



HIS CRIME.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate of Stuttering Shamus.

"Sh-sh-sh-sh—"

"Yes, go on—"

"Sh-sh-sh—"

"Officer," exclaimed the magistrate, impatiently, "what's this man charged with?"

"Soda wather, I think, sor," grinned the minion of the law.

ENGLISH.

MR. PUPSON.—How extwaordin-ary those English names are!

MR. WAGLES.—Yaas, there's one spelt C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d-e-l-e-y, and they call it Colquhoun.

SHE TAKES TEA.

I WOULD I were her tea-cup when choice Pekoe she sips,
To feel her gentle fingers and press her pretty lips;
I would I were her saucer, to hold her cup, a boon—
But most of all—a secret—I would I were her spoon.

SPRING.

SAY, Spring is come!

Takin' stray shots at Summer, kinder shy,
An' teeterin' with Winter on the sly—
With vil'lets bustin' blue-eyed everywhere,
An' stingin', sappy quivers in the air.

It catches me

Somewhere's around the heart an' makes my blood
Bile over to be nothin' jes'—but good—
Don't keer fer girls, don't keer fer anything,
But jes' be *good*—an' stay good—in the Spring.

THE COON'S LULLABYE.

HEAH, yo', Rastus, shet yo' little sleepy haid,
Mammy gwine tu'h rock hu'h lamb tu'h res'—(*Po' lamb!*)
Ebry little possum chile am dreamin' in its bed,
Yo's my precious honey—yes, yo' am!
Swing, oh! sing, ho! Lucy whar yo' bin so late?
Lemme catch a niggah courtin' yo'—(*Yes, yo'*).
Hurry up, yo' rascels, fo' dere's co'n bread on de plate—
Fo' Mammy loves hu'h honies, yes, she do!
Laws now, Rastus, I done gwine tu'h swat yo' hard,
Slap yo' tu'h a peak an' break it off—(*Po' lamb!*)
Monst'ous, drefful Bogie Man am waitin' in de yard—
Mammie's only jokin', yes, she am!
Swing, oh! sing, oh? Petah, yes, I see yo', git!
Washin'ton, I'll et'l yo' wooll fo' yo'—(*Yes, yo'*)
Neber in de whole roun' wo'd I seen sich chilluns yit—
But Mammie loves hu'h honies, yes, she do!