A WOMAN'S WAY.

"I love you no longer," the maiden cried;
He seemed in despair at the news.
She was a maiden youthful and fair,
While he stood six feet in his shoes.

"I love you no longer," she said once more,
(He looked the picture of woe,)
"Because, my dear, you're long enough now,"
"Over the hills they go."

—Yale Record.

Mrs. Badger: "So you are in favor of Home-
Rule, are you?"

Mr. Badger (behind his newspaper): "Y-e-s; it is a very good thing—in Ireland."—Puck.

Senior (asks Prof. a very profound question): Prof.: "Mr. W. a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer."
Senior: "Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."—Ex.

John: "An' what will you be doin', frind, after leaving college?"

Jones: "Well, John, you know there are always plenty of openings for a man of genius."
John (who doesn't see the connection): "Sure enough, sor; but what will you be doin', sor?"

—Lamponn.

A wheelman had called at a farmhouse for a glass of water, but the pretty farmer's daughter had offered him a glass of milk instead.

"Won't you have another glass," she asked, as he drained the tumbler with a sigh, and appeared to be taking in emptiness with both eyes.

"You are very good," he replied, "but I am afraid I shall rob you."

"Oh, no," with emphasis. "We have so much more than the family can use, that we're feeding it to the calves all the time!"—Boston Record.

At Harvard.—"Nice old gentleman was just bowed to you, Charley; is he a relative?"
"Oh, yes; he's a father of mine."—Boston Record.

Smith (to Brown, who is escorted by two police): "What's the matter, old man—under arrest?"

Brown: "No; I'm under protection. I'm out collecting money for a gas company."—Lammon.

TO DAISY (WITH A BUNCH OF ROSES.)

This humble offering which I send
May not unworthy be,
If it remind thee of a friend
Who oft remembers thee,
And roses seem an offering meet
For love to lay at Beauty's feet.
I know their splendor all will fade,
As moments glide away;
But what of that? They were but made
To blossom and decay,
Or wake, perchance, a passing sigh
For vanished hopes, and days gone by.

P. S.—The flowers will be sent later in the year, when the price comes down.—Lamponn.

"Father," said Rollo, "what is meant by the intoxication of wealth?"
"Means that money is tight," replied Rollo's father, who had been shinning around all the afternoon with a piece of paper looking for autograph.—Ex.

Little Johnnie (aged seven, to new clerk): "Didn't you say there was a place where we shall meet all our friends and relatives when we die?"

N. C.: "Yes, Johnnie, there is a heaven where we shall have life everlasting with our dead friends.
L. F. (thoughtfully): "By George, won't my dad have a hot time of it? He's been married seven times."

"Fire 97," said a busy hotel clerk to the new porter.

Presently the porter returned looking very much mussed up.

"I fired him, sir," he said, "but, begor, for jist wan blissed moment I thought he had me."—Life.