

Written for the *Miscellany*.

"Devil"-isms.

BY HAIR SPACE.

We recently gave "our devil" a late copy of the *Miscellany* to read. After perusing it thoroughly, he returned it with his face all radiant with smiles, and asked us to give him an answer to the following: "Why is the *Miscellany* like a rich man's table?" Of course, not being an adept in solving riddles, we gave it up. "Why," said he, "because it's loaded down with *good things*." Score him one for that.

On the announcement of the death of Brigham Young, "our devil" thought the widows might (widow's mite) be put to good use if properly Utah-lized.

"Our devil" has been in a melancholy frame of mind the past day or two, and catechising him as to the cause of his mumpishness, he informed us that he had been told to look up another boarding house by his landlady. He said that a general conversation sprung up at the supper table a few evenings since, and finally the landlady herself told a story about the butter being so hard that on cutting it the knife broke in two, attributing its solidness to the cold weather. "Our devil"—ever on the *qui vive* to get in his say—imprudently made the following brilliant remark: "Perhaps it was more on account of its *strength* than anything else." Indignation took possession of the lady, and, the first opportunity she had, told "our devil" to find other quarters, as he was altogether too smart to live among grown up people.

"Homade Pies" is a card-board sign, with large, glaring letters, which can be seen in a baker's window in one of the streets of the Quaker City. "Our devil" very cautiously *rolls* out the hint that the schoolmaster is badly needed (*kuariden*) in that benighted locality, in which we unhesitatingly coincide. He also thinks that that baker must have passed his early days in *leave-ing*. Such *flour-ery* remarks, "our devil" says, can be *twist-ed* or *sift-ed* any way to please the reader.

No sooner out of one trouble than into another "our devil" gets. Going into a restaurant, he calls for bean soup. That unpalatable compound being brought him, he looked at it, and then asks the waiter if that is bean soup. "Certainly it is," says the waiter. "It may have been bean soup once, but it's not bean

soup now," sarcastically remarked "our devil;" "take it away, and bring me bean soup that is bean soup, and not all water." It would have been better for "our devil" not to have been into that restaurant, as he was being unceremoniously ejected as we were passing by. Nothing like being polite when calling for bean soup. Have you been there?

"Our devil" came into the office with a bandage over one of his eyes the other morning. Questioning him as to how he came to be in such a plight, he said he had been around to see his girl. During the evening she brought him a "wish-bone." "Take hold," she said, "and make your wish. Ready. Now pull." They pulled, and a piece flew up and struck him in the eye. "What was your wish?" she asked. "I wish I had never seen you or the pesky 'wish-bone' either," he ungallantly answered. He is now disconsolate, and looking for a girl that will not annoy him with "wish-bones."

On the announcement of the surrender of Chief Joseph to Gen. Miles, "our devil" was heard to mutter to himself, "yes, yes, the surrender of Chief Joe at last, and Gen. Howard still many, many *miles* away from Gen. Miles.

A clerk in a hosiery store was "spreading himself" on the good quality of the hose he had for sale. Said he, "I have worn a pair myself for nearly a year, and there is not a sign of a hole in them yet." "Our devil," near by and wide awake, asked him: "How in the world, then, do you get them on?" Garrulous clerk subsided before the superiority of "our devil."

THE CLEVER CLASS.—Newspaper proprietors are now besieged by the energetic man who wishes a tender for a dollar's worth of some kind of society printing, and who, after receiving an estimate, saves half a dollar, and then returns to the newspaper office to get five dollars worth of free notices, for his society. This kind of man belongs to a very clever class, probably, but he don't get the notices all the same.—*London, Ont., Advertiser*.

"Better is the poor man that walketh in integrity" and payeth his subscription, than the rich man who continually telleth the "devil" to call again.

Did anybody ever know a man that bore malice against his neighbor to possess any brains, or a mind strong enough to think an idea to sleep.