

## THE WEST SHORE.



## LOVE'S PARTING.

We stood at the bars as the sun sank low,  
Beneath the hills on that summer day;  
On my breast lay her soft cheek, white as snow;  
Her breath smelled sweet as the new-mown hay.  
Silently stood—'twas the last embrace,  
Long years would pass ere we'd meet again;  
So I wondered not at her pallid face,  
Or the tears which fell like crystal rain.  
Like golden arrows glanced the faint sunshine,  
'Mid the quivering meshes of her hair;  
While she turned her soft, brown eyes to mine,  
I read the love which was written there.  
I see her bathed in the crimson flood,  
I see her peacefully standing now,  
As I stroked her neck while she chewed her cud—  
I see her yet—that Alderney cow.

JEAN LA RUE HURNETT.

## TOO LIKE.

SCRIBBLER—Some of my work is rather like Tennyson, don't you think?  
BRONSON—Yes, indeed; in some lines you haven't changed a word.

## AN IRREVERENT YOUTH.

MONEYBAGS, SR.—My son, if you continue your dissipated life you will bring down my gray hairs to the grave.

MONEYBAGS, JR.—Come, now father, you've been bald too long to talk like that.

## ALL THE SAME.

DASHAWAY—You see that fellow over there. Every week the poor devil comes around and borrows a quarter, and I haven't the heart to refuse him.

TRAVERS—Ha, ha! Well, there's no accounting for human nature, is there? Poor wretch! By the way, old man, can you spare me a "V" until Saturday?

CONDUCTOR OF STREET CAR (picking up a coin)—Has any gentleman dropped a coin?

CHORUS OF PASSENGERS—Yes! Yes! I have!

CONDUCTOR—Was it a \$5.00 gold piece?

CHORUS OF PASSENGERS—Yes! Yes! It was!

CONDUCTOR (displaying the coin)—Well, then, I guess this \$10 gold piece don't belong to any of you, and I'll keep it.

SPATTS—Let me tell you what I know.

HUNKER—Go ahead. It won't take so long as to tell what you don't know.

"Papa, what does fee simple mean?" asked the lawyer's boy.

"It means taking a fee of \$5.00 for an opinion when you can just as well get \$25 for it."

## THE RESULT OF ANGLING.

BLOOBUMPER—Fishing was the favorite amusement in King David's time. Indeed, I may say that it was well nigh universal.

FOSDICK—I didn't know that.

BLOOBUMPER—Yes; you will remember that David gave it as his opinion that all men are liars.



## HE HAD BEEN THERE.

MISS REDINGOTE (who is looking for her sphere)—Ah, Mr. Brindle, you have never known what it is to feel your way cautiously, hesitating, trembling with anxiety at every step.

MR. BRINDLE—Oh, yes; I was troubled with corns for nearly two years.

## YE ANCIENT MAID.

So trippingly a maiden fair  
Came lightly down the crowded street,  
A Psyche knot confined her hair,  
While Paris shoes pinched tight her feet,  
A Cleopatra gown she wore,  
And round her slender, wasp-like waist  
Was sacred snake from Niles green shore;  
While Cupid's bow at throat was plaited  
A Juno lend no doubt she felt.  
As through the staring crowd she swept:  
But more she seemed like fowls that dwell  
In that great temple Janus kept.

QUILL.

"You look thoughtful," remarked the hair brush to the mirror.

"Yes," replied the mirror; "I am reflecting"

MANAGER (to ambitious debutante)—You have youth and good looks, but before you can become an actress you have a great deal to learn.

DEBUTANTE—In what particulars am I deficient?

MANAGER—Well, you can't dance and you are modest.

## HE WAS SATISFIED.

MRS. HENPECK—Here you are again, Mr. Henpeck, coming home at one o'clock in the morning in this disgraceful condition. I simply can't tell you what I think of your conduct.

MR. HENPECK—Then, m'dear, don't (hic) try it.

GAZZAM—Why do you call this a sacred concert, Beeflat? It seems to me that all the pieces on the programme are secular.

BEEFLAT—Yes, but there are just seven of them.

GAZZAM—What of that?

BEEFLAT—Why, seven used to be the great sacred number in ancient times.

## SHE WAS TRAVELING ALL ALONE.

She was a maid with rosy cheeks,  
Her eyes as bright as stars,  
And she sat alone in one of the seats  
Of one of the railway cars.

There came a drummer passing through,  
With gripsack in his hand,  
Whose cheek showed large, as it always does,  
In the face of a "traveling man."

Of course he spied the vacant seat,  
And asked, in his sweetest tone,  
"Is this seat engaged?" "No, sir," she said,  
"I'm traveling all alone."

"With your permission, then," said he,  
And his eyes his wish implied;  
Then she made room and he sat down,  
Close by the fair maid's side.

The maid at first was very shy,  
But that soon wore away;  
Then his tongue flew and her tongue, too,  
For they had so much to say.

But all good things must end at last.  
"My station," said she: "good night."  
One minute more and she had gone  
Forever from his sight.

The drummer sought the smoking car,  
To smoke and grieve alone;  
And when he looked to see the time  
He found his watch was gone.

FRANK MARION.



MRS. LARKIN (fondly)—George, dear, you used to tell me that you thought of me every minute of the day, and that you loved me more than a world full of gold and diamonds. You don't tell me that now.

LARKIN—No. You see I have joined the church since then.