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Select Poetry.

THE NEAREST DRAUGHT.

As the lone dove to far Palmyra flying...

THE SILENT WIFE.

"BEEN up in the country?" I queried, as I met my friend...

was close by. My rod-cane I carried in my hand. Taking Somers on my arm...

as happy as a lord, in anticipation of meeting there that I loved so well. I met with a cold reception...

A day passed, but nothing transpired save maneuvers. I have never tried so hard to make myself attractive...

"And this is my incantation," I continued, "you swear that you hate Tim Somers?"

Why She Wanted a Divorce.

An Irish matron enters a lawyer's office: "Is this the place, sur, where people git divorces?"