

time over a silly, sentimental, degrading story, you would occupy it in seeing after your household. Your duty is not only to yourself. Am I, as the head of this household, to see it neglected while you pore over such detestable nonsense as these depraved journalists thrust upon us?"

MRS. P. (*with malice aforethought*)—"I wanted to read your letter!"

MR. P. (*rising now and screaming*)—"My letter—my letter—did you suppose those ignorant devils would know enough to put it in? Did you think they could appreciate it? *It was not in.* Thank heaven, my name is not mentioned in those disgraceful columns. Did you think—I'll stop that paper—I'll—"

Exit (noisily).

SCENE II.—*The same. TIME—the same—some weeks later.*

MR. V. P. *reading—a heavenly satisfaction upon his open brow.*

MRS. P. (*entering quietly*)—"Good-morning, my dear!"

MR. P. (*benignly*)—"Well—my love—sit down, sit down!—(drawing up her chair).

MRS. P. (*approaching him*)—"What paper have you there, dearest?"

MR. P. (*mildly and somewhat absently*)—"The a—the 'Independent,' love (then quickly) I fear there will be trouble about, about this business at Samoa. These Germans, you know—"

MRS. P.—"Oh! I understood you had stopped 'that paper'" (the very faintest emphasis on the last two words).

MR. P. (*generously*)—"Yes, yes—but it doesn't seem right to cherish these things, Matilda. It doesn't show the true Christian spirit. For my part I don't believe in being petty about such things, you know. If a paper is trying to do its best, why—"

MRS. P. (*after a minute's silence—with more than the wisdom of Solomon*)—"Read your letter—aloud, dear!"

MR. P. (*clearing his throat with great alacrity*)—"Certainly, love. It is one of the best letters I have ever written—the best article in the paper—it occupies a column and a half.—(reads—uninterrupted domestic bliss.)

E. A. D.



CONGRATULATIONS.

SMITH—"So, old fellow, you've got married, I hear, while I have been away. I am glad of it; that will rid you of that old she-dragon of a house-keeper."

JONES—"Hem—er—but *she* is the one I have married!"



PECULIAR ECONOMY.

MR. RAYKE (*examining his accounts*)—"It appears to me that I am beginning to save money. I have made two thousand dollars less debts during the past year!"

A MODERN BUSINESS.

A.—"Well, how does your cousin get on in his new business?"

B.—"Hem! He has a first-class house, lives and entertains well, gives his children the best of education, is generous to the poor, but he *can't pay anything!*"

CHILD OF THE PERIOD.



"TELL me, little one, what is your name?"

CHILD—"Beg pardon, sir, but don't be so fresh!"

CRITICAL.

PAINTER—"What do you say to my new picture?"

HIS FRIEND—"Nothing. It has not addressed me."

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

HE—"Miss —, in return for the poem I made upon you, you sent me a lock of hair. As I now see, however, it was not from your own head."

SHE—"Oh! that is all right—the poem, likewise, was not from your head!"

FINANCIAL TROUBLES.

HUSBAND—"My wife is past all endurance. Every day she comes to me for money."

FRIEND—"What, with your simple housekeeping? It is incomprehensible what she does with it."

HUSBAND—"Oh, she can't do anything with it, because I don't give her any."



DON'T.

TEACH not a parent's parent to extract
The savory juice of poultry fruit by suction:
The good old lady can that feat enact,
Quite irrespective of your kind instruction.