

The Love of His Life.

Oh, no, I never mention her,
 I never breathe her name,
 There is no memory to stir
 To life a wasted name.
 No vision of her haunts me now,
 Unbroken is my rest,
 No kiss is laid upon her brow,
 None on her lips is pressed.
 I never bother as to how
 Is worn the forehead tress,
 Her whims and freaks don't grieve me now,
 Her woes cause no distress.
 There is no anguish in my soul
 Lest she another choose,
 I pen no lovesick rigmarole
 To conjure up the blues.
 Ah, no I never mention her,
 The girl who'll rule my life,
 Whose maiden name I'll alter
 To the dearer name of wife.
 I tell no friends delightedly
 Of the treasure I shall get,
 I speak not of her. For you see
 I have not met her yet.

She Was Satisfied.

"Ten cents for such a little mite of paregoric as that?"
 she growled, as she held up the phial.
 "Yes'm."
 "Has paregoric riz?"
 "No."
 "But I've often got double this amount for ten cents.
 You have made seven cents clear profit."
 "I made exactly eight, madam."
 "Why, that's clear robbery!"
 "Madam," replied the druggist, as he pasted on the label,
 "if I should accidentally poison your husband to-morrow,
 you would want five hundred dollars in cash."
 "Yes, all of that."
 "Well, I haven't got but four hundred and fifty dollars,
 and am in a hurry to make up the remainder, so that I can
 put the cash right into your hands without waiting. I'm
 not the man to deprive a poor widow of five hundred dollars
 in these hard times."
 "Oh, that's it, is it? Well, you talk like an honorable
 man; I'm glad you explained the matter."

He Saw too Much.

The tall, gaunt man took his seat in the street car, and
 turning to the ministerial passenger, three seats away,
 announced in a loud voice that he had passed through a
 remarkable experience.
 "Indeed," remarked the ministerial passenger with
 an attempt to look interested. "May I ask you what it
 was?"
 "Certainly. I thought you would want to know. That
 was why I addressed you. I have been working the pipe?"
 "Working the pipe?"
 "Yes; having an opium debauch. If you want a new
 experience try the pipe. It is beastly but novel. I had an
 opium dream that made my hair turn short in an hour. I
 thought that I was being led through an enchanted valley
 by a veiled lady and a hideous Chinaman. The ground was
 paved with gold, emeralds, and rubies; the trees bore silver

fruit, and the branches resembled icicles of fantastic form.
 There were banks of chocolate ice cream, and hillocks of pies,
 cakes, and puddings rose at intervals upon either side, while
 every few yards we passed fountains that spouted forth
 streams of beer and lemonade."

"Oh, how dreadful," exclaimed a horror stricken
 passenger."
 "Very dreadful," replied the tall, gaunt man, with a smile
 of approval. "We didn't drink. The veiled lady and the
 hideous Chinaman next conducted me to the foot of the
 endless ladder, up which we climbed several hours, finally
 stepping off into a forest, the trees of which grew to an
 astonishing height. Upon the top of each was an elephant,
 and every bright particular beast held in his trunk a portrait
 of my puppy love. The woods were filled with a soft, sweet
 melody, but as we proceeded, dark deep holes or pits began
 to appear all about us, from which flames of fire and volumes
 of sulphurous smoke arose, and at intervals of a few seconds,
 hands, feet, and distorted countenances were thrust at us,
 and guttural oaths and foul epithets could be heard. I told
 my attendants that I was tired and wished to rest. We sat
 down upon a bench, which immediately arose to a height of
 ten miles, when it began falling at a terrific rate of speed.
 Our descent was made pleasant by innumerable owls with
 red wings, and eagles, with monkeys' heads flying about us,
 cracking jokes and repeating the shorter catechism. When
 we reached terra firma it turned out to be an island in mid-
 ocean—a barren rock, inhabited by snakes, lizards, and ducks,
 each of the latter playing upon a Jew's harp, while the
 snakes brought us biscuits and cheese, which they held in
 their forked tails. At this point I went to sleep, and when
 I awoke found myself astride of a horse that could talk. The
 animal informed me that his name was Bucephalus.

"After traveling a long distance we came in sight of an
 immense crowd of people, animals and reptiles—perhaps
 ten thousand—of all kinds and creeds. In the first party we
 came to where Napoleon Bonaparte, Senator Lapham, Prince
 Bismarck, and Perry Carson, who were engaged in a social game
 of draw, with a copy of Schenck's rules on the ground near
 by. The next personage was the Queen of England on a
 bicycle, riding around amidst the crowd, trying to pass a
 silver quarter that had been perforated. A score or more of
 Scilian barbers were lathering and scraping the bones of the
 people who were murdered during the massacre of St.
 Bartholomew. At this moment my horse turned to a snow-
 flake and melted away before my eyes, and I mingled with
 the throng. I saw Christians reading the Koran, Mahomedans
 talking about the telephone, saw monks training for the
 prize ring, women playing baseball, ostriches smoking
 Havannah cigars, geese playing checkers, mules running
 sewing machines, cowboys hoeing cabbage, preachers pulling
 teeth, Quakers dancing, brick masons sawing wood, Indians
 compiling dictionaries, Esquimaux playing on pianos, flees
 eating oysters, spotted men and pink colored children munch-
 ing sawdust, horses fighting duels, goats wearing New Market
 jerseys, frogs throwing dice, gamblers praying, jackknives
 dancing jigs, editors writing English, creditors giving more
 time, ants snowballing, whales eating Malaga grapes, pigs
 beating drums, office-holders resigning, and—"

The tall, gaunt man stopped suddenly. His battered
 body fell upon the cold hard pavement with a dull, sickening
 thud, and the passengers voted the ministerial passenger and
 the stout German butcher a resolution of thanks for killing
 him.—*Washington Republican.*