



UNANSWERABLE.

Mr. Strifer—Now, Matilda, leave me if you think best; but I shall advertise at once that I shall not pay any bills you may contract.

Mrs. S.—Don't you think that has been pretty thoroughly advertised already?

A WEATHER IDYLL.

IN vain I try to keep me cool
By every method and device.
I sit upon a block of ice
Instead of on my office stool.

All day I wave a ten-cent fan
To keep away the too-fond fly,
Whose chief endeavor is to try
And dodge it if he can.

The perspiration down my cheek
Rolls like an ever-dropping tear;
Whilst down my throat the lager beer
Doth trickle like a creek.

Thermometer is ninety-two,
And sometimes falls to eighty-three;
The only difference to me
Is choice of boil or stew.

We shall not designate a fool,
Nor deem that party a gallot,
Who can invent a weather suit
To keep a fellow cool.

P. QUILL.

OPEN LETTER TO HON. MR. ROSS.

MR. ROSS, DERE SIR,—They tell me you are a smart man at ansering questons, so i take the libbety to ask you this won: Why shoudnt the fence be took down that is now around the normel schule? There aint nothing that nobody would hurt in the grounds, and if the fence was took down and benches put there for folks as was tired to sit on it would make a nice little park and would look much nicer than it does now. Can you give any good reson wy that miseible old fence is allowed to be there? If so do and blige

SAIRY ANN.

LAWDEDAW'S DISGUST.

Aw—its dweadful! No, I don't mean the heat—aw—any fellow can get through the heat by simply keeping—aw—cool. What disgusts a fellow is, these *dweadful* people who are—aw—never happy unless poking other people up. Aw—these anti-pawvehty people. Why don't they let pawvehty alone—its—aw—vewy unpleasant to have a fellow continually poked up about the pawvehty of the wohking clawses. Aw—weally, upon my awnah, I would watheh not hear about these fwhighfully enehgetic people—aw—they make a fellah's head ache—and then—on the otheh hand, if you don't look into a paper now and then—aw—with a view to weading up something to talk about when you meet people—aw—a fellow gets behind the age. Now—aw—this labow question—I have just been studying it up lately—aw—who is this fellow Gawge? A poor relation of Dr. McGlynn's I fawncy—aw—let me see, he had a quarrel with the Pope—aw—bad fawm—vewy bad fawm; why, the most awistocwatic families of the Empire wouldn't think of such a thing—aw—If the Pope wishes to set up an anti-pawvehty society faw the disposal of Peteh's pence, why should McGlynn or Gawge—aw—object? Aw—then the division of land I suppose—aw—that means thwee acres and a cow—aw—

pwepostewous! Suppose ewevy man had thwee acres and a cow, why, ewevybody would be ddowned in milk—and the milkmen would be—aw—aw—demanding compensation. Then again supposing—aw—one of the cows should calve—aw—I understand cows do calve occasionally—don't they? Aw—then there would he two cows and six acres—and—aw—that would, accawding to their ideas, be a mawnstwow injustice. Aw—the fact is—I'm disgusted with the whole thing. I cawn't see why people cawn't simmeh down and allow the Cwimes Bill to come into fowce—aw—certainly the pweservation of the Empire is of the fhst impawtence—as it is no fellow is safe from the encwoachment of these anti-powvehty people—aw—it is excessively annoying—aw—but if Gladstone insists on coming to America to hunt me up—aw—I must positively lock the gawden gate, and take a box of cigaws into the hammock—aw—it's devilish hot—ishn't it?

THE TOUCHSTONE TO VIRTUE.

DISTRUST the man who is heart-whole in presence of a hollow sounding melon. There is something uncanny about the man who can contemplate unmoved that quaint reservoir of the sweetness of summer's rain and the fragrant breath of nature; who feels no thrill when the envious knife invades the cool green covering and the gash lays bare the ripe red flesh trembling with its weight of vintage. It is the irresistible fruit! Whom would you trust in your garden at this witching season? You saw a heap of rinds behind Deacon Jones' last time you passed; you wonder where—

"Hi there! you Tubal Cain—get out of that patch you black thief!"