



PERSONAL.  
Scene—The Zoo.

Gamin (to chum in distance) Hi, Jimmy, come here and see the two-legged pup!  
Jimmy—Naw! I kin see him any time on King-street; come an' look at the lions!

#### DOMESTIC EXPERIENCES OF JONAS JOBSON, ESQ.

Jonas Jobson is one who may be termed a self-made man. Although not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he has been through life shrewd, economical, upright, and of business habits, and early in life became a well-to-do tradesman. Having amassed a fair proportion of this world's goods, Jobson and his wife Maria have settled down in a nice little villa in the suburbs, where they intend to reside for the remainder of their allotted span. This abode Jobson has christened "The Bower." Jobson, although possessed of more than sufficient to provide for himself and his Maria during the period of their natural lives, still believes strictly in economy being observed in his household. One girl, a maid of all works, Sarah Josephine by name, constitutes the establishment, and household expenses are kept down proportionately. The diet is almost invariably of the plainest description. It is only now and then that Jobson having exceeded the bounds of moderation in the "liquor" line, Mrs. J. is favored with something out of the ordinary in the shape of a treat. These treats, however, are more of the offspring of fear on the part of Jonas, lest he should be taken to task by his Maria for his indiscretion, than of husbandry forethought or wishfulness to please. Last week the weather being intensely hot, and the spirit having moved Jobson so to do, and having brought himself to believe that a good "blow out" was well nigh essential, Jobson set out on one of his "boozing" excursions, and a royal day he spent, you need not doubt. In returning to the "Bower," and pondering over in his mind what would be most likely to please his Maria and save himself from being hauled over the coals, the dear old man espied some geese on a stall in the market-place. As quick as thought Jobson became the purchaser of a fine large goose, and with glee he pursued his homeward course so that he might present to his Maria the subject of his purchase. On arriving home he rushed into the good old lady's presence, hauling the goose by the neck, "Good gracious," exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, "what have you been thinking about, Jonas; whatever induced you to bring a goose here? You know we are not in the habit of indulging in such luxuries, and as to the cooking, how is that to be done? I am sure Sarah Josephine seldom if ever dined off goose, and as to her being able to cook this bird she knows just as

much about it, less, if possible, than the goose itself." "Come, come, my dear," said Jonas, "do not lose your equilibrium so entirely over nothing. There are several ways of cooking a goose." Roast it, broil it, or boil it," chimed in Sarah Josephine. The old man smiled. Later in the evening when Jobson was enjoying his pipe of peace in solitude, Mrs. Jobson and Sarah Josephine repaired to the kitchen, where they held a council of war. After mature consideration they decided that the goose should be prepared and cooked in the oven for dinner the following day. Bed time arrived, but failed, however, to bring with it any sleep for poor Mrs. Jobson. She was haunted with dreams of the unwelcome goose, intermingled with visions of giblet pie. Early next morning Mrs. Jobson arose, and having again repaired to the kitchen, she together with Sarah Josephine held a post mortem examination on the bird, and surveyed its intestines. At length the preparations were complete, and the "quacker" placed in the oven. Not long however, did the bird remain in close confinement before the spluttering of the fat on the sides of the oven, and the consequent perfume arising therefrom, brought the dear old man on the scene of action. He stumbled into the kitchen and demanded of Sarah Josephine whether the rag bag had got on fire. When informed, however, that his recent purchase was the cause which had affected his strong sense of smell, and that dinner would not be ready before two p.m., Jobson intimated that he would make a business call in the meantime, and departed. Very much business, I'll be bound, thought Maria. Dinner hour arrived, and with it Jobson. The goose having been dexterously deposited on the table by Sarah Josephine, Jonas and his wife took their seats. The cover having been removed, Jonas surveyed the bird with wondering eye. "Well, my love," said he to his spouse, "how and where do I start." "Well I never," replied Mrs. Jobson. "You ask me that question. You bought the thing. Why did you not get your instructions how to proceed labelled upon it? How do I know how you should go to work?" This was not at all calculated to inspire Jonas with hope, so with knife and fork in hand, and the perspiration standing on his manly brow, he once again surveyed his purchase. It must be done, thought he. No sooner had Jobson drawn his blade over the bird's carcass than he became aware that his task was no slight matter. The knife seemed to have no effect. "Why don't you amputate the legs and wings?" suggested Maria. "Easier said than done," responded Jonas. Several attempts having been unsuccessfully made upon the bird, during which the gravy had been sent in every direction over Mrs. J's. snow-white tablecloth, Jobson thought a little more persuasion must be necessary. He picked up dish, goose and all, and bolted into the kitchen. There he laid hold of the meat chopper, and prepared to hack the obstinate bird in twain. The first stroke proved disastrous, the clipper gliding off the bird, and instead of doing the work he intended it should do, it made Mrs. Jobson's crockery list less by one item. Again and again did poor Jonas strive to accomplish his ends, until at last his temper getting the better of him, and omitting that care and prudence which usually characterized his every action, Jobson succeeded in not dislocating a limb of the bird, but in chisseling about half a pound of flesh out of his left hand. This was sufficient for Jobson. He perceived it was useless to dream of dining off goose that day, so he and Maria had to make the best they could of the potatoes and gravy. Jobson admits that to live is to learn, and he has made up his mind that in future when he shall feel inclined to have goose for dinner he will previous to purchasing his bird demand of the vendor a

written guarantee as to its modernness, and a certificate of its birth he will obtain from the nearest registry.

#### MARS IN EXTREMIS.

Great Jove, oppressed with heavy cares of State,  
Lay soundly sleeping, though the hour was late;  
Ambrosial odors floated on the air:  
And all the goddesses were long astray,  
On tip-toe tripping o'er the marble floors,  
Or closing noiselessly the palace doors,  
The bell was muffled at the outer gate,  
And all in languid expectation wait.  
Vulcan, whose hammer a dead silence keeps,  
Grown tired of waiting, by his anvil sleeps;  
His roaring bellows utter not a sound,  
And half-wrought thunderbolts lie grouped around:  
His fire as feeble burns as Hymen's torch,  
And Bacchus, drunk, sleeps off his first debauch,  
But one approaches now whose heavy tread  
Shakes the whole palace and great Jove in bed.  
With iron greaves his mighty legs are bound,  
With leathern thongs his loins are girded round,  
A garment loose is o'er his shoulders thrown,  
And as he walks its heavy folds hang down:  
Swift, at his tread, each heavy portal swings,  
And all Jove's waiting breakfast-service rings;  
The war-dogs barking, at the sound rejoice,  
And strain their leashes at his well-known voice.  
So loud the echoes were when he had spoke,  
That 'midst the general hubbub Jove awoke;  
To various worlds despatched his golden cars,  
And then came down to breakfast—and to Mars.  
"Ah! god of battles, is that you?" said Jove,  
"I'm glad to see you, and I pledge my love."  
"Ho! Vulcan, what's the time of day?" "Let's see."  
Said Vulcan, "eighteen-eighty-one, by me."  
"Pardon, my friend," said Mars, "you're rather slow,  
It's eighteen-eighty-two; at least, below."  
"That's near enough," said Jove, "I'm glad to find  
If anything, we are a shade behind;  
Considering the distance of the clime,  
The system, on the whole, keeps first-rate time.  
But where the thunderbolts? Come, Vulcan, quick!  
On all below as hail, I'll hurl them thick."  
"My liege!" said Mars, "they've bolts enough of  
war;  
Such bolts as, perhaps, your Majesty ne'er saw—  
I'm straight from earth, and twould astonish you  
The change in mortals this last day or two.  
I'm sure the bolts which their poor fires discharge  
Would take friend Vulcan all his time to forge;  
And those huge shafts by 'Armstrongs,' monster  
hurled  
Pierce the firm rock, and desolate the world."  
"And who is 'Armstrong,' Mars? and how allied?"  
"Entirely human sire; no god-like tide  
Flows through his veins; but, though of mortal birth,  
He rivals me in 'dishing out' on earth."  
"Could'st thou pierce Achilles' shield these shafts of  
steel?"  
"Achilles' shield, my liege? Ah! like an eel  
'Twould I through it, sire." "O, Mars! don't pun," said  
Jove.  
"That noble Grecian boy had all my love,  
And when that arrow hit the fatal part  
I only wish his heel had been his heart.  
And what of Egypt, Mars? How goes the war?  
Is Arabi yet conquered?—your dread car  
On poor old Alexandria's fair plain  
I'm told was ankle deep in Christians slain."  
"It made my heart bleed, sire." "O, come, that's  
good."  
Said Jove, "why Mars, your garment's drenched in  
blood."  
"It is," said Mars, "for there has been some spilt,  
In fact, I've worn my sword down to the hilt—  
You see, I've fixed the handle on the sheath;  
But that's a ruse, there's not an inch beneath—  
There's not enough to take a single life—  
'Twould scarcely serve you, sire, for oyster-knife.  
And working with such tools perplexes me—  
I've been compelled to strangle two or three."  
"Strange!" said Jove; "I almost doubt your word:  
I'd never work, dear Mars, without my sword."  
"Tis dirty work, my liege; you're well surprised,  
And may my next good sword be oxidized  
By morning's idle tears, or purling brook:  
Or Vulcan twist it into pruning hook.  
Before I'll slit a wind-pipe to the good,  
Or pander to their savage thirst for blood.  
I'm thankful, sire, I had celestial birth;  
I can but scorn the wretches now on earth—  
The cut-throat heroes—there are none of mine;  
I had enough of them beside the Rhine;  
And Britain's boastful isle, that 'guiding star,'  
Has got on hand this other dubious war—  
Ah! sire, when Greece upheld her sons deploy,  
Or Hector led the noble youth of Troy,  
'Twere pleasure then to mingle with the brave,  
And trace each here to an honored grave;  
But let me rest, my liege, I've grown since then  
To hate the mercenary sons of men." R. C.

"A round of pleasure"—Riding the flying horses.