

Types of Dancing Men.

There are ten distinct types of dancing men; one who can dance, and nine who can't—I have met only nine as yet. The one who can is generally to be found in the supper-room, the nine who can't are indefatigable, and never miss an item. First among them, then is the conscientious partner. Dancing with him is a sort of religious rite, not to be slurred over. If he misses a step he is unhappy until he has managed to make up for it by crowding an extra one in. Then there is the middle-aged man, very much out of condition, who has been told by his doctor that he is getting too stout. This gentleman takes it as an exercise, and takes good care that it is an exercise. He reckons to lose from half-a-pound weight to three quarters over a polka. You lose half your dress and most of your hairpins, to say nothing of your temper. Next comes the man who has just learnt "waltzing in six lessons." This man kicks you steadily around the room, and then remarks, with a cheerful smile, that he doesn't think your step agrees with his; and you limp to a seat, wishing that crinolins had never gone out of fashion. Then there is the anxious, silent partner, who never opens his mouth from the beginning of the dance to the end. All the time he is in a state of nervous tension. If you speak to him he looks at you reproachfully as much as to say: "How can you talk at such a moment as this, with all these people trying to run us down and trample on us!" His opposite is the careless chatterer, who babbles incessantly, and never looks where he's going. With this one, a dance is a prolonged tour of abject apology. When you are not apologizing, you are being apologized to, sarcastically. An exceedingly objectionable partner is the man who hugs you, holding you so tight that you can scarcely breathe. You naturally struggle to release yourself a little, whereupon he exerts himself to retain you still closer. The impression conveyed to the observer is that you are fighting. To be equally avoided is the man who doesn't hold you at all, but who keeps you at arm's length and walks round you; as also the man who lifts you up and carries you round, talking soothingly to you the while. Then there is the boy partner. For a while he spins you round in dignified silence. Suddenly his face lights up "Mind yourself," he whispers, "I'm going to upset old Jenkins," and the next instant you feel a shock, and an elderly pompous gentleman sits down heavily on the floor, and at once becomes the nucleus of a human mountain. "I think it such fun running into people, don't you?" says your partner, as he whirls you rapidly away from the scene.



JILTED.—BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

Smiles.

Dullpate—I find it very hard work to collect my thoughts.

Maud—Papa says it's always difficult to recover small accounts.

"My theatre hat is large," said she, But 'tis better that way, I find, It stops the odor of clover, you see, That is wafted me from behind.

Foreman—There's the devil to pay up at the house!

Absent-minded Editor—Tell him I'll see him hereafter.

"How does it come that you are in such hard luck, old man?" asked a friend of a theatrical manager.

"Oh, I have my unlucky stars to thank for it."

When you see a man that's very much inflated, you mustn't jump at the conclusion that it's because his wife blows him up.

Mr. O'Rafferty—And what did yer brother think was the real cause of his diath?

Mrs. Duffy—Me brother never knew the real cause of his diath, as no inquest was held on him.

"What do you mean, sir," asked the irate

Bishop of the newly ordained Boston minister, "by ending your prayers 'eternally gyrated amen'?"

"But my dear Bishop," expostulated the minister, "don't you think it sounds better than 'twirled without end'?"

AN HONEST LOVE SONG.

As far from thee I wander,
Soul and voice in the old song join:
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder—"
Bright-faced girl on the golden coin.

LIFE'S SPICE.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper
feels,
When the tired player shuffles off the
buskin;
A page of Hood may do a fellow good
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.
O. W. Holmes.

"What do you think of the board of directors of the new joint stock company?"

"Half of them are people who are capable of nothing, whilst the rest are capable of anything!"

Madge—Auntie, the hymns were beautiful this morning at church, I—

Auntie—Land sakes, the preacher was the only man I looked at.

He—A—don't you find existence an awful bore?

She—A—well, some people's existence is most decidedly.

Lady customer (looking over a lot of pillows)—Why weren't these marked down?
Clerk (innocently)—Because ma'am; they are feathers.

When a young man goes home from church with his sweetheart, he is only going from one house of worship to another.

An upright piano will often help a bass singer without a word.

There are some men to whom a loss of their reputation would mean mighty good luck.

"If their hands are in their pockets,
When you pass the small boys near,
I'll bet a dollar that you
Get a snowball in the ear."

The mercury runs up and down,
As if trying all people to please.
But it usually stops at the point
Where we all have to hustle or freeze.

A certain woman refers to her husband's bald head as his "decollete bang."

"Miss Highfly's dress is a perfect dream. Did you see it?"

Reporter.—No; I searched through the masqueraders for half an hour and didn't find a person dressed to represent a mince pie. I guess she's gone home.

Westcott.—I tell you there's good stuff in that young man.

Whyte (sarcastically).—Yes; I was going by the bar-room just now and saw him put it in.