SCENE:—ACORRIDOR IN THE WAYBACK HOTEL.

Landlord.—THAT’S YOUR ROOM.

Guest.—CALL ME TO-MORROW MORNING AT HALF-PAST SEVEN. I’LL LEAVE MY BOOTS OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO—

Landlord.—GOSH, YES—GO AHEAD; NOBODY’LL TECH ’EM!

THE REASON WHY.

On a blossom-strewn bank two lovers sat,
And gentle zephyrs murmuring low,
By contrast were fortissimo,
So very softly did they chat.

And now and then her laughter mellow,
Would ripple clear at some merry jest;
While she pelts him with blossoms with playful zest
He vows revenge, the audacious fellow.

Revenge he got; ’twas sweet, don’t you think?
The maiden blushed as maidens should,
Her handkerchief snatched as tho’ she would
Erase the kiss from her cheek’s soft pink.

“Why rub it off?” he asked in fun;
She pouted a bit and tossed her head,
Then with a smile she coyly said,
“Perhaps to make room for another one.”

—Record.

FOR LIFE.

We sat upon a rock,
Down on the sand,
And, in my most dramatic fashion,
I told her of my ardent passion,
And seized her hand;
Entreated her to be my wife,—
My dear companion, ever mine
For life.

She listened to my words
With thoughtful mien;
Then murmured softly, “How romantic!
An offer by the broad Atlantic,
A truly booky scene,—
‘His dear companion, loving wife!’—
(I really think I’ll write it out)
For Life!”

—Advocate.