



GUDGEON FISHING.

The N.P. bait being played out Sir John has secured something quite as effective.

A SOCIAL INNOVATION AT SQUIGGLECHUNK.

"NOW, look-a-here, John," said the editor of the *Squigglechunk Indicator*, "this kind of thing won't do, you know. You've got to be a little more careful in the selections you make for the paper when I'm off collectin'. Public taste is a curious thing, and that there item of fashionable intelligence which you rung in on our subscribers last week has caused no end of trouble and excitement in our leadin' social circles."

"What item d'ye mean, old man?" asked John, innocently.

"What item? Why, the whole village has been wild over it. Mean to tell me you don't know? Here it is right after my article on the development of our mineral resources," and he pointed out the following remarkable paragraph under the head of "Fashionable Intelligence":

Bed-bug hunts are the prevailing craze just now in the fashionable world of London and Paris. The guests at evening parties eagerly hail this novel amusement as a relief from the *cumuli* of more conventional methods of entertainment. The game is played as follows: Two leaders are appointed, who select their respective followers from the company by turn until all present are ranged on one side or other, and then, the signal being given, the eager hunters rush to the dormitories and other suspected haunts of the wingless terror, turning over bed-clothing and mattresses, overhauling bureaus, and prying into every cranny where the game may be supposed to lurk. Boudoirs and corridors resound with the gleeful laughter and excited outcries of the merry bug-hunters. Carried away by the excitement of the sport, the proudest peers of the realm and the most stately dames and maidens of Belgravia may be seen frantically jostling and crowding in their efforts to make a large "bag," or shouting excitedly when a lucky find is made. The honors of the game, of course, go to the side which at the close of the hunt can show the largest count.

"Now, where in thunder did ye pick up an item like that, I'd like to know?"

"Got it out of some of them Chicago exchanges, I guess. I forget, anyhow," replied John, carelessly.

"Well, now, remember we don't want to give no more of these high-toned, frivolous, aristocratic doings in the *Indicator*. The influence of such things is demoralizin'. It puts up our people to aping these European fooleries,

fur as soon as the women folks git 't into their heads that anythin' is toney an' 'good form,' as they say, among the dukes and princes and countesses, why, they must have it themselves if it takes a leg. I tell you we've got public opinion down on the *Indicator* like a thousand of brick over this business. 'Course, jest as soon as it come out it set all our society folks wild to see who would be the first to introduce the thing into Squigglechunk. Mrs. Weathersby had fixed to give a party anyhow Thursday evening, and invite a whole raft down from Scrabbleton an' Pocock's Corners, secin' as how sleighin' was good, and she seen her chance an' wrote 'B.B.H,' onto each invite card."

"What did she mean by that?" asked John.

"Why, 'bed-bug hunt,' of course. The old frame house that Jim Weathersby built 'way back in '62 is just full of 'em, an' when the crowd come along right after supper she read the piece to 'em an' explained that, bed-bug huntin' bein' all the go among the British aristocracy, it would only be keepin' up with the procession to git up a hunt. So they divided off, Mrs. Pelters, from the Corners, who is death on bugs every time, was leader of one side, and Miss Jessie Bulverton of the other. They wanted Parson Saxby to take a hand in an' captain one of the sides, but he stood on his dignity. He allowed it might be the fashion among Ritualistic curates an' Popish bishops to mingle in worldly frivolities of that sinful nature, but it was contrary to sound Methodist practice. Well, they appointed Lawyer Flyman umpire, an' when he give the word 'Go,' you should have just seen the way they tore upstairs and yanked the covering off the beds. They commenced on an old bedstead that's been into the family nigh onto sixty year, I reckon. One began pulling one way and one another to get up the slats, an' it wasn't hardly a minute afore that bedstead was busted into fragments.



OUTSIDE THE BAKERY WINDOW.

MICKEY—"What way would you rudder die, Blazey?"

BLAZEY—"I dunno. I think I'd rudder eat too much an' bust."—Judge.