



AN EXCEPTION.

MISS BICKERSTAFF—"They say that starvation quickens the imagination."

JOGGINS—"Not enough to make a man who hasn't eaten anything for two days imagine he's had a Delmonico dinner."

RESCUED FROM THE WASTE-BASKET.

HAIL, gentle Spring! thou hast been often hailed
By many a rhymist since the days of Homer,
With all their failings they have never failed
To give thee welcome warm, thou yearly comest.
Though late in coming, thou art not assailed,
They but exclaim how short will be the summer,
Reil at the winter for her lingering,
And hail with joyous welcome gentle Spring.

Thou shouldst be grateful, too, O gentle Spring,
To those who shower on thee their benedictions,
Though crude and lacking true poetic ring,
And the high finish of fine flattering fictions.
Though in the offerings thine admirers bring
There are grave faults and many contradictions,
Thou shouldst excuse them, for thou art so palmy,
Thy balmy days just make the singers "balmy."



IN THE GLOAMING.

SHE—"George, dear, if you only knew papa as I do—so noble and impulsive, so full of soul and fire."

GEORGE DEAR (*with sad reminiscences*)—"Yes, darling, I know he is full of fire, and in my short interview with him last night I was forcibly struck with the greatness of his soul."

MR. MANGS LOOKS AFTER HIMSELF.

MRS. MANGS, after many years of hopeful anticipation, left town to attend an annual missionary meeting. The following morning Mangs put his head out of the street-door and signalled distress to Joe Smith, who was passing. Smith, who had been his best man ten years previously, noted with surprise that the attire of the usually correct Mangs was decidedly incomplete.

"Old man," said Mangs in the appealing tones which Smith had not heard since the ever-to-be remembered morning, "will you do me a favor? Come up to my room for a minute."

Mangs had behaved badly since his marriage. It is the duty of every bridegroom to furnish amusement and cause for self-congratulation to his celibate friends. This Mangs had not done. He had not even acted the



LITERAL.

MRS. CLOONAN—"I wonder what Dr. Brown is after havin' M.D. behind his name fur, Mrs. Lahey?"

MRS. LAHEY—"I dunno. Shure but by the way he was after chargin' me three dollars fur a bottle of medicine, I think it must mean he is Mighty Dear."

part of the foolishly fond parent for the best of reasons. Smith smiled all over his clean-shaved old face behind Mangs' back as they went up the stairs.

Mangs sat down on the side of the bed and directed Smith's attention to a choice selection of neckties.

"What can I do for you, old man? Isn't Mrs. Mangs at home?"

"No, Maria has gone to a missionary meeting. I've always remembered the way you stood by me that morning, Joe."

Smith reluctantly accepted the missionary theory, and supposed that Mangs wished to prepare some affectionate surprise against his wife's return.

"Joe," continued Mangs, sighing deeply and thrusting his hands into the pockets of his imperfectly supported trousers, "what necktie shall I wear?"

"Did you say what necktie, Mangs?"