



IN THE CHILL COLD EVE.

MISS ANTWERP BLEU (*a much beset belle*)—"Do you know the Mr. Snogglethorpe the Blankleys expect to-day?"

! FLIPJACK—"Well, rather, by Jove. Splendid fellow! Up in tennis, good oarsman, elegant dancer, sings like an angel, plays several instruments, dresses to kill. You'll be charmed with Snogglethorpe."

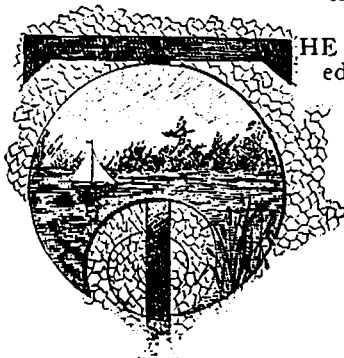
MISS ANTWERP BLEU—"Yes, I'm sure I shall. And you do all those things yourself, don't you, Mr. Flipjack?"

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

JACK—"How does it happen that their engagement is broken?"

TOM—"Her father got onto it with both feet."

HEREBY HANGS A TAIL.



HE inside of the hinder edge of a lady's skirt was recently examined microscopically at the Woman's Medical College in this city. The skirt and the lady had travelled only from Sherbourne to Sumach Street. We give the result of the examination copied from the college books:—

"Three hundred and seventy-two minute portions of *dusticus pavimen'ensis*, one rare specimen of the genus *Acrimontipicobllytonia*, seven fragmentary specimens of *diptera*, one small feather (probably a young goose's), one long straw (three inches), and five shorter pieces, *Torontocum mudicustis*, thirteen grammes; moisture, eight grammes."

The owner of the skirt had an operation performed on her left arm, which was affected by *crampomania musculoritis*, as a result of having to grab the posterior portion of her dress tortuously. There are only slight hopes of her recovery.

P.S.—The patient has since died. No flowers.

THE MISSING LINK.

HE pointed to a lady fair,
And murmured, "one would scarcely think
She is what scientific men
Have sought so long—the missing link."
I saw she had been blessed with gifts
That rarely to a maid are given,
And asked in wonder what he meant.
"The link," he said, "twixt earth and heaven."