



A BARBAROUS RETORT.

Customer: "There is one thing I envy a hog for,—he doesn't have to be shaved until after his death."

Barber (irritably): "Some hogs does, an' some hogs doesn't."

AN ALASKA MOSQUITO STORY.

"Next to the rich ore, what struck me most forcibly were the mosquitoes. Why, sir, they kill the bears. Now it seems strange that a mosquito could kill a bear, but this is the way it is done. The bears come down from 'the hills into the marsh land to feed on roots and berries—a sort of a cranberry found there. As soon as they get comfortably to work the mosquitoes attack them, and go for their eyes. The bears get up on their hind legs to fight them off, and sink into the swamp. The mosquitoes, which are of a most extraordinary size, keep at them until they are totally blind, and then they have them completely at their mercy. I have seen over a dozen bear carcasses in those swamps, positively killed by the mosquitoes."

"Sir," began a stranger, as he walked directly up to a business man in South Street, "I am strictly business." "So am I." "Good! I believe every man should furnish money for his own tombstone." "So do I." "Good again! I want to raise ten pounds to pay for a stone to stand at my grave. What assistance will you render the enterprise? I want a business answer." "You shall have it, sir. I will aid the enterprise by furnishing the corpse!" The stranger hurried off.

"A MAY MEETING."

She was young, and was seemingly fair,
Though her cheeks were suggestive of powder,
Her voice was more husky than loud,
But her costume could scarce have been louder.

She was beautiful, beaming and blonde,
And 'twas probably naught but emotion
That brought the stray tear to her eye—
It was either emotion or lotion.

She seemed, in truth, rather too young
To engage in this world's busy tussle,
And she shone with a pastoral grace
From her bonnet right down to her bustle.

In short, such Arcadian charms
Might have moved e'en the muse of a Tupper;
I snatched just one kiss—it was off!
She'd been eating raw onions for supper.

AND now the small boy unravels the ancient stocking to secure yarn with which to make a cricket ball. And when he has the ball made, he cuts the leg off one of his father's boots to make a cover of; and when the parent discovers the liberties taken with his boot, the small boy wishes that he had used it as a lining for his trousers.