We claim the $5.00.

An Altered Case.

Only a letter, large and square,
Written him by a lady fair
Whom he had seen in a public square,
And with whom he had flirted.

Only throbs of glad surprise
From a heart near which the letter lies;
Oh for some corner in the skies
In which to read this missive!

Only a shriek of wrath and fright,
As he reads: “Dear Georgie, cawl too Nite,
The Kitching Dore—Twill bee awl Rite—
Yur luving freend, Maria.”

Williams Weekly.

At the Play.

New York aunt (when the curtain falls):
Come, child. Don’t you see they are married,
and everything is settled?

Chicago niece: But, aunty, wait a few minutes
for the divorce, can’t you?—Town Topics.

A giddy young girl of Dubuque
When her father tried to rebuque
Her for dressing decollete,
Said, say what you me
I shall have my own we,
And at once his hearth she forsue.

—Ex.