

RONDO.

"I don't know how to flirt," she sighed;
And turned a peerless head to hide
A rising blush; "such fine art wants
A hand it finds in other haunts
Than these, white-blown of time and tide.

"But teach me; and, when I have tried
My hand on thee, I'll lay aside
My fear, nor falter to thy taunts
"I don't know how to flirt."

And such the pow'r we like the wide
World through; for guileless arts abide
When fail the wiles a woman vaunts
Before a man that nothing daunts
Till twin eyes twinkle, though lips chide
"I don't know how to flirt."

C. F. H.

Dr. —, the specialist, has the reputation of being very particular on the subject of his fees. The other day a lady, whom he was well aware could afford a larger honorarium, slipped into his hand a solitary sovereign; whereupon the physician snatched up a pair of spectacles, and went grovelling over the carpet as if in search of something he had dropped. "What are you looking for?" asked the lady innocently, and the man of science answered gruffly. "The other guinea, madam, it must have dropped on the floor!" His fair patient took the hint, put down the deficit on the table, and promptly conveyed herself out of the consulting room. Yet that medico will give his services to the poor and needy, who cannot afford to pay for them, with lavish generosity.

Some time ago there was an amusing column in *Punch*, giving absurd reasons for the presentation of *debutantes* and others at the Queen's Drawing-rooms—an equally interesting column might be compiled giving the objects of various bazaars. The very latest object is supplied by the Grange Free Church, Edinburgh, where a bazaar has just been held, the proceeds of which are to be applied in providing accommodation for ladies who may faint during the time of service. This is an encouragement to syncope, is it not?

AN interesting case was tried at the Mansion House Court the other day, when a certain James Baker was had up for attempting to corrupt a jury. The prisoner's crime did not go further than "chumming up" to a couple of jurymen and expatiating to them on the excellent character of the prisoner in chief, and the extreme improbability of his being guilty. The case is curious, as being the first one of its kind in England during the last 40 years.

"You wish to marry one of my daughters?" "Yes, monsieur, it is my dearest wish." "I give a dowry of fifty thousand francs with the youngest, one hundred thousand with the second, and one hundred and fifty thousand with the eldest." "You don't happen to have one older still, do you?"

"I wish to say to the congregation," said a minister, "that the paper is not responsible for the error of the printer on the tickets for the concert in the Sunday-school room. The concert is for the benefit of the Arch Fand, not the Arch-Fiend. We will now sing hymn six. 'To err is human, to forgive divine.'"

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A PROMISING PUPIL.—A little girl who had just entered school, lately jubilantly announced to her father that she did better than all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and went to the top.

"That was smart of you," said he, encouragingly. "How was it?"

"Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the top how much was 8 and 5, and she didn't know, and said 12; then the next girl said 9, and the next one said 11, and the next one said 14. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said 13, and Miss Maggie told me to go up top. Course it was 13."

"That was nice," said the father. "I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?"

"Why, I guessed it! Nobody said 13."

Pheasant shooting. Beaters in line, when a boy comes shouting from the side of the head-keeper and a retriever. Keeper (to Lord Woodcock). "Yes, yes, milord! is it a runner? Did your lordship mark it down?" "It is not ah, bird! ah, Jarvis! I've lost my whiskey flask between here and the last ride. Please, ah, breathe on the dog's nose and put him on it."

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked: "Whose baby was it?"

"It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.



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