



CARTWRIGHT AS A FARMER.

PATRON.—“It may be all right, Sir Richard, but you don't look the character. That waxed moustache is simply impossible !

PEOPLE WHO SLEEP WELL.

THOSE who are not so fortunate seem to owe you a grudge. If a neighbor's dog keeps them awake, they regard it almost in the light of an insult that you never heard his yelping. They'll accuse you of “missing the best thunder-storm of the season,” as if you were a creature without a soul, when you've been enjoying slumber that was more entrancing than all the forked and sheeted lightning of the worst midnight storm. Next morning you feel too well and chipper to resent their insinuation “that you are an insensate animal with neither nerves nor a conscience.” At breakfast they say disagreeable things to you, but your nine hours of sleep have made you so good-natured nothing short of a blow on the head will convince you you are being insulted. What do you care about getting up early, are not the slumbers of the tired worth all the rising-suns in creation? Why should you get up and hunt for burglars in the small hours? Why not “let 'em burgle?” What if you are called “a brute?” What are mere words when you are tumbling off into dreamland? What's the use of trying to be early birds? We don't own wings, and are generally mere worms to whom early hours are disastrous.

You get on in life easily, and curiously, too, scarcely ever miss a train. When you are unfortunate enough to be obliged to leave by the early morning express, your character is so well established as an incorrigible sleepy head, somebody in the family is sure to get up and rouse you in time, and you don't start on your journey fagged and weary by hearing the hours strike from one o'clock until five. If you haven't a friend to perform the friendly office for you, you can fall back on an alarm clock, which, if you don't set off more than two days in succession, generally wakes you up, only you have of course to be somewhat on the alert or you will think it is the breakfast bell, but even this is not as unlucky for you as for others. They hear the bell if you don't, and naturally they don't let you go on sleeping; that would be too much to expect of human nature.

Enjoy yourself while you may; remember that in these nerve-destroying days you may become afflicted with insomnia, and don't believe that a career of wealth is before you by a limited acquaintance with Nature's sweet restorer. It is absolutely appalling to think of all the people who breakfast at eight, and haven't a dollar over at the end of the year.

J.M. Loes.

THE younger a woman is, the more indignant she is when she hears of a bad husband.

A GEM.

WALTER CLAY, a literary critic of Australia, considers the following poem “one of the jewels which should sparkle on the stretched forefinger of all time.” He says: ‘I cannot now call to mind any modern poem of equal length, or rather equal brevity, wherein a rounded and complete story is told with such simple words of thrilling force. Something like it, in softer sound and calmer perfection, is Tennyson's “Crossing the Bar,” but people who know poetry when they meet it, will have no hesitation in placing “Ghosts” higher, as a single performance of clear, absolute genius, than the late Laureate's poem just named.’ The author is A. R. Ropes, an Australian. Following is the poem, which our readers can judge for themselves:

GHOSTS.

Dear, has the daylight come so soon?
Is yon pale gleam the dawn?
Say 'tis a glimpse of the pallid moon
Through the curtains closely drawn!

More wine! More lights! Let the music chime.
Let the feast again begin,
With song, with kiss, keep back the time
When day and the ghosts come in!

For there in the dawn are spectres twain
That will not be charmed away,
The ghosts of two in the night-time slain
That only walk by day!

A fair, white girl, and a man with her,
Like a murdered king and queen,
It is only the woman that once you were,
And the man that I might have been!

If you want to get even with an enemy, forget his existence, and go to work to amount to something.

It is all right to vote for the country's prosperity, but you must work for your own.

It takes most people we know until Wednesday night to become reconciled to beginning another week's work.

TIMES are so hard that many men are cutting their mustaches off, so that they can smoke their cigars shorter.

THE trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.

EVERY time a woman gives a party she invites two or three that she really wishes would decline.



THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH HOOLIGAN'S HALLS.

MRS. HOOLIGAN: “Yis, Mrs. Finnigin, me ould man is a wontherful musical ganius, an' he's constructured a swate thing in harrps out av his profession to accompany his own voice wid.”

Funny Folks.