

A PATTI-FUL ROMANCE.



Three little maids and an elderly fairy,
(The chaperon of the chaps is chary.)
Strolling out from a Seminary—
A high toned ladies' school.



Three little dudes struck with Belle, Em Hattie,
Making signs to the maidens natty,
Get their consent to go hear Patti,
(Which is against the rule.)



Here are the dudes—the same three graces—
Alone at the show they find their places,
They called for the girls, but she slapped their faces—
This grim chaperon so cool!

"JACK, please don't. You muss my hair." But Jack kept right on, on the ground that if he mussed he must.
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

HE—SHE—IT.

A "Story" of Adventure—Rather!

BY RIDE HIM HAGGARD.

CHAP. I.—OUT IN THE COLD.

I WAS sitting before my grate, in my room in University College, one November night, when I heard a cough at the door. I opened it. "Come in out of the cold, O man!" He came. "Take a chair or sit on the sofa. What will you have?" He stretched out a gaunt hand and put a small tobacco pouch in mine. "There, take it in trust—you will find an MS. that explains everything within—fulfil the trust or I'll haunt you." He was gone. Next morning a policeman picked him out of the river.

CHAP. II.—THE TRUST.

I examined the bag. It had a little boy in it five years old. He was rather squeezed. How did he get there? Don't know, only know how he came out. Called me uncle. This was the trust. MS. said "Take the boy to the home of his ancestors, in the heart of Africa. Skirt the coast till you find a nigger cut in rock. That's the spot. Go instant—go!" There was a cheap Cornelian ring with a mosquito cut in it—and a sum of money, \$100,000.

CHAP. III.—WE WENT.

When he was 25 years old we went. I skirted, found the nigger. Went up the river—shot crocodiles, lions, etc., and had a good time. Waded through 500 miles of swamp. Went to sleep, one night, in the boat, and woke with 500 niggers thrusting spears through our throats. An aged man, with white beard, Billy by name, was their commander. He said "cease." They ceased. "What color are they?" he demanded. They pulled us out and held us up to the moon. "Three white and one black." "Spare the white," he said, "He—She—It has commanded." "What shall we do with the black?" "Spare him also." We got into palanquins which He—She—It had sent down for us, and went jogging merrily up country. Went through 200 miles more swamp. Came to valleys which were craters of extinct volcanoes. Green, lovely. Found a beautiful race of women, and ugly men dwelling in caves. This was the frontier of He—She—It's country, the beautiful man, woman, thing who lived at the capital and was 100,000 years old, yet ever young. She lived on little liver pills and thus defied death. Halted, put up for a few days. Ustane took a fancy to my protege, Leo put her arms round his neck and married him like a streak of lightning. Billy went off to see He—She—It or "The one who must not be further declined." We made ourselves at home, awaiting the return of Billy, and a little anxious as to what He—She—It was about to do with us. All which the next chapters will disclose.

To be continued.)

PUNDEROUS PARAGRAPHS.

WHEN a woman's sighs gets beyond 25 lbs., there is danger, even from a burst of grief.

Out in Nebraska cities they don't arrest a man for yelling in the streets. Omahaler all you wish.

"That was a terrific windstorm we had yesterday," said Boddlewinks to Spinks. "Yes," remarked Spinks "it raised the dead in our neighborhood." Boddlewinks—"Raised the dead! You are an exaggerator, sir a base exaggerator!" Spinks—"Dead leaves, you know."