

LAUGH & THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

BY JOSH WINK.

OUR INSECT ASSASSINS.

Soon will the hideous,
Savage, insidious,
Rabid, invidious
Mosquitoes be busy infesting the night;
Rapacious, malicious,
Outrageously vicious,
Collecting to wish us
The top of the season and get a good bit.
With whines most tormenting,
Fierce and unrelenting,
Bloodthirstily venting
Their villainous bent, then escaping in flight;
Audacious, intrusive,
Sneaking, elusive,
Quite often conducive
To men saying things that may not be polite.

When fast in sweet slumber
Then they beyond number
Will quickly encumber
Our helpless anatomy and puncture our hide;
And we'll rise and wonder
How, how in the thunder
We made such a blunder
As to leave the mosquito bar up at one side!

WELL-FOUNDED BELIEF.

Rinks—Do you believe in signs?
Jinks—I believe in those on the grass plats
in the parks.

A MEMORY SPECIALIST.

Slopay—And, doctor, if you will, I wish
you would give me something to help my
memory. I forget so easily.
Doctor—Very well. I'll send you a bill
every month.

A FINANCIAL DETRIMENT.

Colored Deacon—Pa'son Howler, it am
wid' deep an' painful regrets dat I has to
tell yo'. In de name ob de cumitty, dat yo'
preachin' am detrymental to de finanshal
standin' ob de congrygashun.

Parson Howler—Wharfour, sinnah dat yo'
am, do yo' mek dat out?

Colored Deacon—Well, Pa'son, yo' see yo'
submuns am pow'ful composin'. Indeedy,
dey is so composin' dat mos' ob de wu'ship-
pers drap off to sleep, an' de las' two Sun-
days er pickpocket went fru de crowd. Yo'
see; Pa'son, it ain't er safe place to go no
mo'.

THE DUKE STRUCK IT.

May—They say Miss Millon's marriage to
the Duke was a genuine love match.

Ray—The Duke regarded it more as a
safety match.

PRISON LITERATURE.

"The Confessions of a Cashier" is a story
replete with pathos and subdued humor, by
Mr. E. M. Bezzuld, a young society man,
who fell a victim to fast companions and the
police. He was formerly connected with a
bank in Brooklyn, but is now engaged in
manufacturing shoes at Sing Sing. This,
from the thirteenth chapter, is the key to
the climax:

"That day the death sentence had been
read to Shorty.

"I could hear him pacing his cell."

"Presently his iron jaw fell with a crash!"

"'H-s-s-s-s-t,' I whispered. 'What is it?
Speak man.'

"'Heavens,' said Shorty, in a hoarse, un-
natural voice. 'Me deat' watch has run
down!'"

HALF-TRUTHS.

The most exclusive fashion is comfort.
Life's leading testimonial is a happy per-
son.

Love is a precious currency, but it has
a poor circulation.

If you have a conviction, live it first and
preach it afterwards.

Real beauty is a rare gift; if you doubt set
your ideal and go search for it.

We have only two friends in life—the
friend that makes us laugh and the friend
that makes us think.

The way to a woman's heart may be
slightly strenuous, but the road coming from
it is the hardest to travel.

JOSH WINK.