

Startling a Stranger.

Down below Natchez while the boat was running in close to the left bank and had stopped her wheels to avoid a big tree floating in an eddy, we saw a native sitting on a stump, fishing. He sat bent over, hat over his eyes, and there was scarcely a movement to tell he was alive. We had a smart Aleck with us on board and he had no sooner caught sight of the native than he called to one of the deck hands to toss him up a potato. A peck or more of the tubers were lying loose near a pile of sacks and one was quickly tossed up. "Now see me startle him," said smart Aleck, as he swung his arm for a throw.

The distance was only about a hundred feet and his aim was so true that the potato landed on the native's head with a dull thud. His motions were so quick that we couldn't agree as how he did it; but in about two seconds he had dropped his fish-pole, pulled out a revolver as long as his arm and fired at smart Aleck. The bullet bored a hole in his silk hat just above his hair and the young man sank down in a heap and fainted dead away. We restored him to his senses after a while when he carefully felt the top of his head, looked back at the fisherman, and absently asked:

"Did she explode both boilers or only one?"

What Killed Him.

A typographical error is thus accounted for by a contemporary:

Compositor—That new reporter spells 'victuals' 'v-i-t-a-l-s'.

Foreman—Yes he's not much good. Rectify the error and put the item in here. We must get to press in just three minutes.

The item was put in place and this is the way the public read it:

"The verdict of the coronor's jury was that the deceased came to his death by a gunshot in his victuals."

The common belief that a rich man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven does not bother the rich man any.

Assistant Editor.—I have some paragraphs on "Socks" here. Where shall I put them?

Chief.—Among the foot notes.

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

"Fill your mind with useful information my young friend," said the prosy old man. "Remember, the empty bag cannot stand upright."

"What's the matter with a baloon?" asked the irreverent youth.

Editors as a rule, are kind-hearted and liberal. An exchange tells of a subscriber who died and left fourteen years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave as the lid was screwed on for the last time and put in a linen duster, a thermometer, a palm-leaf fan and a recipe for making ice.

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mrs Spilkins, who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after a fire was under control, the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and to bed like sensible men instead of romping about like children!"

"When I was once in danger from a tiger," said an old East Indian veteran, "I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapon."

"How did it work?" asked a bystander.

"Perfectly; the tiger didn't offer to touch me."

"Strange! very strange! How did you account for it?"

"Well, sometimes I've thought that it was because I sat on a high branch of a very tall tree."

A hunter went out to hunt. At the same time a bear went out to eat. The hunter saw the bear. Quoth the hunter:

"Ah, there's my fur overcoat."

He fired.

The bear jumped behind a tree and was not hurt. Quoth the bear:

"Ah, there's my meal."

Whereupon the bear ate the hunter.

Ergo, by mutual arrangement, the hunter got his fur overcoat and the bear his meal.

"Music," said the eminent pianist, as the reporter to whom he had kindly accorded an interview ran his pencil rapidly over the paper, "is the most elevating of sciences. It moves the depths of one's nature, refines the sensibilities, and enlarges the heart. It—what were you about to ask?"

"I should like to know, sir, how you regard the distinguished virtuoso, Professor von Bergstein, as a musician?"

"He is nothing, sir, but a cheap, vile imitator, a base counterfeit, a tenth-rate keyboard banger, sir!" exclaimed the eminent musician, scowling fiercely.

A weary congressman, who could "snore upon the flint," occupied a room adjoining a German musician's. "You will have to give me another room, I guess," said the congressman to the hotel clerk. "What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?" "Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along very well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet so that I thought I never would go to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding on my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you please,' said the German, 'dot you vould shnore of der samb key. You vas go from B flat to G und it shpoils der moosic.'"



Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

Tailor Made Costumes at Stovel & Co's.

On page 313 will be found some sketches made by our artist at the above well-known firm of Ladies' Tailors. The left hand figure shows a novel little covert coat with loose fitting fronts, fastening by means of a fly. It sets off the figure to great advantage. The gown on the right was one made for Miss Isadore Rush when she was last in Toronto. The gown and jacket were in fawn box cloth, while the waistcoat was in scarlet with beading and braiding forming an exact copy of the Royal Engineers' mess waistcoat. The centre coat is called the "Grenadier Guards" and represents the back view, both back and front being braided in copy of the braiding on the Guards' undress uniform. It is made in black cloth and braiding to match.

BLOOMPER.—What's that in your hand?  
CODLING.—That's me walking stick.

BUNTING.—A thought just crossed my mind.  
LARKIN.—And as usual you couldn't stop it, of course.

HUSBAND.—Let us go to the Lecture to night.  
WIFE.—I have nothing to wear.  
HUSBAND.—Then let us go to the opera.

SHE.—My darling, I have a terrible piece of news for you. Papa has lost everything.  
HE (rising to go)—Oh no, he hasn't. He still has you.

Old Party.—Hello, Jimmy! I ain't seen ye sence last fall. Pedad, if I had ten cents I'd treat you. (Insinuatingly) Maybe, now, ye've ten cents yerself.

There lived in the age called pliocene,  
When the air was warm and the earth was green,  
A pessimist fellow, who wrote sad rhymes  
About "these degenerate modern times."



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THOSE DEAR WOMEN.

(Denslow has invited a party of friends to a home-poker symposium and Mrs Denslow brings in the luncheon just as Denslow gets his first hand in two hours)—Why Tommy, isn't it rather unusual to have every card in your hand clubs?

A CURE FOR ENNUY.

Young Lady (endeavoring to entertain her gentlemen friends)—Do you like to play cards, Mr Pokerdeck?

Mr. Pokerdeck (graciously)—Yes, indeed; especially when in young ladies' society. It helps to pass away the time, you know.

WHY HE BOUGHT THE PIANO.

Little Boy—Can your sister play?  
Little Girl.—No, she makes awful noises when she tries.

Little Boy.—Then w'ot did your papa get her a piano for?

Little Girl.—I dunno. I guess it was 'cause he wanted zee box for a coal-bin.

Miss S.—Some one told me the other day that you had received sevred proposals this winter.

Miss P.—(complacently) Yes, I have.

Miss S.—Who is the man?

**WANTED,** lady agents to canvass for "HOUSE and HOME, a complete house-wife's guide," by Marion Harland, the greatest living writer on household matters. William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.  
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