

even a "veteran orthoepist," let alone a person of ordinary education, would be unable to make sense or meaning out of such inane rubbish.

"THEY ARE SEVEN."

I MET a simple village maid,
She was twenty-two, she said,
Her sunny hair was all a curl,
And wreathed about her head.

"Sweethearts and lovers, gentle maid,
How many may they be?"
"How many? Seven, in all," she said,
With conscious glance at me.

"And where are they? I pray you, tell."
She answered, "Seven are they,
And two live out at Daisy Dell,
And one lives on the way.

"The two down in the village here
I'm not quite sure about,
But Dick and Harry, living near,
They often drive me out,"

"You say that living here are two,
Of whom you're not quite sure,
And yet you've seven; that can't be true,
Explain a little more."

Then answer'd she in earnest tone,
"They're seven, now don't you see,
Those two are only backward grown,
Are not so *mashed* on me."



ETHICS OF COURTSHIP.

MALBANK—"Suppose a fellow's best girl gets mad when you ask her for a kiss."

SMITH—"Take it without asking."

MALBANK—"Suppose she gets mad then?"

SMITH—"Then you've got some other fellow's girl."



A COOLNESS IN THE FAMILY.

"Now you needn't (*hic*) begin now, Maria—my mindsh deeply engagshed (*hic*) 'n' I don't want any 'f your in'ferensh (*hic*), d'ye shее!"

"If they don't visit you, my dear,
Or take you out a drive,
Don't count the two who are living here,
And say you've only five."

"Their house is near, and shows quite clear,"
The gentle maid replied,
"Tis but a hundred yards from here,
And they live side by side.

"The first that went, Tom was his name,
He took me out each day,
Till Esmeralda Hopkins came
And stole his heart away.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And one could skate and slide,
I'd sometimes see my Charlie go
And walk by Mary's side."

"How many have you, then?" I said,
"Those have 'the mitten' given."
She wouldn't see it, simple maid,
And answered, "There are seven."

"But they are gone—those two are gone,
They gave you the 'go by.'
But useless was my talking quite,
She *wouldn't* see it in that light,
And "Seven," was her reply.

LILIAN CLAXTON.

NATURALLY.

CRITIC—"Is that new minstrel show any good?"
REPORTER—"It is a corker!"