

CHAFF.

SOME men when beside themselves keep company with fools.

GNAWLEDGE: Rats are agnawing, and it is gnawt a gnawed thing after all, aw gnaw !

ADULTERATIONS.

PLACID I am, content, serene,
I take my slab of gypsum bread,
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless side I spread.

The egg I ate was never laid
By any cackling feathered hen,
But from the Lord knows what 'tis made
In Newark, by unfeathered men.

I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chicory so cheap :
Or for the best black tea in town
Dried willow leaves I calmly steep.

But if from man's vile arts I flee
And drink pure water from the pump,
I gulp down infusoriæ,
And quarts of raw bacteriæ,
And hideous rotatoriæ,
And wriggling polygastricæ,
And slimy diotomaciæ,
And hard-shelled ophryocercinæ,
And double-barreled kolpodæ,
Non-loricated ambodæ,
And various animalculæ,
Of middle, high, and low degree,
For Nature just beats all creation,
In multiplied adulteration.

—Robert J. Burdette.