

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.

A VERY, VERY DISMAL BALLAD.

IN COW-PLETS.

"Come, live with me, and be my bride,
Sweet Betsy Jane," the butcher side,
"I cannot liver 'nother day
If you from me should keep aweigh.
My heart loves you; for months I knew it:
I want your love, and now I sue.
Before I go, say you'll be mine,
I love you; 'tis no tender lyin'."
And then upon his manly shoulder
He drew her head; becoming bolder
With bonnet rib-bones, fluttering free,
He roved and played as he kissed she.
And soon, 'fore quarter of an hour
She loved him, aye, with all her power.
"And now," he said, "I must be goin',
For I can hear the cattle loin'.
A silver dollar you can steak
That I will many a visit make;
In very truth I am in luck;
Farewell, sweetheart, keep up your pluck."
And as good-bye the maid was biddin', he
Beheld her laugh, and deemed her kiddin' he (!)
Across the mead he slowly went,
On his fine prospects all intent,
When, chancing just to glance around,
Towards him jumped with bovine bound,
A bull, so brisket seemed to him,
That well he knew his chance was slim
To flank him or to shin a tree;
The butcher grieved him monstrous-lee,
For he was bull-dosed, so to speak,
And sorely rumbled, cowed and weak.
"Hereafter I will heifer to steer,"
He cried, "from these wild cattle clear,
And I'll beware, in bulls and cows,
That quick contraction of the browse;
I feel a chill congeal my blood,
I can't escape,—I wish I cud."
And then with terror driven mad
He died. Here ends this oxtail sad.

THE CRICKETER ON SKATES.

Oh! in very truth 'twas a festive youth, a lawyer's
clerk, I think,
Who toddled away in the evening gray to the Granite
skating rink;
He was not *au fait* in the very best way to skate, and he
heaved a sigh,
As he watched from his seat the steel-bound feet of the
skaters flashing by.

But he was a cricketer skilled,
And he said to himself, "Pooh! pooh!
On the field, perhaps, I could show these chaps
In cricket a thing or two."

So he took his boot and his gimlet cute, and he bored a
hole in the heel,
And then with a twist of his pliable wrist he affixed the
glittering steel.
Then up he stood and remarked, "I should be more at
home, I think,
Standing up at the wicket in a game of cricket, than here
in this b'awsted rink."

And away he madly dashed
Like a wild, piratical rover,
And into a bevy of ladies crashed,
And—bowled a maiden over.



He picked her up with her terrier pup which, likewise, he
had spilled,
And the yells of the pair, the pup and the fair, the frosty
welkin filled.
Then away he went and his strength he spent in tumbles
"over" a "score."
'Twas plain to see that seldom had he had a skate on his
"leg before."

And he sprawled at a terrible rate,
As he muttered, "Without a doubt,
By the wicket keeper over there at the gate
I soon shall be 'put out.'"

In a quiet spot of the rink there "sot" two lovers "spoon-
ing" mildly;
The nook was dark and our legal spark steered towards
the sweet ones wildly;
He could scarcely stand, he had lost command over leg
and skate, and shoe,
And away he drove to that dark alcove,—he made a
drive for two.

And right on the lovers' twain,
As they sat and lovingly hugged,
He dashed like a Grand Trunk train
When the engineer is "mugged."



Ye gods! the shrieks and the feminine squeaks that rent
the icy air;
And how that lover when he *did* discover what was up
did howl and swear.
And he seized the cause—the student of laws—by the
neck, and he-aid, "You're was
Than a wild beast brute—there, feel my boot—you or-
ni-tho-rink-eus.

"What's best to do with him now,
Shall I bounce him? I'm in doubt."
"Aye, aye," yelled all, "he caused this row."
And the youth was clean bowled out.



GRIP'S CLIPS, &c.

Rector: "Those pigs of yours are in fine
condition, Jarvis." Jarvis: "Yes, sur, they
be. Ah, sur, if we was all on us on'y as fit to
die as sur are, we'd do!"

The dollar diamond is an emblem of false-
hood. That is the reason the hotel clerk who
wears one on his breast will lie to you about
the best rooms being full.—Puck.

"That parrot of mine's a wonderful bird,"
said Smithers; "he cries 'Stop thief!' so
naturally that every time I hear it I always
stop. What are you all laughing at, any-
way?"

A Michigan father writes to the faculty of
Yale:—"What are your terms for a year?
And does it cost anything extra if my son
wants to learn to read and write as well as to
row a boat?"

An editor was knocked down the other day
by a highwayman, who demanded his valu-
ables. The poor man took out his scissors to
pass them over to the highwayman, but the
latter thought it a revolver and immediately
retreated.

Grace Greenwood, while riding in a Wash-
ington horse-car recently, was thrown by a
sudden jerk into a gentleman's lap, when she
said, "I beg pardon, sir; but you see I am a
Lap-lander."

It doesn't pay to be ill-natured. Laugh
and be jovial! It is just as well to kick a
hook agent down stairs to the music of a
merry, ringing laugh as to utter oaths and
abusive words.

An Alabama editor winds up an editorial on
the corn crop of the past year with the remark:
"We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair
of magnificent ears." This might apply, very
appropriately, to other offices than that of the
Alabama man.

"Prof. Beal says that celery, if packed in
moss and placed on a cool spot in the cellar,
will retain its flavor and freshness all winter."
Maybe so, maybe; but we should think it
would taste a little celery, eh?

There is nothing so despised by the stupid
journalist as brilliancy—by the hard-bound
journalist as facility—by the weaver-eaten
journalist as prosperity—by the lazy journalist
as energy—or by the brilliant journalist as
stupidity.—*Atlanta Constitution*.—We despise
stupidity.

"Papa, are those ducks geese?"
"My son, those are swans."
"Swans of what, papa?"
"Swans of water, my son."
"Then it is going to rain, papa?"

The reason there is no point to this joke is
that you can't make a pun on *swan* and *sign*
in English, and the French son-of-a-mitrailleuse
could.

Now, for instance, here are some pictures
from Germany. The horses wear No. 12 eyes,
ladies' size. The clouds are eleven miles
thick, and the edges are fringed with moun-
tains. The babies have lips big enough for a
clamecko, and, wings and all, these babies
weigh 397 pounds apiece. The heroes are
nine feet across the calf and the ends of their
little toes would fit into the top of a chimney.
Art is long and time is fleeting.

Roadside Chat: Old epigrammatic conver-
sation between a clergyman and traveller:
C. I've lost my portmanteau. T. I pity your
grief. C. My sermons are in it. T. I pity
the thief. A more seldom and altogether
more Arkansaw way of holding a similar con-
versation would be: C. I've lost my denijohn.
T. I pity your grief. C. My whisky was in
it. T. Let's look for the thief.—*Arkansaw
Traveller*.

"Talk about memory," said an Arkansaw
man, "I've got the most retentive memory of
any man in the country. I can remember
things that occurred when I was a child."
"I don't think your memory is so very good,"
said an acquaintance. "You borrowed \$10
from me some time ago and you have forgotten
the circumstance." "No sir, you are wrong.
You have doubtless noticed that I kept out of
your way. Well, that is on account of my
memory."—*Traveller*.

The following is told of Saphir, a deformed
Jew, who lived centuries ago in Germany:
He was travelling in a stage coach in company
with two Jesuits, who made allusions to the
personal appearance of Saphir, and were dis-
posed to make fun of him generally. He put
up with this for some time, but finally he
asked: "Who are you two fellows, anyhow?"
"We belong to the Society of Jesus." "Which
Society of Jesus—the first or the last?"
"What do you mean?" "Well, his first
society were donkeys, in the manger, and his
last were thieves, on Mount Calvary. Now, I
want to know to which of these societies you
belong."

Among anecdotes of first nights of new
pieces the following deserves a place. It was
the first night—and morning—of "Monte