



"So the world wags."

"HIGH DIDDLE DIDDLE" IN MILTON-IC VERSE.

Heard ye that mirthful melody? Remote
It rose; and straight the strain, approaching near,
Caught of the careful cat the critic ear—
Proud dame in tortoise decked or tabby coat,
The villain vermin's vixen-vanquisher,
Her frolic paw the festive fiddle smote,
Which, as high Hesper poured his glittering glance,
Inspired the not unawkward cow to dance
Above the balmy moon: all this beheld
The dog diminutive, while its strange romance
With laughter loud his simple bosom swelled:
The dish, nigh heaped with load of savory store,
Kissed the bright spoon, by kindred love impelled,—
Such is the nursery tale of infant lore.

* *

"The course of true love never did run smooth." If the young man doesn't find an obstacle in the shape of her father's boot, he needn't congratulate himself that all is clear sailing. From the conduct of the gentleman who is mentioned in the following lines I should say he was a "true" lover, but yet he came to grief even in the act of expressing his rapture under the most advantageous circumstances.

SHE MADE A MASH.

Full tender beamed the light of love down from his
usually face
As he pressed her to his bosom in a fervent, fond embrace:
No cost of others' happiness found place within his
thought;
The weakness of life's brittle thread no dim forebodings
brought.
But tenderer than the light of love, more brittle than
life's thread,
The shrouds that wrapped two other hearts gave up their
withered dead:
For crumbling in his waistcoat, their glowing future
dashed,
Two excellent Havanas were very badly mashed.
—Harper's Bazar.

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I have seen a good deal in the papers about Vanderbilt's great ball,—some of the remarks sensible, but most of them impertinent and ill-bred. If Mr. Vanderbilt was an intimate friend of mine—my son, for instance, it might be proper for me to tell him that he could easily find a better way of spending his money than by such a vulgar display, and I probably would tell him so—but what right have strangers, who happen to own newspapers, to expostulate in this cheeky style? However, Mr. T. R. Sullivan deals with one phase of the affair in a manner at once true and in good taste, as follows:

AFTER THE BALL.

"You're an angel!" she said, as she nibbled the pheasant,
(How her ravishing voice thro' my memory rings!)
And I lifted my glass, and I tried to look pleasant,
As I said: "Mia cara, I haven't the wings!"
"But you're rich!" she replied, my red Romanee scorn-
ing.
And I answered her back in the soberest tones,
"Yes, to-night, cara mia, but think of the morning,—
Who shall tell of the future of Bell Telephones?"

"You're an angel!" she cried, as the bill they presented
For a thousand and one of the choicest of things;
And, remorseless, she smiled at the score I resented—
"You're an angel, I tell you, for riches have wings!"
—Life.

* *

Women are proverbially quick witted as this one was. And, speaking of feminine fertility of resource, I have a little story to relate which I will call

BIDDY'S STRATEGY.

Bridget was the cook of the Rev. Dr. Savemall, a parson, living on the northern suburb of this city. "Bridget," said the parson one fine Sunday morning, "I wish you to cook two ducks for dinner, and to cook them with great care, as I will have a young parson just newly licensed, home to dine with me." Bridget cooked the ducks, when she received a visit from two Irish cousins, who persuaded her to let them eat the ducks, telling her she would have time to cook two others for the parson's dinner. The Irish cousins had scarcely left, when the parson, accompanied by his young friend, having returned earlier than usual, rang the bell. "Oh, gracious goodness!" said Bridget, in alarm, "the parson's returned, and no dinner! I will certainly be discharged, and in dull times like these I may be long without a situation." The parson having left his young friend in the parlor, walked into the kitchen and asked if all was ready. "All is quite ready," replied Bridget with suddenly assumed composure, "except that knife that is to be sharpened." "Let me have it," said the parson, who was not proud, "I can sharpen it more quickly than you." Leaving the parson sharpening the knife Bridget stole into the parlor to the young parson and with excited face and agitated voice exclaimed, "Oh, you poor, unfortunate man, what brought you here. Mr. Savemall is a monomaniac on physiognomy, and thinking he can judge of character by the shape of the ears, when the fit comes on him he cuts off the ears of any one who happens to be convenient. He has a particular fancy for the ears of young parsons like yourself, and as the fit is on him at present, he is determined to have yours now."

The young parson looked up with surprise and incredulity. "If you don't believe me," said Bridget promptly, "peep through the keyhole and you will see him sharpening the knife." The young parson peeped, and now thoroughly alarmed, exclaimed: "What is to be done? Are there no means of escape?" "Certainly there are," said Bridget. "I will lift the window; fly with all speed, and let no inducements bring you back."

Then returning to the kitchen to Mr. Savemall, she inquired with well-feigned indignation, "What sort of a confounded fool was that you brought home to dinner? Why, he has gone off through the window and has taken the two ducks with him." Mr. Savemall ran out with the knife gleaming in his hand, and seeing the young parson retreating over the fields, waved his hand aloft with the knife, and shouted, "Come back, come back, I'll ask only one of them!" The young parson saw the knife, and drawing his hands tenderly over his ears, while he increased the length of his strides, yelled in return: "No, you blood-thirsty lunatic, you won't get even one of them!"

Bridget saved her place.

* *

Of course I have been "moving"—that is, carrying out cooking stoves and sideboards and lamp chimneys and things and dumping them into a wagon, to be carried to the other house. It's an awful job, but the old dismantled home is a palace compared to the new house on your "first night." The forlorn

individual that the *Drummer* man thus tells about, knew how it was.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

"You seem in a bad fix," said a philanthropist to a man sitting on the curbstone looking much depressed in spirits.

"Have you no home?"

"Oh, yes, I've got one."

"Why don't you go there, then?"

"Because I don't want to."

"But you should, for the poet says, 'be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

"And right the poet was, too. I was at home not an hour ago, and the house was turned upside down, all the beds out of the window, and the furniture in the corners, and my wife with a dish rag around her head, and the children so dusty you couldn't clean 'em with a feather brush, and the hired girls raising Sam Hill, and four niggers beating carpets, and the paper hangers at work, and a window cleaner with a hose turned on, and no dinner and no prospect of any, and the deuce to pay generally—oh, you and the poet are shoutin', and you're mighty right too, there's no place like home."

* *

I wonder if Mr. Fenton ever dreamed that there may be a good deal of domestic drama as well as wickedness about this lottery business. There is something in the following little story which touches a cord of sympathy somewhere in my anatomy:

There is a man in Illinois who is industriously engaged in hating himself to death. His wife invested two dollars in a lottery ticket, and her husband got mad and boxed her ears, and drove her away from home with no baggage except a change of clothes and the ticket. The ticket drew \$5,000, and when he found it out he went to her to tell her how he loved her, and how he had always said she had a great head on her, but she wouldn't have it, and told him to go and soak his head. He says you can't depend on women.—*Exchange.*

ONE TUMBLER,

BUT THE OTHER DID NOT CATCH ON.

A very worthy individual, an alderman, had the misfortune to step on an orange peel a few days ago, and, sitting down on the sidewalk without the amount of deliberation which his weight requires, he sustained such injuries as confined him to the house for some days.

On his reappearance out of doors he was met by a friend who said, "Glad to see you out again. Heard you had met with an accident: were you much hurt?"

"Well, yes," was the reply, "I sustained serious injury, in the lumbar region."

"Ah! that's bad," rejoined the other, "but the skull wasn't fractured, was it?"

"Skull! what d'ye mean?" asked the alderman angrily, "I said lumbar region."

"Yes, yes, just so," said the other, "and when you told me lumbar region I, of course, thought you referred to your head."

"They don't speak now; but it was pretty rough on the injured party, now wasn't it, and him an alderman, too?"

A gentleman who had been thinking of buying a hack, having visited a menagerie, comes home radiant with joy. "I'm going to buy one of them zebras," he says: "one of them riled horses. They must carry much further than the ordinary sort."—*Ec.*

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It speedily effected my entire and permanent cure. Yours thankfully, Mrs. PAUL R. BAXTER, Iowa City, Ia.