

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

T WAS in a leafy avenue and towards the close of day,  
The shadows cast by lofty elms were longer still than they.  
Two figures might have been observed by any passer by,  
One figure was a stranger and the other one was I.

Some words of explanation may be necessary here,  
For my walking with a stranger seems inexplicably queer;  
But you'll find when I've explained it that there's nothing to give  
rise  
To the slightest, faintest, merest little vestige of surprise.

A week ago last Sunday, in the middle of the night,  
I was wakened from my slumber by a sudden gleam of light,  
And on looking out in wonder towards my humble wash hand  
stand,  
I beheld a solemn stranger with a candle in his hand.

I accosted him in accents of reproach and blended fear,  
Making use of the expression: "What the deuce do you do  
here?"  
But he only winked in silence made a gesture digit-al,  
Scratched some writing on the looking-glass and vanished thro'  
the wall.

When my voice I'd quite recovered it, I shouted out to him:  
"Hello, there! Say! you rascal! Here, come back and douse  
the glim!"  
That this request was natural will scarce admit of doubt,  
And I'm bound to say the stranger came and put the candle out.

Then I straightened out the bedclothes (they'd collected in a  
heap),  
Turned round upon my other side and tumbled fast asleep;  
And I dreamed a leafy avenue where, towards the close of day,  
The shadows cast by lofty elms were longer still than they.

And that solemn silent stranger in my vision seemed to state:  
"I'll expect you on that avenue, you'd better not be late."  
In the morning, you'll believe me, well, I couldn't help but  
stare,  
When I searched the glass for writing, why, there wasn't any  
there.

One evidence alone remained to place beyond a doubt  
My strange nocturnal visitor. *I found the candle out.*  
Then you will not be astonished or dismayed if I declare  
That—with or without writing—I determined to be there.

So in that leafy avenue, and towards the close of day,  
The shadows cast by lofty elms being longer still than they.  
Two figures might have been observed by any passer by,  
One figure was the stranger, and the other one was I.

I never said a word to him, he never spoke to me,  
We strolled together side by side till we could scarcely see.  
Still no sign of recognition seemed the stranger to evince,  
So indignantly I left him, and I've never seen him since.

A.H.H.

### ANARCHIST AND STATESMAN.

HERR MOST preaches the doctrine that without kill-  
ing monopolists you cannot destroy monopoly. He  
is a bloodthirsty and blatant Anarchist.

Chancellor Caprivi, of Germany, asserts that without  
killing slave dealers you can never abolish slavery. He  
is an eminent and distinguished statesman.

Are they both right or both wrong? Or is there a  
moral difference between them, corresponding in some  
measure to the "infinite diameters" by which they are  
separated in popular estimation?

The only difference is that the civilized world is edu-  
cated up to the point of regarding slavery as a giant evil  
to be suppressed at any cost. It is not yet educated up  
to that point as regards monopoly.

If it were, the two would stand exactly on the same  
plane.



### THE OLD—ENTOMOLOGIST.

This is Professor Polyglot trying to catch a bluebottle on the  
other side of the window.—*Judy.*

### WHY HE LOVES HER.

A POET whose effusion appears in the New York  
*Mercury* is apparently in some mental trouble,  
owing to his inability to assign any reason for his  
attachment to his best girl. He seems to want some  
body to help him out by furnishing an answer to the  
conundrum that he puts in this fashion:

Why do I love her? I do not know,  
For her lustrous skin, like the dimpled snow,  
Blushing beneath the sunset glow?  
That's not the reason why.

For her soft blue eyes, that now answer mine  
With a languishing love-light, now sparkling shine  
With laughter, now flash with a fire divine?  
That's not the reason why.

And so on and so forth through a long catalogue of  
the fair one's charms, including "ripe red lips," "teeth  
of pearl," (store-teeth, presumably), "soft little hands,"  
and other details of her make-up. But he explains  
that these are merely trifling incidentals, as it were,  
which don't begin to account for "why he loves her."  
This being thus, the only solution we can think of is the  
following, which might appropriately round off the poem  
and relieve the over-wrought mind of the reader:

And her dad is solid and has the rocks,  
A million dollars in bonds and stocks,  
And stacks of mortgages in his box,  
Yes, that's the reason why.

Moreover, she is his only heir,  
So one day I'll be a millionaire,  
And live in style, without work or care,  
A mighty good reason why.

A MISS is as good as a mile.—*Old Proverb.* And a  
muss is as good as a mule.—*Terracottaville Times.* Some  
female devotees think that a mass is as good as a male.  
Next!