

## SEEDS AND WORDS.

I DROPPED a seed beside a path,  
And went my busy way,  
Till chance or fate—I say not which—  
Led me, one summer day,  
Along the self-same path, and lo!  
A flower blooming there,  
As fair as eye has looked upon,  
And sweet as it was fair.

Ex.

I dropped a wad upon the floor,  
An alderman stood by,  
He gently reached and picked it up,  
And winked his bleary eye;  
Chance led me to the City Hall,  
And lo! he voted there  
To hand me o'er a franchise which  
Made me a millionaire.

I dropped an ad., a little ad.,  
Within a hustler's hand;  
He said, "Our paper can't be bought,  
But still—you understand."  
When next I scanned that lively sheet  
Which late my scheme decied,  
I found that it had changed its course,  
And stood upon my side.

## VULGAR FRACTIONS.

TEACHER—"If your mother should wish to give each one an equal amount of meat, and there should be eight in the family, how many pieces would she cut?"

CLASS—"Eight."

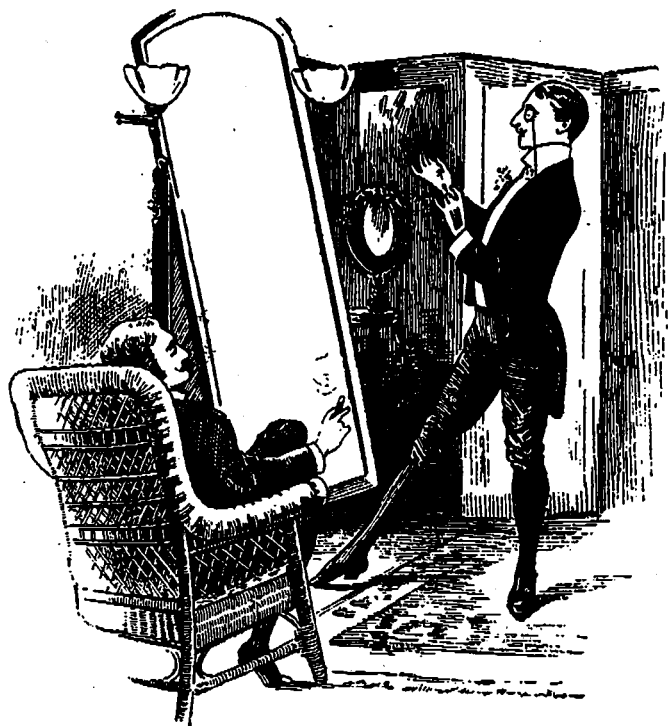
TEACHER—"Correct. Now each piece would be one-eighth of the whole, remember that."

CLASS—"Yes'm."

TEACHER—"Suppose each piece were cut again, what would be the result?"

SMART BOY—"Sixteenths."

TEACHER—"Correct. And if cut again?"



## CONSOLATION.

"I'm awfully sorry, don't you know, that these knickerbockers—are not more the fashion. Gives a fellah an opportunity of showing a calf."

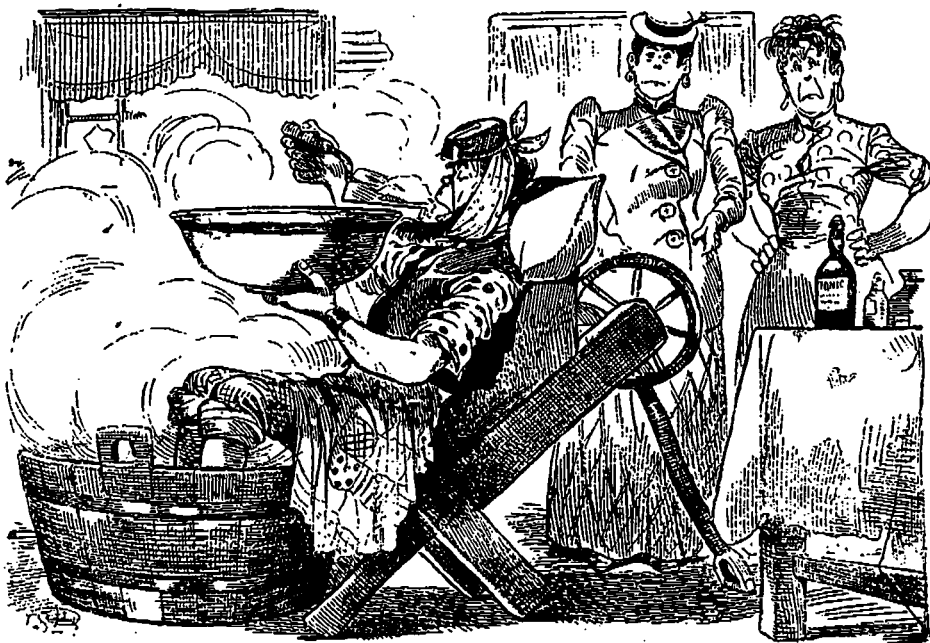
"Oh, your conversation does that."—*Funny Folks.*

BOY—"Thirty-seconds."

TEACHER—"Correct. Now, suppose we should cut each of the thirty-two pieces again, what would result?"

GIRL—"Hash!"

—*Topeka Capital.*



## HOOLIGAN IN HOT WATER.

MRS. HOOLIGAN—"Yis, Mrs. Casey, it's sorry Oi am to tell yez The Hooligan has got a sliought attack av inflewinsor, an' for a day or so he'll not be able to attind to the duties av his proffession. He is just now takin' his gruel, ma'am."—*Funny Folks.*

## A COFFIN—NOT A GRAVE.

A LONDON despatch says: "Signor Randegger, the aged musical director, had his wife and Hayden C. Coffin, the American tenor, in the Divorce Court to-day, and as a result of the trial, which lasted exactly eight minutes, Signor Randegger is now wifeless, and Coffin is free to marry this fascinating woman if he so desires."

"Till death us parts," so reads the marriage rite, Then why did Mrs. Randegger go off in Spite of her vow? She wasn't dead—not quite, But next thing to it—she had got her Coffin.