BELIEVING IN A PROPER SUPPORT OF BASEBALL, OUR ARCHITECTS AT PRESENT DEVOTE THEIR IDLE HOURS TO PRACTICING THE NATIONAL GAME IN AN AMATEURISH SORT OF A WAY.

She poured his coffee with extra care And carried it to his plate; She stood beside him and smoothed his hair And talked to him while he ate.

She jumped to help him on with his coat And gave him a loving pat; She tied a kerchief around his throat And carefully brushed his hat.

He smiled to himself, for, although they Had been married but a year, He knew the signs, so he paused to say, “What is it you want, my dear?”

She blushed a little and hung her head, Pouted a moment or so, Then “Only a sealskin coat,” she said; “A nice long one, dear, you know.”

—San Francisco Call.

“HER SOUVENIR.”

“I was looking over my desk last night,” She sighed, and twisted a sparkling ring On her slender hand. “It is foolish quite To keep past records. They only bring

“Regrets and thoughts that we might have done More wisely—better in every way— If we’d had the knowledge we since have won; But yesterday never can be today.”

“Too true,” I said; “saddest tears are spent Over rhymes and love-letters.” “Oh, my dear, I didn’t mean those things! I only meant The bills for the dresses I bought last year.” —Judge.

Some men never like to be alone. Because a man is judged by his company, you know.—Yonkers Statesman.