



"HAVE YOU GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR ME, BOSS?"

### THOSE HORRID COMBINATIONS.

#### THE PURCHASE.

THE young lady's name was McGuster,  
And she got in a terrible fluster,  
When she heard that her mar meant  
To buy the new garment  
Called a *Red Flannel Duplex Adjuster*.

#### THE TRAGEDY.

The young lady's young man was McTruster  
And she laid her fair head on his duster;  
But her "fair head" was oiled,  
And his duster was spoiled,  
So he broke his engagement and cussed her.

MELTON MOWBRAY.

### THE McCULLOUGH STATUE.

THE following conversation occurred in the Elysian Fields recently between the shade of Virginius and the shade of John McCullough.

*McCullough*—"Ah, glad to see you, dear boy. You were useful to me during my life. I played you to full houses."

*Virginius*—"Delighted to be of service, I'm sure. You've done me a good turn, too. Your impersonation of me has made me so popular that the Americans are going to set up a statue of me in Mount Moriah cemetery."

*McCullough*—"Sorry to dispel the pleasing illusion, my friend, but it is to be a statue, not of *you*, but of me in your character."

*Virginius*—"O come, now—that's a little too much. The Americans are of course barbarians, but I don't think they are such fools as to erect a statue to a man merely because he could imitate a man to whom they erect no statue. No, John, I won't believe that of them."

And adjusting his toga the noble old shade strode away to make his daily apology to his daughter for his fatal misconception of her preference, ever and ever so long ago.—*S. F. Wasp*.

*Wife* (putting down a novel)—"I wish that I could speak some foreign language, I wouldn't much care which one."

*Husband*—"I find it to be an advantage."

*Wife*—"What?"

*Husband*—"Speaking a foreign language, of course."

*Wife*—"You speak a foreign—"

*Husband*—"Yes."

*Wife*—"I didn't know it before. What language?"

*Husband*—"English. England is a foreign country. What's the matter with you?"

"I AM preparing for the spring," as the cat said while watching a mouse-hole.

MR. EDGAR has accomplished the feat, proverbial as a test of legal acumen—of proving that WHITE is black. For particulars read the evidence in the Prince Albert Colonization Co. case.