

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Hid by the overshadowing trees
The moon alone bright above;
The spirit of the gentle breeze
Seemed whispering of love.
Along the dusky forest way,
Where no one else was nigh,
We wandered—she was fair as day—
A lucky man was I.

Upon the morrow we must part;
I'd known her but a week,
And yet, the feelings of my heart
My tongue could scarcely speak.
I took her little hand—methought
A tear stood in her eye;
My soul with rapture was o'erwrought—
A lucky man was I.



Then Cupid's prompting made me bold,
With deep emotion stirred
My ardent tale of love I told,
And asked for just one word—
One little word in answer—so
This maiden sweetly shy
Murmured in tender accents "No!"
A lucky man was I.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

HE HAD.

"Beg pardon, sir, but haven't you forgotten something?" said the waiter to the guest who was departing.
"O, yes, my umbrella! Thanks, awfully."

ENTITLED TO A PASS.

PRESIDENT X. M. T. R. R. (haughtily)—Who is this James W. Bungstarter who wants a pass?

PRIVATE SECRETARY—Great capitalist of Sheboygan—president of the Kuccash Natural Sand Bank—lessee of the—

PRESIDENT (hastily)—Send him an annual. I thought he was some poor devil who couldn't pay his way.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

MR. O'BRIEN (eloquently soliciting subscriptions from the crowd for a hospital)—I tell you, gentlemen, the one who will not put his hand in his pocket to help the poor, the maimed, the halt and the blind— (To man with one leg and one arm, supplicating alms)—What's that? Confound you, don't interrupt me! Get out!

HER PREFERENCE.

SNOOPER—Let us take a Wagner sleeper, my dear.

MRS. SNOOPER—O, Wagner's too noisy for me. Let us take a Pullman.

THEIR USE.

MRS. FANGLE (looking up from the paper)—I wonder what air brakes are used for.

MRS. DENNE—To stop windmills, I suppose.

"Is he a hard man to get along with?"

"Hard? Why, even the air hereabouts doesn't agree with him."

A double shuffle—Two suicides.

A clog—A fish bone in the throat.

A serio-comic—An effort to sneeze.

A call before the curtain—Supe!

AT MIDNIGHT.

STAYLATE—My favorite flower, Miss Amy, is the night-blooming cereus.

MRS. AMY—Indeed, Mr. Staylate! I thought it would probably be the morning glory.

MCCORKLE (looking at the individual leaning against the lamp post)—That man has a queer name—Triangle.

MCCRACKLE—It is appropriate, though. He is a rye-tangled Triangle.

HOW MR. BUMPERS GOT INTO TROUBLE.

WILLIAM BUMPERS—Maw, was you ever an actress?

MRS. BUMPERS (bridling)—The idea! Certainly not!

W. BUMPERS—Then why did you dress like a ballet girl?

MRS. BUMPERS (amazed)—I never did! What's got into the boy?

W. BUMPERS—Well, paw's got a photograph of a ballet girl and when I caught him looking at it he said it was your picture.

MRS. BUMPERS (with deadly calm)—Oh, yes, to be sure. William, tell your paw I want to speak to him.

IDENTIFYING HIM.

MRS. GAZZAM—You remember young Mr. Eastlake, don't you?

MR. GAZZAM—He was sent to the penitentiary, wasn't he?

MRS. GAZZAM—O, no; he was called to the pastorate of the Oakville Presbyterian church two years ago.

MR. GAZZAM—O, yes; I remember him well. I knew it was something of that kind.

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

CUMSO—Hello, Stagers! I haven't seen you for a year. By the way, I heard you had taken a wife.

STAGGERS (gloomily)—No; she has taken me.

"What a large house!" exclaimed Mr. Crosecut, glancing around the theatre.

"Yes," asserted his wife; "but then it has to be a large house to hold so many people."

HE KNEW HE WAS.

"He isn't capable of a civil action."

"O, yes he is. He has just brought a suit against me in a civil court."

VERY UNSTEADY.

MAHEL—That Young Mr. Wacker is Sue's steady company now, is he not?

AMY—Not very—he drinks so much, you know.



ART CRITICISM.

"That's a Verestchagin," remarked one visitor to another in the Portland exposition art gallery.

"So it is," was the reply, "very shocking, indeed. It's a shame the hanging committee passes such pictures."