

Humorous.

"Now, Timothy," said Mrs. Timblethorpe, one Sunday morning not long since. "I want you to go to church with me to-day. You have not been there for three months, and it's disgraceful for a man of family to show such a bad example to his children. 'I am tired,' remarked Timblethorpe, as he helped himself to another fish-ball, 'and besides, I have got to go down to the post-office to see what is in the mail.'" "Nonsense," replied his spouse in a slightly nettled tone, "your letters can wait until the services are over. I want to show that odious Mrs. Burlap who has just married her third husband, that I can have some one to wait upon me to church as well as she." Timothy groaned in spirit, but he said nothing, while he set his wits to work to escape from the poor preaching and the worse singing of his wife's favorite place of worship. Fortune came to his aid, as she does to all schemers, for on going to his wife's room he saw a new bonnet shining in all its glory upon the dressing case. "Humph, my lady," he murmured to himself, "I have discovered the secret of your sudden influx of religious fervor. I'll punish you for your hypocrisy, and reward my virtuous self at the same time." With this he called "kitty, kitty," in his most seductive voice, and presently there appeared in the apartment an enormous tom cat. Timblethorpe said nothing, but shut the door upon the creature of feline breed, and when Mrs. Timblethorpe opened it in a few moments after she found her bonnet upon the floor, and the heads and feathers of the birds that adorned it scattered about in various directions. Mrs. Timblethorpe did not go to church that morning, but Mr. Timblethorpe went to the post-office as usual, and enjoyed his after-breakfast cigar with the serenity of a man who had done a good thing.

Poot's wife remarked to him, as they started out the other night to take supper with the Browns, that she expected Mrs. B. would have a stunning coiffure. "Well, I'm sure I hope so," grumbled Poots, "I haven't had anything good to eat since the last time we were at mother's."

A recent advertisement read as follows: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a read head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more, with the name engraved on it."

"Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, Mrs. Fishwhacker?" asked the minister, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity?" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon I has. I was struck by lightning last summer, and hove out of the window; but it didn't seem to me no sort of good."

During a dense fog, a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveller, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel, and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog. Can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot; "but until the biler busts we ain't going that way." The passengers went to bed.

Whistle boys, and girls too, all you want to, provided there is nobody around with an aching head, that the shrill tones set to jumping. Whistling promotes cheerfulness, helps your food to digest, and makes many a hard task easy. There are lots and lots of boys in the world who are denied the pleasure, although it is as natural to them as swimming is to ducks. In some countries the mouth of a whistler is considered unclean for forty days after the act is committed, for the poor deluded natives think Satan has had the boy in his embrace and has caused him to emit the dreadful sounds. In other places they think that whistling in the evening makes the angels weep. Among the Irish there is prevalent a superstition that when a girl whistles the heart of the Blessed Virgin bleeds. Now, just think of the cruelty of repressing whistling by a boy, to whom there is no greater pleasure than to get out in a wood-lot, and free as a bird himself, introduce into some familiar tune, bird-like trills and runs and quavers! He feels so exultant and triumphant at his power over his whistling apparatus that he works with tenfold more zest. The whistling boy generally gets on in the world. So whistle boys, as much as you like.

City and Country.

Away from the city I hastened one day
For a very short time in the country to stay;
Bid adieu for awhile to the noise of the cars,
The whistle of tugs, advertisement of "stars";
To the clouds of black smoke,—to the dust of the street;
To the watering carts making mud for the feet;
To crowds on the side-walk who go their own way,
(No attention to sex nor age do they pay),
To the need to be careful of shoulders and knees,
When into the cars the passengers squeeze;
To the milkman, the iceman, and also the sight
Of meat in the shops—and the cry of "all right,"
To the sad sights we see, to the joys that allure,
All vainly, alas! if we chance to be poor;
To turn from all this to the country away,
Though perchance our vacation may be but one day;
To all the sweet smell; and sounds in the air;
To all that is glad some; to all that is fair;
To the drinking of milk—to the lowing of kine,
To all that is pleasant; to much that's sublime;
To breathe a long breath of air that is pure,
So pure, that it seems it all evil may cure;
To the quiet that seems all our soul to imbue,
And expunge all that's false, confirm all that's true;
Then back to the city our work to begin
And our duty to do in spite of its din;
To help all that's good, on all evil to frown,
Since "God made the country, and man made the town."

—[M. P. J., in Farmers' Call.

A Baptist minister was once asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter with a Presbyterian. "Well, my dear friend," he replied, "as far as I have ever been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology."

In July issue some very attractive premiums will be offered. Subscribers will confer a favor on us and receive a benefit themselves by doing some canvassing among their friends.

Little Ones' Column.

The Emu's Party.

DEDICATED TO THE WRITERS OF CHILDREN'S POETRY.

An ancient maiden Emu
Had a breezy country villa,
With an extensive sea view,
On the south coast of Australia.

This Emu's tastes were social,
And her heart was warm and kindly,
So she gave a children's party
And sent her cards out blindly.

To the Dodos and the Parrots
And the Vultures and the Sea-gulls,
And thoughtlessly included
Six little unfledged Eagles.

Then she called on Madam Duck-bill
At her home beside the water,
And proceeded with effusion
To invite her infant daughter.

"I will take care my dear madam,
If you will be so good
As to trust us with your Susie,
That she eats the plainest food—

"Some simple vermin chowder,
Or only ants on toast,
With smothered flies in honey,
And a tender larvæ roast;

"Mashed angle-worms and spiders,
Or, if you think it best,
Grub soup with vermicelli,
Which is easy to digest.

"She shall be at home by bed-time—
Or any hour you choose."
Said Mrs. Duck-bill, solemnly,
"Have you asked the Kangaroos?"

"Why, no; the thought, dear madam,
Had not entered in my head:
I have but slight acquaintance with
That fore-shortened quadruped."

"Then I'm afraid, Miss Emu,
That Susie can not go:
Her grandpa was a mammal
Well connected, as you know.

"She can never know wild Pigeons,
Nor those children of the Vulture,
Who seem to be deplorably
Incapable of culture."

"If that's the case, dear madam,
We'll close this interview.
My friends are birds, and so am I,"
Said the dignified Emu.

"I'm sure I know the Eagles,
And many others, who
Move in vastly higher circles
Than that purse-proud Kangaroo.

"Then the Parrots and the Pigeons
Have a regular family tree:
No animals are higher born, nor have
A better pedigree.

"There's my grand-uncle Ostrich
Can hold his head as high
As any wealthy mammal,
And—I wish you, ma'am, good-by."

So little Susie Duck-bill
Was forced to play alone
By the artificial attitude
Of her mother's social tone.

She could see the Parrots swinging,
Hear the Eagles' laughter shrill,
And said, with tears, "I wish we Duck-bills
Weren't so fearfully genteel."