



HE: *What was that loud cracking noise we just heard?*

SHE: *Why, Dr. Coorkitwell has been talking most assiduously to Miss Prymm for three-quarters of an hour—possibly she is beginning to unbend a little.*

LOVE'S STAGES.



WHEN pretty Mamie's soft red cheek
Was turned away in childish pet
Disconsolate I'd go and seek
The solace of a cigarette.

When Sylvia, Gwendolen and Kate,
Whose coquetries have left their scar,
Successively refused to mate,
I'd substitute a strong cigar.

Now maiden ladies look askance,
Both they and I are over-ripe,
Eliminating all romance,
I knock the ashes from my pipe.
J. F. S.

A BALTIMORE minister preached on the subject: "Why was Lazarus a beggar?"
We have not his answer at hand, but it probably was: "Because he begged."

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



'TIS ALMOST MORNING. I WOULD HAVE
THEE GONE.—*Romeo and Juliet*.