



HELPING HIM OUT.

HE (*passionately*)—"And, Mistress Patience, is all my love to be bootless?"

SHE—"Not necessarily. I'll call pa!"

"THE OLD CHIMNEE."

THEY call this an old-time winter, lads,
And talk of the wind and snow,
That whistles and whirls in blinding sheets.
As it did in the long ago.
But 'tisn't the same at all, my lads,
It lacks what, at least, to me,
Was the strangest, wierdest, shiv'riest part,
The wind in the old chimnee.

Ah, many a night I've lain awake,
As the hours slowly sped,
And conjured visions of ghosts and things
A-flying around my bed.
And, whew! how I've buried my eyes and ears,
And shivered with agony,
When the storm-fiends set up a louder screech
In the depths of the old chimnee.

And many a time in the fire's glow,
I've sat at my old dad's feet
While 'round us smoked the neighboring dads,
All mixing it hot and sweet.
And oh! how they'd grumble and groan and swear
When Boreas shrieked with glee,
And buried them all in smoke and soot
With a blast down the old chimnee.

Then at Christmas time, in the dear old home,
When the snow lay deep for miles,
And the mistletoe hung 'neath the old oak beams,
And the girls submitted—with smiles;
What fun 'twas to sit in the fire's red glow,
'Midst stories of ghostly spree,
And try not to jump when the phantoms sent
A groan down the old chimnee.

DIX.

COMPARATIVELY ABSTEMIOUS.

Paderewski claims that he has frequently spent an hour over one bar. No wonder he did not have time to get his hair cut.—*World*.

HE must be very different from many of the musicians we have met if he never spends more than an hour at a m over a bar.

COULD RISE TO THE OCCASION.

SHE—"Do you young men ever think?"

CHAPPIE—"Deah me, ya-as. You should see me twying to decide what tie to weah of an evening."