

*LA BELLE TROMBONISTE.*

How grave she sits and toots

In the glare !

From her dainty bits of boots

To her hair

Not the sign remotest shows

If she either cares or knows

How the beer-imbibing beaux

Sit and stare.

They're most prodigal with sighs,

Or they laugh ;

Or they cast adoring eyes

As they quaff.

They exert their every wile

Her attention to beguile.

Do they ever win a smile ?

Not by half !