She.— HAVE I MADE YOUR COFFEE RIGHT, DEAR?

He.— YES, LOVE— BUT I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE IT OWE ME MONEY.

She.— WHY NOT?

He.— BECAUSE I DON'T THINK IT WILL EVER SETTLE.

Put away the little criblets;
Don't destroy them, keep them all.
If you're flunked on any subject,
They may help you in the fall.

— Columbia Spectacle.

MISTAKEN.

But a moment ago, and those soft brown eyes,
With a flood of tenderness looked in mine.
Was I happy? Ah, yes; as you would be
Did ever those brown eyes look in thine.
But a moment, and now on another she smiles;
That tender glance is all for him.
She is fickle, you say. Why, no! don't you see,
I've handed her photograph over to Jim.

— Williams Weekly.

EXPERIENCE.

Some fellows like to write of getting left
Of girls who flirted, and then cast them by,—
Of when, love-lorn, they were of hope bereft;
But not so I.

Some fellows joke, in jovial sort of rhyme,
About their thoughts, in retrospective view
Of how they got left such and such a time,—
I seldom do.

The reason? If for reasons you will call,
Those men who treat such things as light as air,
Have never either loved or lost at all,
But I've been there.

— Williams Weekly.

A stopped-up geyser is an ex-spurt in its way.

— Ex.

A POEM IN BROWNINGESQUE.

Who, which, when the coming not mangled an apple,
But wildly she hissed, "Whoop-la, tra-la-loo!"
Augustus Ben Johnson the soup cannot foretell
Hell's damnable combobulation crushing,
Shrieks: Jack-pots-Alack-Ultimum-Esto—Farewell.

— Williams Weekly.

"Do you keep bees?" asked the summer
boarder of the housekeeper; "I do so love the
little things." "No, we don't keep bees. Guess
you must have heard pa gargling his throat in
the woodshed." — Tid-bits.

A compositor on a morning paper is supposed
to have died a violent death on Easter Monday.
The editor wrote, "Old Gifts in New Lights," and it appeared in print, "Old Girls in New
Tights." — Truth.

"Judge," said the saloon-keeper, who was up
on the charge of wife-beating, "they ain't got
no right to 'rest me for hitting my wife." "What's
the reason they haven't?" "Cos I've got a lick'er
license." Then he got the limit.— Washington
Critic.

"Speaking about the artist who painted fruit
so naturally that the birds came and pecked at
it," said the fat reporter, "I drew a hen that was
so true to life, that after the sage threw it into the
waste-basket it lay there." — Peabody Reporter.