

## A WOMAN'S WAIL.

Why do I wear a veil?  
 'Tis of no use,  
 'Tis always fetching loose,  
 A plaything of the winds, that takes delight  
 In ever being wrong and never right.  
 Though of my costume 'tis a chief detail,  
 It makes me fret and fume and fuss and rail  
 This veil  
 I cannot get it off when it is on,  
 And once I doff it, then I cannot don.  
 Why do I wear it? 'Tis a nuisance great,  
 And an expense  
 Immense!  
 This wretched, flimsy veil!  
 It is so frail,  
 To-day I buy a new one, and, behold,  
 To-morrow it is old!  
 Forth to the shops then angrily I hie  
 Another veil to buy.  
 On every side I see rare bargain sales,  
 But not of veils.  
 And so I pay an awful price,  
 For I must have it nice:  
 With knots,  
 Or Spots,  
 Or tiny polka dots;  
 Or simple plain illusion But of such  
 I buy six times as much.  
 And so  
 You know,  
 The cost is just as great.  
 Oh, how I hate  
 A veil  
 Do you suppose  
 I like to feel it rubbing 'gainst my nose?  
 Forever catching on my eyelash tips,  
 Perseverently adhering to my lips,  
 The while the ill-dyed blackness of its lace  
 Makes grimy smudges on my face.  
 Or if the veil be white,  
 Itself it smudges till it is a sight!  
 Why do I wear it?  
 Why?  
 It is a crime thus daily to enwrap  
 One's self in such a microbe-trap!  
 Death and disease lay hidden in its curves.  
 A pest! A ban! A blot upon our sex,  
 Just made to vex  
 And burden woman's overburdened nerves.  
 Oh, Fashion, hear my wail!  
 Or is my plea to let me go without a veil  
 Without avail?  
 —Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Bazar.

## MOTH DESTROYER.

A Peculiar Plant in New Zealand  
 Does It.

A plant is cultivated in New Zealand with great care and on a great scale which has the singular property of destroying the moths that infest vegetation, says Cosmos. This valuable plant is the *auguria albens*. It is a native of South Africa, but is easily acclimated wherever there is a frost. It produces a large number of whitish flowers of an agreeable odor, which attracts insects. On a summer evening may be seen bushes of *auragia* covered with moths, which by the following morning have quite disappeared. The action of the flower is entirely mechanical. The calyx is deep and the nectar is placed in its base. Attracted by the slight and powerful perfume of the nectar, the moth penetrates into the calyx and pushes forward its proboscis to get the precious food, but before it is able to do this it is seized between two solid jaws that guard the passage and that keep the insect a prisoner until it dies.

## Growth of Human Hair.

Authorities differ as to the rate of growth of the human hair, and it is said to be very dissimilar in different individuals. The most usually accepted calculation gives six and one-half inches per annum. A man's hair, allowed to grow to its extreme length, rarely exceeds twelve or fourteen inches, while that of a woman will grow in rare instances to seventy inches or seventy-five inches, though the average does not exceed twenty-five to thirty inches.

## A Sad Disappointment.



First Highwayman—"Why do yer look so glum, Bill?"  
 Second Highwayman (surveying the spoils with disgust)—"It's green goods, by gosh! Dat was a farmer from de city we jest held up."

## A Lazy Maine Man.

"Mose" Little was a shiftless inhabitant of a Maine town, who would not work a minute longer than was necessary to get money enough to support him in idleness for a few days.

He went into the village store to purchase some groceries, one item of which was a dollar's worth of flour. He put the smaller articles in a basket which he took on one arm, while he carried the flour on the other.

All at once he set the bundle down.  
 "Say, Jack," said he, "flour lower?"  
 "Yes," replied Jack. "We give 35 pounds for a dollar now, instead of 30."  
 "Well," drawled Mose, "I'll be glad when it goes up again, so I shan't have to lug so much for a dollar."

## Circumstances Alter Cases.

As Col. Billson was going down the steps he met a suspicious-looking boy with a lot of bills.

"Is Col. Billson's office up-stairs?"  
 "Yes, but I'm not in—or rather the colonel is not in."  
 "Ain't you the man?"  
 "No, my son."  
 "I'd like to find him. I've got a telegraph money-order for him."  
 "Let's see. Who is the man you want?"  
 "Col. Billson."  
 "I thought you said Col. Billing. I am Col. Billson."

## The Honest Agent.

New Clerk—That house you rented to Mr. and Mrs. Suburb has nothing but a cistern, and that is fifty feet from the door. You told them there was water in the house.

Suburban Agent—There is. Cellar's half full.

## Wanted Comfort.

Guest—Your bill, sir, is outrageous. Instead of charging me your usual rates, you have charged three times that, and credit to extras.

Hotel Clerk—You forgot that you said you wished to be made comfortable.

## Choosing a Trade.

Modern Girl—Father, I long to be independent—to rely on my own exertions for support. What trade or profession would you recommend?

Wise Father—First-class cooks make \$5,000 a year.

Modern Girl—I don't like cooking. It's too feminine.

## The Masher Mashed.

"I want some nice little thing for my wife—something that'll please her," said Masham. "Perhaps you could suggest something."  
 "Yes," said the saleslady. "I think a telegram saying a house has fallen on you ought to please her."

## Comfort for Life.

"I sometimes think I shall never, never marry," said Miss Buster in a burst of confidence.

"Oh, don't despair," replied Miss Flip; "we read in the bible that Naomi was 580 years old when she married."

## Boston Style.

Arabella—During your visit to Boston did you encounter Cupid's darts?  
 Bertha—Boston cupids do not use darts.

Arabella—What, then, do they use?  
 Bertha—Bean-shooters.

Miss Goltz—The world owes you a living.

Cleverton—Well, you're all the world to me.



## JUST FOR FUN.

Mrs. Sniff—I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say! Sniff—I do, dear—as little as possible.

An Irish philosopher says the only way to prevent what's past is to put a stop to it before it happens.

"Miss Grottesque says that when a little girl she was so fond of walking on stilts." "Well, she hasn't got over it yet."

She—Why does a woman take a man's name when she gets married?  
 He—Why does she take everything else he has?

"That fellow has a regular horse laugh." "What could you expect of a man who is the habit of taking a pony every hour or two?"

Freddie—Ma, what is the baby's name? Ma—The baby hasn't any name. Freddie—Then how did he know he belonged here?

"The idea of having the nerve to claim she first saw the light in 1878." "I would not judge her too harshly. Perhaps she means the arc light."

Mrs. Murdock—Doctor, I'm afraid I've eaten something that has disagreed with me. Doctor Pelletts (absently)—Well, it might have known better.

"I see there is talk of a plow trust with a capital of \$60,000,000." "Well, haven't I been telling you right along that they would run this trust business into the ground?"

"His aim in life seems to be a poor one." "Yes. He inherits that from his mother. I once saw her throw a stone at a dog in the street, and hit her husband in the back yard."

Mrs. Minks—Isn't it queer that such a little bit of country as England can rule such a vast amount of territory?  
 Mr. Minks—Well, I don't know. You're not very big, yourself, my dear.

"Why, Tommie, you're at the jam again, and only whipped for it an hour ago!" "Yes, mamma; I heard you tell auntie you thought you had whipped me too hard, and I thought I'd make it even."

## Adding Insult to Injury.

It was the first night of his comedy, and, although it had fallen rather flat, he had hopes. "What do you think of it: he asked a friend who had just come out. "Oh, it's all right for the kind," returned the other, "but I don't think the public likes that sort of a play. It would rather have something to make it laugh." "Make it laugh!" roared the indignant playwright. "Yes," answered the other. "Next time you ought to try to write a tragedy."—Chicago Post.

## Drawing the Line.

I've loved the girl of ev'ry land—  
 Our own dear occidental  
 Delightful daisies, eke the dark  
 Sleek slant-orbed oriental.  
 All sorts, by turns, have touched my heart—  
 Greek, Yankee, Turk and Danish—  
 But O, my y, I can't abide,  
 The maiden who is mannish.

## There's the Hub.

Mrs. Pasy neer—It is quite a delicate question 'o know just whom to invite to a party.  
 Mrs. Upham Upham—Not at all; the delicacy comes in knowing whom not to invite.

## Cupid Under Arrest.

Mr. Pulliam (about to propose)—Miss Sanford, I am not going to say what I wanted to say an hour ago. Can you not guess, from my eyes, what it is?  
 Miss Sanford—Do you mean "Good night?" You look sleepy.

## He Seems to Be.

Mrs. Snaggs—Young Mr. Dinwiddie is a bachelor of arts, isn't he?  
 Snaggs—I suppose that's what you might call him. He has escaped the wiles of woman so far.

## A Village Sign.



Words taken from a sign at a village feed mill.—Judge.

## Reveries of a Conceited Old Beau.

How dear to my heart are the loves of my childhood,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view.  
 With Katie and Bessie I roamed in the wild-wood,  
 With Susie, sweet Phoebe, and Winifred, too.  
 And as I grew older Ruth, Stella, Fidelia,  
 Evangeline, Tilda, Ann, Polly, Irene,  
 Grace Nannie, Maud, Rosie, Jane, Eunice,  
 Cornelia,  
 Blanch, Miriam, Jessie, Eva, Mabel and Nell,  
 All worshiped my image, Penelope, Caille,  
 And—[But here we stopped him. With face grave and solemn  
 He showed us a list that would fill a whole column.]

"At what period of life does female beauty decline?" queried Flitterly.  
 "Well," chirped Flatterly, "that depends a good deal upon the girl; the last beauty I tackled declined very suddenly about nineteen."