

AUGUST.



THE UNINVITED GUEST.

Dearest Maria, our Pic Nic cloth was laid
On velvet sward which trees umbrageous made;
The *Savoury Pie* with tongue and chicken
plac'd,
And ruby wine our rustic banquet grac'd:
The cork had flown from Guinness' bottled beer,
When something awful shook us all with fear.
A figure wild, of Frankensteinish type,
Wielding a club, who held a short clay pipe;
In accents strange called out, "I say old bloke,
'Ope the old 'oman don't hotject to smoke;
You're all serene, suppose I makes a halt:
Now guv'nor pass that stunnin' lot o' malt.
It'll lay the dust, and if them chicken's young,
Why fork 'em over, with two pounds of tung;
Fill up old ale, with logwood for a toast,
'The ladies, bless 'em! and you, our noble
host!"

At home Papa had left his new gold lever,
But seeing mine he said, "I takes Geneva;"

"There must be cash with swells togg'd out so
nobby"—

Collecting coin he call'd "his favorite hobby."
"This turnip (my watch) shows it's precious
late"

Then in the cloth he rolled our silver plate.
Addressing Pa, exclaimed, "I say old flick,
You twigs this little twig, my walking-stick;
I know for what I've done, and what I've bagg'd,
I shall if cotched, and no mi-take, get lagg'd;
Take my advice, you've too much sense to
crumble,

Foll'ers I don't allow—all right, you tumble."

"With me," he said, "the fairest of the fair,
He ought to leave at least one lock of hair;
'But fashion's rule was strong,'" his barber said,
"And so on that account cropp'd close his
head;"

Then shaking his club, away he quickly walks,
And nothing since we've heard of spoons or forks.

He seldom lives frugally who lives by chance.

1 T
2 W
3 T
4 F
5 S
6 S
7 M
8 T
9 W
10 T
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12 S
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Some
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'60s
What is
for