



The Last Lay of the Minstrel.

For well-a-day ! his dates are fled,
 His tuneful orchestra is dead,
 And he, sued, jailed and oppress'd,
 Wishes the Law would let him rest ;
 He prays once more to be in Rome,
 His final lay is " Home, Sweet Home ;"
 The last of foreign bards he'll be
 To sing of Yankee chivalry.

An Unfavorable Locality.

EMINENT Pugilist : " Say, boss, are you dead sure that they's nothin' in the law of your State agin' a glove fight? "
 Lawyer : " Perfectly certain. My opinion is that of the leading jurist of the State."

Eminent Pugilist : " An' the cops won't try and stop us? "

Lawyer : " No, certainly not."

Eminent Pugilist (to his backer) : " Well, then, I guess we'd best pull this fight off somewheres else, eh? "

Binks : " The papers, this morning, say the insurance men are raising their rates."

Jinks : " That's nothing. When I called on Miss Roxwell last evening, her father raised his nines."

JACK'S TRIALS.



TOO many people have,
 I think, the bringing
 up of me ;

'Sides pa an' ma, there's
 gran'ma Brown and
 great-grandmother
 Lee,

An' uncle Bob, an'
 uncle Dick, an' aunt
 Paulina Day,

An' cousin Tom (I hate
 him most), he has to
 have *his* say.

Now, if at meals I dare to speak one single little word,

Each gran'ma s'claims, " When I was young, children were seen, not heard ! "

Or if at play I yell and screech, just like an In'jun wild,

With hand o'er ear, aunt cries out : " The rod spar'd spoils this child."

One uncle says : " Your grammar's bad, you should not speak like that,"

The other : " Sound your vowels broad ; Why talk so awful flat? "

And then draws Tom, who knows it all, since he's to college been,

" P// teach that kid, hand him to *me*. Such ignorance is sin."

E'en Dinah White, our coal-black cook, drives me round like a slave,

And says : " P// lawn dat lil'l lamb just how he'd arter have."

And Lawyer Link, our neighbor, vows he'd work without a fee,

If he could pow'r of 'torney have for one year over me.

Whate'er it is I wish to do, where'er I want to go,

One says I may, one says may not, one yes, another no.

And when I grow as mad as hop—so many want to boss—

And 'spostulate and argufy, they say I'm giving sauce.

Now, if some Fairy should appear, from out some bush or brake,

And say : " Jack, what you wish you'll have," this is the wish I'd make :

That I might fly to some lone isle in some far distant sea,

With none but pa an' ma along to govern, bring up me.

—JENNIE VICKERY.