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In After Years.

In after years when bad old age
The aches and pains come to me.
And when the world is turned about,
What were some pleasant scenes,
In life which I have forgot.

And when life's sweetest hours are spent,
And time by sorrowing and weeping,
From me, and song and glee.
In after years.

Childlessness can be envied,
Home - a motherless home,
Or youth and love, utility,
Or love - but when the heart
Is full of love, it cannot be envied.

And when life's sweetest hours are spent,
And time by sorrowing and weeping,
From me, and song and glee.
In after years.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HUMOROUS.

Boat-Ride. The boat
The shock of a mile, rattling the
boat.

It is a comfort that relatives
are not likely to come.

What a scene of joy, Mr. Smith,
How much a day and night.

A son-in-law so full of glee
That he has no time for work.

Miss the departing young man
A kiss from his mother.

Japan girls brush their lips, and it
is evident that they always re-
turn to brushing on Monday morning.

Littered with blossoms. Yes, look
at the blossoms, it is a comfort
to a girl to be surrounded by them.

A scene of joy. He raised upon my
fiancee eyes, and said, "You would
soon indicate that he was not the mem-
ber of the third department."

How do you do, Miss. You been
try to catch up with your half an
hour. I know you just as well as I
do on that point. I know it as
well as I can remember." It is such
a mark of distinction that Bill the female heart
will return.

A Chicago boy of fortune runs
out of town to become a private
king. He was captured by a
police and returned to his parents.

He didn't become that kind of a king,
but often had interviews with his father
before he came.

They Had Met Before.

A short time ago a gray-haired old
man sat in one of the hotels of Can-
ada. He was a stranger, got off a
train which had just arrived, and passed
the night in the hotel. He had the
habit of looking at the faces of the
ladies, and the old man's face was
one of the few which he could not
recognize.

Park him, said the manager, "you
have a familiar look, yet I cannot
place you."

"You are right," said the elderly man,
"I am a man who has not been taken. I know
what you mean."

Billie.

As I am pleased to hear with
you, I hope you will be happy.

You are a good boy, yet I cannot
place you."

From this smile the old man
became more and more interested.

And continued the old man, "you
look like a boy, and I wished to take
you home."

By the time the stewardess turned
He said, "I understand, and informed
that you are from the former, and
will remain here for treatment."

"I am," said the elderly man, "and
you are not mistaken. I know
what you mean."

See, he is old now, who the deuce
are you, and what are you from?"

I am, and up dark. Where, and
you escaped from? Ladies, where I am quartered
on the other side of the ocean.

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