



VERY DELICATE.

AUGUSTUS FITZNOBB.—Haw! yaas; my watch goes, you know, Miss Lucy, when I go! ha! ha! ha!

MISS LUCY.—Then would you mind winding it up *now*, Mr. Fitznobb?

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds concerning a physician who was called to attend a very stout lady who desired to decrease her adiposity. It is cited, as an instance of extraordinary brilliancy on the part of the medical man, that he advised her to take exercise, saying, "Look at the trees, they are motionless from year's end to year's end, and they increase in circumference every day, all caused by their inactivity; move about, madam, move about." Now if that female's intellect had not been as sluggish as her body she would immediately have retorted, as you or I, dear reader, would have done, "Get thee gone, thou humbug. Consider the snow-ball; the more it moves about on the face of the snow-clad earth the bigger it gets. Did it remain in a state of inactivity it would soon be 'wearing away', Jean, like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean." Nay, old Pills and Powders, thy simile is an inapt one." But she didn't say this, which clearly proves that I should be a bold, bad man to tackle with advice that was not sage—and onions.



MRS. MCFAGIN ON SKATES.

"An' is it how did I spind Christmis, ye ask, Mrs. Nelligan? Well, I'll tell ye, if ye promise not to make fun av me about it. Sure it's the blissid day that's supposed to be full av joy an' pace an' good will an' benivolence an' stuffed turkey an' plum puddin' an' roast bafe for all papel of all grades, belafes an' opinions; but to me, Mrs. Nelligan, it was a

day av sorrow an' troubles an' desperations an' ill-luck an' misfortunes an' calamities an' heart aches an' back aches an' head aches. 'What was the cause av it all, ye ask. It was not that we hadn't plenty to make a joyful day av it, Mickey an' Honora an' young Mickey an' meself. We all gev prisants wan to the other. The ould man got two bewtiful shuits av flannel, undthershurts an' drawers an' mits an' tobaccy an' a new poipe, an' Honora got an Asthrachian fur muff an' a goold ring, an' young Mickey got an illigant overcoat an' a pair av skates an' a slap betchune the eyes becos he wudn't kape away from the cakes, an' I got this bewtiful brand new dhress cut ally princers on the bias an' thrimmed to perfection with taste an' purty braid. We had a dinner so foine that be me sow! I saw wather runnin' from the taith av Sir John, who hung on the wall forninst us dhressed up in his glory clothes. There was turky, schuffed till it woudn't hould any more, an' praties so white an' soft an' maley an' flour-loike that it was most a trouble to ait them for fear our breaths wud sind them blowin' about loike foine powdher, an' turnips an' siliry, an' fried cakes an' bottled ale an' puddin' with rasins in it the size av me fist.

"This was the throuble. As I towld ye, Mickey got a prisant av a pair av skates. Well, in the afternoon I wint to the skhatin' rink wid him for the purposse av watchin' him, so that if he broke through the ice I cud call the police. Oh, the purty, purty girruls that was there, shlidin' an' glidin' loike angels in furs! An' the darlin' young men with short coats an' tight pants, showin' their nate figgers to sich advantage! Said I to meself, sed I, 'Ellen McFagin, you're no woman if ye don't put on skates yerself an' show the pape yer as lively as the rest av your sex.' So I made Mickey fasten his skates onto me feet. While he was puttin' them on I was scared an' almost timpted to abandon the scheme, but jist thin I saw a couple—a young fellow an' his girrul, proud, stuck-up, consated things—shuickerin' an' laffin' at me, an' dhrawin the attintion av a dozen more to me, as I sat there while Mickey was doin' the skates on me, me hands foulded peacefully an' a shmile on me face as if I was a skhater from the day av me birth. I was determined to show them snips I had jaynus, an' I said to meself that I'd make it oupleasant fur them. Well, I got up an walked across the flure an', Mrs. Nelligan, I can't tell ye what a funny feelin' it was. I kin imagine the stato

av mind av the darin' fellows that walk on stilts along a rope stretched over Niagara Falls. Whin I got to the edge I sat down on a sthep an' let me fate rest on the ice. Oh my, how funny it was, but they shlipped right straight out! Thin a lot av pape cum an' stood around to see me start out. I sthooed up on the wooden sthep an' arranged me bonnet an' jacket an' ribbons. Av coorse I didn't fall. Thin I put wan fut, me right wan, out on the ice. Thin Mickey held me by wan hand an' a big sstrange man by the other till I got me second foot on the ice. Oh, how I shmiled at them all as much as to say 'Luk at that, now,' as I stood as sstrait as a reed, Mickey an' the big sstrange man holdin' me up. Not an inch did I fall, Mrs. Nelligan, but by the way that the crowd sthooed back a few yards from me, ye'd think that I was goin' to fall an' grab at ivery wan av them, or that I was some sstrange animal that they all feared. Thin whin they saw that I had great presence av mind an' wudn't fall they kem quite close to me an' began to give advice. Wan told me to sthart out on the right fut, an' another sed 'the left is the fut for beginners to sthart wid. Some-wan told me to go sideways on both fate at wanst, an' a fourth advised me to sthrike out backwards on me left fut. 'Hould yer whist, ye squalin' spalpeens,' sed I. 'I'll comminse as human natcher, common sinse, an' me own consunse prompts me, an' I'll bet a quarter to tin dollars that it'll be different from what any wan av ye says.' An' it was, Mrs. Nelligan, it was. I told Mickey an' the big sstrange man that I was ready an' to let go av me. They did, an' I made a sstruggle to move me fate wan after the other. I didn't have to sstruggle long for they both moved at wanst, an' in a way that nayther meself nor the crowd expected, for they shlid right sstraight out forninst me side by side, and sthrikin' sivin young people in front av me right in the shins, knocked them off their fate an' sent them sprawlin' all over. Av coorse whin me fate wint forwards me body havin' no support fell downwards, while I, in me anxiety to go down aisy and gracefully, made a grab wid both av me hands, catchin' howld av the big sstrange man's beard wid wan and the bonnet av an' old maid wid the other. Av coorse they wint wid me, an' the three av us lay there on the cold, cold ice, all tangled up wid ourselves an' the sivin young pape whose fate I had knocked from in under them. (You'll plaze understand, Mrs. Nelligan, that all this took place in much less time than it takes to tell ye.) Sich a sight! Whin I grabbed at the old maid's bonnet it kem off, an' wid it as much false hair as ye'd find in a hair factory; an' thin whin she opened her month an' commenced to yell "murder!" her taith dropped out and broke to pieces whin they struck the ice. "Sarves ye right," says I, "any woman that 'ud have so much falseess about her ought to be a dummy in a milliner's window instead of thryin' t'appear young by flyin' around a skatin' rink." She didn't say a word—for a mighty good reason—but, oh my! oh my! the look that she gev me as they carried her out! The big sstrange man couldn't get on his fate on the ice, so he craped on his hands an' knees to the wooden sthep where he sat down and took breath. He didn't say a word but he looked at me kind of tired like and gave a sigh. As for the sivin young pape, four av them were girruls and three av dudes the dadiest kind. Whin I struck the ice I looked up, an' upon me word, Mrs. Nelligan, I thought I was in a dry goods store, for the air was full av shockins av every color, just like them lines av thin that hang over the counters. An' the poor dudes! I heard some terrible cracks, and I asked if the ice was splittin'. But it wasn't the ice, it was the dudes' pants which asplit from top to bottom whin they tried to shand up. As for me, I got up by meself and the assistance av