



"So the world wags."

WHY SHE LEFT THE CHURCH.

An officious old maid in a fashionable church up town isn't officious any more; in fact, she has left the church. It happened thus. The ladies were going to give a big fair and bazar, and Miss Wrinkle was bound to take a prominent part.

"I want to be 'Rebecca at the Well,'" she said with a simper.

"But you can't," replied one of the ladies, "because one of the prettiest girls in the church has it."

"Then I want to be one of the 'Lambs of the Flock.'"

"But they are all young girls."

"Pshaw, I won't be anything, then," and she flirted her dress and shook her curls in a real giddy way.

"Oh, I have it," cried a lady, after a minute's thought.

"What is it?"

"Why, there's a vacancy in the Antique Department, and that will be just the place for you. So artistically harmonious, you know."—*Merchant Traveller.*

THEN IT WASN'T HER HUSBAND.

"Mrs. Smipkin, I saw your husband in my kitenen to-day."

"Are you sure it was Mr. Smipkin?"

"I thought so. It looked like him."

"What was he doing there?"

"That's what I want you to tell me. I saw him talking to the servants."

"Did he try to kiss the cook?"

"Oh, no, of course not. He didn't do anything like that."

"Well, it wasn't my husband then. You'll have to serve your search warrant on some one else."

TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK.

MOTHER (upstairs):
Come, Sal, this work will never do,
'Tis time John homeward sped;
It's nearly half-past twenty-two,
And you should be in bed.

DAUGHTER (down-stairs):
He's just preparing now to go;
(John, don't you be so free!)
You said that he might stay, you know,
To-night till twenty-three—
(Now, John, you can't have any more;
I vow that that's the last!
You asked for one: you've taken four),
And ma, the clock is fast.

MOTHER:
Pray, Sal, what makes you pause so long
Between your words to-night?
The clock I am certain is not wrong;
There's something else not right.

DAUGHTER:
Oh, ma! (No, John, not one kiss more)
I've told you what is true:
(Just one? that's what you said before)
It's scarcely twenty-two.
(Well, take it quickly, then, and go,
He's going right away,
(My face is red as fire, I know,
And what will mother say?)

MOTHER (an hour later):
I'm coming right downstairs to see
If John intends to stay
All night; it's just half-past twenty-three;
Why don't he go away?

DAUGHTER:
(There, John, you hear?) he's going, ma.
(Now, John, don't, homeward jog;
You see it ma should waken ma,
'Then he might lose the dog,
He's gone, dear ma; I've locked the door.
(How quick the time has fled;
The clock will soon strike twenty-four,
And I must go to bed.)
—(Somerville Journal.)

WHY HE WAS SPANKED.

Almost every father knows about the inquisitive boy, and frequently has occasion to wish his boys were girls. A North Hill father began shaving himself in the presence of his four-year-old hopeful a couple of days ago. The boy commenced and kept on, with a result somewhat as follows:

"What you doing, papa?"
"Shaving."
"What you shaving for?"
"To get my face clean."
"Why don't you wash your face to get it clean?"
"At's the way I do."
"I shave it to get the hair off."
"What hair?"
"The hair that grows on my face?"
"What hair that grows on your face?"
"My whiskers."
"What does the whisker hair grow on the face for?"
"I don't know."
"Why don't you know why whisker hairs grow on the face?"
"Because—"

The interview came to a sudden termination. A long gash and flowing blood was the cause, with the sudden departure of Young America in his mother's arms as an incident. —*Des Moines Mail.*

NEVER WON A SUIT.

"What's become of Pettifog, that uster to live here?" asked a visitor of Gilpin at the store Saturday evening.

"Oh, he located in a western town practising law."

"How does he get along? Is he successful?"

"Not very. He has never won a suit yet."

"What! Not a suit yet?"

"No. That is, not a whole one. He won a hat in Ohio, last fall, and a pair of boots in New York. But that's as near a suit as he ever got."—*Marathon Independent.*

A LITTLE DIPLOMAT.

"Good morning, children," said an Austin physician, as he met three or four little children on their way to school, "and how are you this morning?"

"We darsn't tell you," replied the oldest of the crowd, a boy of eight.

"Dare not tell me!" exclaimed the physician, "and why not?"

"Cause, papa said that last year it cost him over fifty dollars to have you come in and ask us how we were."—*Texas Siftings.*

"You can get first-class board for \$2 a week," said Trilobite. "No?" replied Crinoid, amazed. "Fact," insisted Trilobite, "wash-board." And then he curled up and petrified himself.

"What are you going to do when you are a man?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old toddler. After a moment of deep thought: "Well, I guess I would be the father of some other little boy."

An Alabama wedding is thus described: "The bridal march was played by Will Corley

on a harmonica. The groom was attired in a hickory stripe shirt and copperas colored pants, and on his arm was gently suspended his bride, like a clear rib side of bacon or a bushel of meal."

"Johnnie, did any one have the croup in your house last night?" "Dunno! What made you ax me?" "Well, I saw a light in the house long after midnight." "Oh! that's my sister! She has something down in the parlor late every night, but I don't know whether it is the croup or not."

Mrs. Shoddy, to shopman: "Show me a thermometer—one of your best." Shopman: "This, ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best of quicksilver." Mrs. Shoddy: "Silver! That would be nice for the kitching, but I want one for my boodore. Haven't you one with quick gold?"

A jolly old uncle had been relating some incidents of his earlier life to his nephew. "Of all the women you ever met, uncle," said the young man, "by which were you most struck?" "By your aunt, my boy, by your aunt," replied the old gentleman, dropping his voice and feeling the back of his head tenderly.

A well-known journalist recently embodied in his editorial on one of the issues of the day a quotation, introducing it in this manner: "As a certain good writer once said," etc. When his wife read the article she asked, "Who is this good writer you refer to?" The editor hesitated a moment, then modestly replied, "Myself."

"My dear Mrs. De Peyster, you are looking splendid." "Yes, but for all that I am far from well." "Dear me, who is your doctor?" "Mr. Newton." "And you employ an allopath? Why don't you try Dr. Withers? He cured your sister's baby in short order." "Yes, my dear sir; homoeopathy may relieve infantry, but Dr. Newton cures adult-cry."

NOW.

Now Seraphina sitteth on the sofa looking pleasant,
While considering the value of young Charley's Xmas present;
Now still the damsel sitteth on the sofa and reflecteth
On all the New Year's presents that from Charley she expecteth;
Now Charley goeth through his purse and audits his exchequer,
And thinks of Seraphina and with what he will bedeck her.
Now Lordly Lansdowne giveth bids to all the old time stagers
To wrestle with viceregal hash, "Excuse us," said the mayors.
Now is it not preposterous, a most unheard-of dido,
That mayors should refuse to call at the great Hall of Rideau.
Now is the time that editors prepare their diagnoses,
And sling out mild high treason in two and one cent doses.
Now is the time to say good-bye to all things European,
So argues the bold editor who goes for things plebeian.
Now quoteth he the moss-grown "quote" *vox populi vox dei*.
That's brought up daily ever since old Socrates was knee high.
Now GTR would rather on the whole submit to law and order,
Than stand the rule of roughs and toughs that figure o'er the border.
Now cowboys with their killing ways may be all right in Texas,
But here they'd be much out of place, they'd only tend to vex us.
Now GTR would ask the Editor who loits of gall and gab has,
Who was it that some time ago stood in for one Barrabus.
In spite of one Pilatus, a ruler 'ristocratic,
Now was it not the populace, the people democratic?
Now is the time for democrats to soar on eagle pinions,
And strike a bee line 'cross the lakes to Uncle Sam's dominions.
Now do not doughty democrats, like heathen keep on ragin'
You've only got to cross the lines and skip from things Canadian;
You need not stay here, not a bit, except indeed you want to,
We'll try and make ourselves content without you in Toronto.