



COURAGE BEYOND DOUBT.

ANGLE—"So America is the home of the brave, eh?"

FANGLE—"Well, our American girls have the nerve to marry foreign noblemen. What more proof do you want?"

A PREVIOUS QUESTION.

"HELLO, Jim. 'Tatur crop lookin' well, eh?"

"Naw; 'taint lookin' at all!"

"How d'ye mean, anyway?"

"Why, ther eyes ain't formed yit—haw! haw!—that's one on you."

WOMAN'S-SPHERE—a mouse.



IT SHRINKS UP.

JACK—"I hate to see a man wearing a sash."

CHOLLY—"Ya-as, but what is a fellah to do aftah he has had his flannel outing-shirt washed once?"

A DISSERTATION ON TROLLIFICATION.

"'TIS the speed of the trolley," I heard him complain, "It is running too fast, I have missed it again; I loved the old horse cars with jubilant pitch, but who trusts to the trolley will never get rich."

"Where's the sound of the trolley," I heard her complain, "what the mischief can keep it, I'm waiting in vain; if something goes wrong they can't run 'em at all. I'm sure I'll be late for the charity ball."

"'Tis the sound of the trolley, how pleasant to think, if we now wish to travel, we go in a wink. The horse cars were worse than a well driven stage, but the trolley just suits me, the motor's the rage."

"Oh! the noise of the trolley, I cannot abide," she



GREAT LUCK.

SNOOZER—"Well, begosh, I think I'd sooner be any durned thing nor a fish—swimmin' around in water all the time—ugh!"

BOOZER—"Well, I dunno. Ef ye was a fish ye might hev big luck ef they wuz ter ketch yer an' put yer into alcohol for a museum."

said, and looked worried, while holding her side, "This roar, rush and rattle upon me does jar; the noise of the bullfrogs sounds better by far."

"Yes, this wreck's by a trolley," I heard him explain. Said the motorman, "Sounding the gong was in vain." "Do you think," said the milkman, now high in a rage, "I would answer your gong like a lackey or page?"

"'Tis the need of the city," the people reply, "to lack it were pity, so then mind your eye;" in coming or going don't slip or you'll err, and unless that you are one, don't claim a transfer.

O. G. WHITTAKER.

P.S.—I wanted to make poetry out of the above, but after several attempts I gave up the darned thing in disgust.—O. G. W.