



### PROBABLY.

SHE—"I wonder why those people across the street are always staring over here?"

HE—"Don't know; but—er—perhaps it's—er—because you are always staring over there!"—*N. Y. Life.*

### SMOKING.

LAST Fall I took a notion to learn how to smoke, and accordingly bought a corn-cob pipe and a package of cut plug. My friends reasoned with me, ridiculed me, and did everything possible to make me change my mind, but their efforts were in vain. In the solitude of my boarding-house I filled the pipe with tobacco, smoked for a few minutes, and then spent several hours trying to convince myself that I didn't feel sick. When I recovered from the effects of the weed I thought my sorrows were over, but, alas! they had not begun, for the news that I had commenced to use tobacco had circulated among my friends and acquaintances, and thereby hangs this tale.

In order that the reader may understand my grief thoroughly, I may as well tell him that, as far as I know, the pipe and package of tobacco may be found by anyone who searches diligently in the back yard, where I threw them after my first experience. I have told this to my friends, but no one believes me.

About two weeks after my attempt at smoking I had to give up work one afternoon on account of a sick headache. As usual, I called on a medical friend to get something to tone me up.

"Umph-humph! ye-es," said he, "you have been smoking too much lately. I will give you something to clear the nicotine out of your system."

I denied the charge of smoking almost fiercely, but he smiled a you-can't-fool-me smile of superior knowledge, and prepared his mixture.

That is only a sample of what I have to suffer. Here is another:

Since my earliest childhood I have been addicted to the liver complaint. Everybody who knows me knows this, but that makes no difference now, for whenever I

assume the bronze complexion that is the badge of my sorrow, my friends all say when they meet me: "Really, you are smoking too much. You will hurt yourself unless you are careful."

But perhaps the worst phase of the whole affair is, that my lady friends, when I go to see them, hold their dainty, scented handkerchiefs in such a way that the odor of tobacco, which they evidently think clings to my clothing, may be neutralized before it reaches their delicate olfactories.

However, I am going to get even with everybody if I sicken myself twenty times a day for the next two years, for I am going to lay in a stock of pipes and tobacco, and smoke until my friends begin to make arrangements with an undertaker, and until such an odor travels around with me that even my tailor will cut my acquaintance. I'm not going to be blamed for a thing for nothing.

P. KUS.

### SUGGESTED SIMILES.

INSTEAD of "As long as I live," say "As long as unlimited length."

Instead of "As grave as an owl," say "As grave as a cemetery," but don't look as if you were getting off a pun.

Instead of "As slippery as an eel," say "As slippery as Sir ——" *i.e.*, any prominent politician.

Instead of "As silent as an oyster," say "As silent as some people should be."

And if there be any other simile it is briefly comprehended in this, "As ——, etc., as he, she or it—— be."

### THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

VIDE MR. RILEY'S POEM IN THE "CENTURY."



"THE poet of the future," whom you eulogize so highly. Is very interesting and aesthetic, Mr. Riley; But when you say that he will come as comes the bugle's blast, I verily believe you mean the poet of the *past*. He'd find it pleasant harping in the orchard, on the hills; But such Arcadian delights will never settle bills; A poet couldn't earn his daily bread and butter now With "face to Heaven and the dew of duty on his brow."

The poet of the future, will, unless I greatly err, Engage a cozy office, hire a smart stenographer; And there he'll dictate poetry, correct and very nice To fill his many orders at the lowest market price. With several clever drummers "on the road" he will command A trade in inspiration that will sweep the boundless land. The Caligraph or Remington so bus'ness-like and quick, Will rattle off his metres with an expeditious click.

With any order placed with him he'll be prepared to cope, From an idyl on an eyebrow to a sonnet on a soap. He'll complete an ode one minute on a spirit sad and vexed, And begin a carol praising a cosmetic in the next. He'll make out bills and keep accounts, have clerks, too, I surmise;

And send out printed circulars, himself to advertise. Then he will be more happy and more prosperous, I trow Than with his "face to Heaven; dew of duty on his brow."

HARRY B. SMITH.