



THE EQUIVALENT.

Rich old Codger.—What, you marry my daughter? Why, sir, you haven't a cent to your name!

Romantic Lover.—No, sir; but I'm full of days' works!

THE JERSEY LILY.

A DREAM OF THE BOHEMIAN.

Hail! Jersey Lily, hail!

But stay!

How can a lily hail?

Any way

We may expect a storm,
When we see your lovely form

On the stage

Of applause,

Just because

You're the rage.

For even by this time

You're down fine.

Lovely Langtry from the Chancel,

The color of your flannel,

And the rest of your attire,

We admire,

And never tire

In looking at your busque.

Would it be too much to ask

The reason why

You don't try

To wear at least a brilliant diamond ring,

Or flashing solitaire

In your hair?

For here it is regarded just the thing

By our ladies in the morn,

At breakfast to adorn

Their fair persons with bright jewels rich and rare,

And silks and laces quite beyond compare,

While they tackle their hot corn.

So why don't you conform,

And like them yourself adorn,

Folks'll think you haven't got 'em for to wear!

You won't wear your jewels, well, that's flat.

Well, never mind. Let's not have a spat.

Stick to that brown hat

If you choose,

So let's have a chat

About your shoes.

You won't! Well, how's your pa?

Reverend Dean,

How's he been?

And the Prince,

Did he wince,

Oh, la!

When you poured down his collar

The ice cream?

Did he seem

Mad at all? He did, I'll bet a dollar.

It wasn't nice

When the ice

Wet his clothes,

But I spose

From his message o'er the wire

That his garments now are drier;

And you're pardoned now, I guess,

For he wishes you success;

And his wrath

Through the bath,

Is by this time long forgotten—

Evaporated like the moisture from his linen and his cotton.

A FEW REMARKS.

There is a report that bread is down. Is this true, or is it only down in the mouth, as most of the bread winners are?

The fair sex can scarcely credit the fact that they are not necessarily to be credited by merchants on their husbands' account. Such an incredible state of things is not to the credit of the unfair sex.

Mark Twain has begun a new work, which is already being widely commented upon by the press, though it isn't likely to be much thought of by the public. It is the work of prosecuting pirate publishers.

"These eggs have the appearance of being smaller than the last you bought," observed the careful husband. "Yes," replied the frugal wife, "it's their having risen so high that gives them that appearance."

It was at a reception on Jarvis-street the other night. "Who is that young girl?" asked a lady of her companion. "I mean the one near the window—divinely tall and most divinely fair." "Don't you know?" said the companion in much surprise. "Why, that's a daughter of the gods. Nice old family, but don't go out much."

They had been reading Matther Arnold together, and afterwards sat down to a repast at which a foamy custard-like pudding was served. The young lady had made it from a nameless recipe, and didn't know what to call it. "Will you have some—" she paused a moment, looked at it and said, "Will you have some sweetness and light?"

A Yorkville girl teased her lover for six months to tell her how much he loved her, and when he did, she declined seeing him again. "Why this unreasonable behavior?" inquired her mother. "Oh, its very easy to talk," was the indignant response; "but I'm not going to live in poverty all my days, and you know Shakespeare says there's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

What is home without a mother? Don't you really know? Honestly, now! Well I'll tell you. It is an oyster stew without oysters and with a horrible lot of stew. It is a journey across the Desert of Sahara after the provisions have given out and before you come to any water. Its a severe attack of comfortlessness, aggravated by an intermittent fever of disgusted dissatisfaction, with the pulse at 120 in the shade.

HOW TO RECEIVE A COMPLIMENT.—The usual way is to exclaim, "Oh, you flatter me!" which is a direct insult, as to call a man a flatterer is to intimate either that he is a fool or else a l— fib-teller. A better way is, if you have a pretty mouth, to purse it up to its prettiest, and give a prolonged O-o-o-o-h. If you have fine eyes, open them to their widest, and say in a musing, dreamy sort of way, "And yet I have always considered you a man of penetration." If you are noted for your quick replies you should snap out, "Oh, Mr. Smith, do you say your prayers every night?" and if he retains sufficient self-possession to say yes, you should respond, "Well, you mustn't forget to ask forgiveness for that." If, however, he is so unmanned by the suddenness of the question as to tell the truth, you may reply, "I thought not! People who have to confess their sins are generally more particular what they say." But if you are known to be a young person of profound mind, and a firm believer in co-education, you should temper mercy with justice in this style. "Well, Mr. S., I appreciate your kindness more than ever, but I haven't so much respect for your judgment."

WHAT THE VOICE MEANS.—The higher a girl's voice is habitually, the quicker temper she has.

A low, unobtrusive tone shows the good business man.

A rapid talker is generally a rapid thinker. An indistinct, hesitating, or mumbling speech indicates want of clearness in thought.

If your words are each as hard and cold—as severely chiselled, majestic and unmistakable as the boss tombstone in a cemetery, it proves that there is no danger of your not succeeding as a school marm.

An extremely shrill and piercing tone in an infant indicates a crying need of peppermint or spanking.

There is something very soft and sweet in the accents of a girl in love, especially when she is completely "gone." The girl may be unconscious of it, but she can't help it.

A voice that is given up to speech and laughter alternately, and in almost equal proportions, shows that its possessor is a fool.

Silence is golden, and it is also "the perfectest herald of joy," but as a rule in a woman it shows that she is mad, and in a man it proves that he doesn't consider his wife worth the trouble of talking to.

A voice that is carefully modulated, smooth unctuous, and luscious, like a mixture of cod-liver oil and oleomargarine, is sure to belong to a base deceiver.

The voice of one arousing another in the morning, if modified by the feminine termination, "please, dear," means you have waked me too soon, I must slumber again. If, however, it is qualified by the masculine suffix, "You young rascal," it beautifully illustrates the force of the line, "Act, act, in the living present."

A soft, low voice is an excellent thing in woman, a rare thing in man, an adorable thing in children.

DE BIBLE.



ADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN,—Dare's some folks dats got a pooty good deal to say agin de Bible. When dey's on dis pint, I tells yer, dere tongues moobs along like a runaway locomotib. Among oddah tings, dey says dat dere is several werry smutty pieces in dat book, and, derefaw, it are fit only to be in de sarkilation lib'ry ob a house whose maw'ls is like a rotten egg. Well, now, yer knows dere's some crecturs dat likes to lib in dutty watah, an' some dat likes to eat food

dat hab got a smell dat are strongah dan nice. So, if de Bible are de nasty book dese fellahs say it are, all raskils and blaggards shoed read it wid de greatest ob pleazhaw. Yes, dey should hug it to dere buzzums. But dey hates it. Some may pretend to lub it, but dat are on'y pertense. Now, arn't dis worry kuris? I defy cny body to name one case in witch one's maw'ls was ruined by readin' eben dese pieces in de Bible dat dese fellahs blustah so much about. Ah! if folks would only read de Bible keerfully, and do what it tells dem, dere-would be nuffin but most 'spectibil folks in de w'ld. Dese fellahs dat I speaks about I'se sure has nebbah read keerfully de pieces dey condemns. Dey oughter gib de Bible de justis a plitical piece in a noospapah has a right ter. Dat wood on'y be fayah. But dey won't do dat. Dey hates de Bible just because de Bible are agin dem. Dat, I ashoowh yer, are de reason wy.—Julius Cesar Hannibal Washington.