## FLY TIME

Oh, the fly, the horrible fly ! Tickling,
Crawling about,
able insect, you get out!

Wading in paint on the lady's check, Leaving behind a tortuous streak, Confounded fly! From depths below, Never came pest that plagued us so. Fresh from the sty, The horrible sty, where the porkers lie. Even the dogs, with a snarl and a bound Snap at the insects that swarm around; The air is blue with cries that try To drown the hum of the edious fly.

When the weary pilgrim seeks repose, There's a hornpipe danced on the top

Singing,
Why, oh, why.
Were you created, postilent fly?
How strange it is that women will try
To kill with combat this villainous fly!
How strange it seems that a million

slain, To find the multitude doubled again! Whisking,
Frisking,
With clammy feet Hunting us out in every street

# SOMETIMES.

I wish to lead a pleasant life, Avoiding duns and debt, To keep aloof from care and strife, And neither game nor bet. Yet somehow it would be a cram To say I'm blest in lot ;—

It's very nice, when in a shop, To buy whate'er you view,
To buy whate'er you view,
Provided want of cash won't pop
'Twixt purchases and you.
I wish I were a wealthy man
To buy things that enchant;
Because you see sometimes I can,—
But then, sometimes I can't.

It's quite delightful—truly fun—
To act as thoughts may strike;
And pleasant, too, to leave undone
The thing one doesn't like.
I often wish to have my way,
Thus free from all restraint;

Because you see sometimes I may, But then, sometimes I mayn't An even temper to possess—
A mind that's balanced well—
Must be a bliss I can't express,

That tougue may never tell.

My temper's pretty fair, but still

Act tranquilly I don't:—

Because, you see, sometimes I will,

But then, sometimes I won't! Well, well! The best a man can do

begin to yellow and get sickly; and one wants moving, on the warm spring days, out into the fresh, sweet, breathing garden. Morbid? Yes, I should think so. I look at that bald head just in front of my desk, bent slantingly over the writing, every now and then raised to answer a question, and then ducking down again, until an almost incontrollable impulse comes over me to hurl an ink-bottle at it, I like the old fellow who owns it, but his head is so dreadfully monotonous, when one has to see it before one every day for a whole year. Then the well ordered murmurous silence all day long is sometimes intoler-

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well will The best a man can do
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Not too depressed when illea crue
At bias not too elevate the worker of the wery in the complex of the complex o A young lady at Osage, Iowa, who is partially deaf, in the habit of answering "yes" to everything when a gentleman is talking to her, for fear he might You have founded the workman's city was carried by acclamation. His Lord-ship then took his departure, and the propose to her and she would not hear upon your own efforts, by your own

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consuls, and emigration agents, with which the kingdom is overrun.

The question of placing emigration on a proper basis is an Imperial one, though colonists are occasionally told that the market is open to their exertions The question of placing emigration on a proper basis is an Imperial one, though colonists are occasionally told that the market is open to their exertions and they may compete for what they require. The proffered competition is, however, an unfair one. Colonial agents, like English consuls in foreign places, are gentleman of the strictest integrity, and they are instructed, as a rule (and very properly so), to understate the advantages offered to emigrants in the colonies they represent. Foreign land job bers, consuls, and emigration agents are not thus hampered; nor are they frequently troubled with scruples of conscience in quoting a rate of wages or a since, and was married forthwith.—

steed seemed just adapting themselves to the chase. It was not a case for delay, and the passengers demanded a stoppage of the cars, which was done, and the rescued lovers transferred, while bellicose papa sat afar off on his horse and swore and shook his pistol. And the bystanders blandly smiled upon the baffled and enraged pursuer.

the stories told at the expense of Mr. Greely's chirography is this: Years ago, when a young man he received a poem from a young lady in Vermont. He strongly suspected that all poetry was nonsense, especially if the lines did was nonsense, especially if the lines did not square at both ends, and as this particular poem did not come up to his peculiar mechanical standard for such literature, he threw it into the waste basket, and wrote to the authoress that he thought she would do much better to marry the first honest man that offered his hand, and mend his hose, and tend his babies than rack her brain