



SUGGESTED COSTUME FOR SPRING.

THE USUAL DECISION.

WHEN I look around me upon the earth,
And witness the mingling of tears and mirth
In the mortar of human life,
I muse, and my spirit is weighed with care;
I can scarcely tell what to do or dare—
For I know of a lady, considered fair,
Whom I'm longing to make my wife.

Yes, I wish to get married and settle down—
I have chosen a little house up-town,
But I'm vacillating still;
For she is not wealthy, and I am poor,
And if we are married I am not sure
That my meagre salary would procure
Sufficient to square the bill—

The bill of the butcher, the landlord's rent,
And each small tradesman's so promptly sent,
And the milliner's little due;
The doctor, servant, and pew in the church,
The tax-collector in yearly search;
I'm afraid I would topple from off my perch,
And go crazy and bankrupt, too.

Then what's the encouragement now-a-days
For a man to get married and try to raise
A family on small means?
Pray tell me what? But 'twill have to be,
For my Katie says she will marry me.
So we'll raise the family, even should we
Have to feed them on pork and beans.

W. H. T.

FIDGIT'S FATE.

A RURAL ROMANCE.

I.

ARABELLA DI LUCIA TOMSONI and Frederick Fitz-Muggleton Fidgit. So they were, but so they aren't;—at least so isn't Arabella di Lucia, for the sea of matrimony has swept over the Tomsoni and engulfed it in the Fidgit. But we anticipate.

II.

There was bustle in the Tomsoni mansion, and with graceful steps the azure-blooded Lady Tomsoni moved about the kitchen, the short leg going down and the long leg going up, and *vice versa*, like a schooner in a groggy sea. For had not the lovely Arabella come home from Toronto, where she had been ladies' companion to the Hon. Mrs. Empea, (N.B.—She hustled the hash at Gilhooley's, on Blank st.,) and there was woe amongst the geese, and the old gobbler gobbled no more whetstones and bolt-heads.

III.

The night was dark and the cloudlets were so numerous that they enveloped the sky like a crazy quiltlet, and the lightlet of the moonlet wasn't worth five centlets on the dollar.

Two forms hung over the front gate of the Tomsoni grounds, in the semi-civilized obscurity, and,—but we mustn't give 'em away.

"You'll come dahling, won't you, for I ain't home very oftng you know?"

The voice was the voice of Arabella di Lucia.

"Hi will be there. Nothink less'n a hearthquake 'll stop me."

So spoke the valiant Frederick Fitz-Muggleton, but he reckoned without Lady Tomsoni of the short leg, and her son and heir Jonathan Gaiters Tomsoni.

IV.

"I 'ope, Harabeller, you didn't hask that nasty Fidgit?" And Lady Tomsoni balanced herself carefully on her long leg and calmly awaited a reply.

"I—I—I did, maw," tremblingly murmured the lovely Arabella. "He—he ain't so oful nashty, is he?"

"Send Jonathan Gaiters to me to once," and Lady Tomsoni lowered herself on her short leg with such suddenness and force that the silver-(tin)-ware rattled on the adjacent shelves.

Verily there was trouble at hand, but what? We shall see.

V.

Frederick Fitz-Muggleton Fidgit stood in the centre of his 14x16 culled-lumber palace, at Slab-town, a paper collar in one hand and a note in the other.

Throwing the "former" down on the table, "with frenzied fingers and a dread of impending evil," he tore open the "latter" and read:

"tomsoni haul

5 P m

"mister Figit our purtys privit arabeller hed No rite to do invitatum

"yures two komand

"mister figit
Slabtown."

"Jonathan Gaiters
tomsoni.

With a wild, unearthly yell, Frederick Fitz-Muggleton Fidgit grasped his hat and rushed out into the night—no, we beg pardon,—the evening.

VI.

"Jonathan Gaiters, you didn't saw ennythink of Harabeller, did you?"

The voice was the combination cowbell-boilerfactory voice of Lady Tomsoni.

"No, maw, I didn't saw ennythink of her, so I didn't."

This was the great Jonathan Gaiters, of course. Stands to reason it couldn't have been anyone else.

It stands to reason, too, that he hadn't and couldn't "saw" the lovely Arabella di Lucia, seeing that that fair damsel was ten miles away, eloping with the magnificent Frederick Fitz-Muggleton as fast as a fifteen dollar horse and a twenty dollar rig could elope them.

PERKINS MIDDLEWICK.