



TO A GLOSSY COAT.

SHINE on, old coat, your duty's done,
Your polished nap has had its day;
The maid I wore you for is won,
In calm content be laid away.
For why you shine full well I know,
'Gainst you she often loved to rest,
Reflecting back love's fervent glow.
Her form was mirrored on my breast.

RECOGNISED THE CHESTNUTS.

MILDRED was dining with several gentlemen at her Uncle James'. It was quite an honour. She sat up straight and was on her best behaviour. Now, at the table there happened to be a gentleman fond of telling stories, and at every story he told the company laughed, as politeness demanded.

But before he had talked long Mildred perceived to her astonishment that the stories he told were all old ones. Some of them Uncle James had told her himself; some of them she had heard many a time; many of them she had read before. She looked at her elders indignantly. How could they be amused at such worn out jokes?

At last she could stand it no longer. The gentleman told another story and everybody laughed heartily. Looking the story-teller straight in the face she exclaimed contemptuously—
'Yes; I read that to uncle myself. It was in the paper last week.'
It took Mildred several years to find out why they laughed harder than ever, and why Uncle James said afterwards with a chuckle—
'You took his house down that time, puss.'

A REMARKABLE PIG.

A NEWLY married lady who recently graduated from Vassar College is not well posted about household matters. She said to her grocer not long since—
'I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago and they were very fine. Have you any more like them?'
'Yes, ma'am,' said the grocer, 'there are ten of those hams hanging up there.'
'Are you sure they are all of the same pig?'
'Yes, ma'am.'
'Then I'll take three of them.'

SCANDALOUS.

WOOL: 'Have you heard the scandal about the new minister?' They say his marriage to his pretty young wife was never sanctioned by the church.'
Van Petite: 'Shocking! Can it be true?'
Wool: 'It is true; they thought he might better have picked out one of the godly old maids.'



DISINTERESTED ADVICE.

'Now, waiter,' said a new customer in an eating house where he was more than doubtful regarding the quality of the fare, 'here's something for you in advance. Now, looking over the list of dishes, what would you advise?'
Waiter (confidentially): 'Another restaurant.'

BOTH SIDES CAUTIONED.

'You are accused,' said the judge to a culprit, 'of having fired a gun twice within the city limits. Did you kill or cripple anybody?'
'No, sir.'
'It is a very serious matter to fire off a gun in the city limits and not kill anybody. Don't you know you are liable to be punished very severely for such carelessness?'
'Yes, your honour, but there are some very mitigating circumstances.'
'What are they and how many of them are there?'
'They are cats, your honour, and from the noise they make I should think there were about a thousand of them.'
'So you are troubled by cats?'
'Yes, your honour; they worry me nearly to death, and I fired at them twice. That's how I came to violate the city ordinance.'
Judge (brightening up): 'Come here, prisoner; I wish to consult with you confidentially. Tell me, how many did you kill?'
'Three with the first barrel and two with the second.'
'Splendid! Glorious! What size shot do you use when you violate the city ordinance by discharging fire-arms within the city limits?'
'I use duck-shot; it fetches them every time.'
'I am glad to hear that. I've been using a size smaller when I violated the city ordinance. Would you object to lending me your gun?'
'I will lend it to you with pleasure,' replied the prisoner; 'but your honour must remember that you are liable to be severely punished if you shoot off a gun inside of the city limits and do not kill anybody.'
'You can go, but do not let it happen again.'



NOT THAT KIND.

DISTRICT VISITOR: 'Is your husband among the strikers, my good woman?'
Mrs Huggins: 'Yes'm, he strikes awful; he gave me two black eyes in the week.'

HOME-FARE AND RESTAURANT.

'WELL, madam,' says the head of the house, who had apparently got out of bed on the wrong side, 'what have you got for breakfast this morning? Boiled eggs, eh? Seems to me you never have anything but boiled eggs. Boiled Erebus! And what else, madam, may I ask?'
'Mutton chops, my dear,' said the wife, meekly.
'Mutton chops,' echoed the husband, bursting into a peal of sardonic laughter. 'Mutton chops! I could have guessed it! Madam, if ever I eat another meal inside of this house—and, jauning on his hat and slamming the door, the aggrieved man bounds down the stairs and betakes himself to the restaurant.'
'What'll you have, sir?' says the waiter, politely handing him a bill of fare.
'Ah!' says the guest, having glanced over it. 'Let me see: Bring me two boiled eggs and a mutton chop.'

A RELIABLE DOMESTIC.

'HERE is a note I want you to hand to Mrs Lively when you are sure nobody is looking,' said a New York society man to a coloured servant at a fashionable Fifth Avenue residence.
'Yes, sah,' replied Sambo, showing his ivories.
'But, mind you, don't whisper a word to a living soul.'
'You kin jess rest easy about dat, boss. Yisterday I fatched dat ar same woman a letter from anudder german, an' I ain't said a word 'bout it to nobody yit. You kin jess rest easy 'bout my opening my mouf.'

ON TOUR WITH A CIRCUS.—'Smith has left the city, I understand. What is he doing now?' He is travelling with a circus. 'Pretty hard work, isn't it?' 'No, he has nothing to do but stick his head in the lion's mouth twice a day.'

THE EXACTNESS OF SCIENCE.

'DOCTOR, how am I coming on? Do you think there is any hope?' said a very sick man to Dr. Blister.
'Your chances are the best in the world. The statistics show that one person in ten recovers,' replied the doctor.
'Then there is not much hope for me?'
'Oh, yes, there is. You are the tenth case I have treated, and the other nine are dead. I don't see how you can help getting well if the statistics are to be relied on.'



EARLY TRAINING.

HOPPER: 'I should think you'd prefer Miss Broadway. It's true she doesn't dance as well as Miss Thynne, but she's more your weight, you know.'
Dopper: 'Well, I was brought up to like grace before meat.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

HORRIFIED MOTHER: 'I should like to know how you happened to let young Simpkins kiss you?' Daughter: 'I—I thought no one was looking.'
She: 'How much do you love me?' He: 'More than I can tell. Why, I couldn't love you more if every one of those freckles were a gold piece.'
Algernon: 'Tommy, do you think your sister would marry me?' Tommy: 'Yes. She'd marry almost anybody from what she said to me.'
'Speaking of shaving,' said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, 'I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by.' 'Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them,' the wretch replied.
Mamma (after the elderly visitor had gone away): 'You shouldn't have run out of the room when Miss Oldsby tried to take you on her lap, Willie. She was not going to harm you.' Willie: 'She wasn't, hey? She had her mouth puckered all ready for it, anyhow.'
Sympathetic (Old Lady to convict): 'Ah, my unfortunate friend, your fate is indeed a hard one; and, as she thinks of you here in this dreadful place, how your wife must suffer.' Convict (very much affected): 'Wh-which one, mum? I'm here for bigamy.'

CONJUGAL SCENE BETWEEN MONSIEUR AND MADAME DE BONDAMOUSE.—'Why,' said the husband, 'do you put the hair of another woman on your head?' 'Why,' retorted his better half, 'do you wear the skin of another calf on your hands?'
Mrs Green (to young physician, whom she has called in haste): 'Oh, doctor! doctor! I fear you have made a terrible mistake! My daughter had that prescription, which you sent her last night, filled, and took a dose of the medicine. Now she exhibits every symptom of poisoning. Oh—' Young physician: 'Prescription, madam? Why, that was an offer of marriage!'
'This morning,' writes a Sunday-school teacher, 'I gave the children a little talk about their souls. When I had done I thought I would ask them a few questions to see if they understood what I had told them. So I began: "What did the Almighty give us besides our bodies?" Perhaps you can imagine what my emotions were when they instantly responded: "Laigs!"'
A missionary had been instilling into a certain African king the virtues of sobriety, gentleness, and the like. 'Well,' said his majesty, 'I like you; you seem good and amiable. I'll make you my head man.' 'But,' returned the missionary, delighted that he had appeared to make an impression, 'what will you do with my predecessor?' 'Oh, cut off his head,' replied the king, 'and then he won't bother us any more.'

VERY BAD POLICY.—Lady of the House (to her friend): 'What do you suppose has happened? At the last ball my Elsa made the acquaintance of a young man who was obviously interested. He was a good match, and I sent him frequent invitations to dinner; and, as I knew he was a great gourmand, I employed the best cook that was to be had.' Her friend: 'And your plan succeeded?' 'Well, not exactly. The villain found out and married my cook.'
'I could gaze at the moon for hours, Mr Sampson,' she said, in a voice full of sweetness and pneumonia; 'I couldn't tire of it.' 'Ah,' he responded, 'would that I were the man in it!' 'Yes, so do I,' she assented softly. 'Why, Miss Simper,' he asked, getting ready to take her hand. 'Because, Mr Sampson,' she said, shyly veiling her eyes with their long lashes, 'you would be three hundred thousand miles away!'
Borem: 'Still living in Richmond, eh?' Hustler: 'Yes, I have no thought of coming back to the city.' Borem: 'But it must be very inconvenient, forty minutes by train every day, and you've got to catch it on the minute.' Hustler: 'That's what I like about it. You see when people buttonhole me and fall to talking all I have to do is to jerk out my watch, mutter something about train time, and I get away without giving offence. See?' Borem: 'Ha, ha! That's good. That reminds me of a little thing Saphed was telling last—' Hustler: 'By the way, it's train time now. Ta-ta!'