

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

I AM waiting, darling, waiting for the day your eye will shine
 With the light of love eternal as it gazes into mine ;
 When my heart's unsated longing will at last be hushed to rest
 And our souls shall rush together as I clasp you to my vest !

Oh, my eye has never seen you, but I *know* that you are fair !
 Like a halo round your temples is the glory of your hair ;
 But what may be its color, be it auburn, red or gray,
 On present information, I'll not presume to say.

Your eyes, I'm sure, are glorious—like the ocean, deep,
 serene ;
 Are they blue or brown, I wonder, or a tender hazel-green ?
 And your nose, my sweet one ! is it Roman, Greek, or aquiline ?
 But forgive the question dearest ; for, what matter since 'tis *thine* ?

Will you be some studied damsel, rich with all the lore of time,
 Talking deep of Hume and Hegel, of the beauteous and sublime ?
 Or some simple country maiden, blue-eyed, timid voiced and sweet,
 Knowing not the strains of Wagner from the music of her feet.

Will she be—but cease to question, impious the Chaldean scroll !
 One last word, and speak, I charge you, Sphinx of Time,
 reveal the whole !
 O ! the doubt, and O ! the terror, that my troubled soul en-
 thrall
 As I put the awful query,—Will she ever come at all ?

—Novice.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

A poet in the *Week* says :—

" There is a fragrance lingering round some books."

That's so, especially pocket-books, when fellows carry their tobacco in the same pocket.

THE PLACE FOR THE OLD FLAG.

ENTHUSIASTIC Imp. Fed—ist—Doesn't that grand old British flag look splendid on the City Hall ?

Ordinary Citizen—Yes ; but it would look still better up around Behring's Sea just at present. Don't you think so ?

ITEMS FROM OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

" OUR bird has flown," quoted Dumley, who was carving, as the alleged duck fluttered from the dish and landed gracefully in the soup tureen.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Brown—Can I help you to a piece of bald-headed eagle, Mrs. Dooley ?

Landlady—That is not bald-headed eagle, Mr. Brown ; it is chicken.

Brown—Oh, I beg pardon. I always heard that the bald-headed eagle was a bird of bone and sinew, you know ; I have a *talon* for making such mistakes, but I am afraid it does not *beak* come me.

NEW IDEA.

Particular Lady Customer (who has been probing all the meat in the shop for the last fifteen minutes)—Hum !—er—I think this beef is a little tough.

Exasperated Butcher—No, madam ; it is your finger that is tough.

A MECHANICAL MARVEL.

JOHN A'S PATENT AUTOMATIC SWALLOWING MACHINE.



AN IRISH WAKE.

THE ould house is burning on us, Bridget ! Av what use is an alarm clock that don't giv' the alarm ?

FOLLOWING THE PRESCRIPTION.

DOCTOR—I told you to take one of these pills every hour by the clock.

Irish Patient—How could I, whin the clock stopped ?

A WISE HINT.

HUMORIST—I like the house well enough, but there is no bell.

His Wife—Well, that ought to suit you. You won't hear it ring, you know, when you are getting up your jokes.



[" AN EYE LIKE NA'S, TO THREATEN AND COMMAND. "

—Hamlet.