Brozn: "By Jove! Smif, you don't know how warm you are in here; why, it's like an oven."

Smif: "That's all right, old man. This is where I make my bread."

The Sweethearts.

Over the meadow and down by the stile,
Where fire-flies dance as their lamps they trim,
The night-bird singing his song the while,
She watches and waits for him.
The moon on her fair, sweet face looks down;
The night is so calm, and the air so still,
She hears far off toward the distant town
The note of the whip-poor-will.

Over the meadow and down by the stile,
Her sweetheart comes to the trysting-place,
And, softly humming a song the while,
He kisses her blushing face.
Afar in the sky the stars shine bright,
About them the fairies weave their spell,
While eyes that are filled with a tender light
The old, old story tell.

Over the meadow and down by the stile,
Roses with fragrance are filling the air;
Somebody's fingers caressing the while
A maiden's sunny hair.
Oh, what can be sweeter than Love's young dreams!
Oh, what can be fairer than summer skies!
Yet brighter than all to a lover seems
The blue of his sweetheart's eyes.

—Yale Record.

The humorist who said the Potomac was running for Congress, was little familiar with popular Congressional beverages.—Life.

"I wish it would stop raining," sighed a St. Petersburgh gentleman; and he was promptly arrested for having referred to the Czar as "it."

—Ex.