

HER VOCATION.

"SNOOKS tells me that housekeepin' is not my spear. I've often thought that I've missed my callin', and am of a literary turn of nd.

"I believe I'll begin a story an' get up somethin' tragic an' make a fortune," soliquised Mrs. Snooks, as she sat in her untidy sitting-room with uncombed hair and a button here and there on her wrapper.

Procuring a pencil and a paper she began to write:

"Once upon a time there was a pare of lovers strollin throu the magniffacint woods an they comes to a rapid rollin river an seein a bote, gets in an goes for a sale."

"That sounds splendid — Sophrony didn't I tell you to take those children away," called she, as their voices sound- ed near.

"Now I'll have the bote upset an the young man drowned."

"I'll soon have a story writ, an won't Snooks be proud — an just to think how I've ben a-wastin' of all them precious years a-tidyin' up an cookin'an mindin' babies.

"I might of made my fortun long ago an ben a lady of note Sophrony!" And springing up she took the broomstick and rushed in a rage to the door—to meet Mr. Snooks, and two men with him.

"Why! What's the matter?" said he, trying to hide his chagrin.

"Susan, my dear, these are two men I knew when boys, and have brought them home to dinner.

"The roast came in time, I hope, and have you a pudding to-day?" said he, following her to the kitchen.

"What! No dinner? Writing a story? Great Scott! Susan Jane Snooks, if this means bein litrary, I say don't try it again till you are a widow—d'ye hear?" he thundered after her retreating figure. "When—well, here's a go," as he wiped the perspiration from his brow and glancing around the comfortless kitchen, murmured, "I wonder when that woman will find her vocation."

EVANGELINE.

HONESTY may be the best policy, but it doesn't insure success.



A POSER.

WIFE—"Oh! Tom, here we've only been married three weeks and you're drunk again."

TOM—"That'sh all right m' love (hic). Only followin' dictate shnature. Moon getsh full, (hic) why shouldn't honey-moonsh?"

A GROWL FROM BRUIN.

I see aldermanic capers
Are reported in the papers,
And the Council styled a "bear garden"—now this
I hardly think is fair
To a self-respecting bear
You can't wonder if we take it much amiss.

Bears are not so immoral
As to wrangle, swear and quarrel,
And call each other epithets profane;
So I trust that you will see
That some other simile
Is employed when such a scene occurs again.

We simple ursine folk
Cannot take it as a joke
To be ranked with civic bullies in a rage, or
Our peaceful cool retreat
Made a byword of the street.
Please to drop it. From yours truly,

URSA MAJOR.