



### WONDERFUL INFANTILE INSTINCT.

MEREDITH—"Why, the che-ild actually knows me!"

### WE ARE NOT SEVEN.

BY SUSIE CAMPBELL.



I MET a little village girl,  
Her age, she said, was seven.  
She led her brother by the hand,  
And his age was eleven.

Her frock had not been washed for weeks,  
Her face was just as bad.  
Her hair was thick with *paper* curls,—  
Her beauty made me sad.

I said to her: My little maid,  
How many may there be,  
Of brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts,  
Who make your family?

She took her tutti frutti out,  
And rolled it in a ball,  
Then said: There's pa, and ma, the twins,  
Jane, Joe, and me,—that's all.

My ma, she hustles round and works,  
The twins they howl all day;  
Jane she helps ma, and Joey here,  
He goes to school with me.

With pa and ma and Jane, I said,  
The twins, yourself, and Joe,—  
How many do you make, my dear?  
At adding up I'm slow.

I thought the arithmetic sum  
Would put her in a fix.  
But no, she answered promptly: Sir,  
Our family is six.

I smiled, and said: "My dear, I think  
To modesty you're given.  
You have not counted in yourself.  
Your family is seven.

But still she shook her head, and rolled  
Her gum, and said to me:  
My pa, you see, sir, bums and drinks;  
So he don't count, you see."

—After the celebrated poet Wordsworths.



TRAMP—"Can you help a poor man on the road?"  
LADY.—(promptly) "Yes; I saw you looking at the wood pile,—you can—"

TRAMP—"You saw me see that wood, did you; well you won't see me saw it." Then he turned on his heel and pattered down the dim vista of the future, and left the gate open after him.

### A TRICK OF MEMORY

AFTER years of effort J. Fitz-William Smythe, whom everybody who was anybody knew as the successful broker and man about town, seemed to have the world in his grasp. Rich, handsome, engaged to the lovely Adele Squeezem; what more could he ask? Fifteen years ago it had been fifty cents a day and sweep out the shop, carrying back and forth piles of shoe boxes at the command of his haughty superiors. A little later and he, too, had knelt at beauty's feet and inquired in his most fascinating tones as to the perfect fittingness of the shoes into which he helped the fair customers of Messrs Squeezem & Co. Then there had been a stool in the offices, a transfer to the factories of the great firm, finally changes from one city to another, a deft touch to the old and honorable name of Smith, John Smith, and J. Fitz-William Smythe took his place among those who are of finer clay. The lovely Adele, heiress of the world-famed house of Squeezem, had floated, a golden crowned image before his boyish vision, a tiny goddess who taxed even the powers of Squeezem to produce anything minute enough for her use. After years spent in European travel she has returned, and in all her womanly loveliness she loves him. He cannot doubt it. For him the haughty English Lord has been cast aside—for John Smith, the shop boy, he shuddered, oh! if she only knew—but she must never know!

She leaned confidently on his arm as he led her out of the press of the dancers into the cool depths of the conservatory. "Ah," she murmured with a choking catch in her voice as she reclined in a secluded nook, "Ah, Fitz-William, there is something dreadful—but how can I tell?" she broke off. "My own darling, go on, I can bear it; anything," he whispered passionately, "so long as I am by your side." "It's nothing, really, she sobbed, "only—only there is something gone wrong with my left slipper and I cannot walk another step." He was down in a moment, the offending slipper in his hand and the crumpled rose leaf removed. Then dropping on one knee he replaced it. Heedless of the look of horror and struggling recollection in her eyes, he glanced up and exclaimed in his most ecstatic tones "Such a lovely fit I assure you, Miss Squeezem." Rising to the full height of her queenly beauty she said simply, "I thank you, I do not need anything more to-day," and passed out of his life forever.

SYDNEY JEROLD.

MRS. BRADY (boastfully) "Say, Mrs. Flatherty, I seen the twin skilton dudes when I was in New York. My, they are the thinnest men I—"

MRS. FLATHERTY—"I seen 'em as well; they ain't nothin'. I seen a man in a dime museum thinner than the two of 'em put together."



### THE INTERESTING EVENT.

SMITHSON—"My congratulations, old man! Which is it, boy or girl?"

BROWNSON—"Both!"