

THE BALLAD OF BILL BLATHERS.

(AFTER TOM HOOD—BUT NOT APT TO CATCH UP WITH HIM IN A HURRY.)

BILL BLATHERS was the baldest man
That ever you did see,
For on the place beneath his hat
He'd no cap-illary.

He fell in love with Mary Jane,
And feeling somewhat big,
He put on 'airs—that is to say,
He wore a curly wig.

"She ne'er could love a hairless man,
Though love's a great transmuter,"
He said, "But as I'm now hirsute,
I soon may be her-suitor."

And so, bedecked with borrowed locks,
He did his love impart,
And laid in fashion orthodox
Sieve to her tender heart.

An artless maid was Mary Jane,
Unversed in such deceit.
'Air-long methinks he'd captured her
With airy nothings sweet.

Until, alas! one luckless day,
As with his curls she played,
His wig came off. Oh, fancy then
The horror of the maid!

"Go, base deceiver!" she exclaimed.
"Oh, for some lone retreat!
I'd quit this cold and heartless world.
My Bill is counterfeit!

"Away, away—far hence away,
Nor dare thy suit renew.
Thy head is like a billiard-ball,
Can'st thou not take a cue?"

"Oh, I could die," remarked the swain.
"No more deceptions try,"
Replied indignant Mary Jane.
"You have no hair to dye."

He did not die—they seldom do—
Such loss one soon repairs.
He quickly wed another girl,
And now he has some heirs.



A DIAGNOSIS.

JOBBLESON—"Keeps losing time, does it?"

BEESWAX—"Yes; and I don't know what's the matter with it.

JOBBLESON—"It's all on account of the season."

BEESWAX—"What d'you mean?"

JOBBLESON—"The backward spring, you know."

AN EPISODE OF SPRING.

ONE morning last month I was strolling down a side street enjoying the glorious freshness of the gentle breeze that fanned my burning brow. Who, but those who have experienced it, can tell of the gladness of heart, the buoyancy of spirits and the calm peace that is produced by a walk in the early morning? I felt at peace with the whole world. Under the softening influence of that breeze I forgave all my enemies. I wondered how any creature that was allowed to exist in this beautiful world of ours could murmur or repine at his lot. The fresh, pure air, laden with the breath of approaching spring, was a free gift to all. But suddenly, even while I ruminated on the grandeur of the atmosphere, I became conscious of a strong overpowering odor of brimstone, while a heavy blue vapor floated around me. Astonished and somewhat horrified, I gazed around in search of the origin of this strange phenomenon, and at last I discovered it. Leaning upon the fence was a woman, and from between her parted lips there issued blue flames, while at her feet, down in the mud and slush, was a clothesline full of clothes. It was my wife. Noble woman, she hadn't sworn a word!

F. W. HARVEY.



SPRING SPORT.

DAWKINS—"Catch anything?"

HAWKINS—"Yes, a beastly cold!"

SURE CURE FOR VERDANCY.

BEESWAX—"Do you know, Miss Kultshaw, that when I mingle in literary society I feel quite ashamed of myself. I've really read so little that I can't understand half the allusions, and in fact I seem awfully green. What would be a good thing to read up?"

MISS KULTSHAW—"If you feel so very green as you say I should be inclined to recommend a course of Browning."