

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Banged, "bustled" and crimped,
 Starched, feathered and gimped,
 Fluted and gored,
 Languid and "bored,"
 Daintily hopping, tediously shopping—
 Behold her, admire the *belle*.
 Puffed, powdered and tinged,
 "Cropped," frizzled or fringed,
 Flowered and laced,
 Lady-like faced,
 Airily tripping, "ethereally slipping"—
 Boom, boom for the *belle*.
 Dyed, scented and decked,
 Gold-spangled and specked,
 Deformed at the waist,
 Quite in good taste,
 "Waves" on her head (false, be it said)—
 Kneel, kneel to the *belle*.
 Sweet, womanly fair,
 Bright eyes and hair,
 Gloriously bright,
 Heavenly bright,
 Sunshine all bringing, joyously singing—
 "Hats off" to the *girl*.

GEO. H. CANDLER.



CARRYING OUT ORDERS.

"Well! I don't see any sense in hanging it, but I suppose it must be done."

IN Peru they often cut a dime in two to make change, says a correspondent. That is nothing; they will split a cent in other places.

WILFULNESS OF THE SEX.

In a city in Germany some years past, a man of mature years had recently wedded a young bride. He had occasion suddenly to leave home, and he feared, as mature husbands are apt to, that in his absence his youthful wife might carry on a flirtation with a young officer of their acquaintance.

He confided his anxiety to a very old friend. The friend bade him keep his mind at ease—he would undertake all responsibility. The day after the husband had left, the friend called on the lady. "My dear madam," he said, "you must be surprised to see me so early, but I have to tell you of a request of your husband, very peculiar, incomprehensible to me, but he made a point of my calling on you to give this message. It occurred to him at the last moment, a curious fancy, but he was haunted with a fear that you would, in his absence, smoke his large new meerschaum pipe, and he begged me particularly to request you not to do so."

"How very absurd!" said the lady. "I never smoked in my life—not even a cigarette. What could have put such an idea in his head?"

The friend had no sooner taken his leave than the lady sank into a profound reverie. "What can it be? So unlike Rudolph: there must be something in it. I declare I have a good mind to try, it is so ridiculous of him. I will try. There can be no harm in it." No sooner said than done. She took the meerschaum from the cupboard and, putting in some tobacco, essayed to smoke. She did not do very well, but she got a mild kind of a light, and the aroma of the weed filled the room.

A ring at the door. Looking out, she saw the very young officer whom her husband had wished to guard against. "How provoking! I can't see him. What would he think if he found the room full of tobacco smoke?" So the young man was sent away disconsolate.

The next day she refrained till late in the afternoon, trusting the young man would call, and when it was too late to hope for his arrival, she thought again of the pipe. "I declare I will try (*him*) again" (pipe in German is masculine gender, and is spoken of as *him*). Again she lighted the pipe, and this time succeeded in getting it to draw finely. The smoke floated in wreaths through the apartment. A ring at the door! "Heavens, 'tis Rudolph!" She dashes to the cupboard, puts in the pipe, and shuts the door. The husband enters; he detects the smoke; he grows scarlet with rage. "Where is he? You infamous woman, where is he?"

"Oh! Rudolph, I did not mean any harm; I only touched my lips to him."

"Your lips? Where is he?"

"He! in—in—a—the—cupboard!"

The sword flies from the sheath; he rushes to the cupboard, flings open the door; the pipe falls at his feet. "Where is he?" he exclaims, glaring.

"My, there he is, dear; I have not hurt him a bit, I'm sure," pointing to the pipe.

The old friend dropped in to supper, and they had rather a pleasant evening, but the lady never could quite understand the matter.

Brother George: "Girls, did you hear what a sad thing happened to Fred Jones yesterday?"

Girls (in alarm): "No! What is it?"

Brother G.: "The poor fellow had to have his arm taken off."

Girls: "Oh! how terrible! how did it happen?"

Brother G.: "Well, it happened on the tennis ground. He was sitting by Mrs. Smith; they were then alone, when suddenly he put his arm around her."

Girls: "Well, go on. What then? What happened?"

Brother G.: "Well, it was then it had to be taken off."—*Stratford Times*.