

IT HAD TO BE DONE.

As a model modern curate, he was many points per cent. More obliging than the reverend, but independent, gent, Who to fetch a pound of butter for the vicar's lady went: And by afterwards resigning, signified his discontent That the curate had to do it.

On the other hand, our hero was, on all occasions, one Who on any little errands for the vicar's wife would run; Though it must be owned that now and then he failed to see the fun— For, within the vicar's household, there was plenty to be done.

And the curate had to do it.

In the middle of his studies he was often called away By the voice of Mrs Vicar, which to hear was to obey; The shirt buttons of her husband had most likely gone astray, So that somebody would have to sew some fresh ones on that day.

And the curate had to do it.

Off with Milton's mighty epic in his leisure hours he'd cope, Interspersed with something lighter, like the 'Dunoiad' of Pope; When the vicar's wife would pointedly express an ardent hope As to someone being sent to fetch the candles, oil, and soap.

And the curate had to do it.

Once he drew the dame's attention, by his evil fortune led, To the windows of the vicarage, observing, on that head, That they looked a trifle dusty, and she hit the bull's-eye dead. 'Yes, the windows must be cleaned!' she most emphatically said.

And the curate had to do it.

And full often when our hero's words of comfort and of joy Should have been addressed to waverers their errors to destroy, They were wasted on another and more trivial employ; For some kindly soul was bound to 'bath' the vicar's baby boy.

And the curate had to do it.

But the vicar, and the lady, and the curate, by-and-bye Became parties to a law suit, though I've quite forgotten why; But if our obliging friend did ought to make an action lie, It's the purchase price of Carbine for the halfpence in my sky.

That the curate had to do it.

DOSS CHIDERDOSS.

At a negro wedding, when the clergyman read the words 'love, honour, and obey,' the bridegroom interrupted him and said, 'Read that again, sah! Read it once mo', so's de lady kin catch the full solemnity of de meaning. I've been married befo'!



AT THE ACADEMY.

MRS SPECK: 'I don't think that can be one of the really good pictures, John.'
Mr Specs: 'Why not?'
Mrs Specs: 'Why, anybody can see at the very first glance just what it represents.'

ASTRIUMPH OF ALLITERATION.

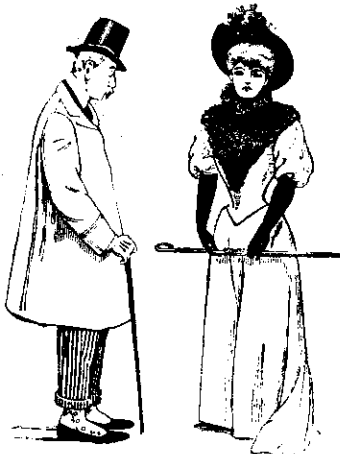
BILL BROWN's babyish brothers (both being bad boys) bamboozled beetle-browed Bartholomew Braham by breaking Bernice Braham's beautiful bamboo bonbon basket. Bernice being Bartholomew's brother became belligerent; because, before Bill's bad brothers broke Bernice's beautiful bamboo bonbon basket, both began by behaving badly by besmearing Bartholomew's Bible binding.

NOT IN IT.

He was declaring his passion for the American heiress in the most glowing sentences of a lover's eloquence. 'I will be your serf—your slave—your—' 'You will be my lord,' she interrupted softly, and he knew then that her millions could never be his, for he had no title.

AN INTERRUPTION.

'I TRUST,' the very careful grocer said. 'I'm glad,' the buyer said, 'I sure you ought—' 'Hold on—' (the grocer grew a trifle red.) 'I trust that cash you'll pay for what you've bought!'



MARIE: 'I understood you were very well off before we were married.'
Jack: 'I was—but I didn't know it!'



A smiling young lady of Niger, She went for a ride on a tiger; At the end of the ride the girl was inside, And the smiles on the face of the tiger.

NOT TO BE BEATEN.—A drum with a hole in it.

There once was a Mr Colquhoun Who played that odd thing the bassuhoun, And nothing deterred him,

Though all those who heard him Exclaimed, what a curious ba-uhoun!

HIS FAILING.

'Do you think Trotters will maintain his resolution to take care of his family in the future?' 'If he does it will be the only thing he ever maintained,' was the prompt reply.

A PARADOX.

O, ye who study all the day The fashionable hurly-burly, Explain to me, how is it, pray, The latest styles are met with early.

A PERSONAL MATTER.

He: 'A fellow called me a donkey the other day.'
She: 'Didn't you feel like kicking him?'

SOMETHING has gone wrong with the works here:

CLERK REQUIRED immediately, by a firm of chartered accountants, to act as STEWARD and COOK.—Apply employment. Must be thoroughly experienced in stockbrokers' accounts.—Address D.B., care of Brown's, 4, Little George-street.

A FAIR PARTNERSHIP.

STRANGER: 'Boy, there's a dime museum somewhere around here, I understand. Do you know where it is?'
Boy: 'Yesir, I wish I had a dime to get in.'
Stranger: 'Well, you conduct me to the place and I'll give you the dime.'
Boy: 'All right. That's a fair partnership. You furnish th' capital an' I furnish th' brains.'



'I WOULD kiss you if I dared,' he said. 'If I were a man,' she replied with a determined air, 'I think I would dare anything.' Just then a cloud passed over the moon.

A CASE IN POINT.

'MISS HARKAWAY,' said Dolliner, 'I suppose you have seen the statement in this week's Gazette that we are engaged to be married.'
'Yes,' she said. 'I saw it.'
'Well, I wish you to know that I had nothing to do with that announcement, and I have written this letter of denial.'
'Oh, I wouldn't read it,' she said, naively. 'What is the use?'
'But it isn't true!'
'That is so; but it isn't impossible. Do you know that paper contains a great many valuable hints?'
And he took the hint.

ARTFUL.

'PAPA, dear, do you know what I'm going to buy you for a Michaelmas present?' asked little Mistress Browneyes, *etat* five, as she stood in the study doorway, industriously infringing the patent leather of one of her shoes with the sole of the other.
'No, dear, what?'
'A pretty new china shaving mug, wif gold flowers on it.'
'But papa has a nice one already, dear.'
'Oh, no, he hasn't; I've just dropped it!'

FAIRNESS AND FAIRNESS.

He: 'What care I how fair she be, If she be not fair to me?'
She: 'And if she's fair to you, I'll say, She'll turn you down this very day.'

THE INNOCENCE OF IT.

He: 'And, darling, am I the only one you have ever loved?'
She: 'Do you mean for all time or only for so far this summer?'

Out of ten excuses, nine are lies.

THE man who sighs for the happy day When a barefoot boy he ran, Is the same old boy wif used to say: 'I wish I was a man.'

'I saw you entering a public house again yesterday, Griggs.' 'Well, maun, they told me as how gold was found in quartz, so I went and took pot luck, as it were.'



UNAPPRECIATED VOCALISM.

He: 'Don't you think Miss Potts sing with a good deal of feeling?'
She: 'I cannot say I do. If she had any feeling she would spare her friends.'