

upon its dimpled face, mystery looking upon mystery, each unsolved; the mysterious dawn, cold and silver-gray, above the dark, warm shoulder of gray-castled hill; the violet dawn, staining the blue zenith, blushing to rose and crimson shot with gold, and laying soft bars of bloom above the east; the first long sunbeam tipping the western downs and gilding their pines, hears the brook's joyous, petulant warble through the silence of winter and now the melodies of spring. Birds sing and pause, and sing again, in many a varied capricious strain, but the brook warbles on, telling the same half-told tale again and again. That is part of its charm. Wake at any hour of night, and be sure the clear golden voice is singing beneath moon, or stars, or the dark vault of night, even though great rains may be rushing along the valley, or strong winds roaring and bending the woods before them, white snowstorms whirling or silver rime-flakes softly settling upon every blade of sedge and every stem of willow and hedgerow. The golden voice warbles on, untroubled by change, always charged with mysterious meaning, laden with the Sphinx-riddle none can solve. "Men may come and men may go," said Tennyson's nameless stream, "but I go on for ever." And that is all the brook had to tell him, beyond describing its external self.

### BROKEN STOWAGE.

FEMALE DEFINITION OF LEAP YEAR.—Miss Understood.—*Punch*.

TIT FOR TAT.—Counsel (cross examining): "How old are you, madam?" Witness (savagely): "Forty-one. How old are you? You look about ninety."—*Fun*.

KICKSY: "Wife, can you tell me why I am like a hen?" Mrs. Kicksy: "No dear! Why is it?" Kicksy: "Because I can seldom find anything where I laid it yesterday."

AN ELECTION PETITION.—"Sir O'Halligan's been unseated for bribery." "Yes. It seems that when he was drunk once he paid back half-a-crown that he'd borrowed from one of the voters."—*Moonshine*.

"How did you get Borley out of your whist club—did you ask him to resign?" "No, we didn't like to do that; but we all resigned except Borley, and then we all got together and formed a new club."

THE RISING GENERATION.—Friend: "What are you going to do with your son when he grows up?" Father: "I sha'n't dare to do anything with him. What I am fearful about is, what he is going to do with me?"

TOO MUCH SPEAKING.—Father-in-Law: "I am sorry to hear that you are scarcely on speaking terms with your wife, James?" Son-in-Law: "Oh, yes, I am! We row each other from morning till night!"—*Fun*.

HAD SOME IDEA OF IT.—"And have you never learnt to dance? Then you know nothing of the poetry of motion." "Poetry of motion? Great Scott! I walked the floor with that boy of mine last night and recited 'Mother Goose' to him for four whole hours."

HE: "I'd like a flower in my coat when I go." SHE: "I'll put it in now."—*Town and Country Journal*.

A DEFINITION.—Teacher: "What is a mother?" Chorus: "The thing what cooks our dinner."—*Sylney Bulletin*.

DICK SWIVELLER UP TO DATE.—Collie: "Why were you walking on the roof this morning?" Chollie (who has a creditor in every street): "It's the only way that I can get down to town safely, don'tcherknow."—*Sylney Bulletin*.

Business Man—You remember that "ad," I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again. Editor—Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in? Business Man (humbly)—They didn't seem to until I took it out.

London Truth tells this story: One of the upper ten thousand who was visiting America accepted the hospitality of a gentleman in New York. When taking farewell of his host, the latter asked him what he thought of the American people. "Well," answered the nobleman, "I like them immensely; but I miss something." "What is that?" asked the Yankee. "I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman. "What are they?" naively asked his host. "The aristocracy?" said the nobleman in a somewhat surprised tone of voice, "why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose Grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact the aristocracy." Here he was interrupted by the American, who chimed in with him, "Oh, we've plenty of them over here; but we don't call them aristocrats; we call them tramps."