

HE HAD A PULL.

CANTO I.

The landlord stood by the open door,
Before a screen that concealed much more
Than the weary pilgrim passing by
Could see with his bleary, bloodshot eye,
And said, "My friend, if you want good beer,
You can get, for a nickel, a big glass here."

And he pulled
him in.

CANTO II.

The devil stood by the brazen gate
That yawns for those who repent too late;
And at his feet, with resounding thud,
The landlord fell, like a chunk of mud.
Said the devil, "Ah, ha! Come out of the storm;
I'll give you a place I've long kept warm."

And he pulled
him in.

H. L. W.

SHE WANTED TO SEE IT DONE.

"Yes, Miss Lucy," said Mr. Duddy,
"I don't suppose that our college could
have a race unless I were there to act as
starter."

"O, you are a starter, are you?" re-
plied Miss Lucy, looking at the clock;
"let me see you start."

TO WHAT BASE USE!

BENEVOLENT LADY—Poor fellow, and so
you are very hungry! Well, here is a
cake that I baked myself.

SAGGS THE TRAMP—Thanks, maddim,
thanks! I may not be able to eat it, but
I will use it to kill the next dog that at-
tacks me.

IT VARIES.

DIMLING—What is the difference be-
tween an undertaker and a funeral direc-
tor?

SOGAY—It varies from 50 to 150 per-
cent.

WHERE DWELLS THE GOD OF LOVE?

Where dwells the god of love? Doth he abide
With beams that in a maiden's tresses hide?
Or doth the rascal shield his cunning wiles
Amid an ambush of bewitching smiles?
Perchance behind some flashing, jet-black eye
He lurks, and lets his deadly arrows fly.

Mayhap he lives 'mid timid frowns that race

With tender touch, across a maiden's face.
Some say the little rascal oft is found
Where silvery notes of gleeful laughter sound,
And by a loving word he quick disarms
His victim, and beguiles him with his charms.

Or doth he rule a world of heavenly bliss
Concealed behind the sunshine of a kiss?
It may be that upon some swan-like breast
He builds his throne, contentedly to rest;
The while o'er lily cheeks he paints a blush,

To lure some willing heart with hopes to crush!

Perhaps, clad in the armor of a sigh,
This warrior doth his artifices try;
Or, lurking near some maiden's eager ear,
Sings songs that only lovers' hearts may hear.
We know not how, nor why, nor where he lives,
Yet feel the magic that his presence gives.

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.



A DESIGNATION OF HIS QUALITY.

McCORKLE—Is Col. Webber an officer in the
regular army or in the militia?

McCRACKLE—Neither; he isn't a military
man at all. We call him "Kernel" because
he's a hard nut.

A POOR SUBSTITUTE.

CONGRESSMAN—I tell you that the people
want free sugar!

SENATOR—Wen't taffy do just as well for
them?

IN SECRET.

My brother tells of his good deeds
And puts them into prose and rhyme;
If I did so I then must needs
Be busy all the time.

To sound one's charities doth show
A taste that speaks of one ill-bred;
I pass mine by in silence, though
I thus leave much unsaid.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

EVANESCENT FAME.

I saw a sign down the street the other day that
read:

GENERAL BRICK
OFFICE.

Never having heard of this military potentate
before, I inquired about him of a national guard
friend who has been in the service for several years.
He assured me that the gentleman was not in the
service now and certainly had not been for a long
time, for all the generals they had since he knew
anything about it were wooden men. After that
I met one of the old timers who used to wear a
swallow tail coat and drink beer with the old
"malishy," and asked him about it. He scratched
his head a few scratches, and then said they used
to have a general they called a brick because he
could drink more and stay drunk longer than any
man in the service, but it couldn't be him, for he
died long ago and was now marshaled with the
hosts on the other side of the dark river. "Which
host?" asked I, with a pardonable curiosity to
learn what becomes of militia generals when they

die. "I couldn't say," was the an-
swer. "You see, the general wasn't
very particular and would take his
chances of running away with either
of them if there should be any
trouble." It then occurred to me
that he might have been a general
in the war, as I had heard there
were some, and as I happened just
then to run across a man who en-
deavors to impress upon the mind
of every person he meets the fact
that he is a "veteran," I put the
question to him. "Well," said he,
"I don't know this fellow, but the
general who was a brick according
to my notion was General Lee." "I
am surprised to hear a loyal soldier
give voice to such a sentiment as
that," I exclaimed. "Well, that's
my tumtum, anyhow," he answered.
"General Lee surrendered and end-
ed the war just after I was drafted;
and if I had been compelled to go in-
to a battle I might have got hurt or
my hair turned gray with fright or
something; and I say he was a brick
for helping me out before I had to

fight. Say, do you think the service pension bill
will go through?" I told him I didn't know, but
that I hoped not for his sake; and that somehow I
was absorbing the impression that the rebels were
responsible for all this pension bill business, be-
cause they shot the wrong men during the war. I
left him gathering the import of this last remark
and went down to the office to ask the general
himself; but I found the door locked and a sign
on it that read: NO MORE BRICK ON HAND. QUILL.

THE COUNTRY JOURNALIST'S ADVANTAGE.

BRONSON (to the editor of the *Boontown Banner*)—That was a
pretty tough story about the cyclone. I don't know how you managed
to swallow it.

EDITOR—Well, you know I have patent insides.

PLENTY OF CONVICTION.

GARRAN—I like to read the *Bazoo*. Its editor strikes me as a
man with earnest convictions.

MADDOX—He ought to be. Six libel suits
have gone against him in the last twelve months.

A LIMITED FURORE.

"Did your comedy make a furor?"

"Yes; there were a few roars, but very
few."



HE WAS SATISFIED.

JACK—I am going to give up my place in the store and go into a
lawyer's office.

AMY—Why, don't you like your present position?

JACK—Oh yes, indeed! I could sit this way all day.

AN INSTANCE.

SNODGRASS—It is queer how one kind of cake
will turn into another.

SNIVELY—I don't understand.

SNODGRASS—Well, I've known pound cake to
develop into stomach cake.

Parts of speech—The places of the hyphen.