

THE WIDOW AND I.

Oh, in her sable garments the widow looked a queen,
For beauty in its sorrow is beauty's crown, I ween;
The rosy pallor of her cheeks, in all their tender glow,
Was like a purple sunset upon a drift of snow;
And in her weeping eyes of blue such weird emotions lay—
Such somber depths of sadness, and shadows dim and grey—
That you would fancy she had lost—poor, hapless Leonore—
Not one dear lord and master, but twenty-five or more.



She ran to me—she rushed to me with
all her youth and gold,
And, in soft, pleading accents, she asked
to be consoled.
There was, she gasped, a vacant place
upon her heart's throne still
That somebody, if he knew how, could
take by storm and fill.

Well, I knew how, for grasping both her
jeweled hands in mine,
I quaffed from those ripe lips of hers a
vintage rich as wine!

And while I tore the widow's serge right off her queenly head,
And told her that a living spouse was better than a dead,
She leant upon my bosom in tremulous surprise,
And sorrow's shadows vanished from the blue depths of her eyes.

Today the ragman purchased the sable weeds I sold,
And now I own the widow—the widow and her gold.

EUGENE DAVIS.

IN THE NATURAL HISTORY CLASS.

TEACHER—Now, Johnnie Barrows, you may tell me what is the strongest of all the animals.

J. B.—Please 'm, the skunk.

FILL HIM FULL.

MRS. LARKIN—Here's a paper which says, "The burglar should not be turned away empty."

LARKIN—That's right. Fill him with lead.

A LITTLE GIRL'S IDEA.

GENTLEMAN VISITOR (to best girl's little sister)—Your sister lets me kiss her. Now won't you let me kiss you?

LITTLE SISTER (loftily)—No; I don't allow all the gentlemen to kiss me, as sister does. There's a great difference in people, you know.

FIRST NEWSPAPER MAN—I see it stated that Russell Sage makes it a rule not to lend over \$500,000 in a day.

SECOND NEWSPAPER MAN—Well, what of it? I have the same rule myself.

THE STUFFED PROPHET AGAIN.

GRIZZLY—A Cincinnati butcher has made a fortune out of stuffed sausages. He calls them the "Cleveland."

JOHNSON—Why so?

GRIZZLY—Because they are his stuffed profit.

REAL LIFE.

It is when men a-drinking go
And homeward steel
With steps uncertain, that they know
This life is real.

A TENDENCY TO MENDACITY.

GIMP—There's a great deal of fiction in the newspapers nowadays.

GUMMEY—So!

GIMP—Yes; here's a column of stuff headed "Police Intelligence."



SISTER NELL—Bobby, did you go to the door last night when Mr. James and Mr. Wilson came to make their party call?

BOBBY—Yep.

SISTER NELL—What did they say when you told them I was at the theater?

BOBBY—Mr. James, he said, "In luck again, that makes three;" and Mr. Wilson said, "We dassn't try any more of 'em; let's go down town and have some fun."

HE WAS A TRAITOR.

"I denounce Squigley as a spy!" exclaimed a socialist orator, referring to a fellow member. "I have the damaging proof right here!"

"What is it?" yelled his hearers.

"A wash bill!"

INCONSISTENCY.

MR. GROWLER (to wife)—No wonder we have ruinous gas bills. I have just counted sixteen burners going full blast in this house. (Leaves the room and returns in great excitement). Say, Maria, who in thunder turned out that light in the smoking room?



A CLOSE SHAVE.

VAN DUDER—No human being is entirely without a mind, don't you know, Miss Amy.

AMY—No; but it's wonderful to see how amazingly near some people come to it.

A THEATRICAL SENSATION.

FOOTLYTES—Have you seen Miss De Noode in her new play?

FIRSTNYTES—Yes, and I tell you it is great. She outstrips all her previous efforts.

FOOTLYTES—What a sensation she must create!

MORE MONEY IN IT.

"My son," said the dying saloon keeper, "don't continue this business. The competition is so brisk that it doesn't pay any longer.

"But what shall I do for a living?"

"You had better be a temperance lecturer; they make about \$150 a night.

"Do you love me yet," she said,
"As when we first were wed?
"Say, dear"—her eyes were wet—
"Tell me you love me yet."
"I wonder where you get
"Such notions queer," he sighed;
"Why, yes, I love you—yet—yet—yet—"
And she was satisfied. E. H.

WOULDN'T BUS ON THE AVENUE.

YOUNG NEW YORKER (walking on Fifth avenue with pretty country cousin)—I'm awfully warm, Mary! Let's take a bus.

PRETTY COUSIN (blushing sweetly)—Oh, George, some one would be sure to see us here on the avenue. Please be patient till we get to the park.

A CONFUSION OF PROFESSIONS.

TOM—What are you driving at now, Jack?

JACK—I am studying in the office of Bleedem & Killen.

TOM—Oh! Going to be a lawyer?

JACK—No. Doctor.