

THIS IS WHAT IS LIKELY TO HAPPEN NEXT SUMMER IF OUR ICE CROP IS AS REPORTED.



THE ENGAGED ONES.

SHE: *When we are married, sparrow mine, do you intend to make a wedding trip to Europe?*

HE (a widower, of course): *No my caramel, I shall take a trip by that railroad which has the most tunnels, so that ———!*

SHE (suffused with blushes): *Oh! sparrow mine!*

A REPETITION.

MY bondage of the past is broken,
I breathe the warm free air again,
I've seen thy face and thou' hast spoken,
Snapped are the links that made the chain.
The chain of years that held me fast
And bound me to that long ago;
That sad time when we parted last,
You answered me, "I do not know."

Six weary years since we had parted—
Again I sought thee yesterday,
I was not ever fickle-hearted,
Yet I disliked the long delay.
"Lovest thou me?" I asked once more,
And waited for thy answer low;
You spake the same words as before,
For you replied: "I do not—No."

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

GAZLEY: A great deal of fun is made of Delaware for retaining the whipping-post, but there is something patriotic about it.

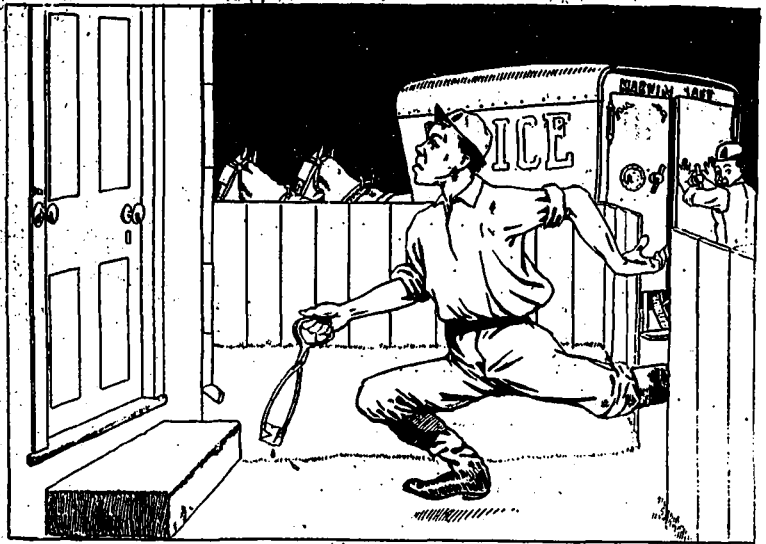
SNOOPER: Indeed! Please explain.

GAZLEY: Why, the culprit is made to see stars when the stripes are well laid on.

WASH LEE'S EVOLUTION.

MR. GOODHEART (to Chinese washerman): I was surprised, John, to see by the papers that one of your countrymen had been arrested for being drunk and disorderly on the street.

JOHN (proudly): Yese; allee samee Melican alderman.



BREATHLESS CUSTOMER: *where's my ice?*

ICEMAN (in disgust): *Yer too late, cully—Yer ice has melted.*

GILES: I hear you got your daughter off your hands at last.

JASPER: Yes; I have the pair on my hands now.