



THE DAMSEL'S DILEMMA

AT "YE OLDE ENGLISH FAYRE."

THE Major he is stout and red,
And looks a trifle over-fed,
Young Reginald is gay and slim,
You'd think Miss Flip would go with him.

But Reginald, poor youth, is strapp'd,
Or else to treat he would be apt.
He cannot stand an oyster stew,
The thing that Laura has in view.

In vain she hints how very nice
Would be a choice vanilla ice.
He dares not list her witching plea
Because no spondulix has he.

Just then the Major comes along
And hearkens to the syren's song,
Extends a cordial invite
To satisfy her appetite.

"Pity he's middle-aged and bald,"
She thinks, and looks at Reginald.
"Oh, how much nicer it would be
If Reggie had invited me."

Oh, sweet is love's delicious dream!
But so are oysters and ice cream.
And so the Major's arm she'll take,
And give the hapless dude the shake.

WHY SHE BROKE IT OFF.

SHE—"You are sure you love me for myself alone?"
HE—"You don't think it is for the sake of my
prospective mother-in-law, do you?"

HE RETRACTED

SLIMDOOD.—"Aw, Mr. Rippentear, I am given to
understand that you said yesterday that I was not
such a fool as I looked."

RIPPENTEAR.—"I think I did say something of the
sort."

SLIMDOOD.—"Well, bah Jove now, I consider that a
most insulting expression. You must retract it or I'll
nevah speak to you again."

RIPPENTEAR.—"Oh, that would be too bad. But

I'm willing to make the amende. I take it all back.
You are quite as big a fool as you look. Is that satis-
factory?"

THE DUDE'S LAMENT.

I LONG to be a wit, in the drawing-room to sit,
And entertain the ladies by the hour.
But the necessary knack I seem, somehow, to lack.
And that's what makes me look so doosid sour!

WHAT UPWARDS MEANS IN TEXAS.

VISITOR—"What has become of Slinking Sam?"
(The native waved his hand upwards and turned up
his eyes.)

VISITOR—"Gone to heaven, eh?"

THE NATIVE—"No: hung for horse-stealing."