

THE WAY IT IS SAID.

The Sultan awoke with a stifled scream,
His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream ;
An omen of terrible import and doubt—
His teeth in one moment all fell out.
His wise men assembled at break of day,
And stood by the throne in solemn array.
And when the terrible dream was told,
Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold ;
And all stood silent in fear and dread,
And wondering what was best to be said.
At length an old soothsayer, wrinkled and gray,
Cried, "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say :
" 'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high—
Thou shalt see all thy kindred die."
Wroth was the sultan : he gnashed his teeth,
And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe,
As he ordered the wise man bound with chains,
And gave him a hundred stripes for his pains.
The wise men shook as the Sultan's eye
Swept round to see who next would try.
But one of them stepping before the throne,
Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone :
"Exult, O head of a happy State !
Rejoice, O heir of a glorious fate !
"For this is the favour thou shalt win,
O Sultan, to outlive all thy kin !"
Pleased was the Sultan, and called a slave,
And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave.
But the courtiers they nod with grave, sly winks,
And each one whispers what each one thinks :
"Well can the Sultan reward and blame ;
Didn't both the wise men foretell the same ?"
Quoth the crafty old Vizier, shaking his head,
"So much may depend on the way a thing's said !"

THE odoriferous zephyr fans the twilight's languorous hush,
And the meditative heifer wallows through the watery slush,
And the breeze is white with blossoms, and the air is soft as mush,
And the May-foam-spouting poet pours his cataracts of gush !

HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

Magistrate (to new policeman): Did you notice no suspicious characters about the neighbourhood ?

New Policeman: Shure, yer honour, I saw but one man, an' I axed him wot he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he: "I have no business here jest now, but I expects to open a jewellery store in this vicinity later on." At that I sez: "I wish ye success, sorr."

Magistrate (disgusted): Yes, and he did open a jewellery store in that vicinity, and stole seventeen gold watches.

New Policeman (after a pause): Begorra, yer honour, the mon may have been a thafe, but he was no loiar.

INCONSEQUENT.

An eminent ecclesiastic—shovel hat, smalls and gaiters—was making a dignified progress through a poor quarter of a city when his attention was attracted by a ragged little boy, who was laughing, jumping round, and behaving himself with a great show of exhilaration. His reverence was scandalized, thinking the child was not under the influence of the Scott Act.

"My little boy," he said, "what makes you behave so? What have you been doing?"

Boy stopped and gazed. "Doing nothing. Mother's dead; father's drunk; kids have the measles, and I don't care a continental. That's all."

"KEEP OUT OF DEBT."

"A man in debt
No rest will get
Until he's in the tomb;
His cares will weigh
So heavy, theigh
Will shroud his life in gloomb."

"He'll practise guile
And never smile,
His head with pain will ache ;
He'll groan and sigh,
And wish to die,
And thus his troubles shace."

"But owing none,
He'll have more sone
Than any king that reigns ;
He feels benign,
His health is sign,
And long life he atteigns."

O THOU, that win'st our fights,
Scatter the Gladstonites,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
May all their treason go for "nix."
God save the Queen !

WHAT TO SAY.

Old Abner was a money lender, and the stingiest man in his county. Ab. charged not only the legal rate of interest, but a good deal more when he had a chance for it. One evening he attended a revival meeting less than a thousand miles from Jamestown, where the appeals of the preacher and the confessions of various members of the flock so worked upon his feelings that he concluded he must get up and give his testimony. "Brothers and sisters," old Abner commenced, rubbing his big, bony hands together in a hesitating sort of way, "I hardly know wha-a-a-t to say thi-s evening." A profound silence succeeded the sentence, when some one from the rear part of the house yelled out in thunder tones: "Say ten per cent., Abner." Old Abner sank back into his seat, for once completely crushed.

"We don't want no franchise—we wants a vote!" was shouted out the other day at a political meeting by one of England's future masters. Perhaps the speaker is a descendant of the Radical farmer at Dover, who fifty years ago refused to vote for Sir John Rae Reed. "No," he said sturdily; "I'll never support no man what votes against animal parliaments and universal suffering!"

"I DON'T believe in this learning German, Spanish, French, o. any foreign language," said a man the other day. "Why, I lived among a lot of Germans, and got along with them just as well as if I had known their language; but I didn't—not a word of it." "How did you contrive it?" "Why, you see, they understood mine."

CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever, are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.