



THOUGHTFUL AND COMPASSIONATE.

HE—"I get eighteen hundred a year; surely you could live on that!"

SHE—"Yes, but I should hate to see you starve."

NOT SO BAD AS HE THOUGHT.

MRS. ROUNDER—"Our next door neighbors are very angry because you rang their door-bell when you came home last night."

MR. ROUNDER—"Is that so? Then I wasn't so drunk as I thought I was. I thought I was seeing our bell-pull double, and pulled both of it so as to be sure to waken you."

HUMAN FRAILTY.

He made a resolution each New Year
That he no more would swear, but he was fat.
He kept his resolution till the Spring-
Time breezes started blowing off his hat.

IN ASSINIBOIA.

HANK THE TERROR—"Hello, stranger! What mout yer business be in these parts?"

DAVID BOYLE—"I'm an archæologist looking for Indian remains. Can you assist me in the search?"

HANK—"Yer don't say. Is it dead Injuns yer'e after? You're the stuff. Assist yer? You bet I'd like no better fun. Thar's a Blackfoot camp over yonder, an' ef yer wait a half an hour I'll hustle round and git the gang together, an' ef we don't plug half a dozen bucks for yer afore sundown call me a liar. How much a head are ye payin'?"

DROP UPON THE FLOOR.

I RECKON 'twas the durndest sight I ever hear or sec,
I 'low it was the durndest luck as ever came to me.
I uster run the Lion House up thar on Billings' Bay,
An' no galoot as had the stuff wuz ever turned away.

Jim Fleet he run the other shop, by name the Royal Blade,
He had two daughters thar, you know, an' got the drummers' trade.
It had a sorter high-toned style, for Fleet's two girls was proud,
But we raked in the money from the tough, hard-hoozing crowd.

The cause of all the trouble was that thar slab-sided Lee,
Who always raised the devil when he went upon a spree.
He was a holy terror when he loaded up with gin,
And as quick as he got sober he would start to drink agin.

Lee was a durned good lawyer once, but he went quickly down,
Blowed in a client's money, an' the jedge yanked off his gown.
Spent most his time with Fleet an' me, an' on one winter night
Was loafin' in Fleet's bar-room, an' as usual good an' tight.

Along about eight-thirty a stray drummer happened in,
He waltzed up to the counter an' sung out fur Old Tom gin;
"I'm glad," says he, "to meet the boys, and though I cannot
stop,
Perhaps the present company would like to take a drop."

'Twas jest what they was waitin' fur, they swarmed around the bar.
Lee an' some sailor fellers that was winterin' up thar.
Meanwhile that flip commercial gent had sidled to the door,
An' hollered as he opened it, "Just drop upon the floor!"

The humor of that there remark was lost upon the boys,
They kicked about the furniture an' made no end of noise.
They raised the durndest racket in their disappointed rage,
Till Jimmy Fleet sot up the drinks their feelins to assuage.

It should have stopped right thar an' then with "drop upon the floor,"

What did it matter to the gang who chose to pay the score?
It would have stopped right thar an' then, but Lee which had a jag,
Must come across to my hotel to spring that little gag.



He come into the Lion, an', not takin' time to think,
Says, "Step up to the counter, boys, an' jine me in a drink."
They ranged themselves agin the bar, in number half a score,
"All right," says he, "my bloom'n' ducks, jest drop upon the floor."

The photographer stood next Lee, a feller named Ted Gough,
And as Lee raised a drunken laugh which ended in a cough,