

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-il-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 Impetue.

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
 proposee 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.