I stole a wee kiss—
I shall ne'er steal another.
In a transport of bliss
I stole a wee kiss;
But the pretty young miss
Had a pretty big brother.
I stole a wee kiss—
I shall ne'er steal another.

"Say," said the hotel-keeper to the reporter, "if there's one thing I do get tired of, it's the way people have of telling me how to run a hotel. One fellow says I ought to do this, and another says I ought to do that. By the way, it's a wonder to me you fellows don't write that kind of people up. It's just the thing you ought to do. If I was running a newspaper you bet I'd—what are you grinning at, I'd like to know?"

Johnny: "Say, pa, are you in favor of the Bible in the public schools?"
Father: "Of course. Why do you ask?"
"Nothin'; only I noticed you never have one in the house."

"Delightful air up here, Miss Ancient."
"Yes, indeed; so embracing."

WAY OF THE RENTED WORLD.

Bollingsby: "Who was that fine-looking man you brushed against so unceremoniously?"
Widdener: "Oh! that was the owner of the building."
Bollingsby: "And that little weazened-up wretch you took your hat off to?"
Widdener: "S-sh! That was the janitor."
"Are you feeling better this morning, Uncle Henry?"
"Yes, Angie, dear."
"You'll soon be well now, won't you, Uncle Henry?"
"I don't know, dear; I may never get up again. Uncle Henry is a very sick man."
"Oh, yes! I know; but you'll soon get well. I heard the doctor tell pa this morning that all the doctors in America couldn't kill as mean a man as you." (Uncle Henry rallies, and is well enough the next time the doctor calls to get his head under the sofa, and maul him till the police break into the room. The diagnosis was correct.)