



"BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH."

The Editor of the Terracottaville Times, having been much impressed by reading the truly glorious reception accorded to a newspaper correspondent by the Man of Blood and Iron, at once dispatched a likely representative to Germany with the above results.

THE TREACHEROUS HAMMOCK.

HOW I love to swing extended in my hammock 'neath the trees
A-listening to the sighing of the gentle summer breeze,
With a paper or a novel which at intervals I read,
And smoking a Havana—or some other sort of weed.
You can't be sure "imported" goods are genuine these days,
When the dealer in domestics a stiff import duty pays,
Just to fool the guileless customer by sticking on a stamp
When the article is rank enough to paralyze a tramp.
But let that pass—'tis pleasant here to lie, upon my word,
And list the merry chirrup of the gladsome flitting bird,
And watch the sunshine glinting in the foliage so green,
While a stretch of lawn and flower beds diversifies the scene.
It is very, very pleasant all this drowsy summer day
To read and smoke and doze and dream and pass the time away
A-swinging in my hammock thus beneath the maple's shade,
While free from the distractions of the city's bustling trade
To indulge in meditation and to let the fancy roam
Till the sunset and the gloaming comes and settles down to gloam.
And in the still calm evening air to hark the night-hawk's cry,
As zigzaggedly he flitters through the placid twilight sky.
As I said 'tis very pleasant —!!—Oh, what's happened? Oh,
my head!
Oh lor' I think my arm is smashed. I wonder I'm not dead.
That wretched, rotten hammock will not stand the slightest strain,
I might have known the measly thing would let me down again.

CHURCH QUIRES.

BY JIMMY LARKINS WICH THE BOYS CALLS "SHORTY."

CHURCH quires is found in churches. Their object is to teach other people to sing, and wake folks up. The high-toned churches has classical music, wich is louder than enny other. The higher toned the church is the more classical is the music, it is sometimes orful, & the organess plays all the keys she can hold down to once, wich knocks fire crackers silly. Some quires has men and girls which makes faces, and some has boys which sticks pins in each other. Some quires has only one man wich is a persenter, he has a big mouth, And waves his hand as if in pane. A persenter can't wake up as menny people as a quire. I think they should fix Mr.

Gilmore's rtillery to the organess, wouldn't that be great? A man in our quire sings tenner 'leven, last sundy he sung a so low, but it was high. He said, "Aw Law haw man saw aw pan naw" he made our baby cry, which was neer. Those wot sings a so low sings louder'n enny. The people in quires fights & gets married, and the leeder sometimes runs away with the organess. Some quires is pade, and some is pade about 4 octaves higher than they can sing.

Quires is a queer crowd. I'm going to look for a boy quire, wat is all smaller than me, then i'll join. my pa says I will sing semytone when I grow up.

THE MOSQUITO'S REVENGE.

I LAY me down on a lowly couch, along on a midsummer night,
And I closed my eyes in a tired way, and slumbered a little mite,

And a measly mosquito came along,
With eyes that glittered and teeth that belong
To a cross-cut saw when you're using it wrong,
A-humming a dainty but pensive song,
And said he—or words to that effect—
"To a meal off o' you I wouldn't object."

And he lit on my snout,
As if he was about
To give me a bite
That I'd feel all night,

But I saw the insect a prowling round,
And I heard the weird and melodious sound
That he made as he flew by me on the bound,
And I let right out

To give it a clout
Hard enough to fell it with ease no doubt.
But he dodged it, right
On that midsummer night,

And said he, "I'll be even with you all right."
And he spread forth his wings in the glimmering light,
And flew to the ceiling dim and white,
And warbled away,

Without any pay,
Till the darkness vanished and it grew light.
And thus did the 'skeeter,
In rollicksome metre,
Get even with me on that midsummer night.

H. SID DAVISON.