

W O O L I S H E S S

All Was Not Lost.

"You be mine?"  
 "Madeline Campagne spoke she looked up at the strikingly handsome man at the door, whose face showed but too plainly the face of many conflicting emotions.  
 "Be mine—Madeline," he replied, his rich tremulousness with fervor, "you know not what I mean. Believe me, it cannot be. We have been together since childhood, and as far back as I can remember I have always looked up to you with respect, the admiration which your wonderful personality, your strength of character, your readiness of purpose, cannot fail to inspire in the hearts of all who know you. I shall never forget you gave me my first lesson on the subject of love with what tender care you held me on, and your burning zeal, until I had mastered it; nor can I ever forget on in life, you instilled into my mind the principles of political economy and laid the foundation of that interest in my country which I now have in my country."  
 "Madeline," which without your fostering care would not have been. If the respect, the admiration for you could breed love in my heart, it would not then be wanting, but I know that to love you in the way a man should love his wife would be impossible. I can only love you as I feel I cannot love you. Believe me, Madeline, it is better so. I cannot love you, I shall always be your devoted friend."  
 "What as she inquired:  
 "You will be my friend?"  
 "Always. You can count on me."  
 "I," said his companion, her face lighting up with interest, as she grasped him firmly by the hand, as if she sought by so doing to bind him to his vow, "tell me, dearest, will you always be my friend?"

PADEREWSKI'S REVENGE.



1—The organ grinder outside nearly drives him to distraction.

2—With a mad rush he pushes the piano to the window.



3—plays a few measures of Wagner.

4—and the organ grinder flees for his life.



He Got Even With

This is a strange story. It has the further merit of being true.  
 John was a self-willed young man. To fall in securing what he wanted was a source of great mortification to him.  
 He chafed at fate. John loved Laura. Laura was a young woman who could never marry a man she did not love. Laura did not love John. When he pressed his suit she told him so. He chafed at fate. "Be mine," he urged, gradually losing his temper. "Never," said Laura, and refused to listen to his pleading. He became indignant. He chafed at fate. "Is this your final answer?" he thundered, his face very red. "It is," she replied disdainfully. John was terribly incensed. Lifting his foot, he gave her an angry kick. "Take that, then!" he growled savagely at the house. Thus he was partly revenged.



Parted by Divorce.

PIE—Ned and Maud became engaged last year, did they not?  
 YL—Yes. But they were parted by divorce.  
 PIE—Oh, I did not know they married.  
 YL—They didn't. It was somebody else's daughter.

A Round Robin.

"You must call on my guest, Miss Carroll, she is a nightingale."  
 "Thank you, I will call some morning."

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

GRAND PRIZE FIGHT  
 CHAMPIONSHIP



MOSELEY WRAGGS—Do you think it's so that every man has iron in his blood?  
 TUFFOLD NUTT—Course 'tis.  
 MOSELEY WRAGGS—Then it must be scrap iron that Sharkey has in his blood.

In the Twilight.

It was twilight—the lover's hour. All, mon Dieu! how glorious, unspeakably beautiful! Could any but soft sighs and gentle murmurings of love pass human lips at such a divine moment as this? Never!  
 They sat alone, after the manner of gods or men, archangels and beasts under similar circumstances.  
 Her head was upon his manly bosom, and with his proud hand he was stroking the wavy tresses, which shimmered like burnished gold in the light of the dying day as it threw expiring gleams through the stained-glass windows beyond the

Instead of Ice Baths.

RADBURN—That is a splendid idea they have for the hospitals next Summer.  
 CHESNEY—What is it?  
 RADBURN—They are going to hire Boston girls to nurse the patients overcome by heat.

During a Hot Summer.

HE—Even in the case of Eve, the fall came after a Summer flirtation.  
 SHE—How do you know?  
 HE—By the seasonable costume she wore.

COULDN'T SEE IT.



little bower of palms where they sat ensconced like fairies in ancient legend.  
 "Dearest," he murmured softly, repressing a quick swelling in his bosom, for a sudden thought had illumined the depths of his soul like a revelation—"dearest, what is the key to these golden locks?"  
 For a moment there was a deep silence, broken only by faint breathings of the violent-scented air, and then the fair maiden upraised a little, so that she might whisper into his eager ear, and with trembling confidence the answer came like a precious secret from another world: "Peroxide, darling!" she murmured, and fell back half swooning upon his heaveless bosom.  
 And from that moment he was convinced that the gold standard was a delusion and a snare.

At the Club.

HISLEIGH—Have heard the news? Count Jiblets has gone before.  
 MAGBY—What! Is he dead?  
 HISLEIGH—Oh, no; merely gone before the Sheriff could collar him for a board bill.

Positive Proof.

HOJACK—Is it true that the Ten-spots have inherited a fortune?  
 TOMDIK—It must be. Several of the family have had hay fever this year for the first time in their lives.

He Got the Edge.

MILLIE—Why have you been drinking?  
 LEAVITT—Because you never will let me say anything.  
 MILLIE—Do you think drinking will improve matters?  
 LEAVITT—Yes; I shall be able to get a word in edgeways.

While women are what men make them, men are what women let them be.

"Miss Shapeleigh has a beautiful bathing suit. Has she—er—got it on?"

THE DARK AGES.

