DANGER.

He: "You see, sailing as we are now, there is absolutely no danger; I am hugging the shore."
She: "Oh, how nice for the shore!"
(And yet we wonder at yachts capsizing.)

HE'S NOW SEARCHING FOR GOUR.
A young thing of about twenty-four,
Of the "genus homo" called bour —
Once threatened to guage
A Boston maid's auge,
And straightway was shown to the dour.

CALLING.
He called on a king in his young days,
And wondered at sights that he saw:
He called on two kings somewhat later,
To see what a crowd they would draw.
He called on three kings in his old age,
And promised with me to go snacks;
But now there is mourning in Gotham.—
For the other man called on four jacks.

TWO SHUTTERS.
1.
A ponderous, stifling mist pervades the air,
And deep the night,
While lamplights in each puddle flare
Reflected light.
For Luna and the rest since last eve's tear,
Combing the snarls from out their hair,
Have simply drawn the shutters tight.

2.
A lumbering Standard-cab tears through the mud,
In hasty flight,
Bearing debris of a would-be "Blood,"
A sorry wight!
Here curtains, too, obscure from gaze of all
The occupant curled in a ball
Behind the Hansom shutters "tight,"