

GRAVE AND GAY.

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

A Nebraska real estate dealer, known in his native state as a "boomer," has the following on his letter-heads :

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That the town is full of gloom,
For a man's a crank who slumbers
In these bursting days of boom.
Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
Every dollar that thou turnest
Helps to make our new town roll.
But enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
If you have no money, borrow—
Buy a corner lot each day.
Lives of great men all remind us,
We can win immortal fame.
Let us leave the chumps behind us,
And we'll get there all the same.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Let us make the dry bones rattle—
Buy a corner lot for wife.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Booming early, booming late."

Rev. Primross—What made you stop praying for a bicycle ?

Bobbie—"Cause pa told me I couldn't have one.

Truth crushed to earth will rise once more—

So is the story told :
But lies when crushed get up and soar
A hundred thousand fold.

The youthful heir of the noble house came slowly down from his high place and stood in the paternal presence. "Fader," he asked, holding out a brilliantly pictured sheet, "who was Villiam Chenings Pryan ?"

The old man gazed fondly at his son. "Ah, he vas a great man. I dells you a secrets, Ikey. He will maig de United State vail for feefty cents on de toller !"

A Portuguese workman who had been suspected of freethinking, was at the

point of death. A Jesuit came to confess him, and, holding a crucifix before his eyes, said, "Behold the God whom you have so much offended. Do you recollect him now ?"

"Alas, yes, father," said the dying man. "It was I who made him."

And he had made many more such gods too.

Della Ware—Do you believe in the Biblical admonition of giving a kiss for a blow, Mr. Westside ?

Westside—Well—er—that depends Miss Ware. How hard are you going to strike me ?

Hicks—The Bible says, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Wicks—It's clear, then, that our maid reads the Bible.

Two old darkies down South were heard to hold this conversation : "Bruder Barnes, dere's bad noos agoin' round here." "What's dat, brudder !" "Why, de Lord am dead." "Den how's de word agoin' round if dat's true ?" "Well, any how, dere's bin a preacher around sayin' de Lord—dat's Jesus—am dead." "Oh, de Lord Jesus ! Dat's no matter—dat's on'y one ob de boys. I fort yer mean de ole man."

Parson (to Ahsin, just burnt out the second time)—This must be a judgment of heaven.

Ahsin—Not much. I euchered it this time.

Parson—But, my good man, you can euchre the Almighty.

Ahsin—You bet I can. I insured the darned place.

Wayworn Watson—If you could live your life over again, what would you do ?

Perry Patetic—I'd just leave out all de days I was sober.

Mother—There's only one piece of cake left, Jack ; how's that ?

Jack—It was so dark in there, mammy, that I didn't see it.