

QUITE A SPELL.

There is a farmer who is YY
 Enough to take his EE
 And study nature with his II
 And think of what he CC.
 He hears the chatter of the JJ
 As they each other TT,
 And sees that when a tree DKK
 It makes a home for I.B.
 A yoke of oxen he will UU,
 With many haws and GG.
 And their mistakes he will XQQ
 When ploughing for his PP.
 He little buys, but much he sells,
 And therefore little OO.
 And when he hoes his soil by spells
 He also soils his hose.

— *Klipt.*

Doolan—Paget says he's descended
 from some of the greatest houses in
 Ireland.

Mulligan—Husha! So he did, mony's
 the toime—on a laddher!

Tramp—I don't know how to thank you,
 madam, for giving me this breakfast.
 Lady—Oh, never mind the thanks.
 Saw the wood.

A gentleman just returned from the
 west describes Washington territory thus:
 —“Every bunch of willows is a mighty
 forest, every frog-pond a sylvan lake, every
 waterfall a second Minnehaha, every
 ridge of rocks a gold mine, every town a
 county seat, and every man a liar.”

Uncle Eben—Ef yo argifies wiv er
 smaht man yo done git de wust ob it,
 an' ef yo argifies wiv er fool yo done was'e
 yoh time.

Mrs. Farough—Dear me? Those awful
 Abyssinians are not heathen, after all. It
 turns out that they are Christians.

Mr. Farough—You might have known
 that from the terrific fight they put up.

Master—How was this vase smashed,
 Mary?

Mary—If you please, sir, it tumbled
 down and broke itself.

Master—Humph! The automatic brake
 again!—[Tit-Bits.

P. AND Q. IN FLORIDA.

Down where the orange blossoms blos,
 And the tarpon tarps all day;
 Where the sea shells seach
 On a silver beach,
 You may find Tom Platj and Quay.

Down where the billowy billows bill
 On the shrinking, shifting sand,
 Where the pale moon's light
 Makes a golden night,
 They are strolling hand in hand.

Down where the pink pineapples pine,
 And the sweet potatoes po,
 Where the mock-birds call
 O'er the garden wall,
 They are talking soft and low.

Down where the summer flowers flow,
 And the skies are soft and blue,
 Where the sportive breeze
 Plays tag with the trees,
 You will find this P. and Q.

Down where the topaz rivers tope,
 And the red tomatoes to,
 There they talk and talk
 As they walk and walk,
 And nobody seems to know
 What in thunder they are talking about!
 — *Ex.* Do you?

If thou art false,
 Then Heaven is earth—all Love a lie—
 And thy hand's clasp of mine to-night
 Will sting as doth a serpent's bite;
 And the pale moon will tease to shine
 On the false eyes I thought divine.

If thou art true,
 Then earth is Heaven—all Love is true—
 And my brief sorrow of to-day
 Will pass like April showers away,
 And over me will stretch anew
 Heaven's clear unfathomable blue.
 — *Hy. Overy, in Pall Mall Magazine.*

Mr. Goldbugge—Very old family, is it
 not?

Mrs. Malprop Newrocks—Very old in
 deed. Goes away back to the conquest
 of England by the Mormons.

“Mamma,” said a small visitor to the
 waxwork exhibition, “do they kill them
 before they stuff them?”