

Last she struck a tellypone poal an' yowled right up it an' away on to the ruff ov sniggles tavern with the last three crakkers, an' all the others got left in hur a goin off together.

Youd better bleeve ther wuz a circus on the sidewauk. Ther wuz 16 gurls lyin round in historics and catfits, an' 30 fellers bringin of em two, an' the pius kind a prayin an' all the rest quarelin bout what it wuz thatd struck em. You see twuz all over so quick they hadent time to see no cat, nor make out nuthin but fizpopyon rip an' away she goes. Wun sed twuz dinemite, and another sed twuz licktrissity coz ther wuz such a smell of sulfer, an' the baloffier had run up the tel a foam, an' eggsploled just like hed red about storms in the troppicks. An' the preacher wen hed got em into the basement he sed it wuz a loosenshin of the evil wun to temp them, an' the cuss words they thought theyd herd was only suggested to ther minds by him that you cant name out of church. But Sal smith she sed no loosennation woodent have gon off with her back hare an' skind her left ear.

An' we kep mum an' nex mornins paper had it aul in a fenommenon queery, was it lectricle or spychickle, (can this mean *psychical*? Ed.) infloons that cawsd it, big tipe, dubbled led.

An' wen we went to gether the eggs, wot did we meet but our old lectrical loosenshin commick a suelkin out from nunder the barn with a brammy chikken in her mouth, an' her tale as bares a wiplash.

You cant boycott a cat nohow, not sose twile stick.



“EXTRAS.”

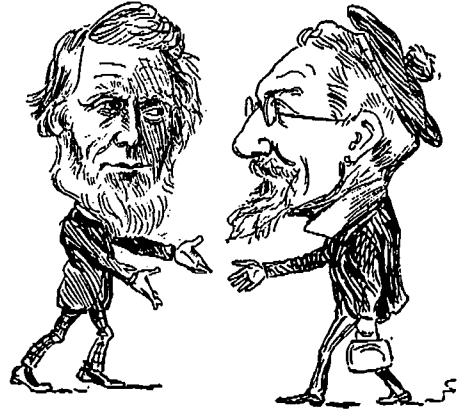
Irate Hotel Guest—Here, waiter! there's a button in this soup!

Waiter—All right, sir. We don't need it—you can have it.

—*Kambler.*

MAJOR SICKEM—Is your wife a mesmerist, Mr. Henpect? **Henpect**—Heavens, no! I hope not. Why do you ask? **Major Sickem**—Oh, nothing; only I had noticed that she has 'you pretty well under control.—
Lowell Citizen.

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EPISTLE TO JAMES L. MORRISON, ESQ.,

ON HIS RETURN FROM A VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

I SCARCE need say thu'rt welcome back,
Frae owre the lang and weary track;
Wi' you I lang to hae a crack
'Bout Scotia dear,
And questions by the yard in fac'
I want tae speer.

I only wish along wi' thee
I could hae ventured owre the sea,
For to oor ain green glens, ah me!
Glens o' the west,
Back like a bird I fain would flee
Tae my young nest.

When winter shrouds this land in gloom,
And leafless trees talk o' the tomb,
Just speak o' Scotland's bonny broom,
And instantly
I'm wafted to youth's world o' bloom
Ayont the sea.

What joy wi' thee tae rove amang
Her hills and dales renowned in sang,
And battle fields, where peasants sprang
At freedom's ca',
And nobly dared against the wrang
To stand or fa'.

There freedom built her lofty dome,
And issuing from her mountain home,
Defied the legions of old Rome
Her to enslave—
No, not another step to come,
Save o'er her grave.

To gaze upon the hills ance mair—
Auld monarchs on their thrones of air!
Still towering in their glory there
As when a boy
I gazed on them wi' rapture rare,
O what a joy!

And let us wander where we may,
They never leave us by the way;
At ev'ry hamely word or lay
Hoo they will start,
Wrapped in their misty mantles grey,
Up in the heart.

Oh but to lie the broom amang,
And listen tae the lavrock's sang,
In notes, a perfect living thrang,
A' raining doon;
Back ev'ry foot I'd gladly gang
Tae hear the roun.