



The sketching season has now fairly opened. And who would not be a drawing master.

AN ILL-TIMED VISIT.

Professor Jacques, as everybody knows, has been investigating psychical phenomena. The professor has a brother who isn't so much interested in psychical phenomena as he is. This brother called the other evening to make a fraternal visit. He entered the house, and struck, naturally enough, for the back parlour. The professor stopped him at the door.

"Sh-h, sh-h," said the professor, "don't come in don't make a noise— there's a lady in here in a trance!"

The visitor started back and attempted to go into the front parlour. At the door he was met by somebody he didn't know, who said:

"Sh-h, sh-h— don't come in; there is a man in here who is just going under the influence."

Then he started for the library. Somebody else met him as he swung open the door:

"Sh-h, sh-h, be careful; there is a seance going on, and you'll spoil the conditions if you come in that way."

He rushed upstairs, and rapped rather briskly at the door of the family sitting room. It was his sister-in-law who met him this time, and she said:

"Sh-h, sh-h, don't make a noise: you'll wake the baby!"

Then he darted down stairs, took his hat and cane, and left the house.—*Boston Record.*

THE CORES

There's the man who lets you shake his limpy hand—
He's a bore;
And the man who leans against you when you stand—
Get his gore.
There's the man who has a fear
That the world is year by year
Growing worse— perhaps he's near—
Bolt the door.

There's the fellow with conundrums quite antique—
He's a bore;
And the man who asks you: "What?" whenever you speak,
Though you roar.
There's the man who slaps your back
With a button-bursting whack;
If you think he's on your track,
Bolt the door.

There's the punster with his everlasting pun—
He's a bore;
And the man who makes alternative "fun"—
Worse and more!
There's the man who tells the tale
That a year ago was stale,
Like as not he's out of jail
Bolt the door.

ROSINI VOKES had a watch stolen in Chicago. It is a great come-down. An actress who cannot lose ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds cannot be considered a great artist in Chicago.—*New Orleans Picayune.*