



AN OBJECT LESSON.

Astonished Parent (Anti-Reciprocity M.P.)—Why, my son, what do you mean by tying up Fido's legs that way?
Smart Boy.—Why, Pa, I've heard you say that Restriction makes things go better, and I thought I'd try it on a dog!

NEMESIS.

He was young, he was fair,
 And he parted his hair
 With elaborate care
 In the middle.

He was youthful and gay,
 But it grieves us to say,
 He thought he could play
 On the fiddle.

He played every night
 Till the neighbors, mad quite,
 Rose up in their might
 With a club.

And with one awful yell
 They jumped at him and—well!
 Will he die? ah! can't tell;
 There's the rub!

E. A. C.

JEDEDIAH JOGGINS, ESQUIRE,

FAVORS HIS SON, MR. JOGGINS THE YOUNGER, WITH HIS ENLIGHTENED VIEWS ON A PROHIBITORY MEASURE.

WELL, John, it looks to me this way,—
 This Scott Act's all very fine;
 Ye may talk of the starvin' women,
 And the harm that's done by wine,—
 But I tell ye what it is, John,
 This 'ere's a question o' cash;
 An' the Act that touches my pocket,
 Is an Act that'll go to smash!

Just look at me fur a minute,
 An' tell me what ye think,—
 Now, where'd I bin to-day, John,
 Ef it hedn't bin fer drink?
 When other folks hez bin drinkin',
 I've stuck straight along to the plow,
 And that's the reason, I reckon,
 I'm counted a rich man now.

It don't sound nice, John, don't it?
 Dang nice! is what I say.
 If I hedn't looked out fer that, John,
 I'd bin a poor man to-day.
 It's the sins and the sorrows of others
 That helps a man along,
 An' a feller gits right himself, John,
 Through sesin' others git wrong.

Pity them? So I do, John!
 But pity won't make them mend;
 When a man gits goin' that way,
 Folks all know where he'll end.

An' when he's goin' down, John,
 An' don't know where to stop,
 You've got to make the best on't
 By crawlin' out on top!

An' then there's another bizness,—
 Ther's all the barley I grow;
 Where's that all got to go to?
 Thet's what I'd like to know!
 If there ain't no beer a-brewin',—
 It's plain as A B C,—
 There ain't no barley sold, John,
 An' there ain't no cash fer me!

Selfish? Why no, I ain't, John,
 There ain't no man can say
 I don't do right by the church, John,
 If it's ever a question o' pay.
 An' I've been as kind to the poor, John,
 As a man's expected to be;
 But, how kin I look out for them, John,
 If I don't look out fer me?

An Elder? Yes, I am, John,
 An' it often makes me sad
 To see so many young fellers
 A-goin' straight to the bad.
 But, I don't make them drink, John,
 An' ez far ez I can see,
 It's the devil they've got to blame, John,
 Fer, dang it! they can't blame me!

An' sittin' in church last Sunday,
 I seen Widder Smith come in;—
 Ye know'd old Zebedee Smith, John,
 He used to drink like sin.
 He went from bad to worse, John,
 Ez all the folks could see,
 An' at last he got in debt, John,
 An' mortgaged the farm to me.

An' I felt,—well, kinder queer, John,
 When I seen her shabby clothes,
 All mended an' worn an' faded,
 From her bonnet down to her toes.
 It sorter giv me a turn, John,
 When I seen her,—thet's gospel true!—
 But I couldn't give her the farm back,
 So what could a feller do?

Now, to hev things happen like that, John,
 Is what I mortally hate,
 An', if 'twarn't a barley country,
 I'd vote the Scott Act straight.
 Or if it paid to feed stock
 My barley I'd use up well,
 I'd quit a sellin' to brewers,
 I'd raise more hogs 'n less hell.

But I tell ye what it is, John,
 This 'ere's a question of cash,
 An' the Act thet'll touch my pocket,
 Is an Act thet'll go to smash!

CARET.

FAST YOUTHS.



IS Saturday morn-
 ning,
 I always can tell
 by the reckless
 young but-
 cher-boys
 Driving pell-
 mell.

Round every cor-
 ner
 They furiously
 sweep
 In a fashion that
 makes my
 Very flesh creep.

But the little wee chaps
 They don't seem to care,
 They let the nags rip,
 And whisper, "Get there!"