



THE MAD-DOG SEASON.

A FEW APPROPRIATE COSTUMES FOR TIMID PEDESTRIANS.

THE D. D. D. DOCTOR.

There was, once on a time, a young Dr.,
Who of draughts was a noted con-Cr.;
To cure a sick child
He gave one "extra mild,"
But it speedily out of time Nr.

Then her mother went down to this Dr.;
He was out, so she sat down and Rr.;
In a while he came in,
Just wiped off his chin,
And to death he with no delay Tr.

Now, this double-death-dealing young Dr.
The corpse in a box put and Lr.—
Gave a yell! Sat to stare!
'Twas a horrid nightmare,
So he flew for a knife and just Hr.

CARL SNAP.

HOW SHE WON HER HUSBAND.

A SEASIDE ROMANCE.

It was a glorious summer's day at — Beach (not Burlington Beach, but—no matter) and the waves were anything but sad. On the contrary, they appeared us-perabundantly sportive, and broke over and lashed around the hundred of bathers as though good humoredly disputing possession of the earth beneath.

Amongst the promenaders on shore was Miss Bella Montessor, a lovely creature in pink flowers and cream-

colored sunshade. (Please note these particulars, as Miss Bella is the heroine of our romance.) As she looked upon the bathers a peculiar something lit up her eyes and she thought something very powerful. (Please note the "somethings" as there is a world of mystery hidden behind them.) By her side stood Mr. Thomas Dugglewugs, an elegant gentleman dressed in the newest summer style suit, and sporting a delicate silken moustache which he tenderly carressed at measured intervals. (Please note these facts, as Mr. Thomas is the hero of our romance.) Their every action told they were lovers. Presently Miss Montessor murmured: "Tom, let us bathe."

It is not necessary to detail the conversation which resulted from this simple remark; (this is not a padded novel) suffice it that the lovely creature had her own way and that within half an hour the twain were disporting themselves in the water with all the fervor of ardent lovers.

But amidst all this sportiveness a strange scheme ran riot through Miss Montessor's pretty little head. Yet she showed it not, save in an occasional gleam which sprang from her eyes, but which Thomas saw not, owing to the salt water that would gather in her eyes. All this enjoyment had taken place in a shallow spot, for, sad to relate, our hero could not swim. But daring Miss Bella, like the water sylph she was, led him unconsciously