Confession.

"Tell me this," he softly murmured: 
"Do you love me true?"
And she answered, shyly blushing,
"Love you? Yes, I do."

Turning then his glance upon her, 
Solemnly and slow,
"Thanks," he answered absently,
"I only wished to know."

A smoke-stack — a bunch of cigarettes. — Ex.

A little boy who had been used to receive his elder brother's old toys and clothes recently remarked, "Ma, shall I have to marry his widow when he dies?" — Ex.

The election being over, the next great national question to be settled is, whether Yale can disable Princeton at foot-ball before Princeton can paralyze Yale. — Puck.

"What is more awful to contemplate," said a lecturer, glaring about him, "than the relentless power of the maelstrom?" And a henpecked-looking man in the rear of the building softly replied, "The female-strom." — Ex.

Servants' Suavity.

*Mistress.* "Bridget, I don't like the idea of having all those men down-stairs"

*Bridget.* "Divil a man here, mum; they all be gentlemens; but I will ax thim upstairs if ye loikes." — Puck.

Young Richling from the West. — "Is n't that young girl over there very much painted?"

Miss B., fresh from school. — "Pas-du-tout."


They were discussing their natatorial capacity.

"Swim? dive? Why, I can remain under water twenty minutes at a time."

"Only twenty minutes? Why, the other day I stayed under water a whole hour. To be sure, it was because I fell into a doze and overslept myself, but still —" (The other liar faints.) — French Joke.

*Mrs. Jackson.* — "Yes, since dem mis'ble Chineezerz hez come in, we poo' whites hez to scratch fur a livin'. An' do yo' know, Missus Mufy, my boy ez goes to school was tellin' me all the people in Chanee walked with th' heads down an' er feet up?" Mrs. Murphy — "Laws! yer dohn say. Oi knowed th' Chineezerz menz warre bad uns; but shure Oi thought th' ladies was mohr genteel 'n ter do that." — Life

"Hello, Smith!" said one enthusiastic sportsman, greeting another; "did you go quail shooting on the first?"

"You bet."

"Have good sport?"

"Well, I should say so; emptied three flasks myself."

"Emptyed three flasks of powder? By Jove!"

"No, not powder — whiskey." — Puck.