

They Reciprocated.

They stood at the front door. It was about 10:30. The stars glimmered faintly in the cloudless heaven, and the moonlight was sifted lightly through the vines and lay on the piazza at their feet like an opal dream, or something of that kind. No bird sang in the pulseless trees because birds don't sing at night, as a general thing, and besides, if they did, they would not do any singing to speak of at that time of the year. The brook that babbled through the meadow hard by could be heard getting off its so-called interlude between banks that according to poets, must have been sighing for the flowers to hurry up and fringe it like a lot of real lace.

"It will soon be golden summer, won't it, George?"

"Yes, I suppose it will," replied George: "I suppose it will. According to the almanacs, I think it sets in about June the first. Very shortly we shall see the orchards one grand sea of snowy blossoms, and the robin will sing his little song on the bough of the apple-tree, and dart through the opening flowers and get himself all soaked with dew."

"And we shall often linger at the gate, eh?" suggested the fair creature.

"Oh, yes, we shall linger at the gate and hang across it, and swing idly to and fro on it to the measure of a dreamy waltz, and we shall be so happy that not even the mosquito will make himself felt."

"And shall we go sailing much?"

"Of course we shall. I have got a flat-bottomed boat which I have just had painted green and named after you. I shall take you sailing every day, and row you round among the sleeping lilies until there isn't skin enough left on the palms of my hands to make a blister of."

"Do you like to go out with me?"

"Very much indeed, because I am so proud of you. I should be far happier with you at a circus or a third-rate traveling minstrel show than with any one else at the grand opera. I should be happier drinking lemonade with you than champagne with any other girl on the face of the earth. Peanuts and water with you would be better than filberts and Tokay with the wealthiest princess in the world."

"Do you really mean it, George?"

As she asked this question there was a slight tremor in her voice, and her words were as hot as fried oysters when you have but two minutes to eat them.

"Of course I mean every word I say."

"And do you really think more of me than any other girl?"

"I swear it."

At this moment she clutched nervously at the two-cent jackrose at her breast, and it fell on the stoop at her feet. In an instant he made a grab at it, and the long unearthly rip that followed showed that his enthusiasm had caused him to sacrifice a couple of suspender buttons. Nothing daunted, he handed back the rose, and she said:

"I also think more of you than any other being on earth."

"You do?"

"Most emphatically I do," she replied, in words that came from the inner recesses of her pure, immaculate soul. "No one shall ever come between us to blast this deathless blossom of love. I should be happy and contented with you in East Newark."

"What?" he gasped.

"I could be happy and contented with you in East Newark," she repeated.

"Then I know you must love me!"

And reaching down he drew a solitary diamond ring out of his boot, and placed it on her taper snowy finger, kissed her seventeen good-nights, and fed down the garden path with alacrity of the antelope.—Puck.

For twenty-eight years John Lolo has been the sawdust comedian of the Robinson show, and without him in the ring even a preliminary rehearsal must seem a failure. John was just awakening from his long winter's sleep, and had hurried down from his Cleveland home with his pockets full of "chestnuts," ready for the summer campaign. Lolo always appears sorrowful in pants, and a wet chicken under the dripping eaves of a mule barn never looked more doleful than he last night.

"New jokes plenty for this season, John," began the news man. "Been studying up on floods and riots, I suppose, during the winter, and are now ready to knock the spots out of Joe Miller and those other phunny phellows, hey?"

"No," replied Lolo, "no," and his eyes rolled slowly, like those of a dying calf. "No, I never told but one new joke in my life. That was in '56

and some of the listeners are not done weeping yet. No, I determined then that if I could escape from that town with my life I would never repeat the experiment again, and I have kept my word. New jokes are a failure."

"How have you spent the tedious hours of the winter, then," asked the scribe.

"Speculating in wheat," replied this mournful merry man.

"Speculating?"

"Yes. I bought at 97 cents and closed out at 79 cents."

"Indeed. How much of a load did you have?"

"Only one bushel," replied John, and he shrank within the creases of his ulster, leaving the scribe on the outside, wondering whether John had really forgotten his vow, and been guilty of an attempt at wit.

"There," she said, as she raised a window in a Pullman car the other day; "now I can breathe. The air in this car is stifling. Why don't they have better ventilation? If I couldn't sit next to an open window, I believe I should die."

Presently a slender female, sitting directly back, leaned over and asked her if she would not just as lieve close that window now, as the draft was more than she could stand.

"No, madam, I shall not close this window. I could not live with it down. I was just thinking how delightful it is with it open; now you want it shut, but I shall not shut it; so there."

"Then you are a selfish thing, and I shall have to change my seat."

Just then a gentleman, sitting close by, reached over and said, "Ladies, that window being raised makes no difference, as this car has double windows, and not a breath of air can possibly get through the one that is still down."

The one that had raised the window turned to the other, and with a crushed look on her face, said, "Madam, I beg your pardon, but I think two fools have met at last."

General Forrest was once approached by an Arkansaw man, who asked: "General, when do you reckon we're goin' to git something to eat?"

"Eat," exclaimed the general; did you join the army merely to get something to eat?"

"Wall, that's about the size of it."

"Here," calling an officer, "give this man something to eat and then have him shot."

The officer understood the joke and replied:

"All right, general."

The Arkansaw man, exhibiting no alarm, said:

"Bile me a ham, cap'n, stew up a couple o' chickens, bake two or three hoe-cakes, fetch a gallon o' so o' buttermilk, and load yer guns. With such inducements the man what would n't be willin' to die is a blame fool."

A hearty meal was prepared for the soldier but he still lives.

The other morning a sad looking citizen walked into the office of Wells & Fargo's express and began solemnly doing up in a package a battered looking silver dollar. Having accomplished this, he passed the inclosure over to the clerk and said:

"I found this dollar on Market street last night and I wish you'd address it to Adeline Patti, New York."

"Think she lost it, eh?"

"Think?" said the man in a surprised voice, "why, of course. So far as I can learn it is the only dollar left in San Francisco, and, of course, it must have been dropped by her. Send it along, please, and you'll have to collect the charges at the other end. I haven't got a cent."

And there wasn't a man in the house but was as dry as the citizen who walked off to keep an engagement with the Bankruptcy Commissioner.—San Francisco Post.

The man who wanted to rent a house in the Bowery, New York, went all over the building and examined it carefully. He did not like it, so he said to the landlord:

"The house is out of repair, and I don't like it at all. It is infested with rats and cockroaches."

"I know all that; but it has advantages that outweigh all the cockroaches."

"What are they?"

The landlord took the prospective tenant aside and whispered:

"You can make any quantity of money by keeping a gambling shop up stairs. You will never be pulled, for my brother-in-law is a police captain."

The tenant shook his head and replied:

"It's the Roosevelt Committee and Anthony Comstock you need for a brother-in-law just at this crisis. If it were not for them you would be running a policy shop in there yourself."

REMEMBER that this is the only show having on exhibition the statesman who has gone out of politics, the Ohio man without an office and the original Garfield man; that we have here in a glawse case the reformer who is working the reform act without a salary and the private watchman standing wide awake on duty; we have here a church choir singing and living in perfect harmony, not having quarreled during the past fifteen minutes; here we have an actress with but one husband, her own and only; also will arrive per next steamer, consigned to this show, an English nobleman who has not proposed to Mary Anderson, the only living specimen on the face of the globe, and all spread out before your wondering eyes for the small sum of a quatovdollar.—Hawkeye.

I DON'T think a septuagenarian is the proper man to elect president," said a republican. "Who are you talking about?" asked a democrat.

"Why, Tilden of course." "Now look-a-here," said the democrat, "you republicans are always getting up stories about Tilden. Of course, every man has his faults and has committed some slips in life, but I'll be doggoned if you can cram it down me that Tilden was ever a septu—what do you call it?" "A septuagenarian." "Yes a septuagenarian. No, sir; you can't stuff that down me. Mr. Tilden, sir, is not that kind of a man."—San Francisco Post.

I FEEL it my duty to inform you," he began as he met a bank president on the street, "that your cashier is—ah—that is, he gambles. Yes, sir, he frequents faro rooms, sir."

"Just heard all about it half an hour ago."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir. Cashier came in and informed me that he won \$12,000 and broke a faro bank last night. He buys \$10,000 of our stock at par, gets a vacation for four weeks, and will hereafter confine his attentions to draw poker. Come in and see us when you want a shave!"—Wall Street News.

FIRST western desperado—"Well, did you kill old Col. Rich?"

Second desperado—"Yes, I fitched him."

"How did you do it?"

"I found him riding on his horse along a lonely road and had plenty of time to aim."

"But where is his horse?"

"I did not touch that."

"Did not take the horse?"

"Certainly not. In this section they will hang a man for stealing a horse."—Philadelphia Call.

The car was crowded, but it stopped to take on a lady. She had scarcely squeezed her way in when a man squeezed his way out, and when he reached the platform he growled:

"Here's a fair sample of the hog-gishness of the men in Detroit."

"How so?"

"Why the selfish wretches sat there and made me give up my seat to my own wife."

"JOHN," said the butter dealer, "always put in a couple of sheets of paper when you weigh. Customers will think you neat and cleanly in your business. They don't like to have their butter slopped into a scale that, for all the know, has never been washed. And besides, there's a good profit in buying at a half a cent a pound and selling it for thirty-five or forty."—Ex.

"I don't see why you are so particular about your hair," said a churlish husband. "I don't suppose Eve ever wore bangs."

"I don't suppose she did," replied the wife, with a quiet smile, "but then there was nobody in the world but her husband to admire her."

The husband became very thoughtful.—Ex.

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