



À l'Angleterre maintenant de nous donner son or en échange
de nos produits.

Fat and I can, or the Tables Turn'd.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

They were married six weeks ago, the day before her mother left for New England, and when the late cold wave came to make pedestrians shiver, they were still very happy. She spoke to him at breakfast about having never observed his overcoat among his articles of dress, and he forced a laugh and quickly changed the subject. Going up-stairs he tumbled over the things in a big trunk, and felt in all his pockets, searched his vallet, and was making a second search of the trunk when the bride-wife came running up and asked the object of his search.

"Effie did you ever come across a little green ticket in my trunk?" he solemnly asked.

"One about so square?"

"Yes."

"And reading something about all the goods left over such a time would be sold?"

"Yes, yes."

"Why, I found it the other day and tore it up. I thought it was an advertisement of a pawn-shop, and that some of the boys had put it into your pocket for fun."

"Fun!" gasped the newly married, as a shiver ran up his back.

"Why, Charley, what ails you! You look as pale as death!" she exclaimed in alarm.

"N—nothing!" he blurted out, trying hard to recover his composure.

"Was the ticket valuable?"

"Not very,—that is—no, it wasn't worth a cent! It was an old Chinese wash-house ticket for two collars, but I've got plenty without 'em!"

He kissed her as he went away, but his face could not throw off the anxious look, and the young wife looked after him, and said to herself:

"I never saw him act that way before. Maybe he has b—begun to h—hate me!" And she went in to have a good cry.

WHICH THEY HAD A SMALL GAME.

While awaiting the overland train at Palisades, (California) recently, Tony Pastor, the well-known showman, had an opportunity of verifying "that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar." Strolling along the single street of Palisades, he observed through an open doorway two Chinamen engaged in a game of draw poker. Tony stopped to look on, and John said:

"Come lin and take a hand; you play poken?"

"Well," said Tony; "I don't usually play cards on Sunday; but as this is an off-day, I'll take a hand," and buying some chips, he sat down, with George Thatcher and John Morris, members of his company, and the play began.

For a few hands all went smooth, until it came to the Chinaman's deal. Morris got two pair, queen's top. Tony and Thatcher passed out; Morris drew one card and got another queen (an accident). The Chinaman drew five, a pat hand; Chinaman bet a dollar; Morris raised it five; John raised back, and Morris called; John laid down jack full. Morris showed queen full, and Chinaman said:

"D——!" Result: Morris winner to the extent of \$25.00.

This started all the boys in the troupe, and they all took a hand, thinking they had a "bonanza." Result in twenty-five minutes: Chinaman \$100 a head; boys all losers.

The train was heard approaching, and John said, with a bland smile:

"Chinaman no good poken player; deal queen by mistake. Good-by, theatre man, come again soon; sabbee?"

A Dublin newspaper says, "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

WHAT BOTHERED HIM.

It was a young man with sharp eyes and a foxy head, who told Justice Morgan that John P. Mapes was his name, and an officer further volunteered that he had taken his seat on the curbstone, and could not be prevailed upon to vacate it.

"That was wrong of you, John," said his Honor, reproachfully.

"How so?" squeaked the prisoner, snappishly. "I wa'n't goin' t' do nuthin' with the confounded gutter."

"Ah, but you were drunk."

"P'raps I was."

"Well, ain't you ashamed to be so? Ain't you afraid to be walking about of nights that way?"

John pondered, and then admitted, as he glanced at the officer.

"I was a little skeart."

"Right," said the court. "Going along in the custody of the police you were afraid to lose your self-respect?"

"Not much," said the prisoner. "T'was my watch and chain that bothered me."

Kankahee has a justice who beats them all in the way of doing up a job of matrimonial splicing with neatness and despatch. This is his formula: "Have 'er?" "Yes." "Have 'im?" "Yes." "Married; two dollars."

"You want a flogging, that's what you want," said a parent to an unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I will try to get along without it," said the independent hopeful.

A German looked up at the sky, and remarked, "I guces a leedle it vill rain sometime pooty queek." "Yees do, eh?" replied an Irishman, "what business have yees to purtind to know about Ameriken weather, ye furrin galoot?"