



"So the world wags."

The average peer is not a particularly brilliant personage, and the nobleman treated of below does not seem to have been much 'cuter than the rest of his kind, though, for the matter of that, it is about as difficult to get ahead of the regular professional picture-seller as it is to "best" a Yorkshire horse-dealer, and that is saying a good deal. This was Mr. Megilp's way of

OBLIGING HIS LORDSHIP.

A renowned picture-dealer possessed an undoubtedly genuine and splendid "pig" picture by George Morland. He sold, at good prices, fourteen copies of the work as originals. One day a nobleman called upon him. "Mr. Megilp," said his lordship, "I know you have a very fine Morland. It is the very painting that you have on your wall. If you please, you will name your price. I will hand you the money in bank notes, and, to prevent mistakes, I will take away the picture in my carriage, which is waiting below; and you will precede me down stairs, if you please." The bargain was struck, and the peer followed the picture to the hall. On reaching the door, however, Mr. Megilp naturally drew aside to allow his lordship to pass first into the street. But Mrs. Megilp was waiting behind the parlor door with a "pig" picture; and it was not the original George Morland that his lordship took home with him in his carriage.

I don't know whether Detroit *Chaff* has any authority for the following statement, and I must confess that I am a little sceptical upon the subject; however, as all that appears in a newspaper ought to be true, I must take it for granted that this is, though it seems a little rough on the æsthetic apostle. *Chaff* owns that it may be a *canard*, and possibly such is the case.

OSCAR'S PLAY.

Mary Anderson is said to have rejected the play written for her by Oscar Wilde. The interest of the play centres upon the trials of the heroine, who is beloved by a human fencible in knee-breeches and long hair. She finally falls in love with him, which justly causes her papa to think she has gone insane, and she is shut up in a donjon tower by the murmuring waves of the Chicago River, where the hero serenades her nightly with a trombone. Finally he sends her a present of a sunflower, in which is concealed a poem of sixty-three stanzas, informing her that he will rescue her with an extension ladder the next night. He comes, but in her excitement she drops a sunflower seed on his head and kills him. She then uses the poem for a rope ladder and escapes, eventually eloping with the colored coachman and the silver spoons. Miss Anderson, it is reported, rejected the play on account of a slight lack of consistency in the plot. But this may be a mere *canard*.

Excessive exaggeration seems to be one of the chief features of American humor, and the

following "yarn," spun with very stretchable materials, is a good specimen of the average Yankee drollery. It is droll too, now, hanged if it isn't. I could't say who the author is, or to what paper credit should be given. It has been floating around for some time, and I gathered it in with my little scoop net.

COMFORT FOR THE PEOPLE WHO DON'T LIVE IN MISSISSIPPI.

The railroad station at Mississippi City is located among the pines, and the way the mosquitoes were biting even then in April was enough to keep a mule moving. After a while we got to talking about the insects, and I asked a native of the country:

"Are they thicker than this in the summer?"

"Thicker! Why, in July there's a million to one!"

"And larger?"

"Larger? Why, sir, one of the regular 'skeeters of this section could carry twenty of these on his back and still fly high."

I thought I'd down him at once, and so continued:

"Now, sir, answer me in truthfulness. Do you believe that two of your biggest mosquitoes could kill a mule if he was tied up out here?"

He looked at me in amazement for a minute, and then went to the door and beckoned in the man sitting on the box and watching the horses. When the man came the native said:

"William, you remember that air roan mule o' yours?"

"I reckon."

"In perfect health, wasn't he?"

"He was."

"Could run like a deer and kick like a saw-log?"

"He could."

"And he was all alone in a ten-acre lot?"

"He was."

"And two of them mud 'skeeters got after him one morning and run him down and killed him and devoured both hams, and sucked every drop of blood in his body. William, speak up!"

"Stranger, if they didn't, then I hope to be chewed to rags!" said William, and he said it exactly like a man who wouldn't have allowed there were two 'skeeters if he hadn't been earnestly convinced of the fact. He walked out doors, and a deep silence fell upon us two, broken only after a long interval by the native saying:

"I've allus kinder suspected that them two 'skeeters had assistance from a hoss-fly, but I can't prove it. I kinder think the hossfly held him down till the murder was committed!"

The redoubtable Major Phipps, of Philadelphia Almshouse notoriety, would seem to have been actuated by something of the feeling in which the hero of this anecdote confessed he was deficient. Nothing should be done by halves, and in these times it does look as if the greater the steal the less the punishment to the thief. The ex-warden tells where he made

HIS MISTAKE.

They knew he had once been the warden of a Western States prison, and were asking him how he came to lose his place, and he answered, with a sad shake of the head:

"I made a great mistake."

"How?"

"I stood in with the beef contractor, and the meat was so bad that the prisoners raised a row. A committee investigated, and I got the bounce."

"Where was the mistake?" asked one of the group, after a long silence.

"Why, if we had stolen all the meat the prisoners wouldn't have had any shanks or neck-pieces to kick about."—*Wall Street News*.

MRS GUMMIDGE ON FEMALE PHYSICIANS SHE PROTESTS.

It really seems as if the world wants marking "This side up;" Such topsy-turvy work goes on, ideas get so astray: Some time, no doubt, we'll breakfast at the hour when now we sup, Wear shoes upon our heads, and ask the moon to shine by day.

There's Gummidge, as turns yaller this hot summer-time like wheat, And goes on drinking beer as if he never would be done; That's a man's stupid way, of course, of fighting with the heat, As if the floods of beer he swills would quench the July sun.

Well, what can we expect but pains, headaches and such-like ills? For liver ain't like conscience, it *compels* one to attend; Five years ago he would have took two anti-bilious pills, But now, unless a doctor's fetched, he thinks he'll never mend.

"He'll only tell you what you know" says I, "and run a bill, But I sent out our Biddy for one that very day; And then I went out in the shade to weed n.y. flowers, until I heard a sound of voices in the room where Gummidge lay.

It was what musician people call a treble to his bass, It set me in a flutter, like, and straight indoors I ran; And Biddy passed me on the stairs, her apron to her face, And whispered with a giggle, "For! the doctor ain't a man."

If you'll believe me, even then I didn't see it clear; But when I peeped in at the door I gave myself a shake, And said I wouldn't dream no more of things so wild and queer, And thought I must be sleeping, and tried my best to wake.

A female held my William's pulse, I *know* she gave a squeeze, And he seemed cured at once and grinned just like a Cheshire cat; A yellow-headed minx she were, with ear-rings, if you please, And such a nasty set of bangs beneath her broad-brimmed hat.

"You'll just walk out of here," says I, as soon as I could speak, "And go and find some work at home that's fit for such as you, Instead of playing doctor for a wager or a freak; There's shirts to stitch, and socks to mend, and lots for gals to do."

"Oh! this here ain't no freak," says he, "she's doctor, true and right," "More stupid she," says I, "to throw her proper rights away; A woman's work is in her home, to keep things neat and bright, And if she looks about she'll find enough for every day.

'How d'ye mean to manage, Miss, when you get married, too, With half a dozen children, and a baby every year? Their pretty dears will cure you of these notions strange and new, And put you back in woman's place, as sure as I stand here."

"I came to be consulted, not insulted," says the gal, And tosses up her head so high, her hat a'most flew off, And marched downstairs for good and all (come back she never shall); And Gummidge covered up his face and made believe to cough.

'Now just you take two pills," says I, "and not a drop of beer, A pint of gruel for your tea, and stop in bed all day; I'll be your Female Doctor, please, if one is wanted here, A wife's the best a man can have—the rest may stop away."

An enterprising reporter, writing of a wreck at sea, stated that no less than fourteen of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust.—*Id.*

Jack Oldstock: We're very proud of our ancestry, you know. Tom Parvenu: Yes, I know; but how would your ancestry feel about you?—*Lampoon*.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellots"—or antibilious granules, 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.