

Ah, would these idle fancies
Might sometimes prove them true
Nor fade away to nothing
And vanish from the view!
Fond thought! But cease repining.
Perchance 'tis happier thus
To leave unsolved life's riddle
Nor ask what waits for us.
—New Budget.

"But, Tex," said the marshal, "I've got to do my duty."

"And I've got to do mine," said Tex.

"Worse than that—he will never learn not to attempt it."—Boston Budget.

formed the chief topic of polite conversation during Lent. Society took the count's dinner party as a base and upon

mur, "let it be done by you. I could bear ruin that came from you—but not from any other!"

2 CENT STAMP

AMPS ACCEPTED.

N. P. N. U. No. 635—S. F. N. U. No. 712