



Mrs. Duffy.—“Indade, mum, it’s in sore distress we are entirely. I’m jest on my feet wid a pain in my back, an’ Jimmy he’s as bad off; he has a cold on him that sounds like an empty barrel. Cough for the lady, Jimmy.”

THE STAYMAKER’S STRAIN.

I will not waist my time in sighs
If from my side he longer stays,
On him my anger I’ll unlace,
And bust him with a withering gaze.

Of corset’s wrong to utter this;
I’ll fit me to some other strain,
Ah, let me pull a stronger cord,
Come back, come back, to bonny Jean!

And she will clasp thee to her heart,
And squeeze thee to her aching chest,
Until her form more wasp-like grows,
And broken eyelets give her rest.

“LA!” said a gushing sweet girl graduate visiting in the Vale of Pochunk, as she gazed on a stretch of orchard trees in bloom: “La! how pinkly sweet and deliciously, delicately fragrant those apple-blows are! They enchant one awfully!”

“Ya-a-s,” said the honest farmer, who held the deeds to the blooming acreage: “Them blossoms is smellin’ good; but, great sprouts! ye orter git a sniff on ’em in the fall, arter they’ve been ’stilled inter juice! Yum, yum! Ten minutes with a gallon on ’em then is wuth a hull month with an orchard on ’em now.”

CRUELTY to any living creature shows a bad heart. The boy who delights in torturing a wasp with a pin will surely come to some bad end if the wasp has a fair show in its business movements.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

“WHAT is more disagreeable than an effeminate man?” There are lots of things. The man who insists upon talking about himself when you want to be talking about yourself, for instance.

IN some of the saloons of New York the thirsty customer is presented with a quinine pill as a chromo with his dram. It has long been the custom to set out a free lunch, and give the imbibers of liquids something to wash down, but the furnishing of an antidote with the poison is something new. The barkeepers say they do it to compete with the drug stores, that taking quinine pills with a glass of brandy has become so fashionable that if they did not furnish the pill with the liquor the customer would go to a drug store and take his liquor and pill there. It looks as though the time was coming when a man can get everything he wants in a saloon. Now he can go in and pay for drink, and be furnished food and medicine free. Perhaps soon the dealer will hand out a suit of clothes with every coc’ ail, a pair of boots with a schooner of beer, a horse and buggy with a gin fizz, or a house and lot with a bottle of champagne.