



### HER INNOCENCE.

MR. NUEWED—"That's a very nice breakfast, dear: I was always fond of calf's liver."

MRS. NUEWED—"Oh, I'm so glad you like it; I'm very fond of it myself. Do you know, I've been thinking it would be a splendid idea for us to keep a calf, and then we could have liver every morning!"

PROOF READER—"What double column heading? I don't remember seeing anything of the kind."

COPY HOLDER—"I must have been dreaming. Very queer, wasn't it, but I imagined I read to you a moment ago some flaring headlines about the *Mail's* Plot at Washington, and several galleys of stuff from our own commissioner."

PROOF READER—"It *was* queer: you're not well, I guess. Is that Krib's copy you're reading now?"

COPY HOLDER—"I don't know. I never saw Kribs write anything, and I couldn't say this is his. By the way, who *is* Kribs?"

PROOF READER—"I don't know, I'm sure. But, no matter, let us get on with our work."

### SCENE VI.—Public Street.

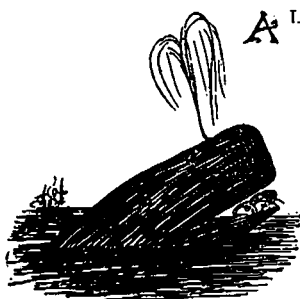
FIRST CITIZEN—"That's a tremendous sensation the *Empire* publishes this morning about the *Mail's* Plot."

SECOND DO.—"Is it? I really don't know."

FIRST DO.—"You've read it, of course."

SECOND DO.—"I may have read it, but I wouldn't be sure. You know, now-a-days, it isn't safe to be quite sure of anything."

### THE BALLAD OF THE LADY LOBSTER.



Of the little lady lobster and the whale.

A LITTLE lady lobster lived within the briny deep  
With her family respectably at home,  
And the head of this great family endeavored for to keep  
The little lobbs from any wish to roam;  
But the love that laughs at locksmiths could afford to raise a smile,  
For the ocean can't be bound by a pail,  
And that is why I'm telling, if you care to list awhile,

Oh! the little lady lobster was an invalid fish,  
And she dreaded lest consumption she should take,  
So she wanted for to travel—oh! it was her dearest wish  
That a submarine excursion she could make;  
But her old and crabby father—if it's strange it's really true,  
He was crabby from his head unto his tail—  
Objected, and it led to this tale I sing to you,  
Of the little lady lobster and the whale.

Now her grand paternal lobster was a wide-awake old bird,  
Though the simile's illogical perhaps,  
And he'd tell the little lobsters of the stories he had heard,  
How young lobsters oft were caught in horrid traps,  
And were plunged in boiling water till they blushed all over red,  
And were sorry when it was of no avail;  
All chopp'd up into salad whereon picnic parties fed,  
O! the little lady lobster and the whale.

But the little lady lobster pined in solitary grief,  
With the fear of dread consumption 'fore her eyes,  
And the promises held out to her conveyed her no relief,  
For she wanted for to voyage and grow wise,  
So one day as she was crying on a rock and all alone  
Near the sea-top where was blowing quite a gale,  
She look'd up, for all around her very dark the sea has grown,  
And the little lady lobster saw a whale.

Now, love is very curious in the way it takes us all,  
There's no telling how it cometh, but it comes;  
But the little man surrenders to a woman who is tall,  
And the poor girl to the rich man oft succumbs;  
Wherefore when this poor crustacean saw the bulky creature swim,

And beheld the mighty lashings of his tail,  
Her heart gave one big bound and she cried out, "It is him!"  
For the little lady lobster loved the whale.

Now the whale went off to sleep, right upon the mighty deep,  
And the lobster journey'd round his side and fins;  
For a lover of such size was to her a great surprise,  
And she said, "I wonder where my love begins";  
But she voyaged round and round till his mighty mouth she found,  
And she thought perhaps to kiss him she might fail,  
And scarcely had she tried than she found herself inside,  
Did this little lady lobster, of the whale.

Now the morals of my story are not very far to find,  
First and foremost, it is folly for to try  
To keep young lobsters round you if to roam they are inclined,  
For they think experience chiefly all my eye;  
And secondly, young lobsters shouldn't throw away their love  
But just keep it for awhile—it won't get stale;  
Or they may get taken in, which this story goes to prove,  
Of the little lady lobster and the whale.

P. QUILL.

### CROAKS FROM GRIP'S BASKET.

BY P. MCARTHUR.

#### STRONG EVIDENCE.

THESPI—"How did Ranter get along in his new play last night?"

FUTLITE—"First rate; but I was not at the theatre."

THESPI—"Well, how do you know he succeeded?"

FUTLITE—"I met him at the hatter's this morning getting a hat two sizes larger than his old one."

#### DENIED THE ALLEGATION.

DE TANQUE—"I wansh you to take (hic) my picshure."

KODAK—"Certainly, sir! What position?"

DE TANQUE—"Sideways. Just profile (hic), y'know."

KODAK—"Don't you think a full face would suit you better?"

DE TANQUE—"Whasher mean? I only had two drinks to-day."