

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

At the lattice Cecil stands,
Mute as marble statue is she;
Moves she not her clasped hands,
Speaks she not in rapture freely.

Sway the flimsy curtains fro
In the night wind's soft vibration,
While from shadowed depths below
Floats a rhythmic undulation.

Star-like eyes like fire balls glisten,
Ruby lips in accents meeting;
Pearly ears strain hard to listen
To love's sweet, poetic greeting.



Chicago's site troubles would have been
over long ago if she had offered a beer
front instead of a cold water front.

"Well, I never!" cried the Puritan
girl when the wine came around.
"Well, I do," replied her escort, and
did.

FIRST MOSQUITO—Who is that bald-
headed man over there?

SECOND MOSQUITO—O, he's a drummer,
and he has been giving me a great fill.

HUSBAND—Maria, this stair bannister
always reminds me of you.

MARIA (tartly)—Doubtless because it is
needed to keep you straight.

HUSBAND—No; it's because it's forever
a railing.

A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.

MRS. GAZZAM—So many people say that
Tommy looks so much like his father. Do
you think so?

MRS. FANOLE—Yes, indeed! He's a chip
of the old blockhead.



MAMMY SUS—Dar she am now, my lil gal; bress 'er bones.
UNCLE MOSK—Yous bettah bress 'er flesh if you wants hit to do
'er any good, Mammy Sus, 'deed you do.

"Will you walk into my spider?" said
the cook unto the fry.

High water—two and a half a month
for the house and extra for bath and hose.

SPORTSMAN—Son, is there any hunt-
ing around here?

JOHNNY HAYSEED—Yep,
you can hunt, but dad
won't allow no shootin'
on this place.

Deep the flush o'erspreads her face
As again the clear notes swelling,
Like angelic songs of grace
Passioned words of love are telling.

Does she draw the wrapper quick
'Round her throbbing breast, I wonder?

Nay, she only drops a brick
On the felines raising thunder.

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

NOT RIGHT.

GOSLIN—I wondah why Gurley always
calls his sweetheart "Dovey," doncher
know.

DOLLEY—I expect it's because she's
pigeon-toed.

HIS REASON.

"Why do you refer to that perambu-
lating spiritualist as 'Money?'" Is it
because she talks so much?"

"No; it is because she is a circulating
medium."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

DEAF OLD LADY (in street car accident,
excitedly)—O, sir, can you tell me what
has happened?

PIOUS GENTLEMAN—Pray calm yourself,
madam; remember that a kind heaven
bends over all.

DEAF OLD LADY (to female companion)
—Martha Jane, what's this old fool sayin'
to me about men's overalls?



WHAT TO DO WITH CONUNDRUMS.

AMY—I hear that young Mr. Silver is engaged to Miss
Eastlake.

MABEL (who wanted him herself)—So I hear. I could
never understand Mr. Silver. He was always a conundrum
to me.

AMY (maliciously)—Is that the reason you gave him up?

A GROUNDLESS FEAR.

A maiden fair of twenty years was single, she averred,
Because a man snaps up his wife if she but speak a word;
But now she's almost thirty-five, hunts tea grounds in her cup,
And tho' she's smiled and angled oft no man has snap'd her up.

H. L. W.

"It's beastly weather!"
"Yes; it's raining cats and dogs."

IT PROBABLY WAS.

Mr. Nellson, while making himself agreeable to Miss Nel-
lie, overhears the following embarrassing conversation in a
corner:

JOHNNY—I say his nose is out of joint!

KITTY—I say it isn't—it's as straight as can be.

JOHNNY—But I tell you it is. Because last night when Mr. Gold
called on sister Nell, Aunt Em said: "Humph! Mr. Nellson's nose is
out of joint now!" I heard her as plain as day.

BELINDY 'N' ME.

Belindy 'n' me've bin quar'lin' about them "wimmin's rights."
She's in fer wearin' breeches, 'n' when I kicks she fights.
I've often told Belindy that 'twouldn't never do—
This tarna caterwaulin' made both o' us feel blue;
But when I strikes an argyment that downs hern, don't yer see,
Belindy gits 'er dander up 'n' makes it hot fer me.

Now, Belindy ain't cranky—she ain't put up that way—
But when 't comes fer wimmin's rights she's bound t' have 'er say.
'N' I'm so pecky sartin 'n' stubborn ez a mule,
That she is allus callin' me a scramblin', ign'rnt fool.
I tell ye, 't isn't funny when us two disagree,
Cuz Belindy gits 'er dander up 'n' makes it hot fer me.

Las' we struck a bargain, ter quit them ign'rnt fights.
Belindy said she'd make a stop in talkin' wimmin's rights,
'N' I said I'd buy 'er a seven dollar shawl
If we'd agree till Chris'mas, 'n' wouldn't pull 'n' haul.
Yes, we've bin livin' happy since, ez happy ez can be,
Cuz she don't git 'er dander up 'n' make it hot fer me.

FRANK C. TECK.