



GRAVE AND GAY.

THE DEVIL FISHING.

THE devil sat by the river's side—
The stream of Time, where you'll always find him—
Casting his line in the rushing tide,
And landing the fish on the bank behind him.

He sat at ease in a easy nook,
And was filling his basket very fast ;
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
Was differently baited for every cast.

He caught 'em as fast as a man could count ;
Little or big, it was all the same.
One bait was a cheque for a round amount,
An Assemblyman nabbed it and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shone ;
It sank in the water without a sound,
And caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he would laugh, and sometimes sing,
For better luck no one could wish ;
And he seemed to know, to a dead sure thing,
The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan : " The fishing is rare and fine ! "
And he took a drink, somewhat enthused ;
And yet a parson swam round the line
That e'en the most tempting of baits refused.

He tried with his gold and his flashing gems,
Hung fame and fortune upon the line,
Dressing gowns with embroidered hems,
But still the Dominie made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook ;
" I have him at last," quoth the devil, brightening ;
Then Satan's sides with laughter shook,
And he landed the preacher as quick as lightning.

—SAM DAVIS.

A CHINESE VIEW.

The police of San Francisco have recently been enforcing the law prohibiting work on Sunday, especially against Chinese laundry-men. Last Sunday, as a large load of these offenders was being carted to jail in the police-ambulance, a resident of the Western Addition asked the reason, and was informed by a police man. "Yep," grunted a disgusted Chinese, who stood near, "man workee Sunday, he go jail—'gainst law workee Sunday. Man no workee, he go jail—vag. Amelica heap hell of countly."—*Argonaut*.