



HE : I DRANK SOME CHAMPAGNE, YOU KNOW, AND AFTER AWHILE IT WENT TO MY HEAD.

SHE : THAT WAS THE ONLY EMPTY PLACE LEFT, I SUPPOSE.

"I'M glad I wasn't no statesman in the old Roman days," said the statesman for revenue only. "The senatorial toga, I'm told, had no pockets."

ADVICE TO NED.

"IT is very delightful to love, we are told ;
But what can I do," said he,
"If the maiden I happen to love be cold,
And her people don't care for me?"

Well, among the first things I would recommend,
That bear on the subject at all,
Is to make her small brother your taffy-bought friend,
So he'll take himself off when you call.

And agree with her father's political views,
With her mother's religious belief ;
And you'll find their consent they will hardly refuse—

If your worldly goods be not too brief.

Then if while the sun shines you wish to make hay,
Let your visits be short, for you know
'Tis far wiser to go while she wants you to stay,
Than to stay till she wants you to go.

And if she be pretty, admire her great *mind*,
In pref'rence to praising her features.
If her common-place sayings quite witty you find,
You'll be held most far-seeing of creatures.

Other fellows have said she was lovely before,
But if you can persuade her she's *clever*,
You may show to your most hated rival the door,
And make her adore you forever.

But if she be plain, though possessed of some wit,
Let her know *you* consider her pretty ;
To say, softly, "your smile, dear with beauty is lit,"

Will go farther than crying "how witty!"

If you'd make a most lasting impression, dear Ned,

Dilate on her beauty and grace ;

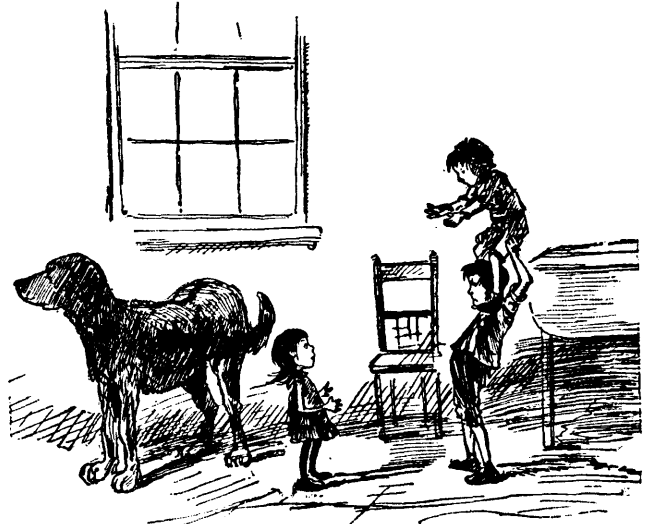
For she'd probably give all the sense in her head
For the nose on the pretty girl's face.

A. A.



MRS. HENN : WHY, MR. WEBB, YOU DON'T LOOK WELL !

MR. WEBB : I HAVE A VERY BAD SORE THROAT—WENT OUT IN THE RAIN THE OTHER DAY AND GOT MY FEET WET.



A PRIVATE REHEARSAL.

"TAKE THE DOG BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, NELLY, AND CLIMB UP!"