

WEST SHORE.



WHY BACHELORS GROW OLD.

At eleven—how you loved me,
How you hugged me with delight,
And you never hesitated
Begging of me pennies bright—
And you kept it up till sixteen—
Though your kisses lapsed to few;
And at last you ceased to hug me
As you fondly used to do.
Then they put you in long dresses,
And your hugs and kisses dear
Were denied me—you were aged—
I was aged, too, I fear.
How I slyly watched your blushes
As they used to come and go;
You were growing to a woman,
I was growing old and slow.
But it seems the heart pulsating
In my bosom turned to youth;
Then it throbbed away its sadness
When I found I'd learned the truth.
He was younger, he was fairer,
And I think, moreover, bold,
And he won what fates denied me,
Just because I was too old.

H. S. KELLER.

A GENUINE REFORM.

"A property qualification for voters is contemplated in Mississippi."
"Yes; the shot-tower trust has made backshot too expensive."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

JACK—And did Miss Beauty seem to warm to you?
TOM—Oh, yes, indeed! She froze to me at once.

NEEDED DILUTING.

STEP FATHER—I wish that boy of yours had been born twin.
LOVING MOTHER (with a flutter of pleasure)—Why?
STEP FATHER—Then he'd only have half as much cussedness in him.

SHE TOOK A WALK.

MISTRESS—Jane, how is this? Didn't I tell you to sweep the front walk as far as the corner?
JANE—Indade, mum, yez didn't; yez tould me to swape the front porch an' walk to the corner, an' I did it, mum, though for me loife I couldn't see why yez wanted me to walk to the corner.

ANOTHER BRIDGE DISASTER.

KATRINA (suspiciously)—How vas dis, Hans, I find dot fiddle on de floor dis morning mit de pridge proke. Vat dime you coom hime last night, Hans?

HANS (looking injured)—Katrina, dot pridge disaster vas a solemn ting; I shtood on dot pridge at midnight.

A tough little kid and his bro.
Went out for a scrap with each o.
At the end of round 1,
Which neither 1 1,
They were both of them whacked by their mo.
CHAS. A. SLOANE.

"Well, good bye," said the warden of the penitentiary, "I hope we may not have to meet again."
"Yer ain't goin' to quit the bizness, is yer?"

VICTORY AT LAST.

"There is a town in Switzerland under water," remarked Mrs. Bunting, as she looked up from the newspaper.
"Ah! Prohibitionists have at last got a foothold, then," commented Bunting.

WILLAMETTE WATER IS THICKER.

MCCORKLE—After all, blood is thicker than water.
MRS. MCCORKLE (severely)—Charles, that convinces me that you never drank water while you were in Portland two weeks on business.

"How did you feel after the firemen had played on you for two hours?" asked the fire fiend.
"I felt put out," replied the conflagration.

QUILLINGS.

Imagination goes such a great way that it sometimes gets lost.

Don't snub the man who talks to you about the weather. It is a great deal better than talking about your neighbors.

Truth lieth in wells, but the wells are so deep that few of us succeed in getting hold of much of it.

The turkey who has been gobbling all summer has now been gobbled.

If the vote of dead turkeys could be taken, it would be decided that fall crops are not a sign of continued prosperity.

Of all the clubs men affect, the most harmless, notwithstanding its savage title, is the Indian club. It can be kept at home and does not call a husband out nights.

The average club athlete is the young man who rides in the street cars when he is going a few blocks to the gymnasium to exercise.

SHE TURNED HER HEAD.

She turned her head as I passed by;
And though I strove to catch her eye,
And wore my most entrancing smile,
With which fair maids I'd fain beguile,
My ardent glance gained no reply.

Full well I knew no summer sky
Had bluer hue than in that eye,
Averted from my gaze, the while
She turned her head.



Though disappointment rankled, I,
When she had passed, looked back, just why
I cannot tell—O, woman's wife!
'Twas then I caught both eye and smile—
She turned her head.

H. L. W.

DOBBS—Tell you what, Hobbins, that was a fine poem of yours in the *High Flyer*.
HOBBINS (gratified)—Think so?
DOBBS—Yes, sir-ee! Tell you what, there was more truth than poetry in that.

HE HAD.

MRS. JINKS—Some men don't have horse sense anyway.
MRS. MINKS—Well, my husband evidently has, for he can say neigh.



A STARTLING DIAGNOSIS.

"Mornin', mum; is the doctor in?"
"I'm the doctor. What do you want?"
"Sure an' if yez wor the doctor yer'd know what wux the matter wid me widout the askin'!"
"Yes, I can tell. You are afflicted with chronic impecuniosity and peripateticism, resulting from congenital lassitude, aggravated by persistent alcoholization."
"Great heavens! An' how long do yez give me to live?"