



WHISKEY DID IT.

UNCLE SAM demands an apology for the outrage on his flag at St. Thomas. Quite right; but let the apology be made by the guilty party, as above.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD UP TO DATE.

QUITE recently, in a country place, there lived a young girl and her mother. The girl was generally very happy, but at the time I write of, something had put her out very much. It was the hood her old Grandmother had given her. In the first place the hood was red; and red did not suit this girl's complexion at all, because her hair had a decided inclination towards that same hue. Then again, though the hood may have been fashionable when the Grandmamma was young; it certainly was not now; and the girl knew this, for had she not gone to school in town? But the girl's poor simple neighbors, who had not had the advantages of a town education, viewed the hood with admiration, and straightway named its wearer "Little Red Riding Hood." This of course was not her real name—O, no! She had been christened Amy, which name, by the way, she spelt "Aimee."

Well, one lovely spring day Little Red Riding Hood was complaining to her mother and saying she really could not wear that red hood any longer, for, besides being so unbecoming, it was altogether too warm for the spring weather, and was against all rules of Hygiene. Her mother thought for a moment and then said that she had an idea. She had heard that eggs and butter were very dear, and if Red Riding Hood would carry some fresh butter and eggs to her Grandmother, there was no saying what the old lady might not give her—even to a new spring suit. So the girl consented to take the things, and, putting them in her shopping-bag,—for of course she would not carry a basket—she started off.

Her way lay through the woods, and, as she walked along, now and then stopping to pick some flower which she pulled to pieces for botanical study, or to catch some unwary insect, which she wished to add to her Entomological collection, she was surprised to see approaching her, a large wolf. She was not afraid, however, because her modern education had taught her not to be afraid of anything—not even mice. So she bowed politely to the wolf, saying, "Good afternoon," to which the wolf replied, "How d'ye do," in a gruff tone of voice; for in these days

of the higher education, even wolves came in for their share of learning, and this was quite a polished animal, the only fault one could possibly find in him being the gruffness of his voice. 'Tis true he had had two operations performed upon his throat, but even the most skillful art could not quite overcome nature.

"May I be permitted to ask your name?" said the wolf, smiling engagingly.

"They call me Little Red Riding Hood," said the girl.

"Red Riding Hood," repeated the wolf. "O! from your style of dress, I presume. Excuse my saying so, but don't you think that the name is a trifle absurd? You see people don't wear hoods for riding now. They went out years ago."

"Yes, I know," said the girl dismally, and then she went on to tell him how she hated the cause of her nick-name, and how she was carrying eggs and butter to her Granny, in the hopes of getting a reward in the shape of a new spring suit.

"O, I see," said the wolf, "You are like all girls, never content unless you are 'in the swim.'"

Red Riding Hood did not like his flippant way of speaking, so she changed the subject and told him how

two paths ran to her Granny's house and met at the door like the apex of a triangle, and how she had often thought that it would save so much time, if one could only walk up the centre, on the principle that the height of a triangle is less than the length of its side.

The wolf was very much interested, and finally said, that



Mr. Junius Brutus Barnstormer's portrait, as that eminent actor viewed it at the lithographer's.