RIGHT IN HIS SPHERE.

JOHNNY—Hello, Chinnie. Whaever know?
JIMMY—Nuffin.
JOHNNY—You oughter get a job in the Information Bureau at the Post Office.

My Sweetheart.

Sweetheart, it makes me half afraid
My happiness to name,
To think that I am loved by maid
With such a perfect frame.

Your gear, dear one, is perfect, too!
With such adjustment nice
No hill so steep but that we two
Can climb it in a trice!

It makes my heart a captive grow
In sprocket chains so fine.
And I'm convinced that that is no
Enamelling like thine.

Although about you there are cranks,
No jealousies I trace.
I know that they can play no pranks,
For you'll keep them in place.

And yet doth thought my quiet mar
Can make me sad indeed
I tremble when I think you are
But six months guaranteed.

SAFE AT LAST.

"There are no streets closed to me any more where I live."
"Ah! Paid all your debts?"
"No. I search through them on a bike now."

Some Consolation.

The usual casualties occurred at our picnic. The custard pie evinced its affinity for the seat of the newest and lightest pair of trousers, the salt had been forgotten, the hard-boiled eggs belied themselves, the pickles had burst from their narrow cell and introduced themselves to the sandwiches and cake, the only cake that escaped—my favorite chocolate—was ground beneath the iron heel of the oppressor man, the knives had been forgotten, the cold chicken was resolved to maintain its units, the ants, the bugs and the caterpillars displayed their usual affectionate dispositions, the olives—I'm especially fond of olives—had been forgotten, a sudden thunder storm deluged us, and, in short, it was a genuine old-fashioned picnic. And everybody enjoyed it, save, perhaps, him of the newest and lightest trousers.

But it was more. It was the brilliant setting of the most romantic episode of my whole life. For romance I have habitually proposed to my affianced one, and she as habitually refuses me. Still I persevere in hope that in some moment of pique or impatience Miss Daisy Daily may accept me. Our picnic afforded me innumerable opportunities, which you may be sure I did not let slip, but Miss Daily preserved her good humor and patience, and I was fast sinking, like an anti-lean skylark, into despair. Thus stood matters at 4 p. m.

"My," exclaimed Miss Daily at 4:03 p. m., "but I'm hungry! I'd give anything for a sandwich!"

I realized my chance. I had not anticipated this opening, but I had my own sufferings, and consequently I had confiscated and concealed a couple of the least dishevelled and pickle-persecuted sandwiches. These I, after a momentary mental struggle, produced, resolved upon sacrificing myself to my love.

"Miss Daily—Daisy, behold!" I cried.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Miss Daily, seizing and ravenously devouring them.

"And your promise," I said, rejoicing in my triumph. "In exchange I demand you yourself."

"Do you mean to call me a thing?" demanded Miss Daily frigidly.

"Of course not," I emphatically denied, not seeing her drift.

"Well, I promised to give you 'any thing'," exclaimed Miss Daily demurely.

Once more I was baffled, but it was terribly romantic, wasn't it?

What She Said.

LAWYER—You say that you were the first man to reach her after her husband cut her throat?

WITNESS—Yes.

LAWYER—Tell the jury what happened.

WITNESS—Well, her neck was covered with cloth and she was weeping loudly.

LAWYER—What did she say?

WITNESS—She said, "Oh, my poor old husband!"

MERCUTIO—You know Winger was an "angel," and he married a fairy in his comic opera company, and what do you suppose that's doing now?
ROMEO—Give it up.
MERCUTIO—A little devil.

The Unsophisticated Maiden.

"Ah!" exclaimed Onnizzuppers, prospecting for a promising looking place to ask for a hand-out, "that's a single, sympathetic looking rural maiden in that yard over there. Her hair's a little red and her nose looks upward somewhat, but she is unsophisticated and must be kind. I will touch her for a loan. Good morning, lady. Fine morning!"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the unsophisticated rural maiden. "It's right warm."

Onnizzuppers had to catch his breath, but he returned to the charge.

"Lady, you see before you—"

"Sure, Mike!" announced the rural maiden. "So I do. I have seen before me all my life. How few there are who can see behind a cloud."

Onnizzuppers was chagrined, but he persisted deprecatingly.

"Only once—" asked the maiden, in a tone that implied doubt. "Well, you're less lucky. And that cake—how long was you in for?"

Onnizzuppers should have passed on his way then, but he felt that he must defend himself, and he said pitiously:

"Oh, lady! Can you not feel?"

"Well, you bet your life I can feel," exclaimed the rustic damsel, tossing her red head. "And if I could see behind me and could reach it I'd be feeling for something new. It's in the bureau drawer, and every cartridge is loaded."

Now Onnizzuppers was indignant.

"Young woman," he exclaimed, moving away, "you misunderstand me! Good day!"

"Stay one moment!" the maiden said. "Of course you have seen better days."

"Lady," replied Onnizzuppers, pausing hopefully, "I say nothing."

"You say nothing!" exclaimed the unsophisticated girl. "That's the new wood! Come with me."

She reached to grasp Onnizzuppers by his arm, but he broke away and hurried on. Meeting a citizen, he said to him:

"Who is that red-headed, up-to-snuff young person in that house yonder?"

"Her?" replied the citizen. "That's Sally Snapquick, of the play actor team of Snapquick and Gleareshance, repartee comedians. She's boarding at her place for the Summer."

And Onnizzuppers went sadly on.

The Inquiring Mind.

JOHNNY—Say, pa, I want to ask you a question.

MR. BYRD—Well now, I don't know why the moon doesn't sometimes come in the fall, or why the grind-organ doesn't play on Sunday, whether, if the almanac makers should leave out the month of August, the corn crop would be ruined by September frosts. But go ahead.

JOHNNY—Why, pa, I only wanted to know how it comes that no one but children die in summer.

THE NEWEST PLAGUE.