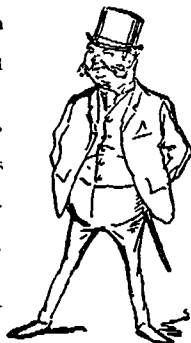


ATTITUDES.



THERE'S a dude in the city, as most of you know,
With about as much brains as you'll find in your toe,
And no higher ambition than
to pose as a beau,
While this is the way that he stands.

My friend, Dr. Blaenosc,
has taken to beer,
His breath is as foul as his
language is queer;
An intelligent smile he's ex-
changed for a leer,
And this is the way that he stands.



The man who's grown wealthy through deal-
ing in gin
May feel his importance and rattle his tin;

He's the Government's partner, and it's surely
no sin,
And this is the way that he stands.



I heard a young greenhorn whose folks thought
him bright
When "Casabianca" he
tried to recite,
But alas! he broke down
in confusion and fright,
And this was the way that he stood.

In his office where clients
infrequently went
Sat a poor pettifogger who

hadn't a cent,
When his landlord walked in and demanded
the rent,
And this was the way that he stood.



I shall never forget the first time
I proposed,
The girl was in raptures, but the
old man opposed.
The last time I saw him, how
swift the door closed,
And this was the way that I
stood.

The old man was angry, of
course you'll infer,
When he called me an "up-
start" I dared to demur,
But his No. 10 boot made my
mind all a blur,
And this was the way
that he stood.



But I braced up and con-
quered in spite of his
boot,
I could scorn the old man
when she favored
my suit;
We've been married a
year, you should hear
the kid toot,
And this is the way I must stand.



THE FIRST SUMMER GIRL.

"THE summer girl," said Bixley, "is emphatically a modern institution."

"Not at all," replied Jagsworthy. "She is as old as creation."

"How do you make that out?"

"Look at Eve, for instance—wasn't she Adam's companion before the Fall?"

SAMJONES AT HIGH PARK.

BORAX, let us take a walk through High Park. We will not linger on the beach—there are a great many more beeches in the park.

An old man is seated by the wayside. He is the gate-keeper. Get onto his gait. Now he opens it to admit a team. What a boon this place must be to the teaming population!

Yonder fragrant sheet of water is Catfish Pond. It is regarded as malarious. You may lay around here if you want, but I think it is better further on. They talk about filling up the pond and making a playground of it, which would be making bad worse. The residents say there is enough plague round there already. But it would have its advantages. Playing lacrosse it would be easy to put the ball between the flags which grow on the margin. Even now the frogs play croaky here evenings.

How bright the hue of the foliage, but it is not allowed to be hewed by the woodman's axe.

Here in the jocund springtime grows the anemone. They are all gone now. No matter—we do not need any-money to get into the park.

Let us gain the edge of yonder knoll and rest awhile. 'Tis always well to gain knowledge from communion with Nature. I suppose that is what makes the keeper of this park Wise. How true are the words of the poet,

One impulse from a vernal wood
Can teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.

And yet methinks the force of this aphorism somewhat depends on circumstances. If the sage's can contained beer, for instance, it might be otherwise.

The ferns are almost tropical in their luxuriance. You would almost fancy yourself in a fern country. Do not faint! Take my smelling-salts. I find it necessary to carry a bottle for such emergencies.

Let us resume our walk and conversation. How fresh is the air upon these breezy uplands! I think the scheme of giving poor children an airing in the country should have the support of all humane people. The waif-airing man cannot err therein. Why, even in Russia the prisoners are often taken for a-knouting.

Here we are at the picnic grounds. The scene is a variegated one, but after all not so very gated as the ancient city of Thebes, which had a hundred gates. Did you say it resembles a bird? Why so?—Ah, I see—because of its s'wings. That is very fair—for you.

Notice yon mansion embowered 'mid the foliage. You can just see its gable-end. The gay-blending of the colors strikes the artistic eye.

Are you tired? Then let us re-tire. A-dieu to High Park—it has had rain enough. Peace to its ashes.

A STIGMA REMOVED.

"DEY's always a-runnin' on de pore cullud folks 'bout stealin' chickens an' sich," said Uncle Mokeby. "but I dun reckon we ain't no wusser nor de wite trash, kase I seen in de papers dat dey was holdin' a big Christian Hen-devour convenshun in New York. Dey kain't frow up chicken-stealin' to us arter dat."

It is not surprising that authors as a class should be injured to pen-ury.