

No Doubt of It.

The donkey that solemnly approached the Ohio State House the other day while the Legislature was in session and brayed was no doubt actuated solely by a fraternal feeling.



My Uncle.

He's not my father's brother nor
Is he a blood relation,
But still we're rather friendly, for
I own with hesitation,
Since in a speculative fight
My gold I did invest,
That he to me has taken quite
A compound interest.

He dwells in unpretentious state
High up a shady alley,
And there from early morn till late
The shabby genteel rally;
Each one the sport of fortunes grim,
Of schemes that in the end slip,
And all of them are bound to him
By pledges—not of friendship.



Though not a philanthropic man,
He keeps from moth and dust
My clothes, and guards as best he can
My jewelry from rust:
The watch I carried till I wore
The plaiting rather thin,
Although it never went before,
Has gone at last with him.

He's quite retiring in his way,
And commonly it's known
At varied hours throughout the day
He's seen about a loan;
But keenest is my uncle then,
And principle he slaughters,
To catch the bread that other men
Have cast upon the waters.

I prithee, haste the happy time,
Oh, unpropitious fate,
When I shall show this friend of mine
That I've redeeming traits:
And once misfortune's tide above,
Throughout the coming years
I'll shun the baleful shadow of
The treble golden spheres.

And Yet It is Done.

It is difficult to see how a jockey driving a trotting horse can pull the horse when the horse pulls the jockey.

Song Sentimentiana.

SHOWING HOW CURIOUSLY RETENTIVE IS THE LOVER'S MEMORY.

'Tis ninety years ago, love,
It seems but yesternorn,
We sat upon the snow, love,
And watched the golden corn!
I mind the bitter wind, love—
I mind it well although
The wind I say I mind, love,
Blew ninety years ago!

The plough stood on the hill, love,
The horse stood in the plough;
And both were standing still, love,
I seem to see them now!
The lamb frisk'd in the glen, love,
A stranger he to *what?*
And so was I—but then, love,
'Twas ninety years ago!

The roses by the way, love,
Were large and, oh, so fair!
And so they are to-day, love,
For all I know or care,
And softly unto thou, love,
While yet among the snow,
I breathed that fatal vow, love,
Of ninety years ago!

Punch.

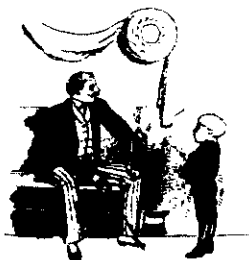


A Low Cut

WIFE—George, dear, don't you think this dress would be better if it were cut a little lower in the back?
Husband—Oh no, it looks quite *low* enough.

A Riddle.

'On Stanley on! Charge, Chester, charge!' were the last words of Marnion.
If I were put in Stanley's place I would bring tears to Chester's face.

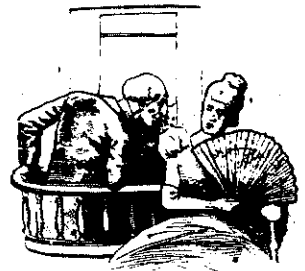


Swelled the Fund.

'Do you think your sister likes to have me come here, Jaimey?'
'You bet. You take her to the-a-tre and bring her candies.'
'I'm glad I can make her happy.'
'Yes, and the young feller what she's engaged to don't mind it either, for it saves him that much money towards going to lion-keeping.'

A Very Practical Youngster.

Little Tommy passes for a very practical youngster. One day his uncle brought him, as a birthday present, a 'word-game,' which Tommy had never played, and which did not seem to be particularly attractive to him. Nevertheless Tommy thanked his uncle; and presently edging round his chair, he said, 'I say, Uncle John!—Well, my boy?—This game truly belongs to me now, doesn't it?—Why, of course?—To do just what I want with it?—Certainly.' 'Then I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll sell it to you for sixpence.'



She Was in no Hurry About It.

OLD ADORER—And would you not care to be an old man's darling?
Miss Young—Why, yes—about fifty years hence!

Kertchoo.

KERTCHOO, kertchoo, kertchoo!
In maddening cadenza,
O hear 'em sneeze:
Each fellow he's
Laid up with influenza.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
It got its grip in Russia:
It drowned the czar,
Then hip, hurrah!
It posted on to Prussia.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
O verily it travelled
So fast that all
The folks in Gaul
By *grippe* eftsoon were gravelled.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
Tho' France was sorely smitten,
'Twas not a notch
To what the Scotch
Succumbed to in Great Britain.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
With what a stride gigantic
To torture men
It bounded then
Across the wide Atlantic.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
This *grippe* is no respecter
Of persons. No,
Of highness, O
It is a very Hector!

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
John Hay with all his millions
Can't bribe this foe,
And couldn't though
His millions they were billions.

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
What blows among the bosses:
What clarion notes
From peasant throats
And princesses' probosces!

Kertchoo, kertchoo, kertchoo!
Since science much afraid is,
You move within
A circle-pin
Back home, O *Grippe*, to Hades!



A Chilly Ceremony.

ANNIE ROSE—We want help from d' sho'!
DEMON ROSSITER—What's d' matter?
ANNIE ROSE—Pahson Vanderbeck's said sech a long pray'r we's done frozed in.