



A Confession.

He kissed her on the balcony—
It was a dreadful sin;
The roses tried their shame to hide,
Folding their blushes in!

He kissed her on the balcony—
The very moonbeams quivered;
While Mars turned red, Orion fled,
And Venus fairly shivered!

He kissed her on the balcony—
I thought to see her faint,
This modest maid with look so staid,
That I had dreamed a saint!

He kisssd her on the balcony—
Ah, how can I tell—alack!
The direful truth of woman's ruth—
I—saw—her—kiss—him—back!

—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Trust Principle.

It is easier to rob a million men of a dollar each, than to rob one man of a million.—*Life.*

"Mercy! where did you get all the books?"

"Why, I'm trying to read up a few of them so as to know what to take away to read when I leave for my summer vacation."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Bah Jove! All the girls around here smile at me."

"Well, that shows they have some manners. Anywhere else they would laugh outright."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Lone Arrival (at summer resort): "What are your terms here?"

Hotel Clerk: "Um—you will have to wait until the through express gets in. If it is loaded, our terms will be \$10 a day. If it is empty, we will pay you twenty-five cents an hour to sit on the porch and look happy."

—*New York Weekly.*

The *Living Church* quotes this extract from a Connecticut woman's diary, dated 1790: "We had roast pork for dinner, and Doctor S., who carved, held up a rib on his fork, and said: 'Here, ladies, is what Mother Eve was made of.' 'Yes,' said Sister Patty, 'and it's from very much the same kind of critter.'"—*Exchange.*

It was not long since the young women in the cataloguing department of the Astor Library were laughing at a beginner there who catalogued Greek roots "botany." But some of the mistakes made by beginners elsewhere are just as amusing. Many years ago a young woman who had not yet learned all the intricacies of her work was cataloguing a set of works under "mill." So she wrote:

"Mill on Liberty."

"Ditto on the Floss."

That is one of the historic mistakes that librarians quote, and a newer one is just as amusing. This was the result of a young librarian's inexperience, and read:

"Lead—See Metallurgy."

"Lead—Kindly Light."

"Lead—Poisoning."—*New York Sun.*

Husband: "I've been looking over your engagement book, dear."

Wife: "Well?"

"Can't you postpone that quarrel you are going to have with me to-morrow for another week?"—*Life.*

"There goes the most popular man in this town."

"That so? Did he make his money himself or inherit it?"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

If you can really know a man it means that he is so shallow he is not worth knowing.



Appreciation.

"You ought to 'ave seen me as 'Amlet. I 'ad the 'ole 'ouse in a roar."