



BACHELOR'S QUARTERS.

SMITH: "What do you do with all your corks, Brown?"

BROWN: "Oh, the girl saves them for firewood. She says Evans' bill would amount to at least ten dollars a year more if it weren't for her!"

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

(See opposite.)

Mamma, dear, look at that odious man,
Do you think I ever could bear him?
No, not for the wealth of a Kouli Khan—
I feel as if I could tear him!

Look at his *roué*, used-up air,
And his smoke-dried bilious features;
He flatters himself, but I think him—there!—
The nastiest of all creatures!

What with his "quid" and his nasal twang,
And his constant expectorating,
His dirty hands, and his Yankee slang,
He's "a thing" I can't help hating.

When a girl says "No," his vanity's such
That he winks, and "doesn't believe her,"
Though the paltry coxcomb's horrible touch
Would send me into a fever.

I've told the fellow he needn't come
With his ogling sidelong glances;
But he says, "Sweet miss, the old folks at home
Ain't averse to my love advances."

Do save me, mamma, and make him go—
His sick'ning attentions fill me
With loathing. Pray tell him he is *de trop*:
The thoughts of him almost kill me!

Tell him—yes, tell him—it's vain for me
His ill-earn'd dollars to jingle;
Say that I've made up my mind to be
Yours only, and always single!

Bid him "make tracks" if he loves his skin,
Or else that papa will make him,
When he sets our bull-dog, Holdfast, within
An inch of his life to shake him!