

**Rural Rhymes.**No. 2.—THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW. (*Patent Version.*)

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
See how the flakes fall majestic and slow,  
Falling so lightly like feathers of down,—  
Hiding the filth in the byeways of town:  
Daintily falling on tower and on tree,  
Filling the heart of the schoolboy with glee,—  
But when chilblains are tender on heel and on toe,  
You don't feel so fond of the beautiful snow.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
Swift o'er the ice the skaters go,—  
But as you smoothly career o'er the ice,  
A collision occurs, and you're down in a trice;  
And when stars shoot around you when first you come  
down,

And a lump like an egg rises up on your crown,  
You give voice to expressions—not pious I trow,  
Then you don't feel so fond of the beautiful snow.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
When stars shine above, and stars glisten below,  
When the night settles down to a good steady freeze,  
And your window is painted with flowers and trees;  
When as home you are wending your slippery way,  
Reflecting on all the events of the day,—  
When quickly your feet out ahead of you go,  
You don't feel so fond of the beautiful snow.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
As shivering and cold to labour you go,  
With thoughts all alive to the cares of the day,  
With bent head you ponder, your thoughts far away;  
When a mischievous school-boy with snowball in hand,  
And a smile on his face so deceiving and bland,  
Takes you right on the ear with a well aimed blow,  
Then you don't feel so fond of the beautiful snow.

**The Funny Contributor at Home.**

In a solemn room in a hushed and depressed-looking house, where the servants walk about on tiptoe, and give warning every two or three days, and the children are sent to bed in the middle of the afternoon, sits with his head swathed in wet towels, morose, haggard, dejected, irascibly grim, the special and particular man who writes the funny things in the comic weekly. Anybody who has pictured him turning somersaults of an evening, in the front parlour, and giving his wife conundrums to guess while he carves the mutton at dinner, is indeed wildly astray, and must have confounded him with the writer of the obituary notices in the other weekly. There was a time, his wife remembers, when she and he used to laugh together at little puns and caricatures, at humorous situations and witty points, but that was long ago, before fun became the serious business of his life. For as the shoemaker's household goes unshod, and the physician's family sink into early graves, so the Funny Contributor's wife and children are the most dismally and preternaturally grave.

"Can't you put that squaller to sleep, MARY?" he exclaims if the baby sets up its pretty crowing in remote recesses of the establishment, for this is the impious way in which the father speaks of his youngest born. "I had a pun just coming, and it is gone. Gone. do you hear, MARY? Jove! for ten minutes peace!"

And MARY flies about, stifling the little innocent's unconscious babbling with the sofa-cushion, or whatever comes first to hand, and suppresses the drums and bugles of her elder boy with unflinching sternness.

"ARTY, dear," she whispers to the little soldier, "you mustn't go to war this afternoon. Sit very still, and think of the waves of the sea. And MAUD, darling, put dolly to bed to-day without singing her asleep. Papa is trying to be funny!"

MARY has somewhere heard it stated that all great humorists are melancholy in their domestic relations, and she of course interprets her husband in the same way.

"SIDNEY SMITH, now, for instance," she tells you in her confiding undertone, "do you know that he had to make little rods for himself to keep from falling into perfect sloughs of depression? And HOOD, everybody knows what a poor, sad, consumptive

## ST. NICHOLAS, Scribner's Illustrated Magazine For Girls and Boys.

John Greenleaf Whittier writes of ST. NICHOLAS: "It is little to say of this magazine that it is the best child's periodical in the world." That it is calculated to delight the little folk everywhere is indicated by the fact that it is to be issued in French by Delagrave of Paris, and that even the far-away little Moslems are now to have a volume made up of translations from ST. NICHOLAS into Arabic.

Beginning with the November number, this monthly magazine for children is printed on heavier paper with wider margins, and is so much enlarged that each number contains eighty or more pages, with stories, poems, illustrated articles of travel and description, pictures, rhymes, jingles, etc.; pages of large type for the very little ones, and a riddle box for the amusement of the whole family. For the coming year the publishers announce many brilliant novelties, including

**A New Serial by Miss Louisa M. Alcott,** entitled "Jack and Jill." It is written in this favorite author's best vein, and will begin in the Christmas (December) issue. There will be a series of Open-Air Papers, by various authors, devoted to descriptions of outdoor life and incidents in many lands; and a new department, "The Treasure-Box of English Literature," in which will be given gems from standard authors.

**A New Serial Story for Boys,**

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"That's a pain-less operation," as the boy said when he threw a stone through a window. He modified his opinion somewhat when his father tickled his cuticle with a raw hide.

creature he was, and as melancholy as the night. And ARTEMUS WARD, too, morose, sour, always fighting the turquoise imps. Oh, believe me, it is the nature of the humorist."

It is the printer's d—l that her own humorist is most frequently called upon to fight, and his shrill tones will soon be heard in the hall below uttering the dread formula, "Copy please!"

"What's the matter with this house to-day?" the funny man interrupts the death-like stillness with. "I've heard an infernal scratching going on the whole afternoon. I can never get through my work in the midst of such a Babel!"

"A scratching, JOHN?" his wife repeats, and pauses a moment to consider. "Oh! I know. It must be the rats in the cellar."

"Humph! where is the cat, my dear?"

"Oh, you know, dear, she came and mewed at you when you had nearly finished a joke, and we sent her to the Don to be drowned."

"Thunder! You'll have to choke them off somehow," growls the humorist. "I've lost two distinct ideas to-day, besides that pun which was entirely new, and which I daresay I'll never hit upon again. Well, come back by-and-by, MARY, and I'll read you what I've written."

And when he stands up before her presently, and reads aloud his satires, his quips and epigrams and laborious puns, she looks up at him with tears in her eyes, and says unhesitatingly—"Oh, JOHN, how good it is! how very, very clever!"

"Clever!" returns JOHN thereupon, "never mind the cleverness! Any fool can be clever, you know, MARY. Is it funny? That's the question!"

And the faithful little hypocrite swallows her tears, and fetches up a hollow laugh when he points out the places where the laugh should be.

Once, and once only, in the course of the week does the Funny Contributor abate his anxious frown, cease looking for *double entendres* in all the concerns of life, and become for a little while as other men. It is when the last corrected proof for the week's edition has been finally carried away by the printers' boy. Then does he listen for an hour or so to a description of Mrs. MONTAGU SMYTHE's new bonnet, (Mrs. MONTAGU SMYTHE is their opposite neighbor,) and buckles with his own hand the sword about his soldier boy's waist. Nay, he has even been known to draw pigs on the slate, with his eyes shut, for the delight of him and his other children, and indeed it is possible that this is, unconsciously to himself, the funniest thing he has ever done. At any rate, his children greet these disjointed efforts with shouts of laughter, and wish among themselves that papa was an undertaker instead of a Comic Contributor, for they might make as much noise as they liked while he was making coffins.

**A Winter Idyl (Man).**

"Oh that I had the wings of a dove," said the tramp as he trudged along, "I mean the wings of that cold turkey I saw on the table of the last house I passed." Then seeing he had no wings, he cut a pigeon's wing in the road for the benefit of an approaching stranger, then held out his battered hat for alms. But the traveller only eyed him sternly and pointing towards the setting sun said in honied accents, *Tramp on!*

Sage counsel is well mint advice.

What kind of a kiss is a fishing smack?