



#### DURING THE SPAT.

"Will you love me when I'm old," said she.  
"I do," said he.

#### TRUE LOVE'S ROUGH COURSE.

I CANNOT kiss those rosy lips,  
Or that white brow so passing fair,  
And though the brown eyes speak of love,  
I scarce dare stroke the golden hair.

In fact, the world seems all awry,  
And I'm away down in the dumps,  
About as deep as deep can be,  
Because my sweetheart has the mumps!

*Cornelia Redmond.*

#### ZEAL.

"WHAT is the meaning of this?" cried the passengers in a Western stage-coach, which had been stopped by an armed man.

"Means that the money to pay off the church debt has got to be raised betwixt this and to-morrow morning," returned Buckskin Hank, the converted road agent, "Throw up yer hands and shell out liberally now. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

#### TWO VALID OBJECTIONS.

"LET us get married at once," said Chipper.  
"Why so soon?" asked Ethel.

"I can't stand the expenses of an engagement," returned Chipper. "Besides, it keeps me out late."

KIND hearts are more than coronets; no doubt, but they don't bring half the price in the American market.

EH?

IF Uncle Sam may run.  
The telegraph, pray why  
May he not go into the biz  
Of making cake and pie?  
Of making coats and vests?  
Of fiddles and of flutes?  
And those most noble garments  
Three dollar shoes and boots.

#### A WORSE SLAVERY.

G UZZLER: You are ruined by your sentimental ideas, Gusher. You are a slave to woman's smiles.

GUSHER: All right, old man, You're a slave to your own smiles.

#### IKEY'S LESSON.

"IKEY," exclaimed Abram Einstein, as he glanced over his son's copy-book, "who wrote dat gopy, 'nothink sugseeds like sugseess'?"

"Mein teacher," replied Ikey.

"Dot vos all wrong, Ikey. Nothink sugseeds like failures, und blendy of dem. Don't you forget to remember dot."

#### ONE WAY.

B LACK: How do you like your mother-in-law?

W HITE: At a distance.

M ORE IN SORROW THAN IN ANGER—  
The letter "R."



#### AN APPROPRIATE NICKNAME,

LADY (to tramp): What is your name?

TRAMP: They call me Keely Motor.

LADY: Why do they call you that?

TRAMP: Because I won't work.