



AMPLE RE-DRESS.

FITZ DUDESON (*angrily, to proprietor of restaurant*)—"See here, sir! That waiter of yours has spilled the soup all over this lady's dress!"

PROPRIETOR—"Stupid fellow! Make your mind easy, sir; I shall take the price of the soup out of his next week's wages."

Mole picked up his cherished \$6.20 flute last night, and hied him forth to serenade his best girl. It was a lovely evening; the pale moon shed a soft silvery sheen over her pa's princely residence. Arriving there, Mole played a dreamy, tender little selection, and soon the window above was gently opened, and his fair young innamorata listened enraptured to the mellow tones of the flute. The sight of this fairy vision at the window stimulated Mole to renewed efforts; he wiped his mouth, he took a firm grip on the flute, puckered his lips, and prepared to throw large slabs of sentiment into his new piece, entitled, "I am Waiting;" but at this juncture the large family dog appeared on the scene, and Mole left without leaving his card. He put in his best licks, and managed to keep ahead the first hundred yards; then the dog began to gain rapidly on the unfortunate flautist; the affrighted girl at the window called wildly to the bloodthirsty canine, but he heeded not. All nature seemed to stand aghast at the awful spectacle; the dog gave a mighty spring, and was about to sample the fleeing man, when all at once Mole threw up his hands, gave one loud despairing cry, and disappeared from the young lady's agonized gaze forever. He had fallen into a post hole.

E. A. C.

THE WICKED EARL AND THE VILLAGE MAID. A METRICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I've heard it said that there are those
Who poetry prefer to prose;
And so the interest to enhance
I'll pen a metrical romance.

I greatly fear my style is not
Quite up to that of Walter Scott.
I scarce can hope to win the praise
Men give to "Ibid's" graceful lays.

That other writer, great "Anon"
A reputation wide has won,
It makes me tired to try and think
How long that chap's been slinging ink.

Yet he, though now so famed, folks say,
Began in quite a humble way,
And often hailed as quite a boon,
A meal in a free-lunch saloon.

I, too, perchance, may write my name
High on the parallax of fame,
(Though what a "parallax" may be,
I own, I do not fairly see.)

I make no sort of vain pretence
To anything like common sense,
The which has neither lot nor part
Along with the poetic art.

And if at any time there seems
Of truth or reason any gleams,
In what I write, I beg to make
Apologies for the mistake.

Now having thus explained my views,
Like Thomas cat, I'll court the *Muse*,
And oiling up the old machine,
Ring up the curtain on the scene.

CHAPTER II.

THE VILLAGE MAID.

There stood a cottage by the sea
'Twas just about the size for three,
(A spacious dwelling in a block,
The reader's nerves would surely shock.)

Within this humble, lonely cot,
Located in aforesaid spot,
There dwelt a lovely village maid,
Her pa a peasant was by trade.

Now had he been an auctioneer
Or done a thriving trade in beer,
His daughter would have had small chance
To ever figure in romance.

To say that Flora Dobbs was fair,
And had a wealth of golden hair,
Bewitching eyes of heavenly hue,
White brow and lips of coral hue;

To state all this is but to say
What every reader of my lay
Has doubtless pictured in his mind,
These features we so often find.

A handsome youth with noble brow
Once came along to sketch a cow,
From which at eve for dairy use
Fair Flora deftly drew the juice,

His name was Roderick Gilderoy—
One thing seemed Roderick to annoy,
And cast a danger o'er his mirth,
A mystery hung o'er his birth.

(To be Continued.)

DR. BENJAMIN HOWARD, of New York, has astounded the medical profession by his discovery of a new way of raising the epiglottis. It is to be hoped the plan will work better than Dr. Tupper's discovery of a new way of raising farmer's prices, known as the N. P.