

## DON'T BLAME HIM.

"Oh, dear! dear!"  
 "What's the matter?"  
 "Why, just as I looked at that man a gnat  
 flew in my eye, and I had to wink."  
 "Well?"  
 "Well, he winked, too."

## ECONOMICAL.

"I think we'll make our own soap here-  
 after," remarked Mrs. Snodgrass.  
 "Where will you get your lye?" asked her  
 husband.  
 "From you!" and Snodgrass, who had just  
 been explaining his late return the night before,  
 glued his eyes to the morning paper.

"Your generosity deserves a prompt re-  
 turn," wrote the editor on the back of a man-  
 uscript and addressed an envelope to the donor.

## AT THE PENITENTIARY.

WARDEN—Well, what would you like to  
 work at while you are here?  
 NEW ARRIVAL—At my own trade, if you  
 please, sir.  
 WARDEN—What is that?  
 NEW ARRIVAL—I'm an Arctic explorer,  
 sir.  
 AMY—Mr. Dolley seems to be in a grave  
 study.  
 MABEL—Yes; he's buried in thought.

## LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

'T was bright autumnal weather;  
 The golden sun had set;  
 Mabel and I together  
 Were lingering even yet.  
 The dews from heaven distilling  
 Dropped down with noiseless flight;  
 But still we seemed unwilling  
 To say the last good-night.

We told each other stories  
 That we had known of yore—  
 The elfin monarch's glories,  
 The faries' magic store;

Aladdin's genii's labors,  
 And Bluebeard's murdered wives,  
 And Jack, whose trusty saber  
 Cut short the giants' lives.

And ever love grew stronger,  
 With Mabel at my side;  
 Till at the last no longer  
 Could I my fond heart hide.

I spoke; and when I ended,  
 My cheeks with passion pale,  
 She softly murmured "Splendid!  
 A splendid fairy tale!"

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

## IT BROKE HIS HEART.

DOLLIVER—Very sad suicide, that, in  
 Rome; Count Barberini, young, accom-  
 plished—

POMPANO—Do you mean the man who  
 married the Bumblethorpe heiress?

DOLLIVER—Yes.

POMPANO—What was the cause?

DOLLIVER—Don't know exactly, but it is  
 rumored that she absolutely refused to let  
 him thrash her.

## THE COUNTY FAIR.

Great yellow posters stare from fences round,  
 That tell of wonders at the county fair.  
 Then comes the day. Both maid and matron bear  
 Green tidies, quilts, lamp mats and brodered gownd,  
 And place them where they never can be found.  
 The farmer brings his biggest squashes there,  
 Which, with potato, cabbage, apple, pear,  
 Would even Mother Ceres much astound.  
 Within the pens the ram with horn that curls,  
 Fat hog and cow compete to draw a crowd.  
 Gaunt youths with broad brim hats and high heel boots  
 Chew ginger bread and gum with giggling girls;  
 While from the track vociferations loud  
 Are mingled with the band's discordant toots.

H. L. W.

## SHE SMILED TOO HEARTILY.

JACK—And did Miss Sweetfigures smile upon your  
 suit?

JIM—Smile! She did more—she laughed at it!



## INCREASED THE EDITION.

IRATE VISITOR—See here, I sent for a copy of your last week's issue,  
 and you sent me a photograph of a baby.

EDITOR—Well, that's it; he was born last week.

## IDEAS ARE DEAR.

She looked at him,  
 With gaze that might  
 Well charm the heart  
 Of an anchorite,  
 And softly said,  
 With smile so sweet,  
 A saint would draw  
 To her tiny feet,  
 "I've an  
 Idea"

A rush of love  
 Too strong to hold  
 Came o'er his heart  
 And made him bold.  
 He seized her hand  
 And slowly said  
 While coyly drooped  
 Her gold-crowned head.  
 "You've two  
 eyes,  
 dear."

W.

## JUST A YOUNG ONE.

"They had a big tornado in Kansas while  
 I was there," remarked an eastern visitor to  
 a Dakota native.

"Did it drive wheat straws through inch  
 boards?"

"Not that I heard of."

"Then it wasn't much of a tornado."

"Who is that talking so loudly?"

"Why, that's Bobbett, the celebrated  
 pugilist."

"I never heard of his fighting anyone."

"Oh, he doesn't fight; but he has issued  
 more newspaper challenges than any man  
 in the world."

Lumbermen and mariners keep a log book.

The pig-pen is mightier than the quill.

Never mind—Matter.

Scraps of history—Battles.

"Say, I've got a fine scheme,  
 where you can double your  
 money in a month!"

"You ought to take it to the  
 watchmakers."

"What for?"

"Why, they handle all kinds  
 of snide movements."

Two attenuated specimens of  
 the genus dude were strolling  
 down Washington street the  
 other day in the wake of an ex-  
 ceedingly tall and amply pro-  
 portioned dame, when one of  
 them ventured the remark to  
 his companion—"She's tall,  
 Fred, isn't she?"

The insulted amazon quickly  
 turned about, and transfixing  
 the startled youths with her  
 flashing eyes, said, in a deep  
 and terrible voice—

"Stall-fed, eh? If you were  
 stall-fed for a couple of weeks  
 maybe your clothes wouldn't  
 flop around like Mother Hub-  
 bard wrappers on a pair of  
 broomsticks."

## NO PROSPECT OF IT.

"No," said the man, "I can't give nuthin'.  
 Charity begins to hum, you know."

"It will be a long time before your charity is  
 lively enough to hum," replied the collector.

## HER NOTIONS OF GRAMMAR.

MISS DE HUB—And those dear little squirrels  
 that sported under the hedge last summer, where  
 are they now?

MISS RUSTIC—Oh, they're holed up for the win-  
 ter.

MISS DE HUB—Ugh! My dear, your notions of  
 grammar make me shiver; I presume you mean  
 held up.

## A BRUTE.

He (looking dreamily into his cup)—What's  
 this?—A miracle?

SUE (indignantly)—Why, no; that's coffee, and  
 good coffee, too!

He—Well, isn't that a miracle?