

QUID PRO QUO.

It is reported that one day when Lord Brougham had driven to the House in the vehicle of his own invention, which Robinson, the coachmaker, had christened after him, he was met in the robing-room by the Duke of Wellington, who, after a low bow, accosted him thus: 'I have always hitherto lived under the impression that your lordship would go down to posterity as the great apostle of education, the emancipator of the negro, the restorer of abused charities, the reformer of the law. But no—hereafter you will be known only as the inventor of a carriage!' 'And I, my lord duke, have always been under the delusion that your grace would be remembered as the hero of a hundred battles, the liberator of Europe, the conqueror of Napoleon. But no—your grace will be known as the inventor of a pair of boots.' 'Confound the boots!' said the Iron Duke. 'I had quite forgotten them. You have the best of it.'

THE YEARNING OF LOVE.

SWEETLY I dream of a dear, pretty creature,
Glowing with beauty and beaming with grace,
Joy in each accent, and love in each feature,
Light in her eye, and a soul in her face.

But oftener still do I dream of a dozen,
As fair as the one that I dreamed about first,
And wonder if ever, 'mong sweetheart or cousin,
I'll settle on her who is sweetest or worst.

But no: 'tis in vain that my unrestrained passion,
Which drives me in sympathy hither and there,
Can sober itself in a pure, proper fashion,
And find one alone all its throbbings to share.

Oh, where in this world can a heart in its chase,
With feelings so wild and so grand in its scope,
Be loved in the plural, and meet the embraces
(Of darlings unnumbered, all waiting to slope?)

Ah, sweetly I dream of a land sentimental,
Beyond the cold regions of dollars and cents,
Where, wrapt in the splendours of life oriental,
Are bosoms all heaving with fondness intense.

If joys there be elsewhere, oh, do not compare,
To ecstasies whispering over the seas;
Oh, mine is a nature that pines for a harem,
To dote on a thousand affectionate 'she's.'

'IF HED 'A SED DUCKS I'

SAMBO, the typical Sambo, joined the church, and the shepherd of his soul thought it best to look after him. 'Have you stolen any chickens, Sambo, since you met with a change of heart?' said the shepherd one day. 'No, massa; oh, no. I hasn't stole no chick'ns 'tall.' 'Any turkeys?' persisted the pastor. 'Oh, no, massa! I hasn't took nary a turkey.' 'Well, Sambo, I am glad to hear it—very glad. Watch and pray!' And the good man went on. 'Golly!' chuckled Sambo, peeping inside his coat, 'if he'd 'a' sed ducks he'd 'a' hed me!'

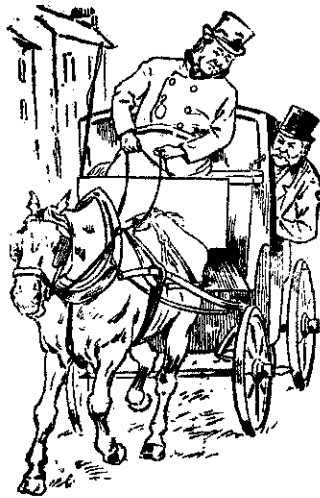
A BOY'S REVENGE.

ARTHUR, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began he was uneasy, and finally said: 'Ma, can't I speak just one word?' 'You know the rule, Arthur.' 'Not one word!' 'No, Arthur, not until your father finishes the paper.' Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he wished to say. 'Oh, nothing; only Nora put the custards outside the window to cool, and the cat has been eating them up.'



HAD TO ECONOMISE.

HE (shortly after the introduction): 'Excuse me, but do you think you could ever love me if I well—if you should try?' SHE: 'Well, I must say this is—' HE: 'Oh, don't be offended. It cost me more than £100 to find out whether the last one loved me or not, and I've got to economise, you know.'



SARCASM.

FARE: 'I say, cabby, hang it all this isn't a funeral.' CABBY: 'No, nor it ain't a blooming fire engine.'

GETTING A SWEAT.

It is well-known that the veterans who preside at the examinations of surgeons question minutely those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous inquiries made, a young gentleman was asked if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration, what he would prescribe. He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines in case the first failed, but the unmerciful questioner then continued: 'Pray, sir, suppose none of those succeeded, what step would you take next?' 'Why, sir,' rejoined the enraged and harassed young Esculapian, 'I would send him here to be examined, and if that did not give him a sweat, I do not know what would.'



THE DIFFERENCE.

'So that distinguished looking lady is your wife, eh?' 'No, I'm that distinguished looking lady's husband.'



A PICTURE WITH A MORAL.

'Do not yawn too freely behind those gauze fans.'

TRY TO SMILE.

A FEARFUL POSSIBILITY.

O, let us hope that women ne'er Shall wrest the barber's trade from men! For, talked to death now in the chair, What would our awful doom be then?

NOTHING LEFT.—Wife: 'Wake up! There are thieves in the house!' Husband: 'Go down and show them your new bonnet, and they won't waste any time looking for money here.'

ONLY A DREAM.—Scribe: 'I had the finest dream the other night.' Spacer: 'What was it?' Scribe: 'I thought we were paid as much per column as the advertisers are charged.'

THE LAST DROP.—Magistrate: 'If you don't stop drinking, it will lead you to the gallows.' Prisoner (nonchalantly): 'Yes, one drop often leads to another.'

HE KNOWS.—The bibulous person who said he had 'a bright prospect' before him was told that it would always be there unless he swore off or chalked his nose.

HE FORGOT THE DOG.—At a natural history examination. School Inspector: 'What is the animal capable of the closest attachment to man?' Scholar: 'The leech.'

AN INDEPENDENT INCOME.—Smith: 'You have an independent income, haven't you?' Brown: 'Independent! Well, I should say I had. It has utterly ignored me for years.'

Here rest the bones of one, slack! Who all his life was dumb, Until he tried to drive a tack And hit instead his thumb!

DID HE HUG?—Ethel: 'Isn't your friend Sculliski a Russian?' Amy: 'Yes; how did you know?' Ethel: 'While I was in the conservatory with him last night he acted like a bear.'

'My dear Rose, I dreamt of you last night.' Rose (vivaciously): 'Indeed! And what dress did I have on?'

The hen that sits on a porcelain egg may not accomplish much, but she has on nest intentions.



KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN: 'My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful Sabbath afternoon than by standing in front of the gate idling away your time?' BOY: 'I ain't idling away my time. There's a young man inside with my sister who is paying me sixpence an hour to watch for pa.'