

THE SEASONS.

AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS.



SPRING.



SUMMER.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.



THE DIFFERENCE.

MAMMA: *Ethel get up, my dear. Don't you know it's naughty to play that way? Mr. Smith's little girl wouldn't play so. She is a good little girl.*

ETHEL (quickly): *Well, Mama, Bessie Smith ought to be a better girl than I am. Her Papa's a Minister and my Papa's only a Deacon.*

GOT IT DOWN TO A FINE POINT.

JONES (to new office boy): *Bob, take this letter around to Mr. Smith. If he isn't in, leave it in his office, where it will attract his attention as soon as he comes back. It is very important.*

JONES (fifteen minutes later): *Bob, did you deliver that letter to Mr. Smith?*

BOB: *Naw; he wasn't in an' nobody else was in der office.*

JONES: *Well, what did you do with it?*

BOB: *You tol' me to put it where he'd notice it first thing he comes in, an' I stuck a pin t'rough it an' laid it on his chair, so's to attract his attention.*

A DRAMATIC EXIT.

"I AM not fond of the stage, Araminta," said Chollie, "but I hear your father on the stairs and I think I'd better go before the foot lights."