

'TEARS, IDLE TEARS.'

A LITTLE frown beclouds her brow—
Her thoughts seem far away
I look in vain for dimples now
Where they were wont to play.

Why sits she thus, with downcast eyes,
And lips so tightly pressed?
What cause is there for such deep sighs
From one so richly dressed?

Is some dear friend, you ask, laid low,
That she sits musing now?
Is love the cause of all her woe
That rests upon her brow?

Nay, 'tis not news from o'er the seas
Nor love that is unfair;
She sits and mopes to-day, for she's
Just found her first gray hair.

UP TO DATE.

'ANYTHING new on the dramatic stage this season?'
'Yes; we're going to run "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with the cabin lit by electric lights and Eliza getting away over the ice on a horseless sled.'

THE REAL BENEFIT OF LIFE INSURANCE.

'Do you think that it prolongs a man's life to be insured?'
'Yes,' replied the man who had just been interviewed by an agent: 'It does something toward keeping him from being talked to death.'

HORSE SENSE.

'CAN you warrant the horse to be perfectly gentle?'
'Gentle? He wouldn't bat his eye if he met a procession of bloomer girls in red.'
'He wouldn't? Then I don't want him. I like to see even a horse have some sense.'

LEARNING YOU SAY!

HELEN: 'The professor is such a learned man! I understand that he speaks no less than ten languages.'
Aunt Maria: 'And what does that amount to? I saw him try to stop a car by whistling on his fingers, and, do you know, he couldn't do it! Talk about learning!'

A MYSTERY.

BROWN: 'How did Smith happen to capsize the boat? I thought he knew all about sailing.'
Jones: 'So did I. The way he could say "fo'e's'l" and "ho's'n" and things like that made me think he could tell half a gale from five-eighths.'



DOUBLE DISTILLED.

VIOLET: 'Mr Cholmondeley has written to ask me to go to the opera with him to-morrow night.'
Daisy: 'That is strange. He has asked me also.'
'Yes; I told him I wouldn't go without a chaperone.'

REASSURING.

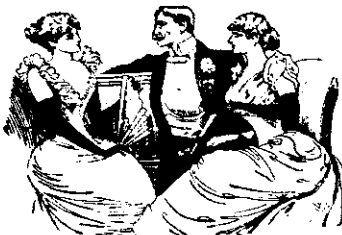
FATHER (angrily—entering parlour at 12.30): 'Look here, young man! do you stay as late as this when you call on other girls?'
Jack Huggard (trembling with fear): 'N-n-n-no, sir!'
Father (appeared as he leaves the room): 'That's all right, then! (Aside.) Thank heaven! Mary has caught on at last!'

THE OLD STORY.

'Be my wife,' urged Mumbo-jumbo, the young Central African warrior, of a shy and darksome maid.
'I will first have to receive some proof of your devotion,' she replied.
Whereupon he chased her four miles through the jungle, hit her in the back of the head with his war club and bore her home over his shoulder, unconscious. When she came to she smiled upon him tenderly and said: 'I now believe that you love me. I am yours.'

THE BRUTE.

MRS NUBBINS: 'My husband is a perfect brute.'
Friend: 'You amaze me!'
Mrs Nubbins: 'Since the baby began teething, nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off.'



A VALID REASON.

'Do you suppose she rejected you because you were not not rich enough?'
'Well, she inferred that I was a man of no interest and less principal.'

THE MOVING CAUSE.

MARY has a little lamb,
But what makes people laugh
When she goes out upon her wheel,
Is Mary's little calf.

IN A PROHIBITION TOWN.

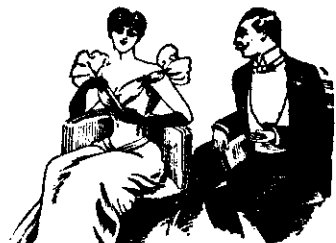
It was in a suburban town, says the Chicago Times-Herald, where temperance principles are so strict that the citizens will not drink hard water, that a wild-eyed, dishevelled man rushed into the leading drug store and asked, with a groan between each word:
'Got any honey?'
'Yes.'
'Any red pepper?'
'Lots of it.'
'Quinine?'
'I should hope so.'
'Well, I want a dose made up with all those in it. Do you—ah—keep medicinal whisky?'
'We do.'
'I hate to take the stuff, but the prescription calls for a quart.'
The druggist hustled around, after getting the proportions of each ingredient, and had measured out a quart of whisky when his customer said:
'Come to think of it, we have red pepper at home.'
'All right.'
'And if you'd just put the quinine up in bulk I'd be much obliged.'
'Certainly.'
It was not until the next day that the true inwardness of the occasion dawned on the druggist. Then he went about like one in a dream, repeating this formula:—
'Honey and whisky! Honey and whisky! What an idiot I was not to see through it?'

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

'Now that I have your consent, my charming Bessie, allow me to ask you one question. Are you superstitious?'
'Superstitious? Why do you want to know, Frank?'
'I cannot tell you before you have answered my question.'
'Well, then, I am not superstitious in the least'
He (overjoyed): 'Then I may tell you with an easy conscience that you are my thirteenth sweetheart.'

THREE FOOLS.

THE other day a vicar in a little village near Liverpool was riding with his man across a common when he saw a shepherd attending to his sheep. The shepherd had a brand new coat on, and the vicar asked him in a haughty tone, 'Who gave you that coat?'
'The same people,' said the shepherd, 'that clothe you—the parish.'
The parson, nettled, rode on, murmuring to himself. At last he turned to his man and told him to go back and ask the shepherd if he would come to live with him, 'for he wanted a fool.' The man went back and delivered the message, concluding with 'for his master wanted a fool.'
'Are you going away, then?' said the shepherd.
'No,' answered the man.
'Then tell your master,' replied the shepherd, 'his living won't maintain three of us.'



RETALIATION.

HE had proposed, and been rejected.
'Very well,' he said coldly; 'there will come a time when your treatment of me will be regretted.'
'I shall never regret it,' she replied.
'Oh, I don't mean you,' he murmured hoarsely. 'I refer to the man you finally accept.'

GLOOMY PROSPECT.

'YOU'RE somebody now,' said the neglected horse, looking through the enclosure at the prize pig, 'but one of these days somebody will invent a sausage that can be made of the cast-off pneumatic tires of bicycles, and your name will be Dennis, too.'

A DIFFERENT THING.

'DON'T you think there should be music in every home?'
'By all means; what I object to is music next door.'

PUZZLED.

'PAW,' said the little boy, 'did you know that the house-fly lays more'n a million eggs?'
'Maybe she does, Willy,' answered his baldheaded parent, 'but I'll be eternally dinged if I can tell when she takes the time.'

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON.

MRS WALTERS: 'Did Ethel get engaged at the beach this season?'
Mrs Williams: 'Yes, five times, I believe.'

AN AGGRAVATED CASE.

'WHY under the sun does Whimperly want a divorce? His wife had a great deal of money when he married her.'
'And she has it yet. That's the whole trouble.'

FIRM INDEED.

'If you would refuse occasionally when those hateful men ask you to drink,' said Mrs Booce, 'you would not be coming home in this condition. You lack firmness of character.'
'Don't you b'lieve nossing of the sort,' said Mr Booce, with much dignity. 'The fellers tried to start me home more'n two hours ago.'



SPEECH WAS GIVEN US TO HIDE OUR THOUGHTS.

GUARDIAN: 'Why should a rich and happily-situated young woman like you want to get married?'
She (madly in love): 'I'm afraid of burglars.'