



I.

Neddie climbed the little ladder,
Sure he wouldn't slip.

II.

Now he feels a good deal sadder—
Edgar lost his grip.

AN Irishman angling in the rain was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge. On being asked the reason, he said, "Och, sure the fishes will be after crowding there to keep out of the wet."

"Jeemima Jane! Oh, good Saint Shadrach! Blazes of Etna!" he howled. "What is it, dear?" she exclaimed anxiously, as she picked up the dinner plate he had crashed down and bent over to look into his face. "Are you in pain? Aren't you well? What is the matter?" And then, as he looks at the soft, white dainty hands carelessly holding that plate, he mumbles some lying excuse about a rheumatic pain in his shoulder, and is ashamed to say the plate was so all blistering hot it nearly killed him.

THE BALLAD OF THE SEWER.

In his office the City Commissioner sat
Singing sewer, that sewer, that sewer,
And I said to him "Emerson, what are you at,
Singing sewer, that sewer, that sewer?
Is your intellect weakened, and are you to blame,
Will you throw up the sponge now, or will you die game?"
And his answer came mournfully, sadly the same—
That sewer, that sewer, that sewer.

Then he murmured, "I knew that cement was too thin,
In the sewer, that sewer, that sewer,
And my conscience is scared by the bricks we put in
To that sewer, that sewer, that sewer.
Now my office, through Godson, is all but a wreck;
If Hunter has his way, I'll soon leave the deck;
Oh! I wish Mr. Rolston had broken his neck
In that sewer, that sewer, that sewer."