

FACTS AND FANCIES.

MINE KATRINE.

You wouldn't drink mine *traas*,
If you slust look at her now,
Where der wrinkles on her prow
Long have been:
Vas der *faul-ia* blump und fair,
Mit der vafy flaxen hair,
Who did vone mine heart enshnare:
Mine Katrine.

Der dime seems shord to me
Since ve game across der sea,
To der country off der free,
Ve'd nefer seen:
Bud ve hear de beople say
There vas vork und blendy bay,
So I shtarted righd away
Mit Katrine.

Oh, der shoy dot filled mine house
Vhen dot got oldt Toeter Krauss
Brought us "Leedle Yawool Strass."
Shevet und clean;
Why I don'd pelief mine eyes
Vhen I look, now, mit surbrize,
On dot feller, slust der size
Off Katrine!

Den "dot leedle babe off mine,"
He vas grown so tall und fine—
Slust so sdrait as any pine
You efer seen;
Und der beoples all agree
Sooch fine poyz dey nefer see,
(Dey looks mooch more like me
As Katrine.)

Vell, ve haf our criefs und shoyz,
Und dhere's naught our lofe destroyz,
But I miss dose leedle poyz
Dot used to been;
Und der tears vill somedime start,
Und I feels so sick at heart,
Vhen I dinks I soon musd part
From Katrine.

Oh! Time vill soon pe here,
Mit his siekle, und his shepar,
Und vill whisper in mine ear
Mit sober mien:
"You musd coom along mit me,
For id vas der Lord's decree:
Und von day dose poyz you'll see
Und Katrine."

—CHAS. F. ADAMS, in *Detroit Free Press*.

CLIPPINGS CRITICIZED.

We don't want to appear ignorant or sophisticated or anything of that kind, you know, although we don't mind owning up that we're young and inexperienced, but really we'd like to have somebody tell us whether flashes spawn their watches and overcoats?—*St. Louis Journal* Suckers are often obliged to.—*Whitehall Times*.

This is hake question of as pike culiar a nature as we have ever haddock-casion to give an opinion on, but we shad think after herin' the case and exsalmning it ova and ova that a good eal depends upon how much the gasper-owes—where it was purchased and whether it was sent C. O. D.

If any young lady of a nervous temperament should read this we hope it wont mak-her-ill.

How to CATCH A JOKE—It is said, when the Editor of the *St. John Torch* wants to get off any thing very smart, he hits his funny-bone against a lamp post. Being an employee in the Gas Company, he has reserved the rights of the city, and hence the *Penny Dip* is shut out from enjoying such high privileges.—*Whitehall Mail*.

Cogswell of the *Kentville Chronicle* says "when the editor of the *Windsor Mail* wants to be cute, he clips from the *Danbury News* and

localizes the jokes and calls them original!" The following verses from a poem on "House Cleaning" which should have been credited to the *St. Louis Journal*, appears in the last issue and is a fair sample of the "Scissor-ow"-nian abilities of the editor whose "coat of *Mail*" is made of steel.

And now there cometh a wesome wail—
That augurs a gen'rally gusty gale—
From a man with his leg in the scrubbing-pail,
Is attentively reading the *Windsor Mail*.

Charles brace up, have some style about you and tell the truth. The editor of the *Torch* is not an employee of the Gas Company and doesn't bump his funny bone or fun knee bone or humerus or any other bone against lamp posts, so please give us a rest or we'll set Baker on you again, and he May flour you all over.

Every round of the ladder of fame is soaped, and it takes the sands of a good many lives to give the fortunate man a foothold who climbs to the top.—*Whitehall Times*. But the man who tries it can console himself with the thought that "While there's life there's soap." *St. John Torch*. That is small consolation to any man who was often "lathered" when a boy.—*N. Y. News*.

Washington wouldn't have been a good soap maker because he couldn't tell lye when he saw it.

"Lish" Kelsey of Lacona has the credit of seeing the first barn swallow of the season.—*Sandy Creek News*. What did the barn swallow?—*Rome Sentinel*.

Hey?

Patti is not complaining of the hard times. She made \$92,000 in Italy.—*Exchange*. She evidently thinks It-a-ly-ric success.

Hay-fever probably originated in Grass Valley, California.—*N. Y. News*.

Mower likely in Hayti.

The paragrappers Association will wear cape thirty days for the late *Worcester Press*.—*Boston Press*.

Hadn't they better issue a mourning edition?

The Cincinnati *Sunday Breakfast Table* is one of the best weekly papers published in the West, and is fast attaining a national circulation. It was popular from the start.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

The Boston Sunday breakfast table has beans successful for years among a pork class of Bostonians.

An exchange says that when a young man in Patagonia wants a wife he rides out and lassoes one. In this country it is generally the reverse. When a young lady in this country wants a husband she walks out and lass-oes one.—*Go-seaule Enterprise*.

That's so; many a poor unsophisticated youth from King's County has been caught by the lass hose, especially when they are striped and shapely.

The Rev. Jasper, of Richmond, who believes that the world is flat, has refused an offer of \$50 per week to go round it with a lecture. He is afraid of falling off.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Would you call that a flat refusal?

In these degenerate times, even lambs gambol.—*Whitehall Times*.

Do ewe?

Which party is the strongest, the greenback or the pullback?—*Whitehall Times*.

The tow-back-o's the strongest.

A tailor's business is neither good nor bad—it's sew sew.—*Idle Hours*. Were less sponging done in his shop, trade might be better.—*N. Y. News*.

It's needle-ss to say any more, as that last joke seems bad enough.

A Bridgeport child swallowed several coins, recently. Fortunately they were not counterfeit.—*Danbury News*.

Perhaps it was taking Penny-royal for the Tiek-dollar-owe.

If you wish to preserve your constitution, you must first carefully observe the bile laws.—*Whitehall Times*.

How long must you bile them to preserve them properly?

The progress of the Syndicate on selling the new issue of bonds more than fulfils their hopes.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

All things syndicate the complete and speedy success of Sherman's scheme of resumption.

Frisco is to have a one cent daily.—*Boston Post*.

The *Post* sells for four cents each, and yet it is one sent daily to subscribers.

Many Polish residents of this city met last evening to take steps toward the relief of the Polish residents in Turkey who are being oppressed by the Russians.—*N. Y. News*.

Do you mean by the Polish residents, the boot-blacks?

The American Builder publishes a valuable article on "How to act in case of fire." About an hour before the fire breaks out the article should be carefully read.—*Danbury News*.

Please don't make light of such a serious subject.

A man died recently in a London hospital, and the autopsy showed that he had swallowed eighty-seven pocket knives. His friends were considerably cut up to learn how his death had been caused.—*N. Y. News*.

It's a wonder he didn't blade to death.

Mr. C. C. Frost will hold temperance meetings at Fair Haven during the week.—*Whitehall Times*.

That name is very suggestive of a "nip." Let us have freeze speech by all means.

The latest con. from the *St. John Torch* proves that Frank Murphy cannot reach the Dominion an hour too soon. Here is the spasm: "Why is the place used for coining counterfeit money like the lower flat in a house? Because it is a base mint."—*N. Y. News*.

We'd sooner have the Rine-o.

An excellent way to avoid paying the butcher—Never buy any fresh meat.—*N. Y. News*. Yes, that ought to meat the difficulty. We never thought of that beef-ore.—*St. John Torch*. Although we cut-let it go no farther or veal chuck you in the rib.—*N. Y. News*.

If you do, the *News* readers will have to lamb-ent the loss of one of it's editors. Let's steak something.

"Joe" Cook has been accused of stealing his original ideas from others. This reminds us that there are a good many "joke hooks" among the editorial fraternity.—*Whitehall Times*.

Theodore was a practical "joke Hook."

In the divorce suit of Anna M. Newell vs. Lorenza Newell in New York, the jury disagreed.—*Ex*.

We Newell enough they would.

Vinnie Ream has nearly finished *Farragut*.—*Boston Post*.

A Dutch friend says, "it vill ov coorse pe a Farra-goot statoovet."