

anything ever seen in them parts. The cold weather last winter froze their stummicks so that they can eat anything now from "rough on rats" to a dynamite bomb, and grow fat on Paris green. What! don't you want any more information? I thought I'd tell you the hull thing without you askin' me questions. You see I knew what you was goin' to ask. There was a *Globe* reporter along here ten minutes ago."

Several other prominent personages visited the fair, such as Admiral Vignes, of the French navy; George W. Cable, who showed up the Creoles of Louisiana; and the Hon. Mr. McGarigle, late of Chicago. But these more world-renowned personages were unapproachable when we sent up our card. SAM. STUBBS.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

A FLY 'lighted on the speaker's head,
So white and round and fair,
And his joyous face grew rosy red,
But never a wicked word he said
As the fly stalked round with a stately tread,
On that cranium broad and bare.

He told us that he was just going to smash
The whole of old Darwin's plan,
That Huxley, and Tyndall, and all that trash,
With their horrid jargon and theories rash,
He would knock into crumbs with a mighty crash,
For most of their talk was the veriest hash
That was heard since the world began.

Still the fly waltzed round on that snowy sphere,
It rubbed its hands with glee;
From its confident way it was very clear,
As it smoothed its wings, it was free from fear;
Then it smiled and looked into the speaker's ear,
But no bad words did the audience hear,
Though he swore internally.

Then the lady-fly lit gracefully down
By the side of her bumming lord;
They chased each other all over that crown,
Now to and fro, now up and down,
Shook hands and kiss'd, then tried to drown
Life's cares in the capers that all flies own,
And then they looked dreadfully bored.

So one ran into the speaker's eye,
The other buzzed up his nose.
He exploded in wrath, then up sky-high
The pieces all flew, 'twas an awful reply
To his eloquent speech, whether truth or a lie;
Whether prompted by love, or by hate, or by rye.
But, strangest of all, when they tried their best try,
They could find nothing left but his clothes.

THE NEW WRINKLE.

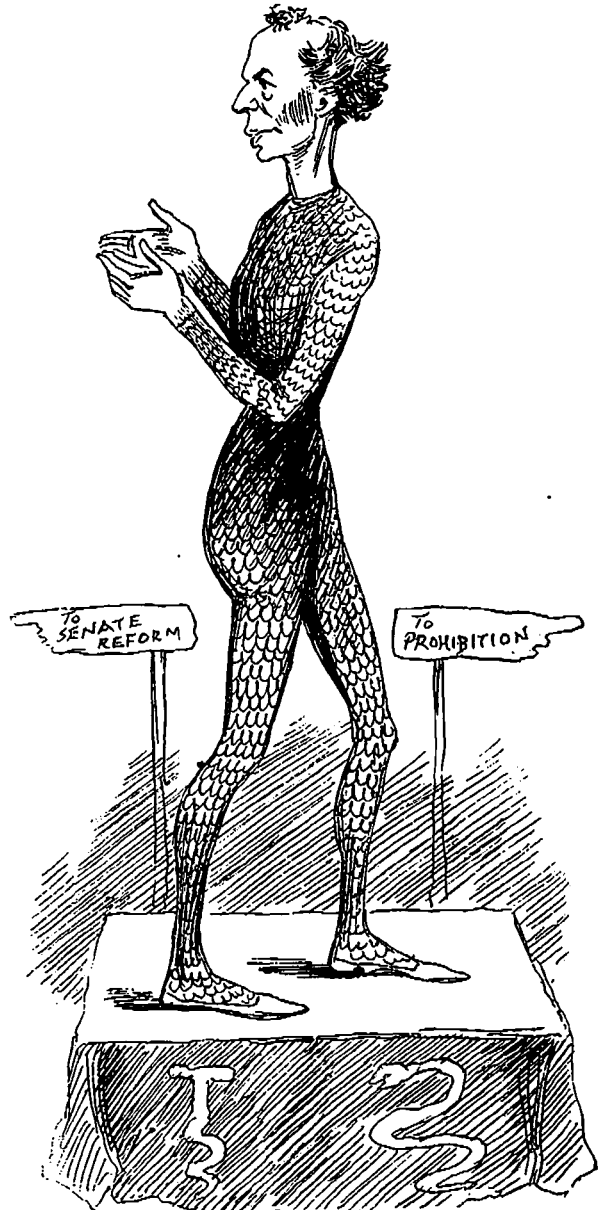
Gus—Hello, Charley! you are looking pretty seedy; and what are you doing with that note-book sticking out of your pocket? Going to pose as the prodigal son?

Charley—No; I propose to have a little flare, do you see? and this is a disguise; peelers will take me for a newspaper fellow investigating; you bet, they will be mighty polite. Ta, ta!

THE editor of the London *Post* wears lilac kid gloves through every dinner to which he is invited. He is rather tony; but for a genuine three-ply, 18-carat style, the English people are referred to the Dakota editor who wears a six-shooter, a bowie knife and no necktie through every dinner to which he is invited—as well as to some to which he is not invited.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE USE OF A DOCTOR.

"YE'RE very sick I sec, Mistress Broon?"
"Deed aye! I'm sufferin' sair."
"Ye'll better let me send for a doctor."
"Eh na! no unless I thocht I was deein'."
"But he could dae ye nae gude if ye were deein'."
"I ken that—but it wad just keep aff reflections; a doctor, when ane's deein', keeps aff reflections, ye ken."



THE POLITICAL BAGASSEN.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE GENTLEMAN IN BARNUM'S CIRCUS.)

DICTIONARY TALK.

MY friend, that sleek young man in the ulster and varnished moustache, is a chiropodist—he operates on tender feet. You keep away, his little racket is cashing a cheque.