



Amazed Pedestrian: "Pat, what the mischief are you drinking all that water for?"

Pat: "Faith, I'm makin' cowl'd punch, sor!"

Amazed Pedestrian: "But where's the whiskey?"

Pat: "Begorra, I drank it last night, sor!"

BASEBALL.

There's a symmetry of motion,
To my sympathetic notion,
In the pitcher as he curves the ball.

There's an idyl, great in diction,
Quite exciting as a fiction,
In the batter when he flies the wall.

And the pose of grace and beauty
Of the catcher doing duty,
Is an epic quite excelling all.

But for poetry of motion,
To my unpretentious notion,
There is nothing like the umpire's gall.

W. H. BALLOU.

HE HAD TO GO.

They had been billing and cooing for several hours and the shades of night were beginning to fall. He arose, and putting on his gloves, was about to take his departure.

"What! Are you going to leave me already, Koscuisko?" murmured the maiden. "I must, dearest. I'd give ten years of my life to be able to stay right here with you for the rest of the evening, but there is a called meeting of the Idiotic Order of Red Muffs, and if I ain't there on time I'll have to pay a thirty-cent fine. I've got to go."—*Texas Siftings* (New York).

GEORGE had been holding his girl on his lap for over two hours, and as she weighed 190 odd lbs. he was feeling a little bit tired, but he was too much of a gentleman to tell her so. "George, dear," she murmured, softly, "are you having a pleasant call?" "Delightful, darling," he responded, faintly. "And are you not sorry that we are to be married so soon?" "No, indeed." "And you think I am a real nice girl?" she continued lovingly. "Nice girl!" repeated George, enthusiastically. "Nice doesn't express it. I think you are immense."—*Tit Bits* (England).

"For sale, a fine coachdog by a gentleman about to start for Europe with a spotted tail." Of course the natural query is: Is the gentleman to start to Europe accompanied by a spotted tail, or is a gentleman with a spotted tail about to start for Europe? Perchance you can answer, John.—*The Rambler* (Chicago).

A PARTY of gentlemen were talking about courting, and one of them sadly said he would never risk that kind of thing again. "Why so?" was the general exclamation. "Because," he answered, "I once courted investigation, and it ruined me."—*Tit Bits* (England).