

### A FUNNY-MAN'S FATE.

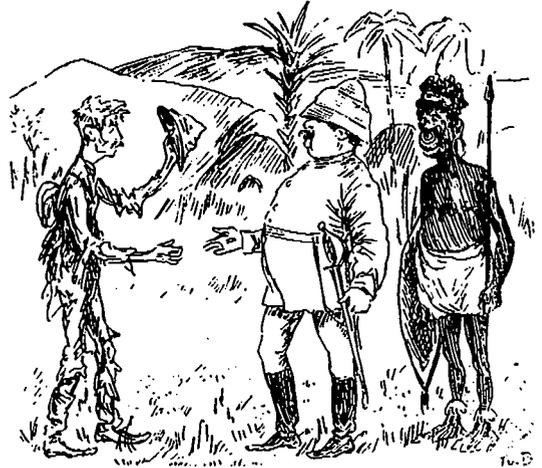
A FUNNY-MAN thought of a brand new joke,  
And he roared and laughed in his glee;  
But he roared so loud, and laughed so long,  
That it slipped from his memo-ree.

When he tried and failed to recall this joke  
That so strangely funny had seemed,  
Then his having laughed at he knew not what  
Was funnier still, he deemed.

So he laughed, and yelled, and rolled about,  
Yet saw, when the fit was o'er,  
That his case, having laughed at having laughed,  
Was funnier than before.

And thus ev'ry time he stopped to think,  
This funny thing funnier grew,  
Till at length, with a wild, convulsive laugh,  
He all into atoms flew.

P. Kus.



### STANLEY IN AFRICA.

STANLEY—"Emin Bey, I presume?"

EMIN BEY—"That's my name, sir. What can I do for you?"

STANLEY—"I've come to relieve you."

EMIN BEY—"Indeed? That's very kind of you. (To native) Here, Pumpumjoop, take this poor fellow in and give him a square meal."

fingers as he had often seen his mother do and commenced operations. The first time he made the needle span the chasm his efforts were crowned with success, but the next time he made the perilous attempt he pulled the yarn a little too strongly and undid what he had previously accomplished. However, he had read of Bruce and ran the spider in his early youth, so he tried again, and ran the needle into the fleshy part of his thumb which he did not wish to darn, though he immediately expressed a desire to do so to his luck. From that hour he became a changed man and his Bohemian life ceased, for, after drawing blood from every available part of his body with the agile needle, and after mending his sock in a way that made it look as puckered as an actress' smile, he rushed back in despair to the throbbing bosom of the family from which he had torn himself, and once more became a decoration to the society which he had so long ornamented. So ends my tale, and here is its moral. The Bohemian who wears socks is a traitor to custom, therefore failure and sorrow must be his reward.

P. Kus.

### A CIRCULAR TO PARENTS.

THE Female Anthropological Society of Washington, D.C., has issued a circular to its members asking for statistical information regarding children, hoping thereby to gain such a quantity of information as may lead to the discovery of certain fundamental laws affecting childhood. I have received a list of questions, to which answers have been truthfully supplied; but as Mrs. Tiggles will not let me send it to Washington, I enclose it herewith for publication in your valuable paper.

1. *Give full name.*—Sophonisba Eglantine Tiggles.
2. *Previous health of mother,* especially as regards fright. Mrs. Tiggles was very much frightened by a run-away horse with buggy attached, some time previous.
3. *Mother's marks.*—The child has the fac-simile of a livery stable bill on the small of its back.
4. *Weight (naked).*—60 lbs. before, and 64 lbs. after dinner.
5. *Color of hair.*—This is premature at present, as the child has none. However, it has a choice between red (her mother's) and grey (mine).
6. *Peculiarities.*—Too numerous to mention more than a few. Wakes me up regularly at 4 a.m., by hitting me on the nose with the watch she has extracted from beneath the pillow; drinks the contents of my shaving pot and ink bottle with equal relish; hangs on to the dog's tail when it wants to get out of doors; falls down three flights of stairs twice a day; swallows a set of chessmen by pieces, and pins by the cushionful; pulls the table cloth and all that thereon is every Sunday.

(Signed) THOMAS TIGGLES.

### THE BOHEMIAN AND THE SOCK.

HE had not been long in the Bohemian business but he was moderately successful, for in his attempt to look beery and brilliant he managed, at least, to look beery. The first time he tasted sorrow was when a hole located itself in the heel of his sock and a blister nestled opposite the hole and grew as if it were watered by the dews of heaven. After walking up and down street several times with a non-friction gait he came to the conclusion that his sock had to be darned, but when he tried to do it he found that the stronger word expressed his feelings much more exactly. He got a needle about three inches long and a piece of yarn several feet longer than this one. For a few minutes he struggled to make the proper connection between the needle and the yarn. Having conquered this first difficulty, he ran his hand into the sock, spread his

### AN ORANGE RONDEAU.

O NEVER rely on  
An orange-hued ribbon,  
Since those it doth fly on—  
(Whom never rely on)—  
Failed Col. O'Brien,  
And Dalton, the glib 'un,  
O, never rely on  
An orange-hued ribbon!

### SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED.

EDITOR (to special contributor)—"When can you write me an article on Pneumatology?"

S. C.—"Let me see; to-day is Wednesday. Oh, I'll have it ready before you go to press, Friday."

And then he first applies himself to the dictionary to get solid on the meaning of the word.