



THE LOST—(AT LAST!)—CHORD.

SEATED one day in my study,
I was anxious and ill at ease,
And I tapped at the window wildly
And rattled a bunch of keys;
Unless I could manage to scare him,
All hope of repose was floored,
For borne like a wail on an easterly gale
I heard that dread 'Lost Chord'!

I made ambiguous signals
That I wanted the tune to cease,
For I had work to finish,
And he was a foe to peace;
But the grinder only answered
With a fixed demonic grin,
And steadily turned the handle
And poured his distracting din.

I know not of what he was dreaming
As softly I stole aside,
And thoughtfully lifted a scuttle of coals
And opened the window wide;
Though I judge from his satisfied simper
That his dreams were of anything but
Of a blackened mound and a muffled sound
And a window suddenly shut.

It may be they'll take the pieces
To his far Italian home
And carve from his bones mosaical stones
To pave St. Peter's at Rome;
Or if they don't—its the same to me,
But this I'm prepared to maintain,
That the 'Chord' he started to play is lost,
And will never be found again.

A CLOSE SQUEAK.

STOUT MAN: 'Now, sir, if you don't explain your words I shall stick you up against that wall and thrash you within an inch of your life.' You said I was becoming a beast!

Lean Man (evidently guilty): 'Nos—nos—no, sir, I doddod-didn't!'

Stout Man: 'You paltry prevaricator, you did! Johnson swears you told him so.'

Lean Man: 'It's a crack-crack-cranmer. I only said that—that—(happy inspiration)—that you were becoming obese. Thought it would be vulgar to say you were getting fat.'

Stout Man: 'Oh, that alters it, then. Johnson must have misunderstood you. Come and have a drink!'



HE KNEW ITS VALUE.

MRS SOLOMONS: 'You know dot diamond ring you gef me for a New Year's present, Sol?'

Mr Solomon: 'Yase.'
Mrs Solomon: 'Vich you radder hef—dot for a scarf ring or a new silk handkerchief?'

Mr Solomon: 'Vell, I dinks I take der—er—handkerchief.'

ALL THE CONVENIENCES.

MRS PUDGLEY: 'Has your house all modern conveniences?'

Mrs Linder: 'I should smile! Why John told me last night that he had all the plans ready for a large mortgage he is going to put on the house.'

OF COURSE HE WOULDN'T.

A TOUGH youngster, about five years old, stepped up behind the policeman and pulled his coat tails.
'Hello,' exclaimed the officer, wheeling around, 'what's the matter?'

'Say, mister, won't you take me home?' was the blubbering reply.
'Of course I will, sonny. Don't cry. Where is your home?' and the officer patted the wail on the head kindly.
'I don't know where it is,' blubbered the boy. 'If I did, do you 'pose I'd be stoppin' here askin' you to take me there?'



BROKEN VOWS.

MR OPENTOP: 'I can't eat that pudding of yours, Maria. It would be suicide.'

Mrs Opentop (tearfully): 'And yet before we were married you said you would die for me.'

INCONVENIENT RECOLLECTIONS.

'Do you know, my dear,' she suddenly said, as she looked up from her work, 'do you know that next week will be the twentieth anniversary of our wedding?'

'Is that so? By George! How time flies! Why, I had no idea of it.'

'Yes, we have been married about twenty long years,' she continued, with something of a sigh. 'You have been a good husband to me, darling.'

'And you have been a blessed little wife to me, Susan. Come here and let me kiss you. There!'

'I was thinking to-day—I was thinking of—of—'

'Of that sickly-faced baboon who used to walk home with you from church before I knew you,' he interrupted.

'Who do you mean?'

'Why, that Brace fellow, of course.'

'Why, George, he wasn't such a bad fellow.'

'Wan't he? Well, I'd like to know of a worse one; and there you were, as good as engaged to him.'

'Yes, George, but you know you were keeping company at the same time with that Helen Perkins.'

'That Helen Perkins. Wasn't Miss Perkins one of the loveliest and prettiest young ladies in Birmingham?'

'No, she wasn't. She had teeth like a horse!'

'She did, eh! How about that stoop-shouldered, white-headed Brace?'

'And such big feet as she had! Why, George, she was the laughing stock of the town.'

'Nothing of the kind—nothing of the kind! She was a young lady who would have made a model wife.'

'Then why did you not marry her, and all her moles and warts, and mushroom eyes?'

'Don't talk that way to me! Her eyes were as nice as yours.'

'They were not.'

'They were. I believe you are sorry because you didn't marry that Brace.'

'And I know that you are sorry that you didn't marry that beautiful and accomplished Miss Perkins!'

'I am! Oh! I thought you said I had been a good husband to you!'

'And didn't you call me your blessed little wife?'

Then he plumped down and began to read the mortgage sales and advertisements in the papers, and she picked up her sewing, and gave the cat a gentle kick. These old things will come up now and then, and somehow neither side ever gets entirely over them.

BEYOND HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

OFFICE BOY (to Mrs Merchant): 'If you please, mam, master has sent me to say that very important business will keep him at the office until late to-night.'

Mrs Merchant: 'Oh, very well, my boy; but wait a moment, since you are going back you may as well take the master's overcoat. He will want it coming home late this stormy weather.'

Office Boy (off his guard): 'Yes, mam, but I—I—don't know where he'll be now, mam.'



SO MANY OF THEM NOW.

WIFE: 'Why, John, not ready for church yet?'

Husband: 'Oh, I can't think of church this morning. I'm not half through the sporting in the papers yet.'

TRY TO SMILE.

THE REASON WHY.—Lady Customer (looking over a lot of pillows): 'Why weren't these marked down?' Clerk (innocently): 'Because, ma'am, they are feathers.'

THE PROPER QUESTION.—So you have a new servant girl, said one housewife to another. 'Yes.' 'How does she like you?'

BEATS THE REBEL YELL.
What is that wild unearthly sound
That seems as 'twere creation's knell?
It is the college boys. They're found
A new and most heartrending yell.

PLURALLY A PARENT.—Mrs O'Toole: 'Good mornin' to ye, Mister O'Hooligan, an' jye be wid ye, for it's a father I hear ye are.' Mr Hooligan: 'Faix, but the barrui hasn't been told ye. Missus O'Toole, an' it's more than wan father I am whin it's thriplets, bedad.'

A WISE YOUNG MAN.—Mudge: 'You don't find me wasting my time trying to get even with my enemies.' Yabley: 'No, indeed. You are too busy trying to get ahead of your friends.'

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.
I said, 'Hello!' and so did she,
Although her name I ne'er have known,
Yet thus it is she speaks to me,
The girl who runs the telephone.

NOT SATISFIED.—Gentleman: 'Yes, Brown, you've done your work excellently. I've nothing but praise for you.' Colonial Workman: 'The dickens you have! I wants a little money, any way.'

JUST SO.—Business Man: 'You remember that "ad." I had in your paper and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again.' Editor: 'Why I thought you said that no one noticed it while it was in.' Business-Man (humbly): 'They didn't seem to until I took it out.'



BETTER STILL.

MERCHANT: 'Yes, Quills kept my books so well that I made him cashier.'

Friend: 'How did he do that?'

Merchant: 'Excellently. He kept the cash!'