



### CRUSHING.

HE—"Heaven, I think, is a place of endless rest."

SHE—"Then you have it in your power to give me a foretaste of Heaven."

HE—"How?"

SHE—"By giving me a rest."

"How would ten strike you? Five?"

"No, Mr. Blooker, it's out of the question."

"Ah, just so, Mr. Summerfallow. Very well, sir. I shall offer my services to the other side. It's simply a matter of business with me. You will hear of me later on, and when you read that I express my utmost confidence in so ardent an Anarchist as E. E. Sheppard and have every hope that his unflinching denial of revealed religion will commend itself to the electors, there will, I trust, be no hard feeling on either side. It's nothing but business, and you must remember that your party had the first call. Good evening."

### JAKE SILVERTHORN'S COURTSHIP.

WE squatted on a holler log to have a little spark, An' sot thar talkin' silently until it growed quite dark. Ez thus we sot kermoonin' I allowed I'd take my chance An' try an' fe ch Miss Susan with the pint o' Cupid's lance.

I says to Sue, says I—that warn't exactly what I said, But I 'towed I knowed a feller with no piller to his head Who tired of a single life would with a wife be blessed, Says "I'll find that feller Sue if you will do the rest."

She didn't give an answer straight, but chinneled about the crops; And pretty soon the rain come on and fell in large-sized drops. "Gosh blame it all thar's one chance gone," says I, an' spoke out loud, When out the moon come squintin' from behind a big black cloud.

When I braced up an' tried agin, I meant ter bag my game, "Say Sue," says I. "What Jake?" says she. "How do you like my name?"

"Oh, go along, I must git home, I've got ter milk the cow, An' shut the chickens in the coop an' feed the durned old sow."

"Say, now," I says, "hol' on thar Sue, I've suthin' more ter say: I reckon thar ain't no great need to tear yerself away, Ter put it straight, I want a wife, an' Susan I want you." "B: gosh," says she, "you're jest too late, Bill Harris wants me too."

I never felt so took aback, it giv' me quite a chill To think that I'd been side-tracked by that cussed lop-eared Bill. Says I, "Ain't there no show fur me," and looked her in the face. Says she, "I'll take the one which beats the other in a race."

"That's fair an' square atween ye both, ef William will agree, And ef he won't consent to that why then he kain't have me." Then Susan scooted home, but I sot thar fur I felt queer, Fur I couldn't outrun Harris ef I trained fur half a year.

The days went on, the time was sot an' Bill in splendid trim, He laughed ter split at the idee of me outrunnin' him; But I said nothin' an' laid low "at any rate" thinks I, "Ye kain't tell what'll happen an' I'm bound to have a try."

Well, wen the eventful day come on an' Bill was blowin' round, Thar wuz a bar'l of cider thar wich Sue's old man hed found, An' Susan sliely whispered me "Jake Silverthorn don't drink, Trust me ter fill Bill Harris up, you'll beat him then, I think."

An' Bill he dranked an' Sue she smiled an' filled his glass agin. "Twon't hurt ye William 'tain't as though 'twas tanglefoot or gin." So Bill he kep' a-drinkin' an' afore the mark we toed He staggered fust ter one side then the other of the road.

In short he couldn't run wuth shucks an' I had won the race, Though I went from start to finish at a slow an' easy pace; An' as I c'aimed my Susan's hand she winked her tender eye, An' whispered "that thar cider wuz erbout one-half old rye."



### SOUVENIR SPOONS.