veer and change from day to day;
 Wilt thou be mine alone?
 O, tell me, canst thou truly say
 Thy heart is all my own?"

Tell me that falsehood finds no place
 In thee, from head to feet;
 Tell me there stands before my face
 A man without deceit!"

Then I broke forth: "O, fairest maid,
 Before I answer you
 So many questions I'm afraid
 I'll have to ask a few.

Of man's deceitful ways you spoke;
 Tell me, did you e'er flirt?
 Did you e'er steal a heart in joke,
 Unmindful of its hurt?"

"Those golden locks—excuse the hint—
 But are they yours alone?
 Your pearly teeth, your cheek's bright tint,
 O, are they all your own?
 Tell me that falsehood finds no place
 In you, from head to feet;
 Tell me there stands before my face
 A maid without deceit!"

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

He (persistently)—I love you more than words can tell.

She (coolly)—Then why not let it go at that?

"Talking about high-priced writers, I know a man who can get what he likes for everything he signs his name to."

"Poet?"

"No; he writes prose. His name is Jay Gould."

FUNNIBOY'S EXPENSIVE JOKE.

Mrs. HASHLEIGH—Try some of this steak, Mr. Funniboy.

FUNNIBOY—Thank you, I am not a police court judge, Mrs. Hashleigh, but yet I have to try a good many tough cases.

Mrs. HASHLEIGH—Mr. Funniboy, I will want your room when your week is up.

TEACHER—I don't see why you can't understand this rule in arithmetic, Johnny. It didn't take me five minutes to understand it when it was first explained to me.

JOHNNY—Perhaps your teacher explained it to you better.

IN 1893.

IMPATIENT TRAVELER (to conductor)—How soon shall we reach Chicago?

CONDUCTOR—We entered the city limits early this morning, sir, and if we meet with no bad luck we shall be at the exposition grounds about noon to-morrow.

NELLIE—Auntie, what is a "formal reception?"

AUNTIE—A formal reception, my dear, is an occasion whereon several people bore themselves to death for the pure delight of boring two or three hundred others in the same way.

NELLIE—Why, Auntie, I thought that was a "function."

A SMALL PRICE.

"A penny for your thoughts!" exclaimed Miss Amy to young Goelin.

"Weally, Miss Amy," replied Goelin, endeavoring to be funny, "you make me feel cheap."

"I'm sorry, but I thought you might possibly think a cent's worth if you tried real hard."

SHE DOES, TOO.

Mrs. GILROY—I never hear Mr. Larkin mention his wife.
 GILROY (who knows Mrs. Larkin)—O, she can speak for herself.

RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.

JACK DEDBROKE—Ah, Miss Somers, you look as fresh as a rose this bright morning.

MISS SOMERS—You are fresher than that, Mr. Dedbroke.

NO WONDER.

ATTORNEY (examining witness)—Did the defendant use intemperate language on that occasion?

WITNESS—Yes, sir; he had been drinking heavily for two days.

ONE HE HAD FORGOTTEN.

MCCORKLE—The Argentine Republic is putting on airs.

MCCRACKLE—I don't know of any.

MCCORKLE—You forget Buenos Ayres.

LOUISE—How is it that you and Jack DePeyster are so cool to each other lately? You used to be such great friends.

ADA—Why, didn't you know that we are engaged?

WORTH A CENT APIECE.

GASHER—Such police as we have! They are not worth a shilling a dozen.

MASHER—Why?

GASHER—Because each one is only a copper.

FOOLING HIS PA.

JOHNNY CAKE—I want to tell you about a cow-hiding this morning, pa.

OLD CAKE (interested)—Who got thrashed?

JOHNNY—O, nobody. It was old Sukey, who hid herself when I wanted to drive her in to be milked.

HE CAN DO IT EASILY.

"I tell you it requires an artiste to draw a crowd nowadays."

"Not necessarily."

"Indeed!"

"Of course not. Any artist can do it."



Well, Amy, is your sister at home?
 Yes, she is; but I think she's going out, for when she saw you come in the gate she said she wished she had gone for a walk half an hour ago.



A TRIUMPH OF ARGUMENT.

Might have warned you? You precious infant! Haven't you lived long enough to know you can't drink as you did on an empty stomach?

Hic! Zash shush it! Stomack waahn't empty, hic! Stomack got full first of all.