



Good Reason Why.

He : " These are nothing like the cakes my mother used to make."
She : " I suppose not ; but then you don't put up the dough as your father did."

Mignon.

Mignon came in with easy grace,
I caught and sat her on my knee;
Against her neck I pressed my face,
Her neck, white, warm and velvety.

I whispered that I must arrange
The silken ribbon that she wore ;
Methought its folds awry and strange
The while she paused at yonder door.

There met me timid, startled look
From eyes that had a wondrous glow,
As with deft touch the band I took
And fashioned quick a dainty bow.

A gentle hand in light caress
I laid upon the queenly head ;
My bearded face I bent, " Noblesse
Oblige," I slowly, softly said.

She shrank as though my touch were
rude,
Like frightened fawn she sought to
flee ;
I caught her, ere she could elude,
And once more held her on my knee.

" Ah, non, ma chere, a ci du jeu
Il serait un si grand malheur
Si vous allez ! Que voulez-vous ?
Ne suis-je pas sans reproche et
peur ?"

She struggled 'gainst my ardent hold,
In vain resisted my embrace ;
Was ever man as I so bold ?
Until—she fiercely scratched my face!

She scratched my face with desp'rate
dab,
My ardor cooled, alone I sat
And felt to hate the treacherous tab,
My Mignon—yes, and every cat !
—T. W. T.

To Maintain Their Professional Status.

Smilax : " What was the row in your church choir about ?"
Borax : " Oh, something had to be done. Everything had gone on so quietly and harmoniously for years that people began to say we had a lot of inferior talent."

Not Much Difference.

Goodley : " What made you laugh, Tommy, when the minister gave out his text this morning, ' And if he ask bread will ye give him a stone ?' "
Tommy : " I was just thinkin' that the tramp ma gave the home-made loaf to yesterday wouldn't hardly know the difference."

A Distinction With a Difference

Simpson : " Isn't Sloggers a prize fighter ?"
Thomson : " Oh, no, he's a pugilist."
Simpson : " Well, it's the same thing."
Thomson : " Hardly ; Sloggers never fights."

" Hack, Sir ?"

Samjones : " I tell you what he says goes in this town."
Jones : " You surprise me. Who is he, then ?"
Samjones : " A hack driver."