

PHILISTINE DRONE'S WOOING.

I beg to lay before my readers a hartrending eppysode of the halcion dais of mi youthful innocence. When I was a blushing buoy of sum 28 summers, and at that age pekularly centsitive to the arrers of Kupid. Ye gods! my ink turns pail when I think of the object of mi jewvernile affeckshuns. Do not shudder when I tell you that I fell in love with a seekund-hand artikle, a femal dressed in black, the habillyments of the graiv; in short, a widdoe.

The idul of mi hart was ritsh, but do not suppose for a singul moment that I assocheated mi dreams of bliss with luv of filthy luker; not wonce! Mi angul's naim was Celestia Byte; and wo is me, I went for Byte and kum back bitten. Wun nite, while lising to her sole sooring stranes upon a cheap akkordeon, I was about to pore mi tail of luv into her ear, when she said:

"Philly" (she alwais kalled me Philly), "Philly deer, wilst thou purchis me sum music?"

"Lite of mi hart," said I, "thy behests shall be obeyed."

"Kall me pet naims," said the tender-harted saryfim, and immegetely swooned with delite.

That nite, as I took my departure from the butiful Celestia's, I sed to myself: "Undoubtedly she luvv me. O, heavenly thort! Ken I be awaik?" Which was not very likely, seein's I had mi poket piked bi an audaehus feller who had talken advantage of mi abstrackshun. When neckst I addressed Celestia 'twas with a luv letter, which I indited after grate efforts, with the aid of mi stoependus jenius and an old song book. The missive red as folloes, to wit:

Dearest Celestia—Fare wun of the Golden Locks, ever of the I'm fondly dream-
ing. Thy brite smile haunts me still. Adorable wun, thou art the only woman I ever
loved. Beloved Girl, thou art so nere and yet so far. Hook me to sleep Beautiful dreamer.
I'd offer the this hand of mine. Wilt thou axsept? from your true luv,
Philly Drone.

This I seeled and sent to mi hart's affinity, and reseaved the following anser:

Deer P. D.—Sportive boy, everything is selubrious. O, kum, kum! Am I or am I
not? Ekuse mi inkohereency. The thought will drive me mad. Celestia.

Upon reeding of which I immegetely fainted and swooned in mi own footsteps. 'Twas evening when I agen started forth to visit the dommysail of the salubrious widdoe, and the stars seemed to shine in mello lite upon mi kareworn linnymnts as if they new that I was soon to fine mi fait with wun who was too angelic for a lengthened residence upon this sinful serfe; and while mi hart beet with overpowering emoshuns, I asked myself in murmuring axents if I was wurthy of this earthly cherrybin, and arriving at her dore at the instant I asked the question, I was ushered in before I had tyme to anser it. When I stood in the presents of the happi gurl, she sed:

"Philly, deer, do I wunce agen behold thy franc and open kounte-
nance?"

"O, Celestia, prey do not gays upon me in that refulgent stile—do not; mi hart will bust!" sed I. "And now tell me when thou wilt be mi bryde." And I nealed before her, mutch to the damage of mi beat pants.

"Thy bryde!" sed Celestia, skornfully.

"Ay, swete wun," sed I, throeing mi arms around her luvingly. "When shall we be married?"

But imagine mi sirprize when Celestia hit me akroest the head with a fire shuvel, and then asked me what I ment.



OVERDOING IT.

Mrs. FANGLE—Henry, I've written to ask mother to come and visit us. You don't mind, do you?

Mr. FANGLE—N-n-no; but isn't it rather too much of a good thing? You know she was here for an entire day only a year ago last June.



A RAY OF SUNLIGHT.

POOR LITTLE BOY (shivering)—I'm c-o-o-old.
BENEVOLENT LOOKING INDIVIDU—Well, my dear little fellow,
be so while you may. Remember there is a hereafter.

"Didn't you promise to marri me?" sed I.

"Marri you!" she sed. "Do you suppose that the anshent family of Byte wood disgrais there naim bi affilyating with a Philistin?"

"But," sed I, "didn't I rite you a letter offering mi hand, and didn't you rite a letter axcepting it?"

She bust out laffin' and sed: "You big fool! I thought it was a list of the music you was gonig to send me," and she swept from the room dis-danefully.

I left her ill-fated threshold, never to kross it more.

FRANK MARION.

A BACK VIEW.

Within the train a seat I took,
Prepared to read

A novel or some cheaper book,

The mind to feed,

When just by chance my eyes

I raised,

And lo, behold!

At what a shapely head I

gazed,

Of classic mold—

Her neck my artist soul did win

Upon the spot,

And all my heart was caught within

Her Psyche knot.

I had no doubt her face was sweet

And most refined.

(How sad that I should have a seat

The maid behind!)

And as I dreamed of feat-
ures fair

And bright blue eyes,

Of lips that make a bard

prepare

To poetize,

She turned around—how quickly flown

Was ecstasy.

Ah, would that she had only shown

Her back to me!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

REALIZED HIS LOSS TOO LATE.

HENRICK—Poor Brown's death was a terrible calamity to me.

SMITH—Why, I didn't know he was a near friend or relation of yours.

HENRICK—No, he wasn't; but I married his widow.