

sweet as sweet kin bei-what I'm wanting to know is this:-Why don't my neighbor love me? nd her the sweetest flowers-though they're

not so sweet as her!— never in Summer hours does she send me s. "Thank you, sir!" tell me to "love my neighbor," an' I love her right along:

mer right mong; what does she care for the grief I bear, and what for my sweetest song? mno what songs or flowers my neighbor does prefer, ever in Summer hours does she send me s

me to "love my neighbor" ?-I've loved

e lonely way o' the world today, like one that walks in a dream! what's the comfort it brings to me? My heart an' my pulses stir; But never in Summer hours does she send me

ank you, sir!"

-F. L. S. in Atlanta Constitution.

Farce-Comedy, in One Act, Dealing With a Feminine Raid on Powderpuff Bank.

Scene-The Powderpuff Bank. Fifth

Time-Fifteen minutes before closing. The usual rush of women begins; the clerks at their various tasks begin to swear softly and mutter to themselves. Mr. Razzle (at the first window, endeavoring to add a column of figures)-Eighty thousand six hundred and forty-two; eight hundred and twenty; ninety thou-

Miss Blondflocks-I'd like a yard of revenue stamps, please.

Razzie-Yes, madam, next window, Ninety-two thousand two hundred-Miss Blondilocks (at the next window)-A yard of revenue stamps, please; nice, fresh ones.

Mr. Dazzle (just trying to close up the books)-Will a dozen do? Miss Blondflocks-O, dear me! Haven't you any other color? My checks are all

Dazzle-Sorry, madame, only color they Miss Blondilocks-O, pshaw! How much

Daszle-Twenty-four cents. Miss Blondilocks-Isn't that rather

Dazzle-Not for two-cent stamps. It would be high for penny stamps.

Miss Biondilocks-Will you please tell me what time it is? Dazzle (looking at a four-foot high clock on the wall)—Ten minutes to 3.

Miss Blondilocks-I was to meet friend here at half past two. Did you tailor-made gown and a bunch of violetsat least I think she would have a bunch. She put them in the ice box last night. Darnie (wearily)-No; I didn't see her, Cab door slams-Enter Mrs. Scrappem,

in a hurry. Mrs. Scrappem (to the man at the first window, indignantly)-I would like toknow, sir, what you mean by returning

Razzle-Forty-four million, eight thousand and —. You'll have to see the cashier, Mr. Stringem—third cage—third window, I mean. mand and --Mrs. Scrappem (to Stringem)-Is this Mr. Stringem? Stringem (who has taken the first op-

portunity to finish his luncheon, hard boiled eggs and ple)—Yes, madame. Mrs. Scrappem-And may I ask, sir, why you returned my check?

Mr. Stringem Embarrassed.

embarrassment)-You must be overdrawn. From the wilds of old Missouri. Mrs. Scrappem-How dare you, sir! Sat "The Man That Never Labored," What do you mean? Stringem-You can't have any money in

Mrs. Scrappem-I thought you'd say In the geometric middle, that. I've brought by check book along And, enshrouded in his t to show you. There are still 15 blank-checks. So, there. Stringem (weakly, while a titter runs

audibly through the clerical departmentyou will kindly leave your book we will have the account balanced and will rectify any mistake.

Mrs. Scrappem-Leave my book! What

proof would I have to show that you are mistaken? I would like a written apology in the morning, sir! (She sails out, Stringem groans and attacks the ple.) Enter Miss Giggleton (to man at the first window)-O! I beg your pardon but would you mind my leaving my dog here for a little while, I— Rample—Fifteen hundred and eighty, sixteen hundred and six-. Are you a de-

Miss Giggleton-Sir? Razzle-Have you an account here? Miss Giggleton-My father is a member mean that! I think you might keep the dog-

Razzie Second window, miss-eighteen hundred and-Lady (to man at the first window-I'd ahead!-nineteen hundred-

Lady-What brutes these men are! (To the paying teller)-Will you be kind gh to tell me where one draws Paying Teller-In a check book, us-

Lady-Well, I wish to draw one. Paying Teller-Do you mean you wish a

heck for \$30.

Paying Teller—What's the name, please? Than its siry predecessor, and replied: "Alas, I cannot bene's name? I can't see—

The successor of the second state of the second s

madame. Have you any money deposited And have conscientions scruples bere?

Lady—Why, no. But my husband has! Then the haughty chieftain suckered He always gives me checks from here. Paying Teller-Well, he'll have to give Aimed a swift kick at the wooer,

ou another. This isn't a loan associa Like a streak of Jersey lightning! Lady-Well, I declare! I never heard

But the cause of true love triumphed, And eventually he bought her From the sire who so adored her of such impudence! I shall certainly tell my husband about it! Penchie Prettysom.

For a plug of store tehance Resule (throwing down his pen)—Well,
And a pint of long-range whisky,
the miss, madame—what is it?

Peachle Prettysom (almost in a whis.)

Peachle Prettysom (almost in a whis.) dr-miss, madame-what is it? Peachle Prettysom (almost in a whis-

per)-Can I speak to you a moment

Rassie (blushing)-Yes-that is-what-Peachle-There 's a matter I called in to s about. If you would be so kind as to adviso me. Ramie (growing tender)-Certainly! Peachie-O, ft's so sweet of you.

Razzle (looking around nervously) Not at all! Peachle (apologetically)-I want \$15. that is-paying teller-fourth window. Preachie (pouting)-O, away down there? Can't you-you see, I'm so neryous, unless I can trust any one! (She Razzle-It's the rule-you see, that the

Peachte-O, he don't have to tell! That's all right!

Razzle-If you have a check I'll pass it down for you.

Penchie-O, thank you so much! (She dives into a purse and brings out a pow-der rag, a bottle of Italian peppermints, some samples and finally a check folded into a small bunch.)

Razzle (unfolds it with difficulty)-O. Peachle-Yes, Jack's! He's the lovellest. fellow! He's out of town now.
Razzie-Why, this is dated today; and, look here. Miss-are you Miss or Mrs.-

are you Mrs. Prettysom?

Penchie (blushing)—Why, no! I'm not narried! I'm Miss Prettysom-Jack's my Razzle-Well, this signature is a clumsy forgery. Mr. Prettysom never wrote it. Peachie—Why, of course, he didn't write

it! I just told you he's out of town, I wrote it myself.
Razzle—O, you mustn't do things like hat. That's forgery. Peachie (her eyes filling with tears)-

Why, I think you are real mean! Jack won't mind at all! I want to get a new spangled collar, and I simply must have it-that's all! You can charge it to him. Razzle-Well, you'll have to see the president of the bank. Two Matinee Girls (Interrupting)—is this the manicure's? Haven't you any

Razzle-Second window-Enter two intensely respectable old isdies (to Razzie)-Young man, we'd like to be put in the safe deposit vault. Razzle-Too late. They close up at 2,

lady operators?

First Old Lady-I told you we'd lose Second Old Lady-We want to get our property, young man-so many banks breaking nowadays-

Irms Ulsterine.

Enter Irma Ulsterine (she flips down a theck before the astonished old ladies)-Look here. Give me five new tens in a hurry; no stage money, piense. Thanks! Have you got such a thing as a hairpin? No? Well, tell me, ien't my back hair coming down? Think I'll have ten ones for two of these. What do you close up so early for, anyhow? Ta, Ta! Remember me to the president.

A stout lady comes in panting; also a girl with eye-glasses and a woman with a lot of parcels.

Girl with eye glasses (to paying teller)-I'd like two seats for the opera-middle siste-second gallery-no posts in the way,

Stout Lady-Mercy Sakes! Is this a the ater? I thought it was the Turkish bath! Woman with parcles (to Stringem, who is handing out his luncheon dishes to a waiter)-I'd like a cup of tea, not too strong, three chocolate eclairs and a sarlunatic asylum, ladies; it's a bank-a

The ladies-How perfectly foolish that

As the doors close a deep sigh of relief goes up from the entire force of clerks. A clerk wheels a hand truck up to the safe. The president-Please call off the list of | a ound articles. (The stenographer takes

The clerk-Eighty-seven pocketbooks contents of which are entered in the two ledgers; 46 bank books, \$110 in money, 17 vells, 30 gloves, 20 umbrellas, 10 garters, two belts, four powder puffs, four pack-ages of jewelry tied in handkerchiefs, even side combs and other small articles entered in the ledger.-New York

TALK WITH THE CENSUS MAN. Hans Pretzel Writes a Novel on His

Harrowing Experience. I haf decisioned to wrote vun uf d novels like "Janowitz Meredith," und "To Have Id Und to Hold Id Ven You Ged Id." und "Red Porridge," und "Ven Night-time Vas in Der Flower Barrel." und "Viid Animals I Hat Met Before der Doctor Arrived." un skettera. Der reason vot drives me to dis crime vill appearance in der novel, vich is as following: CHABDER EIN.

Id vas morning. Der sun vas yust kiss-ing der kopjes in der East. Suddenly der low, rakish form uf a man came rushing like a virivind ub der front stebs. Mit a graceful sweep of his feet he capsetted der milk cans, und crushed beneath his heel a small plece of cold vater vich der Ice Trust left dare before id melted. part uf der door flying in all directions.
"Yot can id be?" I set to myself. My
vife heard me und fainted. Chumping
into my horseless pajamas, I rushed to
der door and opened id vide.
"Is id hot enough for you.""

yoostto Be?" Little sibert told her.
"No," maw says, "why?"
"Becom you no We had unions for Dinner and I thot mebby you might Be
breathin on The glases to Make them
stronger."

Paw had to

Dink uf der derrible sitivation. question must be answered. Dare vas no eggscape, no vay to dotch id. Twenty rears in der chail house if I refusaled to answer id. Caught in der tolls afder all dose years. Vould kind Heafen send some

Id was der census tooker.

CHABDER ZWEL For a moment all vas so still you could hear der market drop in Vall street Den like der raddle uf musketry on a

roof garden der questions fell all around "Vas you white or black, und how do ou account for it?
"If a herring und a half cost a shilling and say:

und a half, how much is a 10-cent clgar vorth in American money?
"Do you eat oatmeal vor breakfast, und vy do you eat breakfast ven id is cheap-

"Dit you efer belong to a Trust, und how many years did you serve for id?
"Vas you a pro-Boer or a pro-bono

"Haf you efer had der measies, und

on a race?

"(a)Ven you voke ub dit you furn ofer und vent to sleeb again? "Do you own der house you live in or

Den der census tooker viped der perspirings from his prow, and boring a Get jist as menny, and Find out what hole in his tongue mit his lead pencil, ports They want." line sandwich. Hurry, please. hole in his tongue mit his lead pencil, Ruzzle (in a loud volce)—This isn't a he vaited for me to hand him a cubble uf answers.

The servant girls in Boston-so at least we

Dust the floor and wash the dishes with their

Homer in one hand; And some, it is reported, will not even deign

They are not of the Hol Pollot, these maids

who bake and brew, The blood that courses through 'em is the

So, too-if on such topic to write my pen may

dare-I'll bet a silver dollar are the stockings that

I suppose those Boston servants know "luo" quite by heart; That the measly verbs in "m-i" are of them-

selves quite a part; They can give the conjugations and have the

Great Caesarl try and fancy a servant girl

It must be great at dinner to have a waiting

Who has just been holding converse with Aga-

mempon's shade; And to feel her mind is wandering amid old

As she takes away the soup bowls and brings on the pork and beans.

I'm sorry to admit it; but the solemn truth is

Our girls are short on Homer here in Minne-

They have never heard of Priam, that gay and

And would scarcely feel acquainted with

But from this it does not follow that the girls

who serve us well Are lacking in the culture of those who in

We will pass the wreath in Homer over to the

But on Ibeen and Bjornson ours can give 'em

Tis then we sape and Into our bunk and go to sleep. -- Donver Post.

Helen, once of Troy.

bluest of the blue;

they wenz.

declensions pat.

ess those who address them can parley your in Greek.

"Yes," I responded absent-mindingly. CHABDER DREL Dare was a thunderous sound life ven tuff Luck on the mishen newsys. That's

them in cases! We'd better get out, der ankry storm clouds was brewing in one thing a mishen nerrey always of to they're bolting up the doors.

Think about Before he goes away to Save

and show your spunk! Ask him a cubble of hard vuns!" "Id is too late." I made der murmur; too lade. He knows eferyding!"

"Ach, Himmil!" set my vife; does he know dot I am still vearing my last Summer's Mother Hubbard?"
"Tes," I respondent, init a sorrowfulness, and den my vife collapsed herself und a large part of der hall floor.
Mid a flendish laughter der census tooker disappearanced in ler next door, und I knew nudding more because he knew knew nudding more because he knew

id all .- New York Journal.

"PAW" ON CHINESE QUESTION Explanations About the "floxers" Explains About the "Boxers" "My, oh, my," maw told us after she took off her glasses and got to breathen on them and rubben Them with her

Hankerchief last nite, 'It Does beat all How people go on Fiten and killing one Anuther. What's all this Trubble about in China, paw?" "Paw was bixzy lighting his sigar, so

Little albert, says: "What is it, Darling?" maw ast him. "Is your site Getting weaker than yoostto Be?" Little albert told her.

a Mouth full of smoke and neerly choked to Deth, but after he got So he could Dor tawk again and Had the tiers wiped Out vas of his eyes, he says:
"You see, it's all on account of the Box-

ers. If it wouldn't be for them the Grate powers wouldn't have Enny excuse to Go over with Their war botes and murrelief? Bud, no! der question musd be reens and Keep watching one Anuther answered. nerreys and Forren councils."

"What do They haft to watch one an-other for?" maw ast. "So one won't Get more men or Ships in than Enny of the Others," paw Says "It's a nawfie Dellicut job. You see mebby They are a missen Nerrey and his Family getting killed up in Chow-Chow or Slam-Bang and Rusheya wants to rush to his rescew. But that's where Germunny and Inglund and frants come along

A Christian Duty. "'Hold on thare. It's the duty of the Christian naishuns to not Let Ennybuddy get in Here where they mite have a chance to rob the Heathen of his Burth-

rite that he never new He had by takin his Land away from him." 'Well,' the Rusheyans would say, 'they are a Christian mishenerry up the crick hollering for help, and it's the Duty of the enlitened naishuns of the Erth to save and his fambly from a Horrable

family, und vot vas he after?

"Do you save your money personally,"

But the other enlitened naishung of the you ged dem to save id for you the Erth are afrade the Rusheyuns mite stake off some Land they want themhave, and the Rusheyuns say six Thousand. That's too menny. They mite go in and Take seven or Ate counties after they got the mishunerrey saved, so the other enlittened naishuns tell the Rusheysee der janitor dink he owns id?
"Did you intention to wisit der Paris" uns if they want to Send three Hundred and alty-seven men up to Save the Chris-'Vas your married life habby, und who tians that are Going to get Beheaded by Three millyun Chinamen, all rite. But they can't have enny more till the Rest

ports They want. "But sposen that wouldn't be enuff to save the mishen nerreys and their Famblies," maw says.
"Well," paw told her, "that would Be

der brewery.

Id vas my vife coming down stairs.

"I haf overheard him," she vispered mit a hoarseness. "Vy do you stant dare like a vooden mans? Vy? Haif you got no brafery lefd? Vare is all your Dutch courage? Show some of id, show id! Ask him some questions! Haf you lose your interrogation point? Go on; be a manum of the manu

As to the "Boxers." Then maw ast: "Why, are They so nuch in the papers about the Bexers? What are They enny way?"

"You see," Paw Told us, "Til tell you. They are a Lot of measuliy Chinamen that Think forreners Haven't enny rite to come into the Country and Get on the poleace force and Run for offus and work up ice trusts and sutch things and Hold all the jobs in the sitty Hall. Just think of sutch a Heathunish crime. That shows How they are Still stumbling Around in the Dark siges over There in China without knowing what it is to be enliteded and Have a Glorious coun-try where all are Free and Eakwul and very man a nuncrowned King who hasn't such sho to get a noffice if He was born there. So that's why I say thay ot to go ahed and Slotter the Boxers in big piles. "Well," maw says, "I don't no how you can blame The poor things for not want ing forreners to Come in and Run the

"Great hevvens!" paw says, "Don't let enneybuddy hear you Saying such a hor-hible Thing as that. I mite want to Run for Something some time, and if it Ever got Out that I let you Have sutch Sentamunts my pollit Tickle fewcher would be so fur Behind me I wouldn't have time to Ever go back and find it. That's almost blass Feamle."—"Georgie," in Chicago Times Harald cago Times-Herald

LESSON IN GEOMETRY. Mathematics Cut Some Ice in This Household Discussion.

They had been married six weeks, He had delivered daily lectures on the expense of the dove cote. It is not un ikely that she had acted upon her own judgment. Evidently she knew more about some things than he. Looking up from his newspaper, in m nipulating which he overturned his cup of coffee, he said: "I see that ice has been reduced to 40

She was engaged in pouring his second rup. He repeated his remark.
"Yes, dearie," she replied, "I heard

"Then there is a small reduction there My sainted father, to whose financial acu-men we are indebted for a go d many things in this apartment, used to say to me when I was a boy that it was 'I have seen it diagrammed," was the "Of course, because ice has been re-

duced from 60 to 40 cents is no reason why your girl should be allowed to chop the ice into powder, or use it more reck-lessly. That would not be economy. If she did that it would make no difference to you whether ice was 40 cents or a dollar. You get the drift? It is applic-able to all expenses." "What is the weather forecast, dearle?" "I haven't seen it. I was taking Dealer, about our household expenses. I hope

you heard what I said about this ice bus-iness."
"Why, certainly I did, but I did not know that it called for a special reply."
"I only want you to cultivate the manclai hints which I throw out, because I
cannot look after details of the louse and
There was a merry party of young men
about town in a Broadway cafe the other watch the ticker at the same time."

She was busy with her pencil.
"Making out your order for the day?"

No, dearie, I was thinking of a little problem in geometry—one of the last we and in our class." What nonsense! A woman has about

as much use for geometry as a hen has for a life preserver."
"Won't you look at these figures,

were correct, but he hoped she would permit herself to think of more practical matters.

"That is what I thought I was doing, dearie," she replied, with a slight tremole in her voice. But, in spite of it, she pro-

oceded to demonstrate.

"Let the largest square represent 25 pounds of ice when the price was 60 cents. Then let the second square be cents. Then let the second square be equivalent to the first when the price was 50 cents. Then, according to the rule of ratio, the smallest square will repre-sent the chunk of ice I receive after the congealed necessity has been reduced to 40 cents. I have forgotten the geometric formula, dearie, but you get the drift. In other words, dearie, what difference does it make to a housekeeper who buys by the chunk, whether ice is 60 or

make the last express, he had no time to discuss her demonstrations, but he admitted to his partner at luncheon that no woman was fit to be a housekeepet ss she was proficient in higher mathematics.-New York Sun.

Rend Congressional Record to Dad Until Dad Got Tired.

"Old man Presburg used to annoy Jim Barnes terribly when Jim was courting his daughter, Amy, insisting on talking over the political situation every time Jim came into the house. Finally Jim said in reply to one of the old-man's questions that it had been so ably explained by Senator Chandler, we'll say, that it would be better to use his very words in answer-ing it. So Jim whipped out a copy of the Congressional Record and read a long speech of the Senator's, It took him an hour to get through with it, and when he looked around he discovered that the old man was yawning furiously.

"The next evening Jim came round again and headed the old man off before he could say a word. 'Got a good speech here I want to read to you," he said, as he unfolded the Record. This time he read steadily for two hours. looked around the old man was fast asleep. So Jim and Amy slipped out on the porch. Did you hear how Jim got his consent to marrying the girl?"

"He went around to his office with wha tooked like a big roll of Congressional Records under his arm, and the old man caved right in at once. Why, it got so the spigot saving which offset the water at the bunghole, or sem thing of that caved right in at once. Why, it got at the bunghole, or sem thing of that caved right in at once. Why, it got sort. You know where the spigot is, of at last that he would go out and sit in the barn with the hired man when he saw the barn with the front steps with a Jim coming up the front steps with a Congressional Record in his hand. And after they were married it was a hard job to get the old man to come around and see them. "When he did come, one Sunday after-

noon, he looked about him and said in his grim way, 'I supposed I'd see an entire library full of those Records.' Jim sort

CHANGE A COMMA MADE. New Yorker Tangles Up His Friends'

evening, and the discussion somehow driftdles and puzzles-truly a subject which seldom interests men of this class, but this particular evening they seemed to find it fascinating.

Presently a young man with a blonds mustache offered to bet any man in the party that he could give a simple little

solutely unintelligible, but upon the addition of a comma and the emphasis of two words would at once become as clear as the blue sky. As every gentleman present had sporting blood in his veins, the bet was at once taken up, and five and tens were showered upon the table in quick

order. tache then put up his money, and the whole was deposited with the proprietor of the cafe. The young man then wrote the following on a piece of paper and passed it around:

"It was not and I said but or. The idea was to punctuate this sen-tence and emphasize the words in such a manner as to make it read intelligently. A

half-hour was given for the task, Every one began to think hard, and, as the proprietor said, "you could almost hear the wheels going round." Louid talking caesed and quite reigned, and the young men worked like a lot of bookkeepers trying to starighten out a shortage in their accounts. When the half-hour was up none of them was able to write the sentence as it should be written, and many expressed doubts that it could be made intelligible at all.

The young man with the blonde mus-tache smiled sweetly, and with a few strokes of his pencil made the sentence ook like this: "It was not 'and' I said, but 'or," "

And as he took the money some of the young men worslered why they could not see it before, while a few others even could not see it then.—New York Her-

RETURNS TO HIS OLD LOVE. Canvasser's Discouraging Experience With a Book on Dogs.

"I've gone back to my first love, the great 'Celebrated Compendium of Universal Knowledge,' bound in calf and sold at a price within the reach of all," said the book agent with a sigh. day the head member of the firm that I am proud to represent called me into his private office and showed me a book on dogs, telling how to take care of them, what to feed, what to do for the mange, how to tell a mastiff from a pug, how to handle a mad dog-in fact, it was a regular dog encylcopedia, bound in cloth

and sold at a popular price.
"The moment I set eyes on that book library full of those Records.' Jlm sort of grinned at the old man and said. I saw great possibilities in it. I knew from bitter experience that nearly every and I borrowed that!"—Cleveland Plain one kept a dog, and no matter what kind of a cross-eyed purp it might be the owner couldn't be convinced that his own particular dog wasn't the finest dog on earth. I made up my mind that there was a fortune in the sale of that book, and I secured the exclusive right to this city before I left the office. Cautioning the head member of the firm to keep the ed from wine and horses to enigmas, rid- to place the great work before the pub-

lie. The first house that I struck my hopes received a sudden chill. "I was no sooner in the yard than a big dog came tearing around the corner of the house and made for me. was only one thing to do, and I did it. I made for a tree that was near and managed to get out of the way before the to leave, I yelled for help. A man car to the door, and after calmly looking the situation over asked what I wanted. 'I am selling a work on dogs,' I said

'It tells how to cure the mange, what to feed, what to—"
"Well," said he cutting in, 'explain it
to Tige and if he cares anything about
it I'll buy it." With that he went inside

and shut the door. "For two mortal hours that miserable our sat under the tree and licked his chops. Then the owner came to the door again and said it was time that Tige had his dinner and that I could finish plaining the book to him after he got through. If he hadn't called that dog away just as he did Tige would have had his dinner right under the tree, and the firm would have been short one book agent. As far as I am concerned, every cussed dog in this city may die of the mange. In fact, I hope they will!"-De-

troit Free Press. Easy to Awaken Them.

Dr. Blomfield, bishop of London half a century ago, was a man of much wit. and also had a keen appreciation of wit in other people, whatever their walk in life might be.

Once when a new church in his diocess was to be consecrated the bishop received several letters complaining that the arch Hect of the new church had disfigured the interior and exterior with "useless gewgaws." Consequently the bishop went down to the little town to make an inspection of the building, and summoned the architect to meet him there. The bishop could find nothing amiss

the interior until, just as he reached the chancel, he looked up and wooden images, apparently guarding the "What do those figures represent?" he

with the exterior of the church nor with

"The four evangelists, my lord," replied "They appear to be asleep," said the

"Do you think so, my lord?" "That's the way they look to me," said the bishop, decidedly.
"John." called the architect to a man who was at work on one of the pews. "bring your chisel and open the eyes of the evangelists."-Youth's Companion.

One of Life's Sorrows. Were you the smartest boy in your school?" asked the very bright boy.

his father.
"Did you know as much as I do when you were my age?"
"I don't believe I did."
"Are you even at this late day able to extract the cube root of a number with-

out referring to a text-book?"
"No-no. I don't believe I can." "That's all," said the very bright boy as he turned to his books. Then he as he turned to his books. Then he heaved a sigh, and with a look of deepest

To fret or sigh or frown"Twas him men laughed at, though, and not
At what he said, poor clowa!

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald
Star.

DOEMS WORTH READING Boston Maids.

Stringem (swallowing a whole egg in his | Smoking an imported cob-pipe

Chieftain of the Ru-ta-Ra-Goes As he sat the lodge flap perted Like the front hair of the dudelet And enshrouded in his bisnicet. "Catch-the-She-Wolf" steed before him, Hre the chieftain could invite him To a seat on terra firms The afore-named painted warrior Bravely pulled himself together, And with pathos thus addressed him: "Mighty chieftain, hear my prayer, With a kick anent the breech-cloth I am mashed upon your daughter, On the Princess Slant-Eyed Phyllis; Just completely gone upon her, And I'm certain from her symptoms

She reciprocates the goneness.

I have come to crave your blessing.
Come to ask as humble woodr Come to mak if you'll permit me Now, henceforth, to call you paw-paw?" Peered the chief beneath his eychrows, 'Cause he couldn't peer above them, Spat and barely missed the blanket Can you purion chickens for her? Can you pay nocturnal visits To the smokehouse of the paleface And abdust the hams and side-meat

And the other pig attachments Can you buck the game of faro, Keep your feet warm at draw poker, Shoot the crap-de-Africanus, Paying Teller—Do you mean you wish a And engage in other pastimes blank check?

Lady—Certainly not. I wish to draw a Then the lover eighed guite often. Each successive sigh some deeper Lady—Really, is it necessary to give And replied: "Alas, I one's name? I can't see—
Paying Telier—But we don't know you. T. M. C. Association.

on investigation of the cards and spades.

—Minneapolis Journal. At Twilight. A twilight slibouste from the pen of the laurente poetess of Lost Croek: The sleepy sun sinks down to rest Out yonder in its purple nest; The stars peep forth and wink their eyes Down at us from the mouse-gray skies. The gaunt wolf speaks from out its den And seeks the rancher's chicken pen, And up in youder canyon walls The tailies bob-cat sits and squalls. The night owl hoots on youder crag. The pup Ri-o-tees chew the rag, White over all the moonlight hangs As If the earth were wearing bangs.

Dolce Far Niente. The wave is wildly rolling Along the sand in glee: And I'm about as lasy As ever I can be.

My duster of alcaca. As any portulaca In morning's golden spray, For in the banimock swinging, Unto my 'brier' clinging, I hear the fishball singing His, merry roundelay.

The snowy sall is shining The bumblebee is dining Upon the purple star That from the vine fip-flapping My sandalwood guitar.

My state is almost come,

So languid is my dream, E'en while the lush aroma Of pork and beans a-steam s gently o'er me stealing, sounds the depths of feeling To melodies supreme. My fancy's airy skimlet skims the gliding stork, While with the festive gimlet
I penetrate the cork;
For like each cocktail bubble

turats every thought of trouble as I fly on the double Quick for the knife and fork. Then o'er the gleaming damask So rich with fleur de lis, I hear Maud for more ham ask In light and airy glee. She's in my vision blooming, The billow's music booming, And paradise is looming In fairy gold for me.

-R. K. Munkittrick in New York Herald. What's the Odds? She drags her skirt along the street Serene, superb, aublime! Her demitrain sweeps out behind, And gathers germs in equals.
But, splendid thing! She doesn't mind,
And, therefore, "what's the odds?"

She heattates to queuen her thirst The water that she drinks must first Be boiled or put in jugs; She trembles every time she eats. And microbes haunt her dreams— For fear of germs and bugs; Yet as her ekirts dragged through the streets Oh, how superb she seems! -Chicago Times-Herald.

Campaign Has Begun. The rank cigars,

The bum cigara, Cigars of various bues; The fat cigars, The slim cigars, The twofers manhood rues; The crook'd cigar, And some that taste of grape;

The pale cigar, The black cigar, Of every size and shape; The round, the square, The chrap, the rare, he thousand different brands; The folled cigars, The glassed cigara, Cigars from foreign lands; The Henry Clay

From Tampa Bay;

The rolls from Baldwinsville: Connecticut's Congenial butts, The cabbage leaf Without corned beef, And "fillers" made of straw; The gay charoot That smacks of "boot," That fills the soul with awe;

And get ye on the run; The campaign has begun! -Syracuse Herald. Where Is Charley? smock hangs beneath the trees,

And whisper to the barley, "A tear is in you maiden's eye-She misses Charley!" The night is cool, the moon is bright, Tis just a night for cooling.
The birds are taking sweet delight,
Their tales of love renewing.
The maiden weeps to hear the sound,
Her brow with grief is gnarly. Think of him in the hot, hot town,

The streamlet hugs the yielding shore,

The dewdrops kiss the heather;

A dainty maid supporting. The crouning, sighing, Summer breeze

My poor old Charley!"

All things seem loving more and more In this love-making weather The majden sobs and tears her hair Til it is mussed and snarly, Ah, he might muss it were he there! Poor, sweltering Charley! Upon a roof, high up in air, Above the hot old city, Tipped back in comfort in a chair, While some girl sings a ditty Upon the stage, with drinks that say To grief. "Get out—no parley!" Roof-gardening till the break of day—

Ab, there is Charley! -Paul West in New York World.

The Summer Vacation. Now the time has arrived when the city-bred Finds a synonym good for vexation;

He has got to discover at once if he can Whereabouts he will spend his vacation. First he goes to a railroad and calls for a Both the mountains and shore illustrating, Then he figures out car fare and grouns on the

At the cost of a Summer's locating But at length he perceives what he thinks is spot, Quite ideal for a forinight's enjoym And he lugs to his home all the maps that he got.
When he goes from his place of employment.

But at home all his troubles grow bigger space; No sooner his choice does he mention. Then his wife up and says such a horrible Is but fit for a house of detention

"Don't you know, Thomas Albert," she says with disdain.
"It was there that Marie took the fever? Wasn't there, do you guess? Well, then just guess again." What on earth can be do but believe her? So be says: "Never mind, suit yourself all alone, And I won't make the slightest objection,"

But he does just the same, and, all happiness

They quit in the deepest dejection Thus it goes for a week, at it early and late; Thomas Junior, his son, wants the water; "Not a step," says mamma, "you'd be drowned sure as fate."
"Yes, of course," declares Carrie, the daugh-

"We should so to the mountains, I think,"

says papa; "Let us seek out a lake," says Aunt Mary;

"What's the matter with farming?" gues mamma; "There is much to be seen at a dairy." What we want, then, are cows in a a hill." remarks in a tone of negation; So the argument goes, and they're arguing

-Arthur H. Folwell in Brooklyn Eagle.

They Laughed, But-"T'll make the world a happier world," Said he; "T'll make men lose their sorrows in Their gles; I'll make them laugh where'er I can At witty things I say. And shape my every act and plan To clear the gloom away."

What a joy is the Summer vacation

He started bravely out to do His best; He sought to make mirth bubble from Each breast. And where he strayed the crowd forgot "Why-er-no, not exactly," answered

repronch exclaimed: "Parents often turn out to be a terrible disappointment to their children nowadays."—Washington