

FASHION'S FULMINATIONS.

(WITH COMMENTS BY OUR CRUSTY CRANK.)

"It is the leg of mutton sleeve that is to come next, it is said." Let us hope the dear creatures will come to no 'arm in adopting it. It would be a bad chop if they should.

"For a school-girl a useful frock is made of snow-flake cloth." One only has to change snow-flake garments on school children about seven or eight times a day. So you see how useful this material really is.

"Fur of all descriptions is universally used for trimming snits and wraps." The only peculiarity about this fashion is that usually the fur costs a blamed sight more than the suit or wrap. When the fond parent gives the gay daughter leave to get the trimming it is a clear case of going furdur and faring worse.

"Some of the new woollen goods this season have an interwoven bordering." As the frigid-limbed boarder shiveringly feels his way down between the blankets and seeks to avoid enlarging any of the holes, he wishes there was something interwoven in those woollen goods so as to make 'em thicker.

"Clack lace is exceedingly fashionable for evening dresses." It ought to come in good for sewing circles, anyway.

"Tucks are worn upon everything." The wary man of business can find good company now when he comes homes to his fashionable family all tucked out.

"Steel-gray plush forms a stylish wrap." But just give us a big Buffalo coat, and keep your plush. It's solid comfort we are after.

"Navy blue may be described as a permanent color." Just so!

The army and navy for ever—specially the navy blue.

"Vests of all kinds are prominent in the season's fashions." This will be noticed particularly at a meeting of alderman.

"The ultra fashionable girl writes her letter in jet black ink, on paper imitating exactly a fine hemstitched handkerchief; puts the sheet into a large square envelope, with a hemstitched border, and seals it with her own monogram in black wax." And the young man to whom she sends her letter opens it in the old-fashion way, with his forefinger and a rip, reads it just as if it were on common stationery, and leaves it hanging up in his vest pocket so that the landlady and the chamber-maid can at one and the same time know how the engagement is proceeding and study the new style.

JACK'S RETURN.

(AIR—OUR JACK'S COME HOME TO-DAY.)

Our Jack's come home from sea to-day,
And ruddy nosed is he;
He turns his eyes in a sailor's way,
And he swears with naval glee,
But his heart's as soft as it was of old,
And he's drawn his three years' pay:
We'll treat him well while lasts his gold,
And he shan't go away.

CHORUS.

Our Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day;
The good ship "Sport" is safe in port,
And Jack's got three years' pay.

Our Jack's a jovial Yankee tar,
In the Good U. S. Navco;
And aboard the "Sport" he sailed afar
Across the billowy sea.
He has sailed a hundred miles or more
In that gallant U. S. boat,
And twice was out of sight of shore,
But the "Sport" is still afloat.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day;
He's a jolly tar in a man-o'-war
That's been three years away.

He tells with all a mariner's joy
Of the dangers he has past;
How the "Sport" collided with a buoy,
And a bug flew 'gainst the mast.
How a birch canoe stove in her side,
Yet she sailed upon her way,
And did not sink beneath the tide,
But brought Jack home to-day.

CHORUS.

Oh! Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day;
He's learnt to use bad words and chews
Since he has been away.

Our Jack's come home; he's tight in bed,
And Nell won't be his wife;
She says his nose is far too red,
And she wants a peaceful life.
And he shivers his timbers, limbs and eyes
In a most blood-curdling way.
He's a Yankee tar, so we feel surprise
That he came back safe to-day.

CHORUS.

Our Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day;
We'll do our best to help our guest
To spend his three years' pay.



THE IRONY OF FATE.

CHAPTER I.

Bob Scullygug was, perhaps, the boldest burglar in all Skunk County. He burglarized banks, private residences, news paper offices, hen-houses; in fact all was burglaristic fish that came to Bob's net. But the time came when the police and detectives awoke from their long lethargy, and suspicion fell upon the adventurous Robert: suspicion rapidly developed into certainty, so Mr. Scullygug, calling his wife unto him, stated his intention of departing from the midst of people who couldn't trust a hard-working mechanic such as he was, and who were already suggesting the propriety of nominating him as a candidate for honours which would compel him to mount an elevated platform whence he could address his constituents or not, as he felt inclined, preparatory to receiving the latest noose. Mr. Scullygug, to his honour be it said, was no dude: he invariably es-chewed a collar, and he argued that a man who dispenses with that article of clothing had no need of a neck-tie; so, bidding *adieu* to his fond wife and leaving his cosy little house behind—(for it was a comfortable little place and most elegantly furnished, the store of silver and plate being really valuable though somewhat diverse in the matter of crests and so forth, Mr. Scullygug having received the greater portion of it as presents from different citizens without their knowledge)—Robert went forth into the wide world, determined that he would no longer remain where his peculiar talents were so illy appreciated as they had been in Skunk County.

CHAPTER II.

Two years soon sped away. Mr. Scullygug had received no communication from the wife he had left behind him and he knew not whether she still lived or not. His genius was, however, now appreciated and, in

Brindled Pupville, he was the recognized captain of as villainous a gang of burglars, thieves, garroters and scoundrels generally, as ever walked this earth.

He called his followers round him one afternoon and selecting Wall-eyed Pete, Groggy Charlie (a broken-down lawyer) and Sniffing Sam *alias* the Mug-smasher, from among them, he imparted the information to the chosen trio that he contemplated cracking a crib that very night: said crib to be the elegant residence at the head of Pumpkin Avenue where the newly arrived widow had taken up her abode.

All were agreeable—that is they were about as disagreeable a quartette as ever breathed—but they all agreed that the scheme was a good one.

That night the residence on Pumpkin Avenue was broken into: an immense amount of silver plate and jewelry carried off and deposited in the strong box of Captain Bob Scullygug's gang, preparatory to melting down or such other disposal of it as might seem good to the gallant Captain.

CHAPTER III.

"Strike me stiff with a pound of lard! Knock me kicking for a copper-headed galoot! Well, I am—(something or other beginning with a D)—cuss me for a dunderheaded, bog-brained, blundering son of a petrified sea-cook's grandmother: come here, Wall-eyed Pete." Such was the language, diluted to the third degree, of Captain Robert Scullygug, on the day following that of the burglary, as he sat before the "Swag" and examined the different articles captured on the preceding night. The captain's hench-men came running to him at the sound of his voice.

Robert sat, as I have said, with the "Swag" before him: he was wild with rage: he foamed at the mouth: as he lifted and examined one article after another, he langed it down again and swore.

"What's the matter, Cap'n?" enquired one of the boldest of his gang.

"Matter!" howled Mr. Scullygug, "matter! look here"—picking up an elegant silver teapot—"and here"—taking up a valuable gold watch—"and this—and this"—several other articles indicated—"these are my own things: all this 'Swag' was my property before we got it last night: oh! ain't we a precious lot of gummy-eyed, bandy-legged,—idiots? Ain't we a—"

"You're my prisoner, Robert Scullygug, and you, and you, and you, and you,"—said the Chief of the Brindled Pupville police as he entered the apartment followed by a posse of his men and laid violent hands on every member of Captain Robert's gang.

"You are charged with the burglary of Mrs. De La Sculagugue's residence on Pumpkin Avenue last night: those are the very articles taken thence: here comes the lady herself to identify them"—and as he spoke, into the room walked—Bob's wife!

Oh! said: Oh! fickle fortune: oh! anything. It was too true.

After a long career of undetected crime the gallant Robert was at length brought to the end of his tether for—having burglarized his own house!

Mrs. Scullygug, unknown to her husband and totally ignorant of his whereabouts, had moved to Brindled Pupville and—Bob had stolen his own property—for the second time: once before it became his and once since.

Such is the Irony of Fate.

—S.

LADY LYTON used to say there was only one person in the world whose funeral she would get up early in the morning to see, and that person was, of course, her noble lord. And doubtless he used to retort that there was only one person in the world whose funeral he would like to cause, and that person was, of course, his noble lady.