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### SNAP SHOTS.

From Grave to Gay-From Sober to Severe.

Mashed in the Tunnel, By what good chance I cannot tell, We sat so that I faced her, And when the tunnel's shadow fell I caught her and embraced her. Said she, half angry, struggling hard, And trying to draw back, "I think you'd better call the guard; Your mouth is off the track."

But still I held her closer still, And called her "eweetheart," " sister! And still she struggled with a will, And still I kissed and kissed her; And as each sweet col ision came I blessed the sweet eclipse That turned my spirit into flame And telescoped our lips.

It's all of twenty years gone by, The fact that !'ve related, And my fair tunnel mate and I Have twenty years been mated, And she and I are still content,

Though we have long been lashed, And still we bless the accident In which we both were " mashed."

A teacher, questioning little boys about the gradation of intelligence, asked, "What comes next to man?" Whereupon a little fellow, who was evidently smarting under a sense of previous defeat, immediately distanced all competitors, by promptly shouting, "His flannel shirt, ma'am!"

St. Peter \_ ' Um, you were an ice man I believe, while on earth?"

New Arrival-" Yes St. Peter; I dealt in ice." St. Peter-"You were always very fond

of hot weather, were you not?" New Arrival\_" Y-e-s."

St Peter-" Well, you will go where the weather will always be summery, and the hotter it gets the smaller will be the piece of ice left at your door. Ta,

A brakesman who was caught between two freight cars was describing his sufferings to his wite.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that's just the way it feels when you are breaking in a uew pair of corsets."

Patient\_"What do you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor ?" Doctor\_"No, no ; not yet."

### SURPRISED FOR ONCE.

A Rare Occasion in Which a Drummer Looked Astonished.

This is not a story by a drummer, but about a drummer. This travelling man lives not a thousand miles away, and a while ago he started for New York state under conditions at home which made him naturally somewhat nervous. A while after he was telegraphed that all was well, but he had better come home. He responded with a despatch stating the hour he would arrive. In their joy over the event of twins the members of the family invented a little surprise for the drummer.

Two other babies had been born in the neighborhood within a day or two, and as the exact hour of the happy father's return was known they were borrowed to assist. The hour came, and with it the drummer. He bounded up the stairs two steps at a time, but came into the room on tiptoe. The nurse softly drew down the coverlid, and there lay four little innocents, their wide eyes blinking bim a welcome.

"Good heavens! Martha," said he. "Sure you haven't missed any?"

It is a remnant of barbarism in our natures that we should take pleasure in displaying our skill on living animals. Deerstalking is no doubt a healthy and exbilarating exercise, requiring skill, stamina, a clear sight, and a steady hand. Yet the last act in a successful stalk is if we come to think about it, disgusting and brutal. In close proximity to us we, see a lordly animal, happy. peaceful, and enjoying fully the gift of life. We draw a trigger, and, if we do not miss, we wound or kill. Happy it be if it is the latter. More often than not it is the former, and then, if limbs are not broken, a fierce tracking ensues, result. ing sometimes in the death of the victim, sometimes in its loss, and, as a consequence, many an hour of torture ere death closes its sufferings. Yet thousands are spent yearly on deer forests, and the paean of animal woe that goes up therefore throughout the stalking season expends itself year after year unheard, unfelt, unthought of, amid the throng of men.-Lady Florence Dixie.

Whoever thinks that men might have full sympathy With their fellows, while lacking all sympathy with inferior creatures, will discover his error on looking at the facts .- Herbert Spencer.