



NEIGHBORLY.

PUZZLED MATRON—"You are the music-master? Well, sir, we have sent for no music-master."

PROFESSOR—"No, madam; but the person next door told me you wanted one in the worst way!"

A SUMMER EVENING IDYLL.

WHILE gazing from out my window upon the starlit sky, watching the moon ride vice-regally through the pellucid waves of the etheric ocean, listening to the rhythmic flow of the lacteous fluid as it meandered from the family cow into the cocoanut-fibre milk pail, I fell into—a muse.

My eagle eye wandered to the aforesaid cow, who, nothing daunted, stood her ground cowfully, and chewed away with evident enjoyment at a succulent bunch of sun-dried grass. It took in, *en passant*, (French), her graceful, unstudied pose, the soft, delicate contour of her limbs, and the abstracted look about her forehead and eye, supposed by character-readers generally to be indicative of deep thought and painful research. In sequential order, my optic next fell, though lightly, upon the accompanying milk-maiden. Her decidedly Hibernian cast of beauty, her auburn locks, done up in the latest—the Græco-Roman—style of tonsorial architecture, the rich tremble of her high-strung soprano, as she struck P flat in the "Night Hawk's Song," brought me back to childhood's happy, happy hours.

I thought of the days when I had romped playfully about the nursery (2x4½) and sat down convulsively upon the ubiquitous tin tack (carpet). N.B.—Time, the smoother off of all things, has not effaced its mark.

I dozed over the long, bright summer days when we used to get up camping parties, resulting always in the same interesting round of casualties.

I slept over the balmy spring nights when I used to breathe clovey words of love (ah! that word!) into the shell-like earlet of my bestest girl, under the placid moonlit sky, accompanied by the drowsy murmurs of the adjacent frog-pond.

I snored over the hallowed memory of my early married days, when my mother-in-law came to spend all summer with us, and cut short her visit by falling down the dumb waiter. P.S.—She never came again.

I stirred—I woke with a snort, to find the moon under a passing cloud, the milk pail nourishing the verdure from its overturned side, the milk lady reclining in a recumbent position at some little distance, while the intervening atmosphere trembled with the flood of metaphor and simile let loose upon its gentle bosom.

The rest was unchanged. The cow stood in her accustomed place ruminating o'er a large piece of Scottish thistle, whose touching members had, doubtless, irritated the interior wall of her larynx, and caused the unlooked for nocturnal sensation. SNAGGS.

READING CHARACTER FROM FEET.

BILDERKIN—"Say, McChogger, do you think there is anything in this latest fad of reading character from the feet, you know?"

MCCHOGGER (*thoughtfully*)—"Yes, I think there is something in it."

BILDERKIN—"Ah, have you tried it?"

MCCHOGGER (*solemnly*)—"Yes; I had a short interview with old Hogaboom last night—he's Matilda's father, you know. His feet were suddenly thrust upon my attention, as it were. They left the impression that he was somewhat irascible and quick tempered, arbitrary in disposition, and very stubborn in his opinions."

GR—.

IF you see a fellow sneezing
With a very ruddy nose,
If he tells you he is freezing
From his seal-cap to his toes;
If his teeth are on the chatter,
And he's bulgy on the lip,
Do not ask him what's the matter,
For it's —, —, —.

If he stays at home and grumbles,
And will not remain in bed,
But coughs around and stumbles
O'er all the chairs instead;
If his appetite is failing,
And his physic he won't sip,
Do not ask him what is ailing,
For it's —, —, —.

If he kicks the harmless kitten
When it isn't looking round,
And his conscience isn't smitten
When it's broken back is found;
If he throws at you his gruel,
And swears he'll take a trip,
Do not think him mad or cruel,
For it's —, —, —.

P. QUILL.

SOMEWHAT BEYOND ADOLESCENCE.

THE old lady had got hold of a *Saturday Night* for the first time, and was reading the "Varsity Chat."

"Mr. John Smith, M.A., 89; Mr. James Brown, B.A., 91; Mr. Wm. Jones, 92"—personals such as these met her eye.

"Good land sakes, John!" she exclaimed to her husband, "just come and see the lot of old folks that attend College. Why, I declare, I can't come across a blessed man who ain't past eighty, and some of 'em are over ninety. Dear me! Did you ever!" T.

A RARE SUSPICION.

MISS PETITE—"So you are posing as a model, too."

MISS KUMLETE—"Yes."

MISS PETITE, (*condescendingly*)—"Your employer draws from the draped figure, I presume?"

MISS KUMLETE (*who thinks the remark contains an insinuation against her correctness of form*)—"And yours. prefers the antique, I see." *