

JUST AT DAWN.

Sixteen tomcats mixed in a fray
 Out on the fence at the break of day;
 Just as the lamps and stars went out
 And only the form of a cop was about—
 Just at dawn!

Sixteen sashes on each dwelling side,
 Fly on their pulleys away up and wide,
 Fly with the din of a mountain-road train,
 With clatter of woodwork and rattle of pane—
 Just at dawn!

Sixteen heads of disheveled hair,
 Flung to the breeze of the new crispy air;
 Three of the sixteen caught by the neck,
 Hurl out words like skippers on deck—
 Just at dawn!

Sixteen missiles—vases and books,
 Umbrellas, mats and brass curtain hooks;
 Sixteen lives extinguished with pain,
 But one hundred and thirty-five still remain—
 Just at dawn!

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Sandy Pikes—"Yep, he offended our lodge."
 Pellucid Pete—"How so?"
 Sandy Pikes—"Why, he voted for a man called
 'Bath-House John.' "

GOOD ROADS.

The Filipino leader peered through the palm
 foliage. In the distance a steamer was dis-
 charging her furnace refuse into the sea.
 "It makes me feel bad," muttered the leader.
 "What does?" inquired the subordinate.
 "Why, the waste of good cinders. If I only
 had them here what a grand path I could make
 for our future sprints."

THE TORTOISE.

Years had passed and the strife between
 Briton and Boer was remembered only in his-
 tory. Some of the descendants of Oom Paul
 were seated in the old home in Pretoria.
 "Look!" cried one, "who is that old man com-
 ing up the lawn?"
 "I will go see," responded the other. A few
 minutes later he returned.
 "He said his name is Smith, and he bears a
 message of sympathy from the United States
 to our ancestor, Oom Paul."

NOT A WOMAN OF FEW WORDS.

Oh, George!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, with
 tears in her eyes, as she met her husband at
 the door, "mamma has injured her hand and
 the doctor says there is danger of lockjaw."
 "Don't be alarmed, my dear," replied the
 heartless Brown. "All they have to do is keep
 her awake and her jaws will never lock."

IN THE CAFE.

Carte—"I tell you that waiter is a gentleman
 from head to foot."
 D'Hote—"You mean from tip to tip."

IN THE THRONG.

Ida—"Do you see that man with mutton-
 chop whiskers? Doesn't he look bold?"
 May—"He looks very sheepish to me."

ON THE STAND.

Smythe—"Haven't seen Diggs in an age."
 Woodfall—"He's on the race track now."
 Smythe—"Newmarket?"
 Woodfall—"No; Pretoria."

THE GRAND FINALE.

Ida—"Yes, the chorus ended up with 200
 voices."
 May—"All singing the last line; 'And Still his
 heart was true?'"
 Ida—"No; twenty sung 'And still his heart
 was true,' and the other 180 joined in with
 'Rats!'"

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

"Vinegar never catches flies,"
 So the proverb maker wrote;
 And sugarless candidates, likewise,
 Ne'er catch the floating vote.

A WELCOME CHANGE.

"Colonel," said the sentinel, as he saluted
 the officer in command of the besieged town,
 "a horseless carriage approaches."
 "That's good news," replied the colonel. "Now
 we may expect some horseless beef."

NO SURPRISE TO HER.

Softleigh—"It's—aw—weally surpwisng, Miss
 Cutting, but I don't—aw—think—"
 Miss Cutting (interrupting)—"Well, I'm sure
 I never thought you did."

A MATRIMONIAL JUDGE.

The Parson—"Doesn't your conscience re-
 proach you after giving a fellow-man a life
 sentence?"
 The Judge—"Not if I am convinced of his
 guilt. But I suppose yours does, eh?"
 The Parson—"Why, what do you mean?"
 The Judge—"You not only sentence innocent
 men for life, but you collect a fee for doing it."