



(From Grip's Almanac for 1882.)

MOTHER SHIPTON DISCOMFITED.

FATHER TIME.—HA! HA! WE HAVE GOT ANOTHER, YOU SEE.

to the extreme limit of every transaction affecting the essential interest of the enterprise. In a recent conversation with Mr. Connor, (who has been suffering severely) he spoke as follows to one of our representatives in reply to a question concerning his health: During the early part of last October I had a severe attack in my right knee, of what my physicians pronounced acute rheumatism. I used many so-called rheum-



atic remedies, without receiving any apparent benefit. Observing that 'St. Jacobs Oil' was being constantly recommended by many of the leading members of our profession, I decided to give it a trial. Accordingly I purchased a bottle of the article and applied it as directed. From the first application I commenced to improve, and before I had used two-thirds of a bottle, I was entirely cured, and have experienced no return of my ailment. If the publication of this statement of my experience with the Great German Remedy will induce any suffering member of the human family to test its marvellous efficacy I shall consider myself amply repaid in thus relating my opinion of its merits.

The Farmer and his Child.

A farmer old and his daughter fair,
Locks of silver and golden hair,
Sabbath eve on the homestead farm,
Quiet and peaceful, secure from harm.

The old man says, in accents slow,
"Child, to the meetin' I must go,
I'll harness up the old bay mare
And in a short time she'll bring me there."

"Though the night is dark and the road is rough,
Both the mare and I are old but tough;
We both have travelled it many a year,
So, daughter of mine, you have naught to fear."

"Sit thee down in the chimney nook
And keep on reading the nice little book;
The book you got from the Sunday-school,
And see that the fire does not lack fuel."

The maiden answered, "If you must go,
Be sure, dear father, you journey slow;
For the road has many a devious turn,
And you and the mare are both infirm."

"So take my advice, before you go,
Be sure that you drive the old mare slow."
The old man kissed his daughter fair,
And went to the barn for the old bay mare.

From the fair girl's bosom was lifted a load,
When she heard the old mare trot down the road:
She heaved a sigh to the window went,
And gazed on the starless firmament.

And the wind outside gave a mournful wail,
As the window reflected her face so pale:
Then she placed a candle on the window sill
And said, "What on earth has become of Bill?"

When just at seven by the old Dutch clock,
At the kitchen door she heard a faint knock:
Oh! how that knock made her bosom thrill,
As she jumped to the door to let in Bill.

So Bill came in in his Sunday best,
With an ornate watch chain across his vest;
His hair was oiled, got up to kill,
A particularly fascinating young Bill.

"The old man's out, I rightly guessed,"
He said, as her head lay on his breast:
"I saw him rattling down the hill,
With the old bay mare," said the cunning Bill.

"So I hurried up with might and main,
To see my dearest 'Liss Jane,
The youth and maiden sat together,
Not thought of time, or tide, or weather."

Plenty of time for an hour or so,
They knew the old man would drive slow;
But scarcely had one short hour passed,
When the lovers felt a frigid blast.

There was the door thrown open wide,
And an angry old man by their side:
He seized young William through the door collar,
And kicked him, till he made him holler.

And with demoniacal roar,
He fired young William through the door:
And yet his wrath did not abate,
Till he kicked him through the garden gate.

And booted him right down the hill,
Alas! alas! for poor young Bill:
Returning, to the girl, he said,
"Now pack yourself right straight to bed."

"If I was not a kind old pap,
I'd make you acquainted with the strap:
The reason why, I now well know,
You begged of me to drive so slow."

"You 'feared I'd meet with some mishap,
You only thought to fool your pap!"
And this is the story, drawn so mild,
About the farmer and his child.

Never despise a man who wears a paper shirt-front; he may have no mother to support him.—*Omaha Times*.

When Fogg cut off three of his toes, he smiled grimly as he remarked that he was now reduced to a piece footing.—*Boston Transcript*.

Pulse hair is now so artistically adjusted on a person's head that it is almost impossible to determine which is switch.—*Eric (Pa.) Graphic*.

"I now resemble a sword," sighed the young lady who had been jilted by her beau, "because I am a cutlass."—*Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Stylus*.