

CORONER.—Who said you were very strong? This is my court, and I order you to remove that man (pointing to Counsel).

COUNSEL.—Well, in that case I—

CORONER.—Hold your tongue.

COUNSEL.—But I was mistaken in my first question.

CORONER.—Be quiet, I tell you. This is my court. I run this court. I'm coroner, I am. Shut up. You'll never make another mistake in my court.

CHORUS OF SPECTATORS.—"Old noodle," "Ought to be superannuated." "In his dotage." "Shame." "More sense in the corpse." "Yes, and it ain't half as deaf as he is," &c., &c., &c.

(Court breaks up in confusion.)



MISSED HIS CHANCE.

A FACT.

Jim owns a very fine orchard, of which he is deservedly proud, and has a leaning toward religion. Joe is a scoffer.

JOE.—Well, Jim, did the big wind last night do any damage?

JIM.—Damage! I should say it did: blew half my apples down, that's all.

JOE.—Too bad, old fellow. Say, Jim, didn't ye swear?

JIM.—Swear! What lid be the use of swearing? Of course I didn't.

JOE.—Well, you'll never have a better chance!

#### VERY SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED.

"You're very much debilitated, Mr. O'Mahony, and require a nourishing and generous diet," said the doctor to a patient whom he had been summoned to attend, and who lay in a dilapidated bed in a room in a tenement house, surrounded by every evidence of extreme poverty. "Now, let me see—h'm—yes, some good strong chicken broth to begin with—and take, well—two or three glasses of port wine—good, sound wine, mind—a day: You'll soon come round, sir; good morning. I'll call again to-morrow," and the learned physician was gone.

"Mary," said Mither O'Mahony to his wife, as soon as he had departed, "what funds is there at our disposal, or is there any?"

"There's five cints, Mike; ivery blissed copper we've got in the wor-rid, wirra, wirra."

"Whisht, woman, don't be ather takin' on so, but go and obey the docthor's instructions, and invist it in a three cint bottle of good, sound port wine, and expind the other two cints in poultury. It isn't a dead man I am yit."



#### ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE ABOUT TO MARRY.

PUNCH'S "DON'T" DISCOUNTED.

GRIP, ever anxious to make the voyage of wedded life a pleasant one to those who embark upon the waters of the sea of matrimony, often rudely disturbed by the dark storms of bickering, contumely and ill-feeling, ventures to offer a few suggestions to young people about to embark in the good ship "Splice," feeling that if his hints are duly attended to, much unpleasantness will be avoided, and that the vessel will glide more smoothly over the waters of the ocean referred to.

To drop nautical metaphor, then, GRIP says in the first place;

To the weaker (?) vessel:

1. If your husband happens to be a literary kind of fellow, don't imagine he is surly and cross because he doesn't always wear a broad grin on his face: When he is looking most suicidal, gloomy and diabolical, he is probably thinking up some of his most brilliant jokes.

Don't break in upon him in the sanctity of the woodshed, or whatever place he calls his study, where he writes up his matter, when he is profoundly engaged on some beautiful theme, with such remarks as, "Do come out and hear that Jones girl squawling across the road, I suppose she calls that singing," or, "Do take off that shirt and let me wash it: you can stay in to-day till it dries," or, "Smell that fried bacon next door: that's the sixth time this very week those people have had liver and bacon," and such remarks, for if he happens to be an irritable man the probability is that he will feel annoyed, and, if a profane one in addition, swear.

2. Never, on any account, speak to him when he is shaving. Young and inexperienced wives often fall into committing this error, the gravity of which cannot be fully estimated.

3. If you intend to stretch the clothes-line in some place where it will just catch him under the nose when he comes home after dark, inform him of the fact before he goes out. A man, feeling his nose suddenly "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower" without any warning, and himself cast upon his hip pockets on the hard ground, has been known to utter more old Norman phrases, and to talk more about Rotterdam, Hesse Damstad, Amsterdam and such like places in two minutes than certain County Crown Attorneys could do in four weeks and two days.

4. If he returns from his office or store or shop, or wherever he puts in the time he is paid for, somewhat unexpectedly, don't hail him with, "Hello! is that you?" (of course "you" meaning the man you don't know what you have vowed to do for), as many women do, for if it is he, you have ocular demonstration of the fact, and if it isn't, you must perceive

that your question is only the effect of a love of hearing yourself speak. Don't do it.

5. Don't—(let me whisper this)—go through his pockets when he returns on lodge nights, until you are fully assured he is sound asleep and certain not to hear the rattle of coin. Of course in the case of a literary man this advice is unnecessary, for obvious reasons.

There now, as this is a sufficiently lengthy lesson for the brain of an average female properly to grasp all at once, GRIP drops the subject for the present, trusting that, if even one of the five injunctions given be attended to, he will accomplish some good.

The "stronger vessel" will receive attention in another paper.

#### POEMS OF LIFE.

NO. 1.—THE LAND SHARK.

BY MCTUFF.

Old Skinfint in his sanctum sat,  
Surveying his fast-growing "pile,"  
Whilst on his hard face  
You could readily trace  
A curious, self-satisfied smile.

For times were hard and money was scarce,  
And the needy were many and meek,  
So he tightened his hold  
On his cherished gold,  
And the interest raised higher each week.

Not one tender spot on his morbid soul  
Could the victims of poverty find:  
The orphans' sad tale,  
Nor the widows' wail,  
Made no impress on his mind.

The wants of the poor was the fuel which fed  
His insatiate thirst for gold:  
So, with Octopus might,  
He grasped them tight,  
And never relaxed his hold.

Till he squeezed the last dime from his victims' purse,  
Then his arms from his prey he uncured,  
And he cast them adrift,  
And left them to shift,  
Void of means, on a pitiless world.

Thus riches increased, as the years came and went,  
But his frame grew withered and weak,  
Till a sound was heard  
At his bountiful board,  
That blanched his cadaverous cheek.

'Twas the angel of death that knocked at the door  
Of his proud, palatial hall,  
And he trembled with fear,  
As the hour drew near  
To respond to the Master's call.

Of what avail, then, his ill-gotten wealth  
To illumine his desolate path,  
Or to pilot his soul  
To its destined goal,  
'Yond the dismal Valley of Death.

But o'er his last hours let us throw a pall,  
And leave him to his doom,  
Whilst Charity pleads  
To forget his misdeeds,  
And cover his faults in the tomb.

#### HAD HIM THERE.

DUDE.—Oh! come, I say, y'know, seven' five cents is too much, y'know, bay Jawve! I ain't such a fool as I look, aw!

CABBY.—Ain't you, sir; then I only wish you was!

#### CHOKED TO DEATH.

Mr. Smith was choked with a piece of cartilage, and escaped instant death by a friend striking him a terrible blow between the shoulders while his chest rested on the table. After the gristle was removed he described his sensations of relief as so great that they only could be compared to the comfort a bilious person feels while wearing a Notman Liver Pad.

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for part VII of pamphlets issued by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.