

THE HONEST HUSBANDMAN.

To earth His Dread Satanic Majesty
Once hurried;—heard it rumoured had, just he—
"An honest man had been discovered there!"
(Whose trade, of course, was husbandry, so rare
Is honesty in any other trade.)
And Satan came to see. He felt afraid
Such new disease might prove contagious;
Honest Humanity were more outrageous!
He found the man about to harve-t hay:—
"Hello!" said Nick. The farmer said "Good day."
Nick next, "A nice cool breeze!" The man replied—
"Isn't this hot enough for you?" Denied
It cannot be, the Arch-Tormentor trembled,
But not from fear; his rage suppressed, dissembled,
He said, "I'll bet that I can beat you mowing."
The churl no more vouchsafed than, "That needs show-
ing."

The upshot of it was, they put up stakes
To be contended for—"Who wins, he takes."
The farmer marked out swathes, marked one for each.
The Devil took his choice. But Sol, to reach
The tall embraces of the western pines,
Began. By night the face of Satan shines
With lurid light sulphurous. Incog.
Would he remain; 'twas now high time to jog.
So, when to come and cut, agreed upon,—
"To-morrow morning, while the dew is on,"—
Each went his way.

But that same evening, late,
That guileless granger, several drag-teeth straight
Along the line of Satan's chosen swath,
Drove in. He said, "I'll cook the Devil's broth!"
Now, on the morrow, when they came to mow,
The De'il had cut about a rod or so,
When right around an iron drag-tooth went
His sharp scythe's edge; which little incident
He didn't seem to mind. But soon again
It rasped athwart another tooth, and then
He shouted to the farmer, "Wait to what!"
The farmer worked right on, and won the bet.

So much Old Nick admired so smart a man,
He thought he'd like to learn upon what plan
These farmers get a living. So he went
Into partnership with the yeoman: he lent
Him lots of filthy lucre, seed to buy
And implements; helped do the work; sowed Rye
And Wheat; agreed that each one half should have
When grain got ripe.

The farmer said, "Let's halve
It this way:—"You take your half next the ground;
"I'll take mine off the top, though thinner."

Found
No fault with this, the unsuspecting Fiend;
But when their grain was harvested and cleaned,
He saw the point; and swore that *he*, next year,
Would have his off the top!

Seed-time drew near;
He plainly told the man, "I take, this time,
"The upper half." The farmer seemed to chime
Right in with him: he said, "All right."
Proposed to plant Potatoes.

The Devil supposed
The farmer better understood "rotation
"Of crops," than *he* did; for the situation
Of his own homestead, and its climate, seemed
Not to suit Agriculture.

His eyes gleamed
Ominously in the next October!
Next spring he said, in accents sternly sober,
"I'll stand no more monkeying. Now, *this* year
"I mean to take my half this way, *you hear*?—
"One quarter on the bottom, one on top;
"And you may have the middle half."

The crop
The farmer thought it best to plant was Maize,
Or Indian corn.

While sultry summer days
Wor-wearily away, the Hell-King hoed
Industriously.

September seemed to goad
His Majesty almost to madness!

He,
As business bad, abandoned husbandry:
And ever afterward, whenever he heard
Of "honest husbandmen," he growled "Absurd!"
"He, from experiment, could proof advance,
"But lack, to cheat the Devil, *yeomen* chance!"

AYLESWORTH.

Rogues' Hollow. 1882.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not
extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfils
a singleness of purpose, being a most potent
specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar
to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's pam-
phlet treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women,
96 pages, sent for three stamps. Address,
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
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There is a man at L'Amaroux,
I do not know what he will do;
His nose is red,
His hope has fled,
Sloped has his love he thought so troux!



A Bay Horse—Hanlan.

Reading matter—Paper pulp.

An appropriate stopping place for violinists
—The Rossin House.A godsend—The extremities of the upper
galleries at the Grand.Sampson must have made a great hit as a
tragedian when he brought down the house.Scene, Yonge-street. Very smart boy:
"I say, driver, your car is empty." Driver
(gruffly): "So is your head!"Why is it natural for the clergy to favor the
Temperance Colonization Society?—Because
they prefer the Prayer-book Way.

Epitaph on a boot black:

"No more he shines upon the earth,
Hushed in the grave is all his mirth,
With roses o'er him twining.
On the golden street at angels' feet,
In Heaven his soul is shining.

PASSING JOKES.

"Why don't they get up something new?"
asked one oleaginous gentleman in prehistoric
hat of another oleaginous gentleman in a cap
of coeval date, pointing to the Brewers' sleigh-
ing party as the cortege swept by their favor-
ite corner the other day.

"Do you refer to the age of their malt
lickers sir? if so, I may draw your attention
to the well known fact that both new and old
ales are alike provided by them," replied O. G.
No. 2.

"Sir," said O. G. No. 2. "I refer to their
sleighing parties, for methinks 'tis a well estab-
lished fact that for any number of 'circles,' as
my learned friend E. Blake would say, they have
been slaying parties without number, and I
moreover kinder cognavit, kind friend, that you
and I are two of the parties, inasmuch as we
have been by them so often 'slewed,' see?"

"I catch on, I catch on sir with the greatest
tenacity," said No. 2. "Your *Judy-pee*,
though somewhat ungrammatical, has at least
the one great merit of truth. Permit me sir,
while I remember it, to manifest my apprecia-
tion thereof by, with your permission, and the
expenditure of a single dime, joining you in
partaking at the nearest hostelry of a smile,
and the oleaginous ones smile forthwith.

The Joker Club.

"The Sun is mightier than the Sword."

AN EDITION DE LOOKS.—A professional
beauty.—Punch.PARLIAMENTARY PARADOX.—The "sitting"
of a "standing committee.—Punch.Oscar Wilde's big brother wants to come to
America on a lecturing tour. Oh, if we only
had a navy now to protect us.—Laramie
Boomerang.

IN JULIA'S EYES.—"I live in Julia's eyes,"
said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing.
"I don't wonder at it," replied George,
"honest man I observed she had a sty in them when
I saw her last."

"I don't know," replied Montmorenci, cut-
tingly, with a polite smile; "but I know a
man who had twins so much alike that the
only way to tell 'em apart was to send one to
Harvard and one to Yale. Then one came
back a gentleman and one a Connecticut
rough."—*Harvard Herald*.

SCENE—St. Andrew's street, Kilmarnock.
Highland dame to her son Tougal: "Tougal.
Tougal, why did you'll preak your milk and
spill your shug on ta stane pianes?" Tou-
gal: "Pecause ta pavement slipped on my foot
and cracked ta milk, and ta milk wudna haud
ta shug any more whateffer.—*Baillie*.

Corn will shrink from the time it is husked
from the field or shock, in the autumn, in
well-protected cribs, from twenty to thirty per
cent by spring. In this respect it closely re-
sembles coal, which often shrinks about thirty
per cent between the coal-yard and cellar.—
Philadelphia News

"What do you do for a living?" asked a
farmer of a burly beggar who applied at his
door for cold victuals and old clothes. "I
don't do nothing much but trave about,"
was the answer. "Are you good at travel-
ling?" asked the farmer. "Yes," replied the
beggar. "Then let's see you travel," said the
farmer.

A gentleman in Winnipeg to his groom—
"James, have you cleaned this horse?"
James—"Yes sir."

Gentleman, after ten minutes—"James, are
you sure you cleaned the horse?"

James—"Yessir, sure."
After another pause—"James, when did
you clean this horse?"

James—"Day before yesterday, sir."

"ACCEPT OUR GRATITUDE."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—
Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured
my boy of a fever sore of two years' standing.
Please accept our gratitude
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it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered
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so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the
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I have been greatly benefited.
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enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative
effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing
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