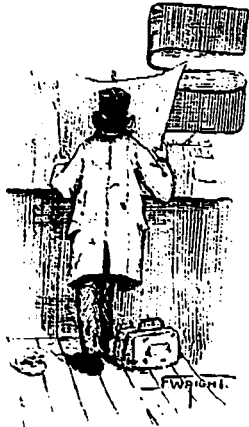


O'LEARY'S PROOF-READER.



HE could argue evolution, she was schooled in elocution,
She could glide with proper accent from the medium to the high,
She cou'd picture retribution with the fire of intuition,
Till the wicked little editor would shrink and wink his eye.

She could read a yarn of fiction, and detect a contradiction,
Could anatomize the author and his grammar both at once,
She could cast a deep indiction, and pronounce a malediction,
And proclaim the man who wrote it was a literary dunce.

She was a metallic scholar, she could spot a bogus dollar,
With a glance that makes a counterfeiter turn pale about the gills:

And so did John O'Leary, shortly after he did marry
The reader of his proofs and found he had to foot the bills.

She would sometimes go out shopping, and continue without stopping.

Till she found the latest head-gear that Paris had on view:
And O'Leary oft did wonder how in the name of thunder
He could meet the closing credit, for the bills were always due.

Her attire showed no traces of an economic basis,
"And John," she said, "was made to earn, while she was made to spend."
But the firm one day it busted, and John no more was trusted,
And when they came to square up things there was no dividend.

Well, the sequel was, of course, she applied for a divorce,
And she got it, on the ground that he his wife did not support,
While next day from Tipperary came a message to O'Leary,
Which read the same as follows: "From the Tipperary court,—

"Sir, your uncle had desired, that when he had expired
I should write and gently break the news to you, his nephew dear!

Now, don't feel over worried, for your uncle's dead and buried,
And he's left you a fine income of two thousand pounds a year."

WILLARD E. DERRY.

MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON ANNEXATION.

"INDEED, and I think that Mr. Mowat—I mean Sir Oliver—did quite right," said Mrs. Jimpsecute, "for a man has no business to speak in favor of annexation and anarchy and treason and try to make trouble in the country, for I was reading the other day how they used to cut people's heads off by thousands and millions in the French Revolution, and it's a shameful thing for anybody to try and encourage that sort of thing, which is always the other way when they have a republic, and I wonder that they didn't put Myers, or whatever his



WHY HE WAS LATE.

He had been attending a political meeting, and it was very late. He hoped that she had retired; but she hadn't. He had to invent some excuse, so he said:

"Sorry, my dear, I couldn't get a car before, they were so crowded."

"So the cars were full, too," was the quiet reply.—*Texas Siftings.*