

WHAT THE SPRING POETS SAY.

BUY GUM!

"By Gum?" said a country girl to me,
Whom I met one day on the train;
"I am going to town to look around,
And I fear that it will rain."

"Oh no, my dear, I can't, I fear;
But you will sell it sure
If you carry your sack upon your back
To Smith's variety store."

HIKE LANCEY.

* * *

HIS LOVING WORDS.

Tender and sweet were the words that he spoke
Last night as we strolled by the sea:
"Tender I like my beefsteak cooked,
And sweet I like my tea."

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THEY ALL SAY IT.

Oh, I'm a solid Grit,
And I always read the JURY;
So does me brother Pat,
Though he's a howlin' Tory.

* * *

GOOD REASONS

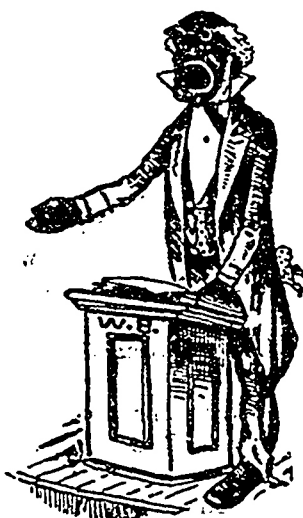
She's of the upper swell, and I love her well,
And she's asked me to-night to tea;
But I cannot go, because, don't you know,
To-night is our club's annual spree.

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ENOUGH TO GIVE ONE THE BLUGHES.

A sweet little damsel named Hughes
Was a lover of high-heeled shughes.
If they ask her the size
She always replize,
"Why you know that I always take tughes."

T. M. C.



Rev. Wanddoodle Baxter has something to Say about Barbers.

De subject' ob dis ebenen's discourse
am barbers. I has selected dis subject'
bekase de cullud race am much addicte'
ter barberism, not only in dis kentry
but likewise in Africa.

I has heered a heap ob references ter
allusions in regard ter barbers, dat dey
talks too much and so forth, and I am
sorry ter say wid humileashun dat dar
am good grounds for hit.

Howsumeber, dar's no danger ob de
barber shops goin' outer de bizness so
long as de wimin folks cuts dar corns
wid dar husband's best razor. Dis, and de fact dat de aberage wo-
man can't be convinced dat hit don't spile a razor ter sharpen hit
on a butcher's steel.

Some barbers am too high-toned ter call demsefs barbers. I
knowed one who called hissef a tonsilorous artis, physignominical

bar dresser, carnum manipilator, capillary abridger, and professor
ob crinecultural abscission. He was one ob dis heah ornery five-cent
scab barbers, and de customer what got inter his hane got hissef
inter a bad scrape and no mistake. I has heered barbers was sur-
gins originally, and dis sort of barbers am surgins yet. Keep way
from 'em.

Talkin' about barbers bein' surgins, de barber shop am not de
only place whar folks get skinned alive. Some time hit hurts moah
to get shaved in a broker's office or in a law office den hit does in a
barber's chair.

De beautiful poick who said, "de fittenest place for man ter dye
am whar he dyes for man," must have had a barber shop in his
head when he writ dem solemn lines. "De Isles of Greece," I has
heered so much about, wasn't dey in a barber shop? Some folks
don't preshiate de litterray labors ob de barbers. Dis heah head
work takes brains, you jes bet hit does.

Men, and 'specially boys, likos ter be shaved. Shaving a boy am
like reducin' expenses, for yer has to cut down. Heah! heah?
heah! I had a young men freaten ter sue me for damages. He
said, cnt off his merstache. I tole him I didn't see hit, and den he
got so mad he wanted ter kill me. He couldn't be persuaded dat
his whiskers wasn't ripe yet.

De talk what barbers gibs dar customers don't do no hurt. Dey
nebbor really says nuffin'. When a barber talks to a customer and
am sociable-like, he don't mean nuffin' 'cept dat he wants ter scrape
an acquaintance. Dat's all. I has heered tell dat de reason dat we
don't heah nuffin' more about de phonograf am bekase hit went in-
ter a barber shop and was talked ter death, but I don't believe hit.
Hits simply a consult ter de barberous perfeshun.

Most men will stand a clip on de head from a barber, and dey
don't lose dar temper ef de barber pulls dar nose besides. Dey
wouldn't take dat from nobody else 'ceptin' a barber. Before I
tuok ter preachin' I was a tonsorial artis myassf. I once tole a man
wid mighty little har on his head dat he needed a bottle ob my
Magic Har Restorer and Electrical Elixir, but he shuck his head
werry solum like and said dat hit wasn't har restorer so much as
hit wat a divorce what he needed. I guess arter all he knowed best
wha' he wanted.

I has also heered dat in Chicago you could see wimin at the polls
and dat dar was lots ob female barbers. Hit strikes me dis move
am shear nonsense, and nuffin' else.

When I was a tonsorial artis I had more change in my pocket
den I has had sence I has been preachin' de gospil. Uncle Mose,
please pass de hat.

"I understand, Clara, that your old beau, Smythe, is going to
marry Miss Robinson," said Ella. "Girls often do that when they
intend to go to housekeeping." "Do what?" "Why, take a flat."
—*New York Sun*.

"Chestnuts!" yelled several persons in the gallery at the min-
strel show. "That's right, gentlemen," responded Bones. "If
you don't get what you want, ask for it."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Wife to husband—"I don't suppose that there is a man in the
country whose sayings are repeated more than those of Mr. Tal-
mage."—Husband—"Yes; and that accounts for the fact that he is
always bilious." Wife—"Bilious! Why, what has that to do with
it?" Husband—"Don't you see? Can't you understand anything?
His tongue is 'quoted.'"—*Arkansas Traveller*.

THEY ARBITRATED.—An old tramp who had agreed to saw wood
for half an hour for his breakfast from a Baltimore woman quit at
the seventh stick and said: "Madame, I have struck for more
breakfast and less wood; are you willing to arbitrate?" "Cer-
tainly," she replied, and she left the case in the hands of her bull-
dog, who ran the tramp half a mile and decided that the lockout
was inevitable.—*Exchange*.