



A SCHEME THAT "TOOK."

Doctor (to burglar making midnight raid).—Er—ah—The valuables are in the room behind me, but as we've a case of small-pox on hand, you'd better let me vaccinate you before—

[But the burglar was gone.]

THE POET IN A BAD WAY.

Ott! I would that the winter was over,
For the frost keeps me close to my room,
When I feast on the powders of Dover.
And sadly reflect on my doom;
Whilst with plasters of mustard I cover
My limbs and prepare for the tomb,
For the doctor says I may recover,
And so—I prepare for the tomb.

With my feet in a tub of hot water
I sit and I sigh and I groan,
For I've pains in each bodily quarter,
And all ease and enjoyment are flown,
And I can't get about as I oughter
For I'm broken up, body and bone;
And with asthma my breath is cut shorter,
And my system is lacking in tone.

And my landlady's ordered her daughter
Not to visit me; wirra! ochone!
Here I sit in my dark dismal attic,
Whilst I suffer the pangs of the curst;
And my language is somewhat emphatic
For with pain I am ready to burst.
For each limb that I have is rheumatic,
And in flannels is carefully nursed.
But Miranda being debarred from my attic
By her mother—that's far, far the worst

She'd often come up here to see me,
She was gentle and fair as a dove,
And her eyes were so soft and so dreamy
That I couldn't help falling in love.
But her mother got mad: oh! who'd be me?
And she sent her downstairs with a shove.

I've sciatica, gout, cephalalgia,
Diphtheria, asthma and gout;
And each nerve in my frame with neuralgia
Goes throbbing and darting about.
But from toothache I'm free—odontalgia
For I've had every blessed tooth cut,
I can't have toothache—odontalgia—
For I've had every blessed tooth out.

So you see why I'm sad and weary
And these doleful expressions let slip:
For the doctor has cut off my beer, he
Forbids me the least drop to sip.
So in words so dolorous and dreary
I tell my sad tale unto GRIP.

You should not be so angry at your friend for sitting down upon your new Christy, because very often a hat is not really *fit* until it is sat upon. And after all, doesn't the-at look funny?