

A CHARCOAL POET.

MR. FRANK COWAN of Greensburg, member of a dozen learned societies of which nobody has ever heard, and author of a dozen books which nobody has ever read, sends us his thirteenth, entitled *Australia; a Charcoal Sketch*. It is "poetry," and Frank is a bird of a poet. If Walt Whitman had never lived Frank would have been one of the most original of bards; even as it is, he is no slouch, and when he spans his lyre there is trouble. Get onto this 'ere:

I see and sing
AUSTRALIA!
The Austral world;
The World beneath the Cross, the Coalsack and the Magellanic
Clouds of Southern Skies;
The Nether World:
The World below the Belt.

That is great verse, but Mr. Cowan can do better when his mauleys get fairly at work slogging the rebel wires and snatching out great gobs and clots of music, like the enthusiastic grab-dog diligently lifting tangles of tendon from the human calf. F'rexample:

I see and sing
The Seas Surrounding; sweeping swashing gnawing gnashing;
coming to and going from; a mighty ravenous amœboid
monster, having in its maw a continental animalculum:
alternately devouring and rejecting it; eternally digesting
and ejecting it: Amœba panpelagica.

Other oxen may have curveted with as airy grace; other geese may have buffeted the clouds with as free a wing; other donkeys may as sweetly have trilled the lilting lay; but there is only one Frank Cowan, and when he executes his vernal gambol, springs into the purple empyrean and signifies his views the ensuement is remembersome! He's a harp-whacker from the Dim Remote.—*S. F. Wasp*.

AT THE MILLINER'S.

COSTUMES are being worn now with all the millinery *en suite*—

On sweet? Oh, you mean what you dressmakers call *confections*—eh?

Ahem! Tea gowns are appropriately decorated with flowers and leaves—

Ah! Tea roses and tea-leaves, of course—eh?

H'm! Dinner dresses have a gore in front, so as to—

Indeed! So as to help the fair gore-gers in their gore-ging, I presume?

Sssssh! The fashionable wraps are very light and soft.

To be sure; nice soft (w)raps don't hurt like hard ones would, do they?

Um! Black real lace is coming into fashion for widows and or—

Exactly. I understand—on account of their nearest and dearest real-lace-uns, eh?

Pissssh! The high collar of the redingote is now cut in teeth—

You don't mean it—cut(t)in' teeth, eh? It must be very young.

H'm! For boating and yachting purposes the rush hat is in high favor.

The *rush* hat, eh? Ah, I see now, because of its fastness, of course!

Well I'm—Er—I should say—er—white sailors' shapes are much admired—

Are they, though? Why, I always thought it was less the *shape* than the *tint* of colored sailors that—

Excuse me, I wasn't referring to the form of a sailor, but to the *chapeau*—

Exactly, not the form, but the shape. Oh—yes, I understand!

Ahem! Er—stylish adornments for hats are flowers set over coque—

Flowers over coke! Ah, I see.

Er—pardon me—I was about to say coques of ribbon. Er—mauve is a highly fashionable color.

Really! Not anyway *mauve-ais* now, eh?

Oh, no, Um! "Clouds" is one of the reigning hues—

Precisely! Raining is just what might be expected of clouds.

Bless the—Ahem! Er—pink faille is becoming very general—

Ah, I was thinking. Can't be a faille through the prevailing depression, then, because *that* sort of fail's tints are the "blues"—

Er—excuse me—*good* morning!

Well, so long!

F. F.

PATRONIZE NATIVE TALENT.

EVERYBODY wants a nice new novel when they go off on a vacation tour, and GRIP says the last and best one is "A Heart-song of To-day," by Mrs. Annie G. Savigny. Editor Haultain, and his late substitute editor, have both pronounced judgment upon it—what better authority could one have! The publishers are Hunter, Rose & Co., who have turned out the volume in dainty style.

"I SHOULD think these professional oarsmen would be all tired out," said Mrs. Goodman, turning from her newspaper. "Yes," said her husband, "it's a terrible strain on their memories." "Memories? Why, what have their memories to do with it?" "Bless you, my dear, don't they have to remember whom they are hired to beat and whom to let beat them?"—*Chicago News*.



My Lady.—You nasty wicked girl, you have not properly cleaned my glass again, for it makes me look like a perfect old hag.

Maid.—Oh! m'Leddy, the glass is quite clean, and pardon me for remarking that if your leddyship will dance all night and eat hot suppers your beauty must suffer, and it is not fair to lay the blame either on me or on the glass; but if you will only wait until I have put a little paint on your face and eye-brows, you will again look charming.