



Roguish, chic, petite Helena
With me ate a philopena.
"Now," she cried, "'tis give and take;
You must keep your wits awake;
Not an inst' be remiss,
Though I proffer you a kiss."
Ere her voice had ceased expressing,
To her lips my lips were pressing.

Triumph conquered indignation,
And with gleeful exclamation,
"Philopena!" clamored she,
"For you took a kiss from me."
"Nay, my wise one, nay, not so;
I did but a kiss bestow,
You accepted it, Helena,
And from me, hence—philopena!"

FRUSTRATED.

FIRST SNEAK THIEF—Didn't you get on to the steamer?

SECOND SNEAK THIEF—Naw. They got on to me.

SHE WAS MISSED.

MRS. WINTER (just back from a visit to her mother)—Did you miss me, dear, while I was gone, and did the time seem long?

MR. WINTER—Well, I should say it did. I wouldn't build fires again every morning for six days for a farm.

CONSOLATION.

LITWAYTE—I can't get on in the world. I have no show.

BRONSON—No show! Why, my dear fellow, you are a whole circus in yourself.

A CALLER (to mother rocking her child)—Do you have to mind that baby all the while?

THE MOTHER—I don't calkulate to mind him at all. I'm goin' to larn the young cub to mind me.

PROMPT RETURN FOR HIS MONEY.

"It's twins! Both boys!" exclaimed the nurse, addressing the anxious father, who had been waiting in an adjoining room.

"Well, well! I advertised for a boy yesterday, but this is overdoing it."

PUT TO THE TEST.

BRIGGS—Didn't I hear something about your going to get married a year or so ago?

GRIGGS—O, yes. My fiance and I thought it would be a good thing to give our love a final test; so she went abroad for a year. She returned the other day.

BRIGGS—And was her love as fresh as ever?

GRIGGS—He was fresh enough. She married him in London.

"Ah!" she cried, "if it's contested,
I'm becoming interested.
We'll begin answ' to try
Who shall conquer, you or I.
I'll be ever on my guard;
Every glance from you I'll ward;
If a muscle to you cater,
Atrophy may seize the traitor."

Then I pleaded: "Lovely maiden,
Take me and my heart o'er laden
With the love it brings to you."
White lids veil her eyes of blue,
And her warm heart tints her cheeks.
"Involuntary," thus she speaks,
"Are heart muscles" (Learned Lena),
"You have won the philopena."

"Thus you pay me, blest Helena!
Be yourself the philopena.
Had I lost you, ghouliah pain,
Wed with sorrow—wretched twain!—
Would have seized my broken heart
And devoured it, part and part,
As we, O, my sweet Helena,
Ate that blissful philopena."

J. EDMUND V. COOKE.



TO ISABEL—AN ACROSTIC.

In dreams I see thee as thou art,
So fair, so pure, so near my heart;
And as I gaze the vision fades
Behind a mist the dream has made,
E'en as the moon, with perfect grace,
Lets off the stray cloud hide her face.

HEREDITY.

PROUD PARENT—And do you really think baby is like his father?

VISITOR—Yes. He is bald and has a red face.

THE DARKER SIDE.

MRS. KEYES—I'm getting tired of these being-a-sister-to-him jokes. Why don't they ever publish something about a girl accepting a man?

MR. KEYES—Because, Maria, that's too serious a subject for any humorous paper to tackle.

INTERRUPTED.

"The other night, just as Robinson was getting down on his knees to propose to a girl, his suspender parted."

"How unfortunate. I suppose Robinson was in a terrible rage, wasn't he?"

"No; but the girl was."

IRONCLAD.

BOARDER (vainly struggling to carve a chicken)—This bird appears to have been inoculated by Professor Koch.

MRS. HARKLEIGH—Pray what do you mean?

BOARDER—It seems to be tolerably secure against consumption.

INSIDE.

MR. BINGO—Tommy, did you bring home to your mother the pear I gave you today?

TOMMY—Yes, sir.

MRS. BINGO—That's strange. I never saw it.

TOMMY—I know you didn't; but it was there.

BRIDGET (to her mistress)—Cud yees be tellin' me who lives in th' house ferminst us, mum?

MISTRESS (graciously)—Why, the gentleman who wrote that beautiful and famous article, "How to keep house without a servant." Why do you ask, Bridget?

BRIDGET—Faith, an' Oi sees th' woife av 'im sphlittin' av th' wood, an' blackin' av 'is boots, an' performin' th' owld dayvil's owen worruk gnoerolly; an' Oi was wonderrin', mum.



SAGACITY.

SHE—Don't you sing? Why, how stupid of you!

HE—If you'd ever heard me try, you'd think it was everlasting smart of me.