

THE ORIGIN OF SCANDAL.

SAID Mrs. A.
To Mrs. J.,
In quite a confidential way,
"It seems to me
That Mrs. B.
Takes too much—something in her tea."
And Mrs. J.
To Mrs. K.
That very night was heard to say,
She grieved to touch
Upon it much,
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such!"
Then Mrs. C.
Went straight away,
And told a friend the self-same day,
"I was sad to think"—
Here came a wink—
"That Mrs. B. was fond of drink."
The friend's disgust
Was such she must
Inform a lady which she "nussed"
"That Mrs. B.
At half-past three,
Was that far gone she couldn't see."
This lady we
Have mentioned, she
Gave needlework to Mrs. B.,
And at such news
Could scarcely choose
But further needlework refuse.
Then Mrs. B.,
As you'll agree,
Quite properly—said she, that she
Would track
The scandal back
To those who made her look so black.
Through Mrs. K.
And Mrs. J.
She got at last to Mrs. A.,
And asked her why,
With cruel lie,
She painted her so deep a dye?
Said Mrs. A.,
In some dismay,
"I no such thing could ever say;
I said that you
Much stouter grew."

AMBULANCE FIELD EXAMINATION.

(Soldier supposed to have been wounded is brought to surgeon's tent by bearers.)

Bearer.—(Reporting)—Severe scalp wound, sir, accompanied with insensibility.

Surgeon.—Well, what have you done?

Bearer.—Dressed the wound, sir, and gave him a little whiskey and water.

Surgeon.—Whiskey and water! How did you expect an insensible man to swallow that?

Bearer.—He axed for't, sir.

Bailie.

THE LATEST.

(Scene—A fashionable bar, newly opened.)

Loafer.—(Affably, after taking a critical survey of the whole establishment)—Well, gov'nor, anything new?

Landlord.—(Dryly, knowing his customer)—Well no, except the paint on the pillar you are supporting! [Tableau.]—*Bailie.*

Young Housekeeper (timidly): I will take some lamb to-day.

Obsequious Butcher: Will you have a four quarter, madam.

Y. H. (with more assurance): I think that is rather much for our family. I'll take a three quarter.

"No, Jack, I don't like your picture. The fellow looks so confoundedly self-opinioned, and so caddish, and so supercilious. Fact, it's a horrid daub." "By Jove, Fred, to hear you talk, one would think the picture was a mirror."—*Chiel.*

ONE of our prominent banker mans ladely got troubled mit a dightness of der chest. He vas shtingy like der deuce. Efery nite times he put his trunk of sekuridies under his pillow, und he dond shleep a mouthful, but yoost lays awake to hear 'em draw inderest oud.—*Pretzel.*

"I NOTICE," said the gentleman in search of information, to Herr Most, "that Anarchists never strike. Why is this?" "That," said the great apostle of mouth as a factor in social progress, with much dignity, "is easily explained. No true Anarchist ever works."—*Washington Hatchet.*

A SCEPTIC who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by contradictory passages in the Bible, asked how it could be that we are in the Spirit and the Spirit in us. He received the following reply: "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat; it's like dat poker. I puts it in the fire till it gets red hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker."—*Chicago Living Church.*

A CORRESPONDENT in sending \$5 to the office recently sent a postal note for \$4.99, that being the largest amount for which a postal note can be made out. A \$5 bill would have been exactly as safe in the mail, and the remitter might have saved his three cent fee. A postal note affords perfect security in sending money—*provided* the letter containing it is neither lost, stolen or destroyed.—*Springfield (O.) New Era.*

ONE of our exchanges has an article on "Character in Gait." This is a subject which is worthy of study. Attention has heretofore been mainly directed to the character of front gait—from which many things are to be learned as to the course of true love. It is asserted by some *savants* that trustworthy conclusions can often be drawn as to the matrimonial chances of a man's daughter from the character and condition of that man's front gate.

THIS is good enough to be a fact if it isn't. "Cato," says Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe to a negro man white-washing on her Florida plantation, "now that you are free and can vote I hope you will use your influence with the coloured people and get me the ballot." "Lor! Mis' Beecher," says Cato rolling up his eyes, wrile an incredulous grin broadened his kind-hearted, honest face, "duz you rely belebe that wimmin is got sense enough to know how ter vote?"—*Rochester Morning Herald.*



98 GAMES IN THE SERIES. June 14, '86.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Club.	Won.	Lost.
Syracuse.....	19	6	Hamilton.....	12	11
Toronto.....	15	10	Buffalo.....	10	14
Rochester....	14	10	Binghamton...	7	18
Utica.....	13	10	Oswego.....	7	17