

as above stated, that the abnormal growth of self-conceit dwarfs these lower functions of the brain, which accounts for the awkwardness and stiffness at times displayed by the creature in locomotion.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity about the dude is its external appearance—in the matter of clothes and out-door accoutrements. The acme of whatever little ambition the dude possesses is to have garments faultlessly in accord with the very latest fashion plate, carrying out a microscopic attention to detail which is at times painful to witness. When its ambition in this respect fails to harmonize with the extent of the dude's income, most perplexing and highly interesting complications arise. An infinitesimal cane and cigarette form an almost invariable part of the outfit. An eye-glass may or may not be used (this depends upon the ability of the dude to learn to wear one), while the having a top-coat there inches shorter than the one below is entirely optional.

The different sounds emitted by the creature in the various moods of whatever emotion or ecstasy it is capable of, such as haw-haw, dont-you-know, awfully-jolly, etc., etc., are too well known to require comment here.

The exact position of the dude in the animal world, and the destiny which nature intended it should fill, have not yet been determined, and do not appear in any known biological classification. It appears to be one of those secret and hidden freaks of nature to ascertain an explanation of which it would be idle to attempt—a kind of fungus out-growth or excrescence of civilization whose presence is a well established fact, but into whose usefulness or cause for existence it would be futile to enquire.

A GOOD NEW WORD.

JONES—"How are you feeling, Smith? You're not looking real well."

SMITH—"No; I'm troubled with unsleep."

MR. SOL. WHITE, Annexationist, says he has his ear to the ground. If Col. Denison had his way about it, Sol would have his ear to a post—fastened with a good solid nail.



UNFIT.

SCRAGGS—"Why do you pass Bluff without recognizing him? I thought he was a particular friend of yours."

JAGGS—(President of the 'Ring and the Book' Club)—"Not now. He says Browning's poetry does not move him worth a cent. Henceforth, I know him not!"

MY INITIATION INTO HOUSEKEEPING.

WHAT AN UNSOPHISTICATED LITERARY MAN HAS TO CONTENT WITH.

III.

At last I have really begun, and I can truthfully say I would rather "run" anything than a house—a hundred yards' dash, a show, an engine, or "a-muck"—although this last I feel I am doing every hour of the day—and night (I was up five and a half times with that blessed furnace the first night—the half was when I had to go back to it from the top stairs on my return to bed, because I had forgotten some damper, or flue, or something). I know now, very well indeed, what hole the coal goes into, and what hole the ashes come out of. How I found out, everyone who has a furnace that quietly gorges itself with about a ton of hard coal every thirty-six hours, without the slightest symptom of indigestion, will easily understand. The flames are not the only blue things in that cellar when I am there.

But I have found something which, for puzzles, beats the—well, beats the furnace, and that is my kitchen range. I call it "mine" and not the landlord's advisedly. The hole it made in my bank account (it was large enough for my grave) is proof of its being mine. Paley, as everybody knows, took a watch as the best example of "design." It is very evident that there were no stoves in his day. The fifteen puzzle is simply play-work to this thing. It is a kaleidoscope. I began to take it to pieces yesterday (to see how it worked), and had to call in all the neighbors to show me where the pieces went again. I would rather look after a quadruple expansion compound twin-screw marine engine than this stove.

And what is it all for? To cook a little meat and potatoes and a pudding, and to heat a little water; to make a man's *body* comfortable, to pander to his palate and to his skin, forsooth. Nothing more, nothing more, as I live—and pay forty, fifty, sixty, I do not know how many dollars for a few warm eatables and a little warm water. Preposterous! However, I fear I myself am getting rather too warm on the subject; let us change it; it is a sore one with me. H.

MUSICAL MISHAPS.

WE have four musical young men on our flat.

Mole plays with tender pathos and both hands on the flute.

Brown pulls some dismal dirges out of an old antiquated accordion.

Muggins plays on a rickety banjo that is never by any chance in tune.

And the new lodger in No. 10 *thinks* he can play on the violin. Ah me! I fear this misguided young man's fate is sealed. Every night, when all respectable people are seeking the arms of Morpheus, this wall-eyed pirate yanks out his old sarcasm of a fiddle, "tunes 'er up," and drones and scrapes away *ad infinitum*. He has an indistinct, shadowy idea that he is the coming "Ole Bull" of the universe, but by a grim stroke of irony his favorite piece is called "See-saw." The fact that he is a consistent Christian may help to comfort his bereaved relatives when he takes his untimely scoot out of this "vale of tears," for we really cannot allow him to commence practice on a new piece he has invested in, entitled, "Sweet Violets."