



## SMITH.

As Mrs. Pardiggle said of her basket chair, "Truly Smith is a great institution." What should we do without Smith? Everyone knows Smith, every one loves and respects him, and feels that, if no such being as Smith existed, there would be a void, a vacuum, a something wanting, a place to be filled, which nothing can fill but Smith. Why, then, are some of the bearers of this honorable patronymic fraught with a sense of shame that such is the case? History has a great deal of good to say about Smith, and very little evil, all things considered, and any one who bears the name of Smith and blushes because he does so, is unworthy of the name, and covers himself with infamy when he endeavors to palm himself off upon the world as anything else but Smith, and when he comes before us as Smyth, (substituting a *y* after putting out his *i*, though why he assumes a *y* to the detriment of his *i*, no mortal can tell), Smythje (having inserted a *j* into the tail of his name, unmindful of that bird in fable that was stripped of strange ornaments and shamefully plucked), Smithett, Smithies, Smithsone, Smythers, Smithurst, Smythwaite, Szhin-mydijskikoff, Montgomery-Dudley-Byron-Fitz-Smythjoille, Herr Von Kazenellenbogen Schmidt, or El Senor Conde Don Dios de Smitio, we recognize him at once, despite all the paraphernalia that is thrown about his name.

Smith is a fact which contradicts the nature and fortunes of fact in general; it bends to every exigency, sways and swerves with every wind of fashion, submits to the caprice or whim of the individual, and yet is able to extract itself from its surroundings, from the mere accidents of time and place; it rides triumphant through the shock of opinions and the storms of change, and need not fear the fate of many a brother fact, which, after having been jostled, brow-beaten and belabored, and been everybody's servant, is shamefully neglected, trampled on, despised and hurried out of sight and remembrance into the lumber rooms of the past. No! Brown, after an eventful life, may disappear from the busy

throng of men; his name may no longer drop from their lips nor his voice be heard in council chamber or elsewhere: Jones may become the memory of his former self, an enigma to future Layards, a hieroglyph, an unresolved problem, a puzzle, a mute mystery to antiquaries yet unborn. Robinson may be whirled away into the current of things that were, may lapse into a myth (not a Smyth), a fable, a heathen deity, an object for a museum of antiquities; one and all may vanish from the world's history; but Smith is an evergreen, a perennial, a flower always in bloom, replete with beauty and vigor, ever new, a true immortelle which decay can never touch, the delight of every eye, the charm of every heart, a hymn of welcome, a magic spell, a talisman, a theme for poets, historians, philosophers, in itself a sublime epic. Who shall unsmith Smith? We pause for a reply.

## YE CLERKE AND YE VARLET.

A LEGEND OF YE MERRIE SPRING TYME.

## FYTTE I.

*Ye clerke addresseth his friende, who hath oft a-dressed him.*

"Come forth, my gallant ulster coat,  
The winter's season's past and gone;  
Afar I hear the robin's note  
From yonder lofty chestnut float,  
I do not wish to put thee on.

"Good friend, I trow, to me thou'st been,  
My flap-tailed ulster, stout and strong;  
No trustier friend I've ever seen,  
Than thou, so true and warm, I ween  
The deed I meditate is wrong:

"Yet charge me not, my ulster gray,  
With base and foul ingratitude,  
For though I part with thee to-day,  
Thou shalt not be six months away,  
I swear in knee-bent attitude.

"Now Spring is here, and thou must go,  
For little time to yonder shop,  
Where hang three golden balls to show  
All passers by who fain would know  
Where they may goods and raiment pop."

*He lieth him away.*

## FYTTE II.

"Votsh dat you 'ave, mine noble vriend,  
In habar barcel? Ish it bants?"

"I came to you my purse to mend,  
So tell me quick how much you'll lend."  
"Vat ish it and how moosh you vants?"

"It is an ulster coat, behold!  
It cost me dollars seveneen;  
Produce, produce your glittering gold;"  
"It'sh very thin, and look, dish dish!  
Ish threadbare, and the lining'sh seen:"

"Vot might you want, now, for dose goat?"  
"I will not tell it, I should scorn  
To sell a friend on whom I doat,  
But if the garment's worth a groat  
It's worth ten dollars for to pawn."

"Den tollarsh: Cott in himmel, vot  
You ashk den tollarsh? dot's immense!  
Vot sheek, py shiuniny! you got,  
I gifs you cash upon dis shpot  
For dose old ulster, ninedy cents."

*Ye clerke, you axeth wroth.*

"Aroit thee, cuttiff, varlet, knave,  
I treat thine offer with disdain;  
My ulster coat thou shalt not have  
Ten thousand times thy soul to save,  
I'll bear it hence with me again.

"So come, my coat, of tailor's art  
Thou triumph, let us homeward fly;  
I will not place thee on the mart,  
And thou and I shall never part,  
Together in the grave we'll lie."

*Huggeth his coat and fleeth.*

## DECLINE OF MAN.

Impotency of mind, limb or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, etc., cured by **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**, Buffalo, N.Y. Address, with two stamps, for pamphlet.



## TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A youth in the Post Office Department was weary of life, and the incessant toil to which he was subjected had caused him to intellectually aberrate. This may seem a paradoxical statement when the rest of this story is read, but the fact remains the same for all that. The last straw was placed upon this poor Civil Servant's back, metaphorically speaking, one day, by a gentlemanly-looking man who enquired at the wicket if there were any letters for Mr. Beauchamp Cholmondceley. "Beesham Chummie, no, nothing for Beesham Chummie," replied the clerk. "Pardon me, but perhaps you did not look in the right place," continued the gentleman, and he spelt his name over. "Oh, ah!" said the clerk, "yes, jusso. Here's two, three for Beawkamp Chol-mon-deeley," and he handed the epistles over; but the blow had been too much for him, and reason, tottering on her throne, toppled over with a whang.

And now comes the strange part of the whole affair.

This member of the Civil Service, Post Office Department, went out into the lavatory and, taking a six-shooter revolver, deliberately poured its contents, six bullets, into his head, one after the other. Dissolution did not come worth a cent, and there the rash and misguided youth sat, with twelve holes, six on each side, in his skull, which resembled a double-action colander, and with the April zephyrs sporting and playing through those holes, and filling the entire building with a strange, weird, mystic æolian melody, and bringing several other members of the Civil Service, Postal Department, to the spot, who gazed in wonder and awe on the youth with the perforated parietal bones, and one and all, ejaculated in Civil Service tones, "Lawd;" but the youth who a few moments before had been so anxious to flop across the shimmering river, was now seized with an equally strong desire to further sojourn in this vale of tears and Cholmon-deeleys, for he saw that he had struck a bonanza. With a wisdom that would have reflected credit on any member of any service, civil or uncivil, he declined to let a medical man see him, and in a short time, recovered, though his head still remained with the twelve holes in it as large as ever, but these the youth plugged up with corks.

And now comes a still more wonderful thing. The youth, being a member of the Civil Service, Postal Department, possessed a head which was, necessarily—not to be harsh in my expression, but using the adjective with all due deference and respect,—hollow, and where the youth saw his bonanza was in the fact that he grasped an idea (a novel sensation for the