

we have said this we have told a volume. It is a large bony animal of hungry mien, and much given to the evil habit of exercising its abnormally lengthy claws upon the boarders' ankles. Long and loud are its execrations (and those it causes) in the silence of the night. From attic to cellar, and from cellar back to attic, it wanders alone, raising its voice the while in long and mournful cries from midnight to dewy morn.

Most cats have nine lives, but this one has ninety-nine. Its acquaintance with the substances of which the bed of the river Don is composed, must be deeper than the river itself, judging from the number of times it has been sent to study geology there. Thrice has it been banded; once was it stoned; ninety-nine times a day is it sent to perdition; but all without effect; and once a month it presents the world with a batch of kittens as detestable as itself.

Mrs. Slammockin has a large share of that wonderful tenderness for all living creatures, that is at once the delight and the charm of her sex. In each of the bedrooms, in addition to the regular inmates, she boards and lodges a prolific and highly miscellaneous collection of bugs, fleas, and cockroaches. The lodging of the latter is on the cold ground, but occasionally they are found to prefer the warmth of the bed. The two former species are always provided with lodging in the bed, and are boarded by the charity of Mrs. Slammockin off her human boarder's blood. Thus by an ingenious circular arrangement, the beefsteak and apple pie provided for boarders at \$4 per week passed on to these secondary boarders through the exercise of the charity that suffer-eth long and is kind.

Another beautiful and touching trait in the character of Mrs. Slammockin is the simplicity with which, in her guileless innocence, she has allowed former generations of depraved and worthless boarders to cheat her out of her just rights. But, "she never will do it again, never! no never!" And so far as our acquaintance with her reaches she adheres to her resolution. The eagle eye with which she spots the unfortunate dry goods salesman, who is sneaking out of the back door with his week's wage in his pocket; the sharpness with which she cross questions the luckless youth, who wishes to buy "a seventeen dollar suit" this week, and will pay up on Wednesday; the stern and unflinching firmness with which she lays bare the wiles of the arch-deceiver whose "governor has not stumped up this week" are a wonderful instance of the ease with which a too confident nature can be transformed into one of stern and unflinching determination.

Our readers must be singularly deficient in perspicacity if they have not long since discovered that Mrs. Slammockin is nothing, if not religious. She believes in the religion that helps its fellow creatures when in need, and says nothing about it; not in that which is always preaching. "As for them canting, psalm-singing, go to church hypocrites, who spend one half of their time in praying, and the other in reviling their fellow creatures behind their backs, she hasn't common patience with them." And indeed there are a good many other people with whom Mrs. Slammockin has not either common or uncommon patience, if her own remarks and conduct at different times are to be believed. One of her boarders has been cruel enough to enquire whether Mrs. S. has ever been known to have patience with anyone or anything. Even the daughter of her affection, the beloved and cherished Georgina, comes in more often than occasionally for a taste of her mother's tongue. From early morn to dewy eve Mrs. S. may be heard (by those who care to listen and those who don't), raised in reproach, in correction, and in proof to the "gal," to the

daughter, to the ubiquitous cat, and occasionally to those boarders who neglect to tidy their rooms, or had the hardihood to request that it may be done for them.

"Do you think," we heard her asking one day of a green youth of the calicospecies, "that me an' my gal has nothin' to do all day but to keep this pig-sty of a place in decent order. Aint it enough if we make your bed and empty your slops every day, and sweep once a fortnight. It ought ter be. An' here you come into the house, a shovin' and a pushin' as if you was a lord; and askin' to have yer room swept oftener, and you only a payin' me three dollars a week, and that not reg'lar. An' I tell you what, the sooner you take your hook the better I shall be pleased. Suit yourself and you'll soot me." With which expression of her just contempt for a youth so utterly lost to all principle as to require his room swept once a week, Mrs. S. flounced out of the room and into her private chamber, where good reader, with your permission we will leave her. Should anyone desire her further acquaintance, or covet the luxury of good board at her liberal table, we recommend them to call at 223 Virago St. where they will no doubt be accommodated.

J. E. DOWNES.



### THE WORKINGMAN'S CHANCE.

SCENE—A gentleman's house.

Tom Plane.—Jack, how long do you s'pose it will be before you or me owns a library like this?

Jack Square.—Not long. I expect to have something finer than this early in the new year.

Tom.—Nonsense! What do you mean?

Jack.—I mean that I'm going to vote for the Free Public Library at the same time that I mark my ballot for John Taylor as Alderman.

"Why, your hands are quite cold," said the editor's wife, as she helped him off with his great coat. "It shows a warm heart."

"Does it?" asked the editor, who had a practical mind, and was not addicted to the sentimentally imaginative. "I thought it showed a poor circulation." "Now, Harry," she exclaimed, angrily knitting her brow, "I wish you would leave your horrid newspaper affairs in the office when y come away!"

### A FEW REMARKS.

"My dear young lady," said the professor, "It is foolish of you to spend the best years of your life at college. Why not cease from study and engage in flirting, which is the natural pastime of your age and sex. Consider a moment; you will be over twenty when you graduate." "My dear professor," replied the wise virgin, "I care not for pastime, I have considered several moments, and the pleasure of graduating is the only thing that will reconcile me to being over twenty."

They say that the worst conundrum ever invented is this: "Why is the Shah of Persia like the Shah of Persia?" and the answer is: "Because he is the Shah of Persia." But, dear me! many's the time I have made a worse conundrum than that, and never thought anything of it. This, for instance: What would woman do without pins? Now, it's no use for some of you to say you don't know, and for others to exclaim, "Why, do without them, of course!" because neither solution is correct. The right answer (more shame to her) is: She begins right away to blame her poor, unhappy, hard-working husband for money to buy some with.

To thee I long to flee,  
Fair Amelia!  
To thee I bend the knee  
Rare Ophelia!  
Oh pity—pity me,  
In my love agony,  
Sweetest Celia!  
For dearest my life must be  
Until I hear from thee  
My own Lelia!  
Unless thy form I see,  
Darling Delia!

Poor young Geoffrey Lushington gave his foot a turn right in front of the Ardory mansion, and Seraphina Ardory has been caring for him during his long and painful illness. She feels quite like the heroine of a novel, having this fallen hero in charge. The other morning she brought him up a plate of gruel. He couldn't eat it, and, not wishing to hurt her feelings by leaving it, in the wildness of delirium he scraped the greater part of it down a convenient hole in the floor, which happened to be a vacant stove-pipe hole, directly over the family breakfast table. Seraphina was much surprised to see a great slab of cold porridge splash down on her plate, and the rest of the family politely concealed their smiles in their napkins. The young lady came up stairs to inquire into the cause of the phenomenon, and the suffering invalid feebly indicated the empty plate. "Why, I'm afraid I didn't bring you up enough," she said regretfully. "Oh, plenty," was the reply. "There was enough for two." "Well, I wish," said Seraphina, in her kindest tones, "that in future you would save my share until I come up for it, as I am not accustomed to receive visible blessings from on high."

"But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie, When you and I were young."

Now this must mean one of two things: either the old man was so blind that he could no longer recognize his wife, and took some young girl for her, in which case the poem is entirely unfit to be used as a text-book in our schools, or else the old lady was an uncommonly homely specimen of girlhood when she was young.

"Nelly dear," whispered the heartless deceiver, bending over the latest object of his affection, "I feel that I have wasted the best years of my life in sipping sweets from flower to flower, but now, if I should ask you, the loveliest flower of all, to bloom alone for me, would you listen to me?" "Would I?" she answered, with softly kindling eyes, "would I? I'd jump at the chance—of saying No to you."