



THE SULTAN AROUSED AT LAST!

PORTER.—"AH! NOW I CATCH YOUR MEANING! ARABI IS A REBEL; OF COURSE HE IS, AND I HAVE NO HESITATION IN ISSUING A PROCLAMATION TO THAT EFFECT!!"
 DUFFERIN.—"ZAGAZIGLY SO! BUT A TRIFLE LATE IN THE DAY, I'M AFRAID."

A LETTER FROM ELIZA.

RURAL DELL, August 30th.

MY DEAR MARIA,—Since writing to you last we have been for what Lucius calls a little "run to the seaside." I wasn't particularly anxious to go, but Lucius said he felt he must get a change to recover from the electionary fatigues, and the girls said they wanted to recruit for next season, though, as their pa says, he won't be bothered with any of the females of this family next winter at Ottawa, I think they could stand the gayeties of Rural Dell without anything to strengthen them; however, I never stand in their light. So I said nothing about it, as Lucius, in common with other heads of families, requires no hints as to economizing the expenses at home. So we went. I hear a great deal about the pleasure of traveling. It's all very well when you get there, but, for my part, I haven't experienced much "on the way." I can't see any earthly pleasure in spending two nights and a day on the cars. Some women may enjoy living and sleeping on a pullman car, but I defy any one to say she enjoys dressing on one. Lucius says it's because they take such a confounded amount of rubbish with them; in fact, he said that, and a good deal more not necessary to repeat, the second morning we were on the cars, but, considering the circumstances, I forgave him. I don't know how it happened, but he had walked off with my bangs caught in the button-hole of his coat, and never knew he had them until he was going into the gentlemen's dressing-room, and an impudent boy, who sells peanuts and books, drew his attention to the fact by saying, "Say, mister, who've you bin scalpin' or air you in the hair-line?"

When he did see my curls (which I had bought expressly for the trip) his language was unparliamentary. He instantly, in great wrath, threw them out of the window, where, I daresay, they will lie near the track, until perhaps some one finds them and they figure

in the papers as the "melancholy remains of another victim to the iron-horse.

We got through the journey pretty well, though Jaue had a narrow escape. When getting down from the top berth, her clothes caught some way, tripped her, and she would have fallen to the ground if a man, who was passing, had not caught her. I was thankful for her escape, but as it was the porter of the car whose arms had saved her, she regarded him with rather a "dark eye." (Excuse the pun.)

We were lucky enough to get rooms at the hotel at the American watering place we had chosen, but the charges were enormous, and set a damper on Lucius' spirits. Indeed, I believe he wouldn't have remained at all, only the landlord insinuated that Canadians were generally the only people who complained of his prices, "not that he blamed them, he understood they hadn't much money, but he was willing to do all he could for us, and if we would go up three flights of stairs he'd take fifty cents a week off our board." As the reputation of our country is dear to a public family like ourselves, of course we didn't go up stairs, and paid without any further murmuring the prices asked. I'll quote you an article which was in an American paper: "Among the distinguished arrivals at the Larkspur House, Larkspur, are Lucius Pencherman, Esq., M. P., a prominent politician from the Dominion of Canada, his lady, and two beautiful daughters, who charm all hearts, and report bath it, have made more than one brother Jonathan desirous to convert them to the annexation scheme." It was of course very gratifying to us, and we bought a dozen papers to distribute among our friends, and the item is already copied by the Rural Dell weekly. The girls had a lovely time. There weren't many beaux, (where is the Eldorado of a seaside place that has?) but what there were wouldn't look at anyone else when Jane and Mary were by, and as you know yourself Maria, though a dearth

of them may be regretted by the generality of the girls, the ones who monopolize the attention of the few have all the more honor and glory. I enjoyed seeing the girls enjoy themselves with all a mother's pride, but I couldn't help wishing there was some amusement for middle-aged women; men of all ages have some provided for them, but I haven't yet found that there was any caterer for the pleasure of women who, in the words of the poet, are "fair, fat, and forty."

We only staid a month, and spent a frightful amount of money. I found the house, when we got home, in a frightful muddle, and the boys running wild. By and bye, when we are settled, I am going to the city for our fall things, so keep your eyes open regarding the fashions, for you know how grateful for any hints about dress or style is

Your Affectionate Cousin,
 ELIZA PENCHERMAN.



"Stern necessity"—A rudder.

In at the death—An undertaker.

An article has been lately published headed "The comfort of an elevator." Many bibulists believe devoutly in the article in question.

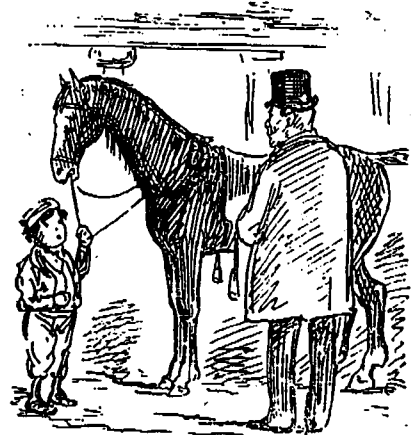
Although coal merchants like to go in good society, many don't believe in the *bon ton* (good ton.)

"I call this taking stock," as the thief remarked when he picked up a roll of tweed at a shop door.

A very persistent agitator—The wind.

A large amount of gold was found lately in the chimney soot of the Royal Mint, Berlin. Our Funny Contributor says that a find of this sort would just *soot* him.

All for love—The female sex.



CONSIDERATE.

OLD GENT.—Why in the world have they cut the horse's tail so short?

BOY.—You see, the boss is a member of the society for preventing cruelty, and he cut his horse's tail to save the poor flies!