



BY KATHLEEN F. M. SULLIVAN.

YE BALLAD OF YE SPRYNGE HATTE.

YE ladye bought ye new sprynge hatte,
 And took itte home in glee,
 "And husbände, husbände, is itte notte
 A bargayne goode to see?"
 "But what is thyse?" ye husbände cried,
 "That lyes across my knee?"
 Ye ladye toyed withe her lappe dogge,
 "Itte is ye Bille," quoth shee.

Ye husband read, "Ye new Sprynge Hatte—
 For greene-backs twenty-three,
 To breakynge wyndow in ye crush—
 Four dollars. Mercye me!
 To churgeon for ye fayntyng fite—
 Two-fifty—*Malvoisie!*"
 Ye ladye toyed withe her lappe dogge—
 "Ye crowde was greate," quoth she.

"Two dollars for ye coaching home,
 Ye lunch for quarters three,
 A new sprynge cloak, for thyse is torn,
 A new—" then paused he,
 "Gadsooks! Forsooth! A prettie Bille!
 Where maye the Bargayne be?"
 Ye ladye toyed withe her lappe dogge,
 "Ye hatte was cheape," quoth she.

SURPRISING.

As the visitor to the medical museum gazed about him, he exclaimed in a voice of astonishment, "Little did I think to find the dead in such good spirits!"

THE WORLD'S WISDOM.

He who has killed a thousand persons is half a doctor.—*Tamul.*
 Is it possible to stop an elephant with a kick?—*Sanskrit.*
 The pig does not blush for its face.—*Finnish.*
 Though the cloud be black, white water falls from it.—*Afghan.*
 Armies are kept a thousand days to be used on one.—*Chinese.*
 The mouse fell from the roof. "Take some refreshment," said the cat,
 "Keep your distance," replied the mouse.—*Arab.*