

When Daddy Takes the Strap.

When daddy takes the strap you'd think
The house had gone to sleep ;

And not a one of us dare wink,
As here and there we peep,

Each holds his breath ; each heart beats fast,
We vow no more to scrap ;

And all the war of life seems past,
When daddy takes the strap.

Oh, when he takes the strap, and vows
He'll show what he can do ;

And then begins to pace the house,
And range it through and through ;

Then Frances kicks at Jack no more,
And Jack grabs no one's cap ;

While mamma laughs behind the door,
When daddy takes the strap.

And then when daddy brings it down
With all his might and main,

You'd really think his awful frown
Was causing him a pain.

He thinks we're frightened when we howl,
But we don't care a rap ;

We just pretend, and that is all,
When daddy takes the strap.

—Selected.

He (opening the street-door) : "Anna,
here is the girl with the vegetables."

She : "Don't be silly. It's my new
hat."

On Speaking Terms With Oysters.

A theatrical man recently told the
following story about Fritz Williams.
The old actor was one day sitting in a
fashionable New York restaurant when
two young men came in. They were
fearfully bored with living, and all that
sort of thing, and they beckoned condes-
cendingly to a waiter :

"Waiter," said one, "bring me a chop.
Just mention my name to the cook."

"You may bring me a steak," said the
other, "and tell the cook who its for."

The waiter was half-way across the
room when Fritz Williams hailed him.

"Waiter," he drawled, "bring me
half a dozen Blue Points, and mention
my name to every blooming oyster."

The "Assessment" Assurance Plan.

And now the honest farmer packs
His apples up for town ;

This is the top row of his sacks :
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And this is lower down :
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Not so assurance that is run
Upon the assessment plan ;

These are the calls when first begun
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They measure but a span
But as the years go gliding by,

Assessments grow and grow,
Till finally they get so big,

They always look just so :
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The Money Maker.

Company To-day.

Oh, Lucy, hurry up the work,
And set the parlor straight,

I don't see what's the matter
That we always sleep so late.

There's baking and some ironing left,
But it must all be done,

For company is coming sure
Before the setting sun.

Don't snicker now, nor waste your time
In asking questions vain ;

I can't say who, nor if they come
By wagon or by train.

But I have dropped the dishcloth,
A fork stuck in the floor ;

That Dawson girl who came in here
Went out the other door.

The cat is cleaning up her face,
And, in forgetful way,

I took a slice of bread while one
Beside my coffee lay.

So, some one's coming hungry for
My bread—I hope 'twill be

As lovely as that other batch,
The sponge is up now—see ?

Pin that new tidy on the chair,
Fly round and mix a cake ;

Of course these signs do sometimes fail,
But oh, for mercy's sake !

Just hear that rooster on the steps,
How plain he seems to say,

With flap of wing and lusty crow,—
"Coom-pa-ny to-day !"

—A. H. J., in Oregonian.