

Quite Too all "Butt."

(ADDRESSED TO A GOAT OF THE MALE PERSUASION.)



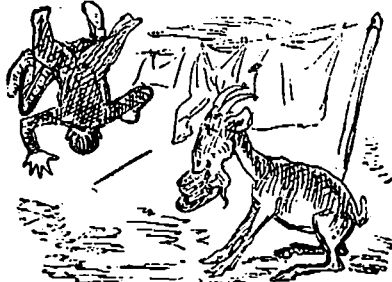
Tell me, ye bearded quadruped
That answereth to the name of "Billy,"
Why is thy character so much maligned?
Wherefore thy front name so exceeding silly?

Why dost thou shun the pasture green?
Content to graze on vacant lot,
And masticate the oyster-can,
Hoopskirt, door-mat, and all such rot.

Sad is thine eye, O goat!
Hast ever felt the darts of Cupid?
Thy look is pensive, also, Goat!
Say, is it love, or something else more stupid?

Hast ever wandered out at night,
When earth was quiet and the moon so pallid,
To sing, "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang w' me,"
Or some such sentimental ballad?

Perhaps thou hast loved in vain,
Or perhaps been jilted by thy fair;
And that accounts for thy dejected head,
And thy most vacant stare.



I'm leaving thee in sorrow, goat!
With feelings better not expressed.
Oh, Goat! thou'rt too all butt(!) for me,
I've such a pain behind my vest.

H. H. W.

Conversations for the Times.

A LITTLE ALLEGORY.

MR. BRITTY SHILES. What a confounded noise there is in my garden! Why, there's a cur got through the fence, and he's routing out my fowls, and chasing my cat about, and destroying my flowers. Here! Hi! be off, will yer? Shish!

MASTER COE LUMBIA (looking over the fence). Here, Mr. Britty Shiles, it's rather cool of you to shish my father's dog off your premises. Perhaps you're not aware that he's my father's property, and under his protection. I'm not going to have him frightened by anybody.

MR. B. S. Why, the cur used to belong to me at one time, but he ran away because I wouldn't allow him the privilege of eating off my plate and flying at my throat at the same time. Your father's welcome to him if you want him, but perhaps, as he's under your control, you'll be good enough to keep him out of my garden?

MASTER C. L. Oh, he isn't under our control he's only under our protection. We can't undertake to keep him out. It's no business of

ours to prevent his damaging your property, and it's very cool of you to make it your business!

MR. B. S. Why, confound it! if that cur hasn't got in again. There he is inciting my fowls to claw each other to death, and setting all my dogs against me, and turning everything upside down! I'll be hanged if I don't shut him up in the tool-house! (Does so, reluctantly.)

MASTER C. L. Here, I say, I will not have our dog locked up! He shall fill your garden with blood and feathers if he chooses. I shall demand that my father shall extend to him the full protection his allegiance guarantees.

Explanation of the Allegory:—"The Mayor and other citizens of New York issued a call for a mass meeting in the Cooper Institute, on April 3rd, to protest against the arbitrary action of the British Government in imprisoning Irish Americans, and to demand that the United States Government shall extend to them the full protection their allegiance guarantees."—Globe, &c.

Sequel (as we venture to hope) to this little Allegory:—

MR. BRITTY SHILES (with his ear to the wall). Dear me! How our neighbor Mr. Coe Lumbia is reprimanding his offspring, to be sure! Hark at him—"Meddlesome young monkey!"—"Getting me into hot water with my neighbors!"—"There now"—(dear me, what a thick cane that must be!—whack! whack! whack!)—"perhaps you'll behave your dirty little self in the future!" H'm—well, I'm glad to find our neighbor is not quite such an idiot as his son. What's this? A note from Mr. Coe Lumbia, expressing regret at his son's insolence, and requesting me to do as I think fit with that cur.

I will; I'll just go out and hang him.—London Fun.

Spots on the son—the measles.

Printers invariably prefer pudding to pi.

There seems to be quite a difference between a variable and a very able man.

The Prince of Wales' wedding present to Leopold is a \$25,000 piano. The report that he earned the money to purchase the gift by writing spring poetry lacks confirmation. It is more likely that he told the dealer to "charge it."—Norristown Herald.

The press of this morning contains an account of how a man lost a gold watch on a Market-street car, and states that the case is in hands of a detective. If the case is in the hands of a detective, we venture to inquire what has become of the works?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A preacher recently said in a sermon that nine-tenths of the redeemed in Heaven will be women. Bless their little hearts, how they will crowd the men off the golden sidewalks!—Hartford Journal. (Guess not, no crowding off the golden sidewalk when there is only one man to nine women.)

Shakespeare's Irish characters: "Which of Shakespeare's plays do you like, Mr. O'Flannigan?" "Well, I like the Irish ones the best." "And which may those be, O'Flannigan?" "Are you so ignorant as that, me son? sure your eddication's been sadly neglected. Why, G'Thello, Corry, O'Lann's, Mike Beth and Katharine and Pat Ruechio."—Springfield Republican.

A New York girl published an article in which she asserted that lemonade, ice cream and cake were very unhealthy, and should never be allowed to enter the stomach. Since then her parlor has contained as many as nine suitors at a time, with half a dozen hopeful youths hanging to the fence outside, waiting for a chance to declare their love and poverty.—Evansville Argu.



An oyster breathes bi-valves.
A soldier eats his meals rationally.
A heavy suit—A submarine diver's.
Plain speaking—Prairie conversations.
What kind of a foller is Jerry Mander?
"Everything by turns"—A kalidoscope.
Is John A. any relation to Jerry Mander?
Noah was the Arkitekt of his own fortune.
What kind of a fellow is redistribution, Bill?
A rifle is a presentable gift for a sportsman.
A religious crank—A hurdy-gurdy in church.
"The merchant service"—Shop-boys and clerks.

If you have senio crows you will have s-arce crows.

Awl soles day should be observed by all shreemakers.

If a brewer has a cat around at all, it should be a *mult-ese* cat.

The old counties' slang expression, "We are all broken up."

When a man falls down a collar stairs he gets accelerated motion.

Hint to politicians—Society gents generally make good party men.

If you ask a horse if it is gentle it will frequently answer neigh.

When you tell a fireman to "go to blazes," is the expression necessarily offensive?

"Betty and the baby are getting rich.—Andrew's Bazar.—You bet they are!

A signet ring—Wringing a young swan's neck. Some men think a deal of the kind of board they get.

If you place a newspaper between your ear and a telephone receiver, it's an attempt to go to Parry Sound.

If you burn your finger in a lamp are you light fingered? Bliss—the highest happiness: Webster's Dictionary. Example, Dr. Bliss gets \$25,000 for attending President Garfield.

One biggest elephant, one suit of Guiteau's old clothes and a baby camol is a complete outfit for a circus this season.—New Haven Register.

"What kind of board can I get here?" queried a seedy-looking chap of a hotel clerk. "Well!" whispered he of the Koh-i-noor, with a ghastly smile, handing out a tooth-pick, "there is a sample of the board we can afford, but if that is not satisfactory, you can go round to the planing-mill in the next block and get some sawdust, or you—!" At this point the inquirer fled with a yell of horror.—Lockport Union.