



OUR SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

OUR school it give an exhibition Friday evenin' last.
The folks all come and brung their aunts and uncles. Fast
As Sammy Witherspoon, the usher, got one person set-
Tled comfortable, another come, and then another yet;
And then our brass band come inside and bust right out a-playin'
"Hail Columby, Happy Land." I think I'm right in sayin'
There never was such music
Played before, I know,
Since Joshua's cornet it upspot
The walls of Jericho.



They had a heap of singin' and a drove of little
girls,
As innocent as angels in white frocks and yel-
low curls,
Sung songs of which I didn't ketch the mean-
in' very plain
Because they didn't all begin to onct; which is
the main

Dramatic criticism I hev got to offer, fer, I swear,
I liked to look at them bright little girls with yellow hair.
And then our brass band it
Bust out to play and blow,
Like Joshua did when he upspot
The walls of Jericho.

And then they had a dialogue; young ladies figered in it.
I ain't no crit'icism of no sort to offer—every minute
I was too busy takin' in the ladies' words and smiles,
And wished that I was there to rescue Beauty from the wiles



Of villains—but the band bust out
a-playin', louder than before,
And loosened lots of shakes; broke
specs; false teeth fell on the
floor.
If Joshua's brass band played
As loud as ourn, you know,
It ain't no wonder they upspot
The walls of Jericho.



ALLISON FRENCH.

A FAIR STRATEGIST.

"I think it's just horrid in you men to claim a kiss just because you happen to catch us under a little piece of mistletoe," said Miss Thirdseason, as she clung to the arm of a modest gentleman and led him about so gently that he was unaware that he was being piloted. "You men take advantage of us just because an old heathen custom sanctions it. I tell you I am very careful to keep away from it. No man ever kissed me yet, and I'd die before I'd let him do it. Oh! Mercy! There's the horrid thing right over my head now," and she turned her face up and stood paralyzed with fright until the spell was broken in the regulation way.

QUILL.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

SHE (gazing pensively out at the first snow)—Oh, how I wish I lived in Russia!

HE (astonished)—In Russia?

SHE—Yes. I've just been reading that a Russian lover will *leigh* his sweetheart rather than give her up. What glorious men those Russians must be.

SHE COULD STAND THE PRESSURE.

JACK—You could never bring yourself to love a fellow like me, could you?

AMY—I don't know, Jack. I might under pressure.

ONE LITTLE HAND.

I know a little hand petite,
So tender, rosy-red and sweet,
So full of nature's subtle art
That ev'ry motion doth impart
A strange sensation to my heart.

Oh, when I'm sitting all alone,
I seem to feel it 'tween my own,
Or mayhap in my midnight dreams
Its vision comes until it seems
A sweet effulgence o'er me gleams.

Ah! 'Tis my throbbing heart's delight
To hold it near with pressure light,
And watch the diamonds flash and flare
That seem to proudly nestle there
Upon that hand so debonnaire.

Fall many a heart rests in that hand!
It has my all at its command—
One move my cherished hopes might crush,
But, blame the bluff, I'll make a "rush,"
So here's the hand—a bobtail flush!

JUAN LA RUC BURNETT.