

LINKED SWEETNESS LONG
DRAWN OUT.

A world of bliss lies in a kiss,
When snatched from lips that love
it well;

So indulge your taste in every case,
But mind you never kiss and tell.

Like morning's ray the smile may play
Round lips where Cupid loves to dwell;
Then take a "smack," or pay one back,
But, mind you, never kiss and tell.

If you have pressed the heaving breast,
Where love's warm passions gently
swell,

And from the lip the nectar sip
Have taken, mind you, never tell.

Weep, if you please, your heart to ease
As did old Jacob at the well;
But never say in any way
That you have kissed—no, never tell.

—Ex.

MORALS AND THE MODES.

'Twas at the meeting of the ways
The maiden pensive stood:
Puzzled to know which road would
lead

Most safely through the wood.

A straight and narrow pathway led
Directly to her goal;
Most trying for her gown and hat,
And wearing for her sole.

A broader road led deviously,
But smoothly thitherward;
And which to take this maiden fair
Had found exceeding hard.

At last she started with a fixed
Decision in her eye;
"I'll take the crooked road," she said
"And I will tell you why:—

"I do not like to struggle with
The underbrush and leaves;
Besides, the other is, by far
Too narrow for my sleeves."

—Detroit Free Press.

PHILOSOPHIZING PAT.

"Thish loife is mosht peculiar,"
Love-sick Pat said unto himself;
"Why sure, it musht be governed
By a mosht unfriendly elf.

"There's the sphoider very anxious
To kitch a foine young fly,
But the saucy thing will none o' him,
And goes a flittin' boi.

"There's a plump young-lookin' spar-
row.

At the sphoider longs to shnap.
But the spoider lovin' not a bit
Schkips away into a crack.

"There's the cat who wants the sphar-
row

And the dog wants the cat,
But the cat, of course, turns from the
dog,
And would rather have a rat.

"And shure there's bonnie Katie Kane,
Who won't have me at ail,
And loves that Oirish Mickey,
Who in turn loves Mag McCall;
Bedad? Thish loife's a failure."

—Buffalo Express.

EXPLANATION SATISFACTORY.

"I have called," said the captious crit-
ic, "to find out what reason you can give
for representing the new year as a nude
small boy."

"That is done," responded the art edi-
tor, "because the year does not gets' its
close till the 31st of December."

Then the captious critic went out and
broke his nice new pledge.

—Indianapolis Journal.

S. SHERMAN,
DEALER IN
CENTRAL POINT
FLOUR AND FEED.

TALENT,

OREGON.