



PERFIDY.

FITZGIBBON.—"Chumley, I always supposed Jabberson was a friend of yours."

CHUMLEY.—"So he is; one of the best I have."

FITZGIBBON.—"You're deceived, old man. He goes about telling folks that you are the dead image of the Prince of Wales."

THE RURAL IN THE BACK STREETS.

NO friend of humanity—let alone one struggling in the mysteries of shorthand—could resist the appeals of a cloud of dust, combined with repeated and sturdy blows, to gaze in mute adoration out into a neighbor's back green, courtyard, or whatever term is given to a small plot of ground crowded with hen-houses, woodsheds and ghastly reminiscences of rocking horses, dog-kennels and dolls' houses, to the rear of a semi-detached residence. Our neighbor is "Spring cleaning," with a decided preponderance of carpet beating. Here is the figure of a modern ice-cream vendor of the itinerant order, laboring at and under the name of Antonio Boni, the sultry noon, and a demi-defunct broom-handle. This latter is especially exasperating, inasmuch as it is just long enough to gracefully entwine itself in the network of clothes-lines, and just short enough at the same time to jar friend Boni's knuckle-bones against an inappreciative cedar post. The welkin grows hotter. Try it with the left hand—no go. An inopportune green wire flower-stand effectually prevents such sinister intentions. The carpet hangs listless and dusty, with a halo of pea-soup encircling. At it again, good Antonio. More dust, more methodical slashes—no longer blows—save where a click denotes further correspondence with the clothes-line overhead, and a muttered guttural the intimate connection with the inappreciative post. Our neighbor's nose ravages his banditti-mustachios, and the latter seek

the puckered eyebrows. But look up, manly Antonio. Dost not see on the summit of said post perches one of thy brown Leghorns? Another exhibition of Tantalus. The poor fowl has made an indecisive capture of a spider; the latter, by a process of Osmosis, has derived some of the features of his dinner. The fowl may be *chic*, but the spider is indefinitely fly. Hanging by a thread from the neck of the Leghorn, he bobs up and down with the relative depredations of his captor. The day grows more sultry, with intermittent perfume of black smoke too lazy to ascend Olympus. The fowl mechanically pecks at the spider, and Signor Boni pecks at the carpet. So long—but keep up heart, Boni; remember Bruce and the Spider.

S. G.

COULDN'T CATCH HIS DAD.

"WHAT'S a pound, pa?"

"It's a measure of weight, Willie."

"But isn't it a place where they put animals, pa?"

"Yes, but then it's a measure of wait till they take them out again."

JAY GOULD and W. Henry Vanderbilt, and these other fellows, will be pretty low down in the scale of riches when the leaves begin to fall, and the frugal ice-man gathers in the spoils from the sale of his year before last Winter's ice.