



A DAUGHTER OF THE DEMOCRACY.

AUGUST DE CAYD, 'tis well we meet!
Here kneel I humbly at thy feet;
For I have crossed the raging sea
And spent a pile in search of thee.

Behold, kind sir, a suffering maid!
You bear the time-worn name De Cayd;
Ah! Baron, know my sorrow's pith—
I bear the odious name of Smith.

In coat of arms to court you prance,
And there do business with your lance;
While pa in clothing factory made
Is wrestling on the board of trade.

You spend your *otium cum dig*;
While papa packs the gentle pig.
Behold me, then, my knees upon!
Observe, consider and catch on.

What tho' my folks plebeian be?
What tho' my poor ancestral tree
Be lowly as a hill of beans?
My heart is thine, and pa has means.

Come, Baron, then, 'tis time to go,
Just draw on pa for what you owe;
Pause not for parents to approve;
Fly forth, forthwith, with me your love.

—Texas Siftings.

THE JOKERS' CLUB.

"AGAIN we meet—" said the President.
"And drink," interrupted Borax.
"Ah, yes, certainly—at your expense this time.
Summon the menial, if you please."
"But hold up," protested the unlucky Borax, "there's
no fine on my observation. It was a joke—meat and
drink, you know."
"That don't go," ruled the President. You said
nothing about meat, you simply remarked 'and drink,'
which is not *per se* humorous in any sense. You are
stuck, Bro. Borax, so whack up like a little man, and
let's get down to business. The subject for the next
half-hour's agony mitigated by beverages will be the Czar
of Russia. Are you all ready? One, two, three—go!"
And then there was an interval of silence so intense
that you could almost hear the first faint stirrings of Mayor
Clarke's fourth-term boom. Then McGuffy languidly
stroked his preternaturally black moustache and observed
quietly: "The Czar is not a subject."

"Good, but not strictly original, I fear. Next!"
'Methinks," said Binkerton, "that the Czar does well
to discourage insubordination and insolence in his coun-
try. He has reason to fear a-sassy-nation." (Applause.)
"Yes," said Snorkey, "perchance he has been mis-
judged. We should remember the lines of the poet,

'Though he may gang a Kennan wrang,
To step aside is human.'

"Yes, and very easy, too, in a country abounding in
steppes," replied Borax.

"And so he goes on Russian to destruction," remarked
Pillsbury.

And then the conversation languished again. People
can't keep his sort of thing up all the time. The silence was
only broken by the entrance of the waiter, who inquired:
"Did you ring, gents?" McGuffy rashly replied "No,"
and was at once adjudged to pay the usual forfeit. As
he put down his quickly-emptied glass to pay the waiter
he sighed heavily.

"Which reminds me," said Samjones, "of the place to
which the Czar sends his victims—Sigh-beerier." (Roars
of laughter.)

"And they say," said Popenjoy, "that he feels safer
among the Finnish people than in any other part of the
Empire. It might be supposed that he would be afraid
of being Finnished."

"In which case," said Samjones, "his end would
recall that of Julius Cæsar—another Roman-off, you
know."

"Ah, he Muscovite the lot of the humblest of his
subjects," retorted Binkerton.

"Rather far fetched, that," said the President. "'Tis
perilously near the line which separates jocularly from
asininity. Are you all through? Then we will vote the
subject and probably the club also exhausted, and pass
to the consideration of the programme for our next
seance."

CONSOLATION.

(For Real Estate Boomers.)

I hold it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have boomed and bust
Than never to have boomed at all.



AT THE ISLAND BATHS.

"OH, Mr. Small, how glad I am to see you! I'm a little
timid and like to have some one to hold onto in the surf."