



"AN EXCELLENT QUALITY."—After a painting by Hildebrandt.

THE CIGAR PEDLAR.

"An excellent quality!" of course. The dealer, who has pitched his stand alongside a circus tent, is trying, with a fair amount of professional assurance, to palm off upon the rustic visitors a real "cabbage leaf" for a genuine Havana. But his customers are Germans and know the weed too well. They, with the pipes in their mouths, look at the article with marked suspicion; and the bold experimentalist, who is about to put one of them to the test, looks just as if at the first "whiff" he could tell the brand exactly. As a picture from scenes of every-day life—German life, of course, as one may recognize by the costumes—it is a brilliant achievement of the artist, Hildebrandt, a prominent disciple of the Dusseldorf school. The cunning old pedlar seems determined to force the article

on the strength of his own confident assertion; the smokers, not unskilled in the characteristics of a good cigar, view it with doubt, and the reckless purchaser is just about to put his own experience in the scale against the interested recommendation of the vendor. Hildebrandt was born at Dusseldorf in 1829. He commenced life as a lithographic artist; but, after a short time, entered on the study of painting, under the celebrated Professor Hildebrandt. A faithful delineator of human nature, he has after long study, and not a few failures, acquired a high position among German artists. The expression of his figures is natural and life-like, and in genre painting, which is his forte, he has acquired a wide reputation. Our Leggotype of "An excellent Quality" is copied from a wood engraving after the original painting.

PRETTY TEACHER.—Now, Johnny Wells, can you tell what is meant by a miracle?—Johnny: Yes, teacher. Mother says if you don't marry new parson, 'twill be a miracle.—*Punch*.

"But, George, dear, water brings out the flavour of the wine." "Yes; but I like the flavour kept in, mamma!"—*Punch*.

A learned professor, who prides himself upon his intimate acquaintance with the fungi tribe, while walking across a field, came across a peasant picking up toadstools and other dangerous-looking specimens.

"Take care, my man," said he; "they are poisonous." "Don't be afraid, Sir! I ain't going to eat 'em. They're for the Lunnum market; they likes 'em there."