



"So the world ways."

A striking characteristic of the modern American is cleverly hit off in the following little catechism which I clip from the New York Mercury:

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

"Why does that gentleman rise from his seat?"

"Because he gets out at the next station."

"But we have not got near the next station yet."

"I beg your pardon. From an American point of view we are quite near it. It is less than a mile away."

"See, he rushes wildly toward the door; and now he is on the platform. Is he not in danger?"

"The only danger he dreads is the danger of losing one-quarter of a second."

"Ah, we are almost at the station now. Will he not wait until the cars stop?"

"No, indeed; that would be a waste of precious time."

"There he goes. Good heavens! he has fallen! The cars have run over him."

"Yes, such things frequently happen in America; but, you know, where one man is killed, half a dozen jump off successfully. The chances of death are only one in six or thereabouts."

"They have picked him up. His lips move. He is speaking."

"Yes, he says: 'I die a true American.'"

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Mr. Billy Birch, the New York Minstrel, offers a big salary to any man who will contract to furnish him with a good joke every day. Here is a fine opening for some of our out-at-elbow humorists, though the individual who takes the job will undoubtedly have a tough contract to fulfil. In the meantime I would advise the comedian in question to scan the funny columns of the papers carefully. Has he ever got off anything better than this, from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser?

Mr. Mathew Arnold, the great English thinker, is in America. He must not criticize too severely the persons he sees leaning against lamp-posts. He must remember that the free-born American citizen claims the same right to think as the proudest English professional.

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Candor is a very good thing in its way, but perhaps the world would not be any happier if this sort of thing was the general rule:

BIRDIE McHENNEPIN CRUSHED.

"How stupid I am," said Birdie McHennepin languidly, executing at the same time quite a respectable yawn act.

"That's true," remarked Gus DeSmith, rather impulsively.

"Sir," exclaimed Birdie, "you are impertinent."

"But you yourself just now asserted that you were stupid."

"I only said so without thinking," said Birdie, petulantly.

"Yes, and up to the time that you spoke I had only thought so without saying it."

Hang crape on the door of Miss Birdie. Another lover scratched off the list of one of the Austin belles.—Texas Siftings.

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The Candidate is pretty much the same sort of a creature all the world over. Just at present, when several specimens of this genus are before the public of this province, the following philosophic dissertation from the pen of "Carl Pretzel" will be appreciated—by those who are up in modern languages:

Der thousand candidats for office, vich some-dimes arise, yoost breviously to some elections, vas now in actiffidy, brebaring to make var ubon dhose who vas been in dimes past done, dheir subborters. Dhey vas rising, und der dust vich vas ackombany efery flap of dheir immaculat wings, vas being pushed der troats down of dhose vich cirkumstances alone vas combel em to lif in dheir dishtriets. No one mans could perform some physickle impossibilites, ghen not one vas unable to oxcape der sudden regard, und feltin heart feel, for vich der candidat for office enderdains to dhose vas outitled to a free use mit his election franchises.

A candidat's countenance vas instrumendal in bresenting for insphecktion dirdeen tiffernt und dishtinct shanges in about yoost so many sekonds, but der most gomblete dransformation of der facial oxbression vas exhibited immediately afder der election—of der odder feller.



Shtandin candidat bossesses vunderful bow-ers of outsgit der human frame in. Nature vas evidently in cahooters mit him, und endowed him mit dese vunderful brobensties for a burpose; for mit dis singular attributions he vas capable of lookin avay down der most se-gret places of your heart into, und got inflam-ation, vvhile bressing your hant, vat vas your exact atididue about him. Effen alldough you vas always demonstrade in efery shapes und forms dot you don'd like pooty vell him, neider socially nor polidickally, he vill been sukerecessful in andedatin your feelius be seferal sekonds.

Der candidat who vas always found in his frent's hants, vas usually a football in der same hants, before der kambaine vas no more. Dot feller nefer gits der binaole of asbiration ub, but yoost stobs vhere der force of der krand bouncer vas sent him; here he vas quiedly saddle himself down, hobefully avaiting der obbordunidy of again finding a soft seat in der balm of frent's hants.

It vas a circular singleumshtance dat vvhile Nadure vas poodin some good qualidies der candidat in, dot she coodn't have combleted der job.

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To see Mr. Jack Ariston Fraser tripping along King-st. one would naturally infer that the Photographer's lot, unlike the Policeman's, is a happy one. Nothing in the world to do but pose pretty girls and delicate dudes, and count up the proceeds. But appearances are

deceptive. Here is a glimpse behind the screen of the operating room:

SHE WANTED TO LOOK JUST LIKE MARY ANDERSON.

They climbed down out of a lumber wagon in front of a photographer's, and after he had hitched the horses and she had brushed the dust off his overcoat they walked upstairs.

"She wants her fotograf took," observed the old man to the attendant.

"How many?"

"Well, I reckon we kin use up five or six."

"What style and price?"

The woman pulled a parcel from her pocket and carefully unwrapped it and revealed a cabinet photo of Mary Anderson.

"I want jist sich a pictur' as that," she explained.

"You mean the same size?"

"No, sir; I want it finished off to look just as good as she docs. Copy that just as closely as you can."

The attendant had some explanations to make in regard to photography, and these explanations disturbed the couple very much.

"Will you guarantee to make her look as good as that pictur'?" asked the husband.

He couldn't.

"Then we don't trade! We want what we want, or we don't pay. Come mother."

"But it seems as if you could, if we paid for it," she pleaded with the attendant.

He was firm.

"All right, then," she announced, as she pulled on her gloves. "I told him in the first place it was better to pay two shillings apiece for these photographs and write my name on 'em, but it was a rainy day and he just as lief hang around the city for half a day. Sorry we can't trade, but that photograph is me just the same."—Detroit Free Press.

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A POINTER FOR SCHOOL GIRLS.

Alice has recently begun to go to school, and has for several days come home proudly with a "gold mark," which in the particular temple of learning that she patronizes, signifies that the recipient has been very good during the session. The other day, however, she came home with a black mark, and inquiry was raised in the family as to its significance, the general impression not unnaturally prevailing that the bearer thereof had been "cutting up" in some manner in the halls of primary science. "Oh," said Alice, quite nonchalantly, "that is a bad mark and the gold mark is a good mark." "And what did you do at school that was bad?" inquired the mother. "Why, I didn't do anything." "But you must have, to get a bad mark." "Oh, no I didn't. It's the mark that was bad, don't you see? I was good enough."

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A STUDY OF CLEOPATRA.

Now, there was nothing slow, not much,
'Bout Cleopatra—she'd a touch

Of that wild species of audacity
That men of moderate capacity

Had no more business cooling 'round her
Than an old fashioned brass six pounder

Has butting 'gainst a steel-clad vessel,
Within which Krupp's big war dogs nestle.

There's Bags, M. C., has ladies follow him—
That smart Nile girl would simply swallow him!

Just fancy a drygoods clerk falling
In love with her and on her calling!

That faint moustache—twelve hairs disclosing
Beneath the well dyed lip reposing!

Face full of that expressive (?) beauty
That old time women folks call "pooty;"

Built like a (plaster cast) Apollo—
Both made of clay and rather hollow.

An eye-glass to his left eye clinging,
A small stick from his right hand swinging;