



NOT FROM THE MIKADO.

*Crooked Importer.*—THEN I AM TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOU WILL PROSECUTE ME FOR UNDERVALUATION—

*Pooh Bah Bowell.*—AS MINISTER OF CUSTOMS I WOULD DO SO, WERE IT NOT THAT AS A FRIEND OF DONALD MCMASTER,—

*Crooked Importer.*—AH, I SEE! THEN IT'S ALL RIGHT. I HAVE HANDED DONALD A CHEQUE FOR \$4,000 AS A "RETAINER."

a purple dressing gown and smoking cap of divers brilliant hues, and looked like a person at ease with himself and all the world.

"There, Grumshaw," he said, pushing the material away. "I fancy everything is ready: hand over that nutmeg and dust it in—so—there—that's enough; now the water; capital; a very fine perfume, gentlemen, eh? Do you smoke?" turning to Bramley.

"I occasionally try a whiff," replied that individual.

"Then oblige me by trying a whiff of these," continued Mr. Tremaine, producing a cigar case, "you'll find them very fine."

The cigars were passed round, and each of the Pickwickians took one, though Mr. Coddleby entertained serious doubts as to his own ability to cope with his, having never yet essayed to smoke anything of a more powerful nature than dried rose leaves and lavender, and it was now several years since he had ventured even to this length; still he was guided, in a great measure, by what Mr. Yubbit's did, and as that personage had taken a

cigar, he felt it incumbent on himself to follow so good an example. True, he experienced considerable difficulty in inducing his "weed" to draw at first, owing to the fact that he neglected to bite the smaller end off preparatory to lighting it, but this error was rectified by Mr. Bramley, who seeing his friend's dilemma, and being unwilling that he should be an object of ridicule, drew out his penknife and snipped off the point with an air and expression that would have done credit to Napoleon the Great when eating shrimps on the heights of Longwood.

(To be continued.)

"ARE we all here?" inquired Mr. Brutal Jones of his landlady the other morning at the breakfast-table. "It think so, one—two—three—four, yes, you are all here, I believe," and she smiled sweetly: "Why?" "Nothing much; only I see by the morning papers that a human skeleton was picked up just outside the city limits." The smile vanished.—*Ex.*