



1—"Yes indeed: I always feel inspired when I ride a beast like this, pure blood, presented to me by the Sultan of"—



2—"Thunder, what's the matter with the beast."



3—"Do you want to knock my brains out against this cart? Get out of this?"

TO A JILT.

When first we corresponded, you
Wrote "Sir" and I wrote "Madam,"
But that was when you knew not me,
Nor I knew you from Adam.

You signed yourself "Most faithfully."
I thought it inexpedient
To answer you more warmly then,
And ended "Your obedient."

But soon you found you knew my aunt's
Half-brother's German sister,
And so we struck the golden mead
With "Dear" and "Miss" and "Mr."

One day I wrote in terms that seemed
To you too billet-doux-ly;
You straightway took me down a peg
By signing "Sir, yours truly."

Next day you feigned compunction and
Used phrases almost fervent.
I paid you back and wrote "Your most
Obedient, humble servant."

"Yours always" once I tried; but you
Proved more unkind than clever,
By riding roughshod o'er my heart
With "Pardon me, yours never."

This outrage tore my soul, and drove
Me almost from my senses.
My answer was typewritten by
My girl amanuensis.

Once more you grew "Affectionate"
And I replied "Sincerely;"
You pocketed your pride, and signed
Your next one "Alice" merely.

And then I gave myself away
With "Angel," "Sweetheart," "Goddess,"
And little dreamed the heart was false
That beat beneath your bodice.

But when at last I signed myself
"Your destined caro sposo."
You calmly write and say you nev-
Er led me to suppose so.

I asked you what did "Alice" mean?
Why, when I called you Venus
A month ago, you did not say
That there was nought between us?

Yes, e'en the worm will turn, and free
His limbs from silken fetters,
I sign myself "etcetera."
P. S.—Herewith your letters.

THIS QUEER WORLD.

There's folks that's complainin'
Whenever it's rainin',
An' likewise whenever it's cold;
An' then, when it's summer
The heat is 'a hummer;"
It's "too hot for livin'," we're told.

They weren't born for pleasin';
They wouldn't die freezin',
An' wouldn't feel hot when they go;
They jest want to grumble,
An' rumble an' stumble,
Yet have a front seat at the show.

But what sets me doubtin',
An' keeps me from shoutin',
Is this: These same folks git along,
When a feller contented
Is put down "demented,"
An' can't sell his soul for a song!

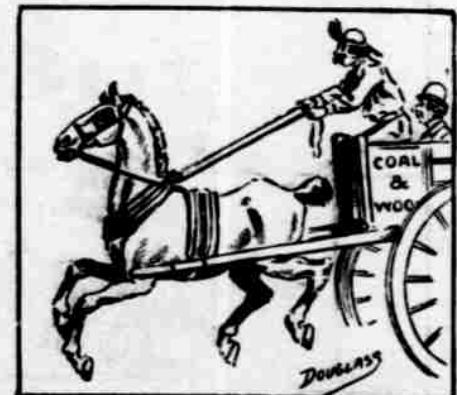
People who have tried it, say that there is no better medicine for dyspepsia than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It may not give one the stomach of an ostrich, but it so strengthens the alimentary organs that digestion of ordinary food becomes easy and natural.



4—"Confound you I'll"—



5—"Just wait till I get him hitched up, I'll show you what's the matter with him."



6—"That's it. Now where do you want to go?"