

THE SAN ANTONIO LIGHT SUPPLEMENT.

San Antonio, Texas, Saturday, June 16, 1883.

The Duds.

A lah-lah-lah young man,
A fah-lah-lah young man,
An almost new
And utterly too,
A tra-la-la young man.
He thought he'd go and see
The world so wide and free,
If anything was good enough for him:
He climbed the Himalay,
He tramped through Africa,
But everything was far too rough for him.

A tall, ascetic young man,
An utterly sweet young man;
A great swell-head,
An utter brud,
A finished quite complete young man.

He quizzed the Continent:
In eighty days he went
Around the world to show what he could do,
He said with all his force:
"The world was all too coarse
And nothing did what it was meant to do."

A Roman nose young man,
A tooth-pick toes young man,
Who sucked his cane
To soothe his brain—
A tight-fit clothes young man!

The men all fell for him,
The girls all kneel to him.
The dear mammae look eagerly his way!
But he will take his chance,
And he will dance his dance,
For every dog is bound to have his day.

An eye-glass quiz young man,
A "perhaps it's" young man,
A perfumed dear
From ear to ear—
Do you know who it is, young man?

—[Mary Prentis.

Revised Umbrella Flirtation.

The following is the text of the revised umbrella flirtation: "To leave your umbrella in the hall means 'I don't want it any more.' To purchase an umbrella means 'I am a bit smart, but honest.' To trail your umbrella on the sidewalk means 'that the men behind you thirst for your blood.'" To lend an umbrella indicates that "I am a fool." To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a silk one means that "Exchange is no robbery." To urge a friend to take an umbrella, saying, "Oh, do take it; I'd much rather you would than not," signifies that you are lying. To return an umbrella means— never mind what it means. No one ever does that.

Two Negatives.

"I don't love you, and I won't marry you," she said to him in a pet.

"Two negatives make an affirmative; my dear, let's go and see the parson," he answered quietly.

She went.

Opening a Car Window for a pretty girl.

Maybe a man feels happy and proud and flattered, and envied, and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window of a railway car, and he jumps up and gets ahead of the other boys, and says, "Allow me!" oh, so courteously, and she says, "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of her seat and tackles the window in a knowing way with one hand, if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist. But it kind of holds on, and he takes hold with both hands, but it sort of don't go to any alarming extent, and he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle "a little closer into place," and then he comes around and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance, and he grapples that window, and bows up his back, and tugs and pulls and sweats and grunts and strains, and his hat falls off, and his suspender buttons fetch loose, and his vest button parts, and his face gets red, and his feet slip, and people laugh, and irreverent young men in remote seats grunt and groan every time he lifts, and cry out, "Now then, all together," as if in mockery, and he bursts his collar at the forward button, and the pretty young lady, vexed at having been made so conspicuous, says in her iciest manner, "Oh, never mind—thank you, it doesn't make any difference," and calmly goes away and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself together and reads a book upside down—oh, doesn't he feel good just then! Maybe he isn't happy. But if you think he isn't don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't want it.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

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SLIGHTLY MIXED.

The scene is the office of a Denver silver mining company. Enter the present wearing puzzled expression of countenance.

Secretary.—"Anything new this morning?"
President (confidentially).—"Say, I was a little off last night."

"Yes."
"And I'm a little mixed this morning. Do we declare a dividend of 20 cents per share to-day?"

"Oh, no, sir. We declare an assessment of 40 per cent. per share instead."

"Ah—exactly. Well, that's better—a great deal better. Young man, let my case be a warning to you never to touch whisky. I come mighty near telling old Peters that we should declare a dividend!"—[Wall Street News.

That Freckled-Faced Girl.

"Ma's up stairs changing her dress," said the freckled-faced girl, tying her doll's bonnet-strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the Missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every-day clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"O, but she has n't got on her every-day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma don't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'The Dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for more money to buy hymn-book to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says that's all the good books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little child, what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Slider-back's when he says amen on Sundays. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick; he's been out west and swears awfully and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to. Ma's happy on that old dress she had last year 'cause she said she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a muff worse than the queen of the cannon ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter go to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natts would be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry 'nuff to eat you, less it was a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awfully funny, and he makes pa and ma die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a base depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out west, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for a little girl like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your good clothes with missionary money? Pa says you do."

Just then the freckled-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma can't understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmonds and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip.

He Couldn't Smile.

His boots want half-soleing, he is out of tooth powder, his umbrella looks like an enlarged window ventilator, he lives in lodgings and he is running short of coal—and the girl, whose heart in conjunction with his, beats as one will send him a green velvet smoking-cap embroidered with pink chenille. And he doesn't smoke.—[Puck.