

The Avenged Crow.

(Imitated from the French.)

You have all heard the tale of the Fox
and the Crow,
But the sequel I fancy, that few people
know:

Permit me to tell the "denouement," for I
Was a witness, alas! of poor Renard's
last sigh.

His Papa, his Mamma, and the nearest
of kin

Who kissed his cold muzzle were filled
with chagrin,
When the doctor (called in to determine
the question)

Pronounced his death caused by severe-
indigestion!

"My Friends," said Papa, "this deplor-
able case

Will brand us, I fear, as a gluttonous
race;

'Twill be said this dear child, whom we
idolized so,
Died from eating the cheese of that im-
becile Crow."

All groaned at these words. The dead
"gou-mand" next morn

In a hearse with white plumes to the
grave-yard was borne:

The Foxes in black—some three hundred
in all—

Walked two and two, chanting the "Dead
March" in "Saul."

When they stood round the pit, they again
groaned aloud,

And the Mayor made a heart-rending
speech to the crowd:

What he said I don't know—but of this
there's no doubt

That each Fox held a handkerchief up to
his snout.

Just then Madam Crow (perched hard by
on a tree)

Croaked "Renard is dead! What a grand
day for me!

He sneered at my singing, and pilfered my
cheese—

In return, he lies there, carried off by
disease!"

MORAL

The Moral is this: when we rob friend
or foe,

It seldom brings weal, but it often brings
woe.

Had Renard not been an inordinate thief,
Dyspepsia would never have brought him
to grief!

Geo. Murray.

NURSERY RHYMES.

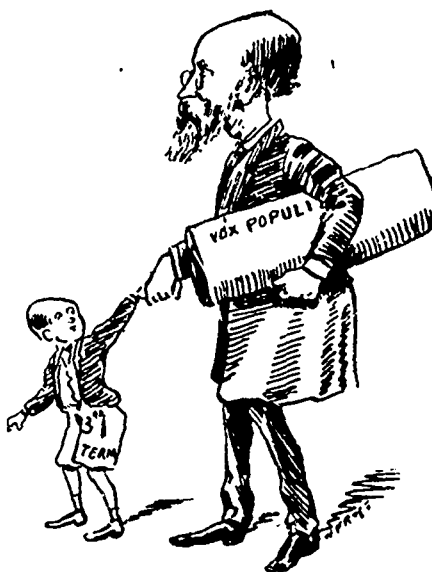
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye:
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing:
Was not that a dainty dish
To place before the king?

Here is a French translation of this
venerable lyric.

Chantons une chanson à six sous,
La poche pleine de blé;
Vingt-quatre oiseaux noirs
Cuits dans un pâté!

Quand le pâté s'ouvrit
Les ois - ux levaient leurs voix;
N'êt - it - ce pas un joli plat
A mettre devant le roi?



LEADING HIM ON.

SAVED.

Watch chains are no longer in fashion
for men.—New York Paper.

The holidays are now here,
And I am poor and blue;
I'm half inclined to shed a tear,
I know not what to do.
I've scarce a penny to my name,
No money coming in.
I cannot borrow for that game
I've worked till its grown thin.

I cannot pawn another thing;
My watch went yester eve;
It followed scarf pin, studs and ring;
The chain's just to deceive
Those friends, my greedy creditors,
Who watchful lie in wait,
And who may turn me out of doors,
If they find out my state.

What's this? O joy! "Watch chains no
more

In fashion are for men"—
That little item's worth a score
Of pearls from poet's pen.
I'll paste it in my hat—last year's,
My uncle I will see;
I'll bid farewell to all my fears,
And in the fashion be.

The Impecune.

How Men Propose.

Did you ever know a man who told
you all he said when he proposed to
the girl whom he subsequently mar-
ried? A rejected man may "give the
thing away," apparently, but he does
not tell it all, you may depend upon
it; and an accepted man may tell you
what led up to it, as in the case of
the gentleman who became engaged
through the agency of a cow; but an
absolutely correct report of all the
nonsense spoken on occasions of this
kind would be something that no man
could bring himself to repeat, and if it
were repeated, it would be very dis-
agreeable to listen to.

The whole thing would appear pain-
fully ludicrous, but it is not ludicrous
to parties interested. It is serious

always, painful frequently, and some-
times, as everybody knows, very tragic.

All these remarks apply especially to
the love-making of young people. When
an old stager proposes, he may be calm
and collected. It is the voice of ex-
perience that speaks, and if he is re-
jected he may take it quietly enough,
for in all probability he has proposed
several times before.

There are some old bachelors who are
chronic proposers. There are some old
flirts who may be depended upon not
only to make love to any woman who
will give them a chance to do so, but
who will be sure to propose, too. These
men mean it, but they don't mean it
very long, and women understand them,
and will have none of them.

It is the fair sex that is the stronger
in matters of this kind. The untappy
marriages are numerous enough, but if
women were as weak as men there
would be a much larger number of
silly matches.

Now, strange as it may seem, there
is no doubt that the most successful
proposer is the man who does it
clumsily. When a man speaks well and
calmly, and gives a woman good
reasons for marrying him—argues the
matter just as though he were plead-
ing a case in court—the woman doesn't
believe he is in earnest.

It is not a case that is governed by
reasonable argument, and appeals to
the brain are not what she cares about.
The appeal must be made to the heart.
He stands a good chance of success as
soon as he convinces her that his heart
is thoroughly in earnest.—

APPROACHING NUPTIALS.

The absorbing subject of conversation
in society circles just now is the approach-
ing marriage of Miss Small and Mr.
Duncan McIntyre, Jr. The ceremony is to
be private, only a few of the nearest re-
latives being invited, as the young couple
have such a large circle of friends that
it would be impossible to have all. Fol-
lowing the good old Biblical injunction
"to whom that hath shall be given," rare
and costly gifts are being showered on the
lovely and accomplished bride.

CHRISTMAS PLUMS.

—Christmas week makes weak pocket-
books.

—It is sad to note that the average
Christmas stocking is longer than most
purses.

—If you must give the boy a drum, give
him a drum of figs; he will make a hole
in it quicker.

—The old saying that "hanging is too
good for them" is never understood to ap-
ply to the Christmas stockings.—Good
Housekeeping.