



THE OTHER FELLOW'S TREASURE.

SHE is dark as the Creole that flushes
At sweet words of love, in the south;
My blood runs like fire when she blushes,
I long for one kiss of her mouth.

Her eyes are of brown, soft as plush is,
Her hair is as dark as the night,
Her lips like the cherry, that lush is
With juice for the palate's delight.

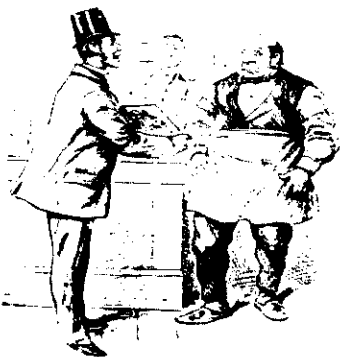
But lo! she can never adore me:
The charms I have gladly sung here
Were discovered by some one before me—
She's been married for over a year.

AT ROTORUA SANATORIUM.

DOCTOR (to invalid): 'The nature of your disease demands that you follow my directions implicitly.'
Invalid: 'I will endeavour to do so.'
'In the first place you must take the sulphur water three or four times a day. After each glass you must walk. Exercise is indispensable in your case.'
'I will do as you say.'
'You must be moderate in everything, particularly in smoking. One cigar after each meal, no more. Call again to-morrow and report progress.'
Next day the patient reported. He looked like a very sick man.
'How are you coming on?'
'Poorly, doctor.'
'What's the matter?'
'I'm deathly sick.'
'That's very strange.'
'You see I am following your directions and am smoking one cigar after dinner, and as this is the first time I ever smoked I am not feeling well.'

VERY STRIKING.

SHE'D won Society's gracious smile, and waited for a little while, O'er fashion's fops a fleeting fascination. But how prolong her fitful reign? The problem burdened Beauty's brain, She moved her limbs in restive rumination.
—Lithe, lissome limbs, of shapely mould, Befitting well the features bold And brilliant of this daring female Viking. Her fevered fancy hailed this hope: 'Gainst rival sirens' charms I'll cope, By doing something scandalously striking.'
She pondered many notions strange, Comprised within the varied range Of lectures to her sex on skirt suppression, Or marriage, with intent, of course, soon afterwards to seek divorce, Or donning tights and joining 'the profession.'
But after thinking each plan o'er, She waived them all upon the score Of being far too ancient for her liking—
She has married since for love alone!—Which every prudent girl must own Is something supernaturally striking!



BUSINESS.

SHOPKEEPER (to inopportune commercial traveller): 'Simkins, call the porter to kick this fellow out.'
(Daunted Commercial Traveller): 'Now, while we're waiting for the porter I'll show you an entirely new line—best thing you ever laid eyes on.'

BRIDGET'S GOOD LUCK.

MISTRESS: 'You got back early, Bridget.'
Bridget: 'Yis, mum. Oi rode in a kerrage; leastwise it was as good as a kerrage.'
'You were fortunate.'
'Yis, mum; it happened this way, mum. Oi forgot th' strate an' number, but says Oi, "If Oi can find th' schmall-pox hospital, Oi'll know me way," says Oi; an' so Oi axed th' way; an' all at once everybody gave a holler an' run, and a policeman run around the corner, and befor Oi knew phwat had come over thim all, Oi was bilped into an ambulance and given an illigant ride most all th' way here, mum.'

KNOW IT ALL.

MISTRESS: 'I notice, Thomas, that when any one asks you the name of any flower, you generally choose that which is in vulgar common use instead of the proper botanical one. Is it possible that you do not know the Latin names of the flowers in your care?'
The Gardener: 'Oh, yes, mum, I know the jaw-cracking names of all the new sorts, but there's some of the old ones, like *convolvulus* and *nasturtium*, and such like, ain't never had no Latin names as I knows on.'



WIFE OF AUTHOR: 'It's very plain, William, why your contributions to the *Moon* have all been returned.'
Author (seegerly): 'Why is it?'
Wife: 'Because you've always enclosed stamps. Haven't you read the notice on the editorial page, which says that no MSS. are returned unless stamps are enclosed?'

THE WICKED NURSE.

LITTLE GIRL: 'Oh, mamma, you'll have to send dat new nurse off. She's awful wicked!'
Mamma: 'Horrors! What does she do?'
Little Girl: 'She tells us Bible stories on week days.'

TRY TO SMILE.

TAILOR (impatiently, to debtor): 'You were naked and I clothed you.' Debtor: 'And you were a stranger and I took you in.'

Mr Do Seiner (on being introduced to adored one's mother): 'Pardon me, madam, but have we not met before? Your face seems strangely familiar.' Adored one's mother: 'Yes; I am the woman who stood up before you for fourteen blocks in a street-car the other day while you sat reading a paper.'

During these cool, breezy mornings, when the air appears fresher and the fields are bespangled with dew diamonds, when all nature seems to invite a man to a romp, how pleasant it is, just as the first streaks of daylight steal through the shutters, for the refreshed, reinvigorated sleeper to turn over in bed and take another nap!

LOOKING AHEAD.—Isaac: 'Rebecca, let's ged married ride away quick.' Rebecca: 'What for you in such hurry, Ikey?' Isaac: 'Der sooner ve marries, der sooner come dot golden wedding, ain't it?'

Mr Droptin: 'Look here, old fellow. Excuse my frankness, but why on earth don't you have that child's haircut?' Mr Forsite: 'Not for worlds, dear boy. I intend to make a professional pianist out of him.'

NOTHING MUCH.—Little Bobby: 'Mamma, the boys is goin' to have a circus. May I act?' Mamma: 'Oh, I suppose so. What are you to do?' Little Bobby: 'Nothin' much. They is goin' to have a pyramid of sixteen boys, an' all I has to do is to stand on top.'

PREFERRED SCHOOL.

MRS LAWNVILLE: 'What would you rather do to-day—go to school or help me in the garden?'
Little Boy: 'I'd rather go to school.'
'Would you? Why?'
'Cause teacher's sick, and there ain't agoin' to be any.'



A SUPERFLUOUS ENQUIRY.

BARBER: 'Shave, sir.'
Customer (whose baldness is very apparent): 'Hang it, man, what d'ye expect I came for?'

WHAT MADE HIM WEEP?

HE looked a good deal more like a peripatetic pedlar than like a sundowner, but he wasn't just the same; and his partner, down the road behind the fence waiting, bore the unmistakable evidences of his profession. It was away out in the suburbs, and as he went up to the house from the front gate he cast furtive glances about, as if apprehending an attack in the rear. The lady of the house answered his knock.

'Do you want to buy a fine blanket for a mastiff, madam?' he inquired, after a polite salutation.
'No,' she responded sharply, 'we don't keep a mastiff.'
'Perhaps something about a shepherd dog's size would be acceptable?' he ventured.
'We've got no shepherd dog, either,' she snapped.
'I beg your pardon,' he persisted. 'May be a collar for a bull-dog, or for a black-and-tan, or a poodle, or a King Charles may fill a long-felt want?'
'They won't,' she exclaimed angrily. 'We don't keep any dogs on the place, and we don't want to buy anything for something we've got nothing of. Do you understand that? Good morning,' and she slammed the door in his face.
He smiled something more than good-naturedly and walked back to the front gate as imperiously as a Caesar and as fearlessly. He found his partner and they held a consultation of some duration.
An hour later two sundowners came over the back fence of that house in a tumultuous tumble, leaving a dog apiece and a portion of their pants on the other side, and went flying down the road. At a safe distance they paused, and the one who had talked to the lady at the front door remarked, as he tried to recover his breath:

'Tain't the clo's I keer about, Willie, old man, nor the shock to our nervous systems; but I am pained beyond expression that a woman, no doubt a wife and mother, a perfect lady in appearance, should stoop so low as to deceive a gent who asked her a few simple questions about dog collars and other canine comforts; and he brushed a tear from his eye with the portion of his coat sleeve that he had brought away with him.'

ETYMOLOGY.

EFFIE (aged four): 'What are people who walk, mamma?'
Mamma (who is rather economically inclined, and rarely takes a 'bus'): 'Pedestrians, dear.'
Effie: 'That isn't what nurse says. Nurse calls 'em "silly idjuts".'



EDUCATIONAL NOTE.

PROFESSOR (looking at his watch): 'As we have got a few minutes I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask.'
Student: 'What time is it, please?'