



INNOCENT AS A SPRING LAMB.

YOUNG LADY—"This book on Health says that girls who wish to have bright eyes and rosy cheeks should take a tramp through the woods each morning before breakfast. Can I engage you for the season, my good man?"

TWO VIEWS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

BELLE—(Talking to the hostess at a ball, and surrounded by gentlemen in various stages of admiration).—"Oh, Mrs. Bon Ton, this is the most lovely ball!—(No, thank you Mr. Newsby, I never dance the Lanciers)—I'm sure I never heard such lovely music Mrs. Bon Ton, but you always have everything so—(Oh! Mr. Smit-ten, I am so sorry, but my program is already filled)—Yes, Mrs. Bon Ton, everything is perfectly lovely, and your flowers are exquisite; everybody says so."

(Here hostess goes off and leaves Belle to her numerous admirers).

BELLE (indifferently)—"Is that you, Mr. Lover, I did not know you were here."

MR. LOVER (with despondency unutterable)—"Oh! Belle, when I have been trying to get near you all the evening! But all these confounded fellows —"

BELLE (haughtily)—"Really, Mr. Lover, I would not be vulgar if I were you, but (changing to ecstatic tone) were you ever at such a lovely party?"

MR. L. (hopefully)—"Will you dance this waltz with me?"

BELLE (showing her program with much solid enjoyment)—"You see I positively cannot—Oh! here comes the Marquis L'Vrosbug now."

MARQUIS (with flourish of eye-glass and much bowing and scraping)—"Aw, Mademoiselle, La Charmante, this our valse, such happiness for me, as never before I see."
—(Exit Belle and Marquis L'Vrosbug.)

BELLE (communing with herself as she moves off)—"Won't the girls be awfully jealous though! I'm sure I

must look well, or the Marquis would not pay such marked attention to me. Oh, what a lovely, lovely, lovely ball!"

WALL FLOWER (sitting with chaperone and glaring angrily at everybody and everything)—"If I were Mrs. Bon Ton and trying to give a ball, I should at least have it within the bounds of civilization. Just listen to that music. Did you ever hear such screeching and scratching as they make of it? And the flowers—such a display is perfectly vulgar—borrowed for the occasion I believe! But, do look at Belle how horrid she does look and her dress so unbecoming—but goodness! her manner is far worse than even her dress. I wonder if she thinks those men really admire her. Its just her loud manner, of course, that attracts them. I hope I shall never fall into such an error."

(Just here Mr. Lover comes up and asks Miss W. F. if he may sit by her. He is suffering agonies and wants sympathy, expecting it from Miss W. F., who was an old chum at school.)

MR. L. (looking after Belle with jealous eyes)—"Isn't she beautiful? No wonder all—everybody—adores her!"

MISS W. F. (who had smiled sweetly at his approach, but was now looking daggers)—"May I ask who you mean by 'she'?"

MR. L.—"Why Belle, of course, who else could I mean?"

MISS W. F.—"Oh! Well I don't see that she looks so remarkably well this evening."

MR. L.—"Of course she is always lovely. Oh, there is no hope for me!"

MISS W. F.—"I cannot see what men find about her to like. I think she is disgusting and not at all good-looking."—(Lover rises, bows, and angrily departs before she can finish.)

MISS W. F. (solus)—"Its my idea that men are all perfect geese. I shall immediately go home. I never was at such a horrid, horrid, horrid ball."

ROLY ROWAN.

THE DEAR GIRLS.

ETHEL—"I am going to pose for an artist to-day."

MAUD—"Dear me. What on earth can he be drawing?"



TRIUMPHANT CONCLUSION OF STANLEYS
LATEST MARCH ATHWART AMERICA.