

The Lost Chord.

Seated one day in my study,
I was anxious and ill at ease,
And I tapped at the window wildly
And I rattled a bunch of keys;
Unless I could manage to scare him,
All hope of repose was floored,
For, borne like a 'wail on an easterly
gale,'

I heard that dread "Lost Chord!"

I made ambiguous signals
That I wanted the tune to cease,
For I had some work to finish,
And he was a foe to peace;
But the grinder only answered
With a fixed demoniac grin,
And steadily turned the handle
And poured his distracting din.

I know not of what he was dreaming
As I softly stole aside,
And thoughtfully looked at a scuttle of
coals

And opened the window wide;
Though I judge from his satisfied simper
That his dreams were of anything but
Of a blackened mound and a muffled sound
And a window suddenly shut.

It may be they'll take the pieces
To his far Italian home,
And carve from his bones mosaical stones
To pave some palace at Rome;
Or if they don't—its the same to me,
But this I'm prepared to maintain,
That the "Chord" he started to play is
lost,
And will never be found again.

ASHES, NOT ROSES.

Oh! strew my path with ashes,
Not roses, do I pray,
Lest in successive crashes
My life I bump away.

Gashly.—Would you think of me if I
were 10,000 miles away?

His Fiancee (from Boston).—As the
maximum diameter of the earth is 8,000
miles, Clarence, your supposition is an im-
possible one.

Its the man who has no music in his
soul that is able to harp on the faults
of others.

Judge.—Prisoner, do you acknowledge
your guilt?

Prisoner.—No, my lord. The speech for
the defense has convinced me of my in-
nocence.

"Did Miggs write this poem during of-
fice hours?" "Yes, isn't it wonderful?"
"What did he get for it?"
"Bounced."



THE LAST WATCH OF HERO.—SIR F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P. R. A

"With aching heart she scanned the sea face dim.

Lo! at the turret's foot, his body lay,
Rolled on the stones and washed with breaking spray."

'Hero and Leander,' Musæus, translated by Edwin Arnold.

Florence.—Do you know anything about
swinging dumb-bells?

Charlie.—Well, I guess I do; I had to
dance four times with that horrid Miss
Flintly last night.

The Irish potato is going away up,
And don't seem the least bit abashed;
It has eyes for everyone coming its way,
But it isn't so easily mashed.

His life is one of faith and doubt—
He seldom cuts a dash,
And when he's "in" he's always "out"—
Especially of cash.

A difference between a knife-blade los-
ing its temper and a woman is that the
former becomes dull and the latter more
cutting.

No, Maud, dear, Joan of Arc was not
Noah's wife.

I don't think you look quite sober en-
ough in this picture; I—

He.—Holy Moses! I hadn't tasted a drop
for twelve hours.

We don't like icy sidewalks,
They keep us on our guard;
And so to show our sentiments
We sit down on them hard.

I saw her fall upon the ice,
All fluttering like a wounded dove,
I filled at once with sympathy
And I fell, too—in love.

Polish is a good thing in society, ex-
cept when its worn on the coat.

"Hey, Charlie, come in and have a
Welsh rabbit."

"No, thank you; I never eat meat on
Friday."