

THE POET'S MISTAKE.

"Her locks than gold are far more bright"—
So sang the poet lover—
"More radiant than the sunbeams' light
The crowns they weave above her.



"Like phosphorescent flames that glow
On ocean's rolling billow,
Tonight, methinks, those tresses show
Their glories on her pillow!"

But if those locks he praised in song
To see he had been able,
He would have known that he was wrong—
They lay upon her table.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

MRS. PARLOH—So you don't like those orange fritters? Why, my first husband used to eat ten or a dozen of them at a time.

MR. PARLOH—Well, he's dead, isn't he?

REAL HUMOR.

"Is that new play you saw last night funny?"
"Oh, immensely funny! One of the characters falls off a chair and gets kicked by a mule, and another one wears somebody else's hat."

A GOOD REASON.

ROSE—I intend to take the conceit out of Sidney Miller before I let him fall.

PEARL—You'd better not.

ROSE—Why?

PEARL—Because if you did he would be too light to fall.



"Henry, I want to know who that woman is you have at your office."
"Why, my dear, I have no woman there at all."
"You needn't try to fool me; I heard you tell Mr. Watson about your Callie Graff."

REDUCED TO SMALL COINS.

LEARNED RAGGLES—Hello, Jim, so you're in town, eh? Where are your winter quarters?

IMPOVERISHED WAGGLES—Nowhere, Tom. I ain't got but a dime to my name.

HE WASN'T A POINTER.

MISS HYTONE (at an evening social)—Mr. Western, I imagine from your military figure that you are a West Pointer.

MR. WESTERN (a printer)—No, ma'am; I am of a different type—a setter.

FREDDIE—Pa, what is natural philosophy?
PA—Natural philosophy, my boy, is the science of cause and reason. For instance, you can see there is a crack behind that door, but you can not tell why it is there until—

FREDDY (interrupting)—Oh, yes I can, pa; it's there 'cause ma needs it to peep through when you go into the kitchen.

VISITOR—Do you devote much space in your paper to society intelligence?

EDITOR—No; society doesn't have more than about a stickful of intelligence, at best.



WIDOW'S DAUGHTER—Stop, or I'll scream for mother.

HE—For heaven's sake don't; she doesn't expect me until tomorrow night.



VISITOR (to magazine editor)—Do you care for any more war articles, sir?

EDITOR—No, I think not. The late rebellion has been pretty thoroughly written up.

VISITOR—My articles would relate to a more recent conflict.

EDITOR—Indeed! What?

VISITOR—I married a widow a year ago.

CURTAILING EXPENSES.

WIFE—I am going to economize in our household expenses, Charlie.

CHARLIE (kissing her fondly)—What a dear little wifey you are.

WIFE (continuing)—Yes, I've discharged the servant girl and hired a Chinaman.

HUSBAND—But where does the economy come in?

WIFE—Why, the kisses you were obliged to pay her for you can get from me for nothing.

A PRIVATE SNAP.

FIRST TRAMP (coming out on the road at a run)—I struck a snap at that house.

SECOND TRAMP—What was it—a hot meal an' no wood ter saw?

FIRST TRAMP—No; a bulldog.

COULDN'T HEAR HIMSELF THINK.

"Oi can't hear meself think," said Pat to his romping children, "an' its moighty lucky fer yez all that Oi can't, fer Oi was jist a thinkin' of killin' yez if yez didn't make liss noise."

SHE—Why do you look at me so?

HE—I want to see why you are smiling.

SHE—How can I help smiling if you stare like that?

HE—How can I help staring if you smile like that?

"Could you spare me a little money for a few days, Jones?"

"Of course I can my dear fellow—all I have is at your service. Come into the office and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars."

"H'm—I'd sooner have a dollar and a quarter in cash."

MORE MENDING TO DO.

CONVERT (who has but recently espoused the faith and has just "busted" his suspenders)—Dang the dinged luck!

MINISTER (who happens to hear the remark)—Tut, tut, man, you mustn't swear. I thought you had mended your ways.

CONVERT (confusedly)—So I have, parson, so I have; and now I've got to mend these dinged suspenders.