

## THANKFULNESS.

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine,"  
 The ugly young lady recited.  
 And the wicked old drunkards in the back of the hall  
 Clapped their hands and looked muchly delighted.

—*Exchange.*

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

If ripe red lips were tempting,  
 And you and she—just two—  
 Were one armchair pre-empting,  
 Pray tell me what you'd do?

Your arm would steal around her,  
 You'd whisper, "This is bliss."  
 And you would not astound her  
 If you should steal a kiss.

If she were at the portal  
 And you were passing through,  
 Pray tell me, if you're mortal,  
 How you would say, "adieu?"

If she were in the shadow  
 And you were at the door,  
 You'd be a timid lad, O,  
 If you'd not take one more.

—*Exchange.*

## HE DID IT.

He said that he could read her face,  
 He kissed her, then, instead,  
 And proved that he had told the truth,  
 Because her face was red.

—*Puck.*

## MATCHES AND SPARKS.

We know that we always get sparks from a match,  
 But that leaves us still in the dark;  
 For when it's a courtship the case is reversed—  
 We then get a match from a spark.

—*Exchange.*

## AN ALL-FOOL'S DAY TRICK.

If I were versed in magic lore  
 And arts as black as those  
 Magicians knew in days of yore  
 I'd change me to a rose.