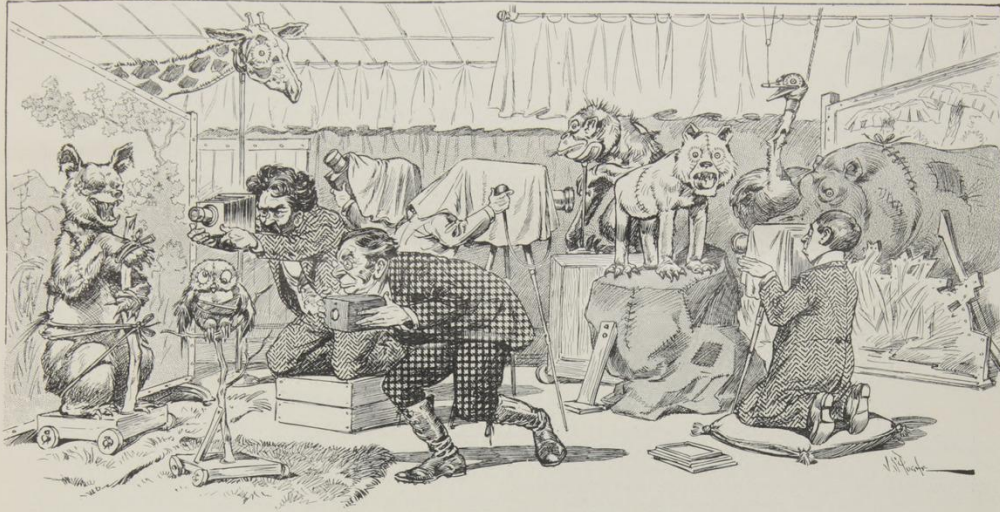


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PUCK



TARGET PRACTICE OF THE CAMERA HUNTERS.

THE SOCIALIST'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

FARE THEE WELL! It is forever,
So forever fare thee well!
It is best that we should sever;
Circumstances so compel.

We have lived ten years together,
Side by side, like podded peas,
But we now must break the tether—
We are not affinities.

Ten long years were we connected;
Each the other thought a prize;
And I never once suspected
That we didn't harmonize.

But I've recently been bitten
By the Socialistic bug,
And as recently been smitten
By the charms of Laura Hugg.

Laura is my heaven-born fellow;
Laura is a thoroughbred;
Laura's hair, like mine, is yellow;
Laura's soul, like mine, is red.

Laura is my bright aurora,
And the idol of my eye—
But you've had enough of Laura;
Very likely so shall I

Bon voyage! And stop your crying!
All aboard! Here comes the tug!
In a moment I'll be flying
To the arms of Laura Hugg.

B. L. T.

THE ETHICS OF THE GAME.

"I AM very sorry, Professor," in well-modulated tones said the Prominent Octopus' private secretary, addressing the Eminent Educator who had come humbly pleading for backsheesh, "but Mr. Bondwaller is compelled, much against his will, to refrain from donating even a single million to your excellent school. He has just given a Gallery of Eskimo Art to the Phakington-Psham College and endowed a Chair of Clairvoyance at the University of Arkansas. As all the world knows, the immaculate Mr. Skinfeller has, by his liberal donations, purchased the right to be lauded as the patron saint of the institute which you so ably represent, and there must be, as you will readily agree, honor even among philan-



BACK FROM THE FARM.

"Darn it, Mary! Where's the lantern?"
"Lantern! Why, John, have you forgotten? We're back in the city."

The widow's mite did not win her a second husband, however, in all probability.