



THE PHRENOLOGY OF THE DUDE.

MRS. MALONEY'S AT HOME.

MALONEYVILLE, *January 3rd, 1889.*

ME DEAR GRIP,—

[T'S a fhlat toime I've been after havin wid this sistim ave callin on the first day av the year.

It was Bridget Flannigan was in and towld me the whole bizness. She said she waz goin to have sum cake and woine on a table, wid a basket in the enthry to putt the cards in. She sid it wuz all the stoile, so siz I to meself, the Maloneys won't be behind the Flannigans this time, if Mary knows herself.

So afther dinner Mick goes out, an Tim and Eileen wint out too, and I got out that owld pink gown av moine with the crame lace on it that I wore whin I marid Mick. It was toighter'n a dood's pants about the whaste, but I got into it, and fixed on a little white cap I had in the owld thrunk, and thin I got out me plumcake and the bottle of ghinger woine, an got the coffee goin on the kitchen stove. Fur Bridget Flannigan towld me it wuz the right thing tu have coffee for them as didn't dhrink woine out av a bottle wid an "owld Tom" label on to it.

So I sot down wid me hands in me lap and waited for the cahllers. I had to sort avphozforize that baste of a dog, Brian Boru, wid me eye, to kape the crayter from aitin' up the cake.

But divil the knock did I hear. I had the little marketin basket, too, on a stule in the enthry, wid a label on it, "Cards—Dropum in," on it. And afther a while I found meself takin a little nipper now an thin av the ginger woine, to sort of keep me *spierits* up, d'ye see?

Av coorse I expected Mike Flannigan, Bridget's man, to call, and Tim Doolan, maybe, that superintinds the foundation av the new church, and Martin Casey, who sez he is explorin for *shvata*, whatever that is, in the dhrair on Main street. Tho phwat a pick an shovil has to do wid that I can't imagine.

So along about five o'clock I looses what fashens I have lift on, and goes out for a shmell av the fresh air.

And wud y' b'lave it, there, sir, on me own front dhoor wuz a sign, readin: "Not recavin' to-day. Mrs. Maloney indisposed, an' doesn't b'lave in recavin in bed. Call again next year."

An' that wuz my Tim's wurruk! Mike Flannigan and Casey and Doolan an' a duzzin more had cum round wid their cards an prepared to sample the ginger; but av coorse whin they read that sign, off they goes. An while I was outside radin this infamous sign Tim goes in at the back and sneeks all me cake!

Yours broken hearted,

MARY MALONEY.

"XMAS PUDDING."

SAID Billy to William, "The Gospel's too free."
Said William to Billy, "That's clear
Why, a preacher would bark out his heart, tee! hee!
For eighteen thousand a year!"

"Who'll blame us, dear William, for leaving the crumbs
That Religion throws to its mice?
When they gave us a pudding bursting with plums—
No matter who made it, 'twas nice!"

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

SOME dream all the time because their heads are hardly right, and some don't dream at all because they haven't brains enough to get up a dream.

But to dream a really remarkable dream, as it should be dreamed, a man must dream it at night, lying in bed with his head to the north pole and his feet to the south. The philosophy of that is this: To dream truly and remarkably the head wants to be cool and the feet warm.

Some believe in dreams because their fathers did, and in what they call remarkable dreams they have a faith that might remove mountains if applied with skill and care. An Irishman told me once that he was sure some day or other to be a great scholar and great musician, for, before he was born, his father dreamed that he heard him read three languages and play two tunes on a Jew's-harp simultaneously. Was that dream verified or falsified? Falsified. While he lived he was never able to tell one letter of the alphabet from the other, and was nearly as deaf to music all his lifetime as he was the day he went to his grave.

But some have the most ingenious knack of dreaming even remarkable dreams at all hours and in any position the body is capable of assuming. I have seen a farmer who could without any trouble at all sit in an arm-chair and smoke a pipe, and dream that to get all he wanted here below he needn't work, that all he had to do was trust in Providence. I have seen a preacher of the Gospel who used to dream that to preach good sermons he need not study, that all he had to do was open his mouth and that He who loosened the tongue of Balaam's ass would loosen his. I have seen a would-be politician who used to dream that the "splurge" he now and then made was grand because it contained words enough for an ordinary sized harangue, although to find an idea here and there amongst them required a microscopic investigation. Yes, and I have heard of an old cracked cow-bell that dreamed it was a musical instrument, and dreamed too that the old cow that wore it, and the trees of the forest, and the birds of the air, and everything that heard it, were charmed with the music it made as it went tink clank, tink clank, tink clank, rattle-ta-bang, from daylight till dark.

But all I have to say about dreams is that in my opinion they don't pay: that in them there is no more sense or meaning than there is in the wink of a bedpost, and that when you hear of their being turned to any practical use you may expect to hear of Jacob's ladder being tangible, and among the curiosities of the world, where it may be seen for the small sum of twenty-five cents.

CHRISTOPHER.

ROUGH ON JENKINS.

MR. JENKINS.—"Miss Topnott, will you do me the honor of being my partner in this round game, or would you put me to the torture of being compelled to play with that horrible Miss DeVere?"

MISS TOPNOTT.—"With pleasure, Mr. Jenkins."
And now Jenkins wonders what she meant.