



A PUZZLE PICTURE.

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."—Find the young man.—*New York Press.*

Smiles.

Mrs. Plankington—Here is my new dress right, but where is the bill?
Boy—I couldn't carry both.

Miggles—This hat doesn't fit; it's away too big. Can anything be done to make it right?

Hatter—Yes, you try taking a couple of glasses of beer, one of whiskey, and several of champagne, and it will be just about your size.

Go to the ant, thou slugger,
Consider her modest way:
She toils and earns her living,
And hasn't a word to say.

And now the Easter bounnet joke
Will have to take a rest,
But the summer girl and bathing suit
Will soon be at their best.

The man who fights Corbett has almost
as poor a show as the man who goes to
see him act.

This difference still lingers
Among the women in all lands;
The rich ones ring their fingers
And the poor ones wring their hands!

An empty bottle as often brings a mes-
sage of a wreck on land as at sea.

The briny drops fall from her azure
i i i i i i i
He pauses as her deep distress he
c c c c c c c c c
"What crying, Lucy? Don't now—come ba
y y y y y y y
"Oh—oh—boohoo! I've lost—lost—my
e e e e e e e e e!"

Pete's Picture.

W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur',
He hed an agonizing look,
His neck was twisted in a crook
Jest like a bow-constrictor.
His hair was flying all about;
Besides his tongue wuz rollin' out.
Seems if his ears they flopped an' shook.
W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur'.

W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur',
He said that he proposed to look
Jest like them pictur's in a book—
Jest like a Roman victor.
But his ol' whiskers stood out straight.
So straight a forty-seven pound weight
Couldn't pull 'em down, an' there he set
With one eye open, t'other shet,
W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur'.

W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur',
He looked so despr'it and forsook,
He'd such a stranglin', chokin' look,
Jest like a bow-constrictor.
An' w'en the man showed him the proof,
I thought that Peter'd raise the roof.
He couldn't control himself at all,
But hed to sit right down and bawl,
W'en Peter hed his pictur' took,
W'en Peter hed his pictur'.

Ideal and Real.

He was a reader of Shakespeare,
And longing a poet to be,
She was a student at college,
In quest of an M. D. degree.
They stood in the pale, silent moonlight,
He holding her soft, dimpled hand;
A happier lover than he was
Sure, never lived in the land,
For she had just told him, the darling,
A secret he'd long sighed to know—
Ah, lady, you'll guess what the thing was,
That is, if you e'er had a beau—
"My loved one," he murmured in rapture,
With a fine touch of dramatic art,
"Are you sure that those words you have
uttered

Come straight from your warm, tender
heart?"

She answered—her full tones were sweet:
Thou creecendoes from nightingales'
tongues,

"Ha, ha! From my heart? How absurd,
dear!

The voice always comes from the lungs."

Jaspar—Bighead is a strange man for a
philosopher.

Jumpuppe—Indeed!

Jaspar—Yes, he said that all men are
merely animals, and yet got angry when
I called him an ass.



ANXIOUS NEWS.—GEO. MORTON.

Cassagnac's epigram—M. de Cassagnac
says of the new French cabinet: "It is
not a government, it is a salad."

"Yes," remarked the stranger to the
editor, "Yes, headwork is very trying, and
the man who makes his living by it needs
a vacation now and then." "Yes," said
the editor; "headwork is very trying. I
find it so—especially when the hours are
long." "How many hours a day do you
work?" asked the stranger. "Four,"
said the editor. "Gracious I work
ten." "Headwork?" "Yes, every bit of
it." "Newspaper or general literature?"
"Neither, I'm a barber." Then the editor
—for editors are not all wise—shut him-
self up as close as the umbrella which he
carried.

Gounod's new "Ave Maria". We are
soon, says the "London Court Journal,"
to have the pleasure of hearing the new
"Ave Maria," composed by Gounod, which
is said, if anything, to excel his classic
"Ave," which has so long delighted the
world. He stipulates that it shall be
first sung in London by a lady whom he
shall nominate. The oddity is that Ma-
dame Melba will be assigned the honor.

Stranger—Suppose a policeman exceeds
his authority and assaults reputable citi-
zens, what redress have you?

Mr. Gotham—Well, those of us who get
killed have the privilege of swearing at
him through a spiritual medium.

"Hello, Jones, taking anything for your
cold?"

"Yes, I'm taking whiskey and advice
every half hour."

He (gazing at her jewelless ears during
a temporary lull in the conversation)—
Why! Did you never have your ears bored?
She—Never, up to the present time.
St.—I wonder why parrots learn to
speak so easily?
He—I guess because they always have
such awful bills before them.