

AN EGGS-PERIMENT.

MRS. BANGS.—"Brigetina, didn't I tell you to boil these eggs soft? They are as hard as stones!"

BRIGETINA.—"Sure, ma'am, oi troid me best to bile them soft; I biled them near an hour, but sorra a bit softer wud they get "

MOLE ON SKATES.

HAVE to confess reluctantly that Mole, my cherished friend, is a very picturesque-ahem-well, suppose we say romancer. His veracity is generally hampered by a very vivid imagination. I believe some of Mole's vulgar enemics have been heard to insinuate that he is a colossal liar. Now, I wish to say right here that such scurrilous remarks are false—that is, pretty false. Last summer Mole would frequently regale us with graphic, highly colored descriptions of the wonderful feats performed by him on skates, when they were favored with ice "at 'ome." The river was frozen last Saturday, so we picked up our Acmes and hied away to have a pleasant skate. Mole didn't appear to be very enthusiastic, but I thought perhaps he was not feeling well. I had only been on the ice a few minutes when I made the startling discovery that Mole was afflicted with a sort of kink in his legs. He had a roundabout way of reaching a certain point, He would look at a certain object, strike out boldly, then all at once he would lose control of his feet and would gracefully "tack" off in quite a different direction. A woolly-headed small boy, noticing that Mole was unreliable on his feet, jocosely pulled his coat-tails and darted off. Mole swayed back and forth in a desperate endeavor to retain his balance, and then suddenly sat down with great energy. He was mad as a hornet on regaining his feet, and started after the small boy. He almost grabbed him, when suddenly "Woolly" turned sharply, but Mole kept straight on, got his feet tangled up, and finally sat down again. A pompous, fat old gentleman was cutting some intricate figures in the centre of the river. Mole bore down on him with a deadly precision that years of practice could not have equalled. He waved his arms wildly, gave one wild snort of dismay, and then, oh, ye gods! what a crash! The fat man went up in the air and came down with awful force on top of Mr. Mole. I rushed forward. I assisted the old gentleman to rise. He was out of breath, and felt aggrieved. Mole sat up, rubbed the back of his head, and looked slightly dazed. Then the fat man glowered in wrathful indignation at his unfortunate assailant, and said, "Don't apologize, please; you know you did it on purpose; and don't grin at me in that insulting way, sir!" Mole had tried to smile in a conciliatory manner. "You shall hear from me, sir, through the press; don't you bully me, sir, don't you bully me!" and the angry old gentleman pranced around and transfixed Mole with a concentrated baleful glare of resentment. I took Mole's arm and we skated down the river. "Are you hurt?" I enquired, anxiously. "Oh, no, I was only fooling," and he assumed a jaunty, rakish air, and smiled in a doleful sort of way. My conviction is that Mole cannot skate for sour apples.

E. A. C.

OVERWORKED HUSBANDS.

TIRED WIFE—"William, I wish you'd bring up a scuttle of coal."

HUSBAND—"There, that's the way with women; always expecting a man to do half a dozen things at once. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"You didn't seem to be doing anything except rume maging around. I haven't asked you to do anything for about three weeks, and then I told you I'd like to have the legs of my sewing-chair made shorter."

"Well, I'm looking for the saw."

BETWEEN FATHERS.

JINKSON, SR. (taking his old friend Jumbleby aside, confidentially)—"Tell me, candidly, what you think of this young De Brassey."

JUMBLEBY—"Er—does he want to borrow money of you?"

JINKSON, SR--"Oh, no; simply wants my daughter's hand in marriage."

A NEW RULE ABOUT TIPS.

WAITER (to customer about to leave the restaurant)—
"You've forgotten something, haven't you?"

CUSTOMER—"I guess not. I've got my overcoat, cane and hat. What have I forgot?"

WAITER (extending his hand)—" The top, if you please, sir."

"I had fowl for dinner, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, according to the new base ball rules, there are to be no more foul tips. Good-day."



HARMONY.

B FLAT (Graduate of Conservatory).—"I say, Sharp, you can get Miss Flashpan for a pupil if you like. I happen to know her mother wants her to take lessons in the worst way."

C. SHARP (Graduate of Coll. of Mus.)-"Ah! in that case she had better join your class!"