



A PROPOSAL.

[Last Sunday morning, a young man taking an early walk along Sherbrooke street, (near its highest level) picked up a scrap of neatly folded paper, that must have dropped from the second storey window of a large mansion near by. It contained the following evidently exotic verses:]

I.

Cans't thou love me, lady?
I've not learned to woo:
Thou art on the shady
Side of fifty too.
Still I love thee dearly!
Thou hast lands and pelf:
But I love thee merely—
Merely for thyself.

II.

Wilt thou love me, fairest?
Though thou art not fair;
And I think thou wearest
Some one else's hair.
Thou could'st love, though dearly:
And, as I am told,
Thou art very nearly
Worth thy weight, in go'd.

III.

Dost thou love me, sweet one?
Tell me that thou dost!
Women fairly beat one,
But I think thou must.
Thou art loved so dearly;
I am plain, but then
Thou (to speak sincerely)
Art as plain again.

IV.

Love me, bashful fairy!
I've an empty purse,
And I've "moods" which vary—
Mostly for the worse.
Still I love thee dearly:
Though I make (I feel)
Love a little queerly,
I'm as true as steel.

V.

Love me—ah, or love me
Not, but be my bride!
Do not simply shov' me
(So to speak) aside!
Perhaps it would be dearly
Purchased at the price:
But ten thousand yearly
Would be very nice.

Imported Wit.

"Why does Herr Huber generally look over his glasses instead of through them?" "It is because he is so stingy—he is afraid of wearing them out too soon."—*Westfälische Zeitung.*

JUST TO MAKE SURE.—Customer (to waiter who has brought him a beef steak very much underdone) —"Waiter, just send for the butcher, will you?"

Waiter,— "Why Sir?"

Customer.— "This steak doesn't seem to be quite dead yet?"—*Humoristische Blätter.*

SHE HAD HIM THERE.—Yesterday at the Court of Common Pleas, the presiding judge asked a lady, who appeared as witness—"Your age?"

"Thirty years," was the prompt reply.

His Honor, with a smile—"I think it will be difficult for you to prove it."

"Just as difficult as it is for you to prove the contrary, retorted the lady," as my certificate of birth was destroyed by fire in 1850!"

Hilarity in Court, which was immediately suppressed.—*Intransigent Illustr.*

The Delights of a Honeymoon.—She—"Look here! This is the third handkerchief I have wet through with bitter tears!"

He (very coolly)—"Nothing but useless expense! That's how the washing-bill runs up."
—*Il Popolo Romano.*

AT HER WINDOW.

I.

Beating heart! we come again
Where my Love reposes:
This is Mabel's window pane;
These are Mabel's roses.

II.

Is she nestled? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin lily?

III.

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

IV.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating.
If she hear ne will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting.—

V.

Mabel will be decked anon,
Zoned in bride's apparel;
Happy zone!—Oh hark to yon
Passion-shaken carol!

VI.

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest;—
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel! dearest.

—*Frederick Locker.*

Scraps.

WHY NOT SUBSTITUTE A BLACK LACE DRESS?

"Why, Clara! What an original suit you are wearing, all trimmed with fish hooks tackle; what do you call it?"

"The Fisher Maiden," if you like. I heard M. Jones was to be here to-night, and you know he's such a good catch."—*Cloak Journal.*

CONDUCTIVE TO SOUND SLEEP.

The pretty Mexican girl is not obliged to lie awake nights trying to decide which of two lovers she will choose. She knows that by the next morning there will be only one left.—*New York Herald.*

A PERMANENT CURE.

"When I went away," said the returned wanderer, "Hardhit was crazy over Miss Icely. Did he ever get cured of his fancy for her?"

"Oh, Yes; she married him."—*New York Press.*

A little Speculator—"Father, just whack in a bit, will you?"

"What for?"

"Why, then mother 'll give me some app
—*El Dia.*