



AN AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

BY HIMSELF.

STAY, reader, stay, and shed a tear
O'er one whose race is run,
A Shakespeare, Homer, Clement Scott,
And Sala rolled in one;
Who, sad to say, though filled with zeal,
No *opus* could complete,
Because they would not regulate
The music of the street.

If solemn thoughts employed his pen,
There straightway came along
A grinning Spaniard, with a gift
Of incoherent song.
And when with light and airy wit
Some merry tale he'd tell,
There rose upon the trembling air
A sad, funeral knell.

With flying pen he once began
An epic great and grand;
'Twas very quickly ended by
A mad Tonic band.
The lyric, almost too sublime
For human lips to speak,
(Gave up its blameless ghostlet at
A bagpipe's horrid squeak.

The dancing monkey knew his times
For study deep and brown,
And danced, to cheer him, to the tune
Of 'Strolling Round the Town.'
So here he lies, with not a wreath
To keep his memory green,
A dreamer, all unknown to fame,
Of books that might have been.

POOR EDWIN!

EDWIN: 'What do you think I have in this locket, dearest? The postage stamp on your last letter. It has been touched by your lips. It often touches mine.'
ANGELINA: 'Oh, Edwin, I'm so very sorry. I moistened that horrid postage stamp on Fido's dear, damp nose!'

NO BLOOMERS.

AND EKE she rideth the flying wheel,
Her beauty to enhance,
But never, never, never,
In pants.

CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

DOUGAL: 'Good morning, Donal'. Have you heard about ta accident?'
DONAL: 'No, what is it?'
DOUGAL: 'Macpherson was drowned last night.'
DONAL: 'What a peety!' (Sudden recollection, searching his pockets.) 'But, gracious me, man, he's away wi' ma knife.'



JONES asked his wife, 'Why is a husband like dough?' (He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her it was 'because a woman needs him,') but she said it was because he was 'hard to get off her hands.' (Then the domestic content cordials was ruffled.)

SHE RESENTED THE INSULT.

'I COULDN'T help it, papa!
She looked up into his face with her frank blue eyes, and it was impossible to doubt her.
'But you didn't seem to be protesting very much,' said the old gentleman.
'But it was so sudden, papa, that I couldn't,' she insisted.
'Tell me about it,' he said.
'Well, he adopted a very clever ruse, you see. He got me to look the other way, and then, before I knew it he had kissed me on the cheek.'
'The scoundrel!'
'It was wrong of him, of course.'
'What did you do then?'
'I was very angry. I told him it was an insult.'
'Indeed it was, and you should have ordered him to leave the house. Did you?'
'N-no; not exactly.'
'Well, what did you do?'
'I told him it was an insult, and that he must take it back.'
'And then?'
'He was taking it back when you came in and saw him.'



HE SEEMED PREOCCUPIED.

'WHY so thoughtful?' she asked, while with dignity born of womanly reserve and consideration of a chemist's shop complexion she did not come too near him.
'Is it true,' he said, directing an intense gaze upon her, 'that you have already had twelve husbands?'
'Yes—throwing her shyness to the winds—yes, but I'm not a bit superstitious.'

EACH DEAR CREATURE BELIEVED ONLY IN HER OWN.

'I TELL you what,' said the girl in huckleberry blue, 'you can never find a four leaved clover by looking for it, and if you did it wouldn't be any good.'
'Why not?' asked the girl who was groping in the clover patch.
'It wouldn't bring you any luck. Now, I never look for one, but if I saw one—hello! there's one now.'
'I think it's a shame,' said the girl who had been groping, 'I went all over that very spot, and never saw a sign of one. I'll never hunt for one again!'
'That's the way to find them,' said Miss Huckleberry Blue, 'with the luck in them.'
'I don't believe in luck,' remarked the Disappointed One serenely.
'Oh, you don't! Then why wouldn't you open your umbrella when it rained the other day, without going from under the roof?'
'Oh, everybody knows it's bad luck to put up an umbrella under a roof.'
'Thank goodness!' said the girl with freckles, 'I haven't any use for signs and superstitions. Ouch! look there, girls, a great black a-p-i-d-e-r!' Don't kill it for the world! You know what the rhyme says:
"He that would live and thrive,
Must let a spider run alive."
Then the dear non-superstitious things gathered themselves up and scuttled off home.

AGAINST THE RULES.

OLD HEN: 'Yes, it is true that at times, in moments of enthusiasm or unusual energy, I do lay an egg with a double yolk.'
PULLET: 'Well, madam, as the representative of the Egg Layers' Union, I want to tell you that your energy is misdirected, and your enthusiasm is uncalled for, and if you offend again you will bear from us unpleasantly. Good-morning.'
Little Ethel: 'Why is it women is always complainin' about servants?' Little Dot: 'Oh, that's just so folks will know they can afford to keep them.'

SERIOUS CASE.

'WHY,' asked Dismal Dawson, leaning over the fence, 'why do you keep on diggin' when the boss ain't round?'
'Because I really like the job,' said the new farm hand.
'Got a real likin' ter work?'
'Sure.'
'You'd orter take treatment.'



INEQUALITY.

MRS SMITH: 'Nay, it's no use yer telling me everything's for the best—cause, why is it—I say? Why is it that the very people what ain't got no warm houses to sleep in, is the very ones what bain't got no clothes to keep the wind off? Tell me that!' (He gave it up).

WHAT 'SHE' CAN DO.

SHE can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it; and no sane man can do that.
Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate; and no two men can do that.
She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.
She is as cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts; while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.
She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates; while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.
She can say 'no' in such a low voice that it means 'yes.'
She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.
She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

GIVING HIM A POINTER.

HE was a lively fellow and fond of her, but it didn't occur to him that a girl expected something else besides going to places and having fun all the time.
'Anything on hand this evening?' he asked, coming breezily in for the sixth time that week.
'Well, no,' she replied hesitatingly, as she looked down at her empty fingers.

UNSPEAKABLY HAPPY.

MRS SNAUGS: 'Do you see those two people making love to each other?'
Mr Snaggs: 'Yes.'
'They are deaf mutes.'
'Well, they struck me as being unspeakably happy.'

'And so you saw Niagara Falls in their winter glory? How grand, how awful, how sublime is the picture. The swiftly flowing river, the great ice cakes tossing about like so many devoted craft, the terrible plunge, the churning waters, the rush, the roar, the—' She: 'Yes, it was awfully cute.'



MAUD: 'That's the brute that proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him.'
Papa: 'Perhaps he did.' (Then the band played.)