

In Lighter Vein.

Tattoo.

Once a mealy-bug sedate—
On a rose bush lingered late,
And her giddy heart was blithe and gay.
For an impudent red spider
Had actually eyed her.
As he jauntily swaggered past that way.

"Will you come and do the rose,
Till the half-past-nine gun goes?
(Oh, this blooming bush is just too jolly slow!)
Around a leaf we'll promenade—
Across the glacié and parade,"
Said the gallant little red-coat, don't you know.

Near a dewdrop there they sat—
In the moonlight, and all that;
And they tried to think which loved the other most;
But the Gardener drew nigh—
There was murder in his eye—
And his insect-gun blew out for them "Last Post."

So the bugle-call will sound,
And the Sergeant go the round,
And "Lights Out" will come when all the tunes are played;
But "Reveille" at the dawn
Will make the sumnering trenches yawn,
When we fall in for "Inspection" on parade.

Just Wanted to Know.

The number of unnecessary interrogation points which are inflicted on the world is appalling. The small boy is not the only one who keeps his cartridge-box full of such ammunition, ready to fire upon the unwary. Jim, the boatman, who figures in Mr. Emerson's book, "On English Lagoons," bears testimony to the annoyance of silly questionings. The author was taking a cruise in a wherry, remodeled for habitation, and had laid up for the day by the river-bank near a town. Jim was sitting in the stern of the craft, eating his luncheon, when he received the broadside recorded below.

First a tramp appeared.
"Are you feeding?" he said.
"Yes," answered Jim.
A boy came along.
"I suppose she be on the mud now?" he inquired, eyeing the wherry.
"Yes," said Jim.
Two girls walked up.
"Why don't you go for a sail?" asked one.
"No wind."
"Do you have to have wind to sail your little boat?"
"Yes."
A fat man and his wife drew up.
"Well, ain't that the smallest wherry I ever see?" wheezed the wife.

A youth stopped on the bank.
"You're painted all white, ain't you?"
"Yes," responded Jim.
An old man was the next visitor. Pointing to the smoke from the funnel, he asked:
"You're blowing off steam?"
"Yes."
"You've made a nice little ship?"
"Yes."
"She ain't a big 'un, is she?"
"No."
Another tramp halted near by.
"So you're looking about the country?"

"Yes," said Jim.
"It looks very nice the day?"
"Yes."
Next came a portly old man.
"Don't she carry nothin'?"
"No."
"I suppose you lay her up in winter?"
"Sometimes."
"A stupid-looking woman approached."

"Will you take me to Newcastle when you go?"

"I am not going to Newcastle."

"Oh!"

"Well, exclaimed the disgusted Jim to his master, 'talk of country bumpkins! I never saw such a lot of greenies in my life! The questions they ask are enough to craze a donkey!'"

A Retort That "Floored" the Bishop.

Once, at breakfast at a friend's, Phillips Brooks noticed the diminutive but amusingly-dignified daughter of the house having constant trouble with the large fork that she was vainly trying to handle properly with her tiny fingers. In a spirit of kindness, mingled with mischief, the Bishop said:

"Why don't you give up the fork, my dear, and use your fingers? You know, fingers were made before forks."

Quick as a flash came the crushing retort:

"Mine weren't."

He Found the Boy All Right.

Before President Angell, of the University of Michigan, had attained his present high position, a boy entering college was recommended to his consideration.

"Try to draw the boy out, Professor; criticise him, and tell us what you think," the parents said.

"To facilitate acquaintance the Professor took the boy for a walk. After ten minutes' silence the youth ventured: 'Fine day, Professor.'"

"Yes," with a far-away look.

Ten minutes more, and the young man, squirming uncomfortably, said: "This is a pleasant walk, Professor."

"Yes."

Another silence, and then the young man blurted out that he thought they might have rain.

"Yes," and this time the Professor went on saying, "Young man, we have been walking together for half an hour, and you have said nothing which was not commonplace and stupid."

"Yes," said the boy, his irritation getting the best of his modesty, "and you indorsed every word I said."

Word from the Professor to the parents was to the effect that the boy was all right.

The Unlucky Number.

The judge, who is also a philanthropist in a small but practical way, was visiting the cells in a prison, talking sympathetically with the prisoners, some of whom he had sentenced. His efforts were generally well received, but one man was quite unmoved by his friendliness. He returned curt replies and resolutely refused to expand.

"I'm no criminal," he said at last; "I'm only a victim."

"A victim of what?" the judge inquired, with friendly interest.

"A victim of the number thirteen—that's what I am."

"A victim of the number thirteen!"

"Yes—a judge and twelve jury-men."

That Clever Preacher.

A negro preacher, whose supply of heminy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause, and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it necessary, on account ob de astringency ob de hard times an' de general deficiency ob de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis chu'ch, t' interduce ma new otter-matic c'lection box. It is so arranged dat a half dollar or quatah falls on a

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