

## THE EVENING PARTY.

By G. WHILLIKENS, JR.

Oh, the music! oh, the music! in that house across the street,  
Listen to that old piano. Listen to the pounding feet  
Of the revellers who hold their orgies there!  
Keeping time, time, time,  
With their boots upon the floors,  
While the lime, lime, lime,  
From the ceiling on them pours.  
Till each rat and mouse is frightened from his lair.  
But still they prance and prance,  
In ripple, glide and waltz,  
And they dance and dance and dance,  
And not one of them halts;  
While the old piano rattles out of tune,  
And the girl who on it thumps  
Has got knuckles like Jim Mace,  
And she's got the joyful dumps,  
Judging from her stolid face,  
As she gazes on each empty-headed loon  
Who asks her to "go on."  
Just to have another "set,"  
And she lays her hand upon  
The keys of bone and jet,  
And she wishes all the party to the moon.  
But the wretched creature's hired,  
To play the evening through,  
And they think she can't be tired,  
For it's only half-past two.  
But at last the giddy revellers go home,  
They forget to say "good-by,"  
And the lady with a sigh,  
Marches off unto her lodgings all alone.

## TWO INJURED INDIVIDUALS.

As a Discolored Optic was proceeding down the street he met his old friend A Severe Cold, who was walking along with a most dejected and cast-down air.

"How now, old Severe Cold?" he cried, "what is the matter? You look terribly down in the mouth."

"I ab dowed id the bouth," was the reply. "I have good cause to be. I ab bladed for everything."

"How is that?" enquired the Discolored Optic, sympathizingly.

"Why, it's as plaid as a pikestaff," answered the other. "For istance, a bad goes od a regular old four-horse jamboree: he is too sick after it to go to work and the excuse is sedt to his employers that a Severe Cold has dearly killed him. I ab bladed whed I hadn't the first thig to do with the batter. Oh! they're a hard crowd, these bortals. Odly three days ago youg Skiderbilink wadted to go out of towd to a cock-fight, but didn't kdw what excuse to make to the badager at the office; what does he do? Sedd dowed word that a Severe Cold had settled od his lungs and wouldn't be shaken off, and there, whilst I was bladed for the young fellow's absedee frob duty, he was out havig a high old tibe backing the speckled badtad agaidst the pit. I say, old Discolored Optic, it ain't a fair show."

"Well, it isn't," replied the other, "but I am a pretty badly used up fellow too. Nobody believes me; I am put down as the biggest liar on the face of the globe. Just as soon as I appear I am asked how I got there; it's no good my saying that I was struck by a stick of wood, or that I ran against a door in the dark, or that a baseball hit me: all I get for telling the truth is a sneer and an incredulous laugh and my reputation as a prevaricator becomes more firmly rooted than ever."

"But you have such a blackguard appearance," suggested the other. "The very look of you is a dead give-away."

"I can't help that," replied the Discolored Optic. "I am as nature made me. You're not very good-looking yourself."

"Do, I don't suppose I ab," replied the Severe Cold, "but it's a shabe the way people treat us. There was Biss Baude Fitz Jades the other dight at a party ad they wadted her to sig; but she was sulky because youg Robid-sod was spoodig adother girl ad so she said she was very sorry but she couldn't sig as she had such a Severe Cold, ad there wadttthe first thig the batter with her; ad then every-body said 'It's too bad: these dreadful

Severe Colds; wud bust be very careful as they are so treacherous? So Biss Fitz Jodes got off sigging ad had her spite out as well ad I got all the blabe, ad was perfectly iddoceat all the tibe."

"Yes, it's doosid hard lines," agreed the Discolored Optic who was a bit of a rowdy, anyhow; "here's another instance: when I appeared on young Sluggermore's face after his little fatic difficulty with Knockerson, he told everybody that—"

"That what?" exclaimed the Severe Cold, "Surely he did'd tell the truth that tibe."

"No," answered the Discolored Optic, "he said I was due to a Severe Cold."

"Oh! by Jove," sighed the other, wearily, "it's too bad to go ad accuse be of havig adgthig to do with sluggig. Say, I be disgusted; let's go ad have sobethig. I'll take squills ad ditre ad hot gruel ad put by feet id a warb bath; what'll you take?"

"Oh! I guess I'll take a little raw beef-steak and go and hold myself up against a lamp-post for a time," replied the Discolored Optic.

"All right, good-bordig."

"Tra-la-la."

SWIZ.

## Grip's Clips.

*All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.*

"Why was I discharged?" indignantly asked a newly-hired reporter of the managing editor.

"Well sir; for the commonest reasons in the business."

"And what are they?"

"Well, I noticed in one of your items during the past week that you used the expression 'as it were' seven times, 'tripped the light fantastic toe' eleven times, and several other worn-out stereotyped expressions a corresponding number of times."

"Well, sir; I—"

"No further remarks; the decision of the court is final."

## A BIT OF A HUMORIST'S EXPERIENCE.

Here to-day and gone to-morrow. Same old lecture. Draws from the cradle to the grave. Delivered it fifty times a year for the last twenty three years. "The thinner the ice is, the more crazy every one is to see if it will bear." Guess I can hold out as long as my audience does. And, besides, if I was to write two lectures, like as not I should spoil them both. However, "every dog has his day," and "it's a long lane that knows no turning," as the giraffe said when he bit off his keeper's ear. Pshaw. You don't believe that story about the Michigan millionaire leaving a lot of money to some of us funny fellows, do you? Why, Eli Perkins told it first, and he was in the pool. "That makes a difference!" Well, I should say it did. Just for curiosity and to satisfy my creditors, see, I telegraphed to Grand Rapids. "And Hunt hadn't died and left me \$5,000?" Why, bless your soul, young man, there never was no such person. He never had a chance to die—

Henry W. Shaw (Josh Billings).

## HIS SPIRITS WERE DAMPENED.

The train halted for a few minutes at the station, and a young man who had been entertaining two fair maidens with his cultivated conversation during the last run rushed out and disappeared behind the door of an adjacent saloon. He swung himself on the car just as the train started, and pantingly re-

sumed his seat and the abruptly interrupted chit-chat.

"Gracions?" exclaimed one of the girls. "How frightened you look!"

"Do I?" he gasped. "I don't feel so. I only went out to see a friend."

"You must have met a wicked ghost," she said.

With a puzzled look he murmured, "Why, that's absurd. You know I don't believe in the supernatural."

"Perhaps not," she retorted, with the faintest suggestion of a sneer; "but your breath is awfully suggestive of bad spirits."

The youth muttered something about malaria, and concealed his pungent exhalations behind a paper.—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

## THAT ALTERED THE CASE.

"So you want a position as clerk, do you?" asked the proprietor of the hotel of a dapper young applicant.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had much experience?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I have been connected with a great many of the large hotels, and can give the best of recommendations."

"Well," said the landlord, "we want a clerk, but—" and he hesitated.

"But what?" asked the young man.

"You seem to have no diamond breastpin."

"Yes, I have. I've got a big one, but I thought I wouldn't wear it this morning."

"In that case," said the hotel proprietor, with a relieved look, "the position is at your service. I thought at first you had a diamond yet to purchase, and the way business is going on just now it might cramp me somewhat."

The following is a literal transcript of a sign on a Pennsylvania village store:—"Tea and Taters, Sugar and Shingles, Brickdust and Lasses, Whisky, Tar, and other Drugs."

"Young man," said an orator, impressively, "do you want to go to a drunkard's grave?"

"Well," replied the young man, with the careless grace of a man who isn't accustomed to refusing, "I don't care if I do. Whereabouts is your grave?"

A Dakota lawyer was recently arrested for stealing wood, but such was the power of his eloquence that he made the jury believe that he was only walking in his sleep, and thought that he was placing flowers on the grave of his first wife.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Benj. West used to say, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter." We infer that a great many sign painters, who turn out such signs as this: "John. H. Smith. Dealer. in. Dry. Good's. and. Notion's" were never kissed by their mothers.—*Norristown Herald.*

Two English ladies, travelling by rail, showed signs of being sick because the locomotive scattered a black and disagreeable smoke. "Sorry, mesdames," said a conciliating neighbor; "but, nevertheless, they can not put the locomotive in the smoking-car."

To a toast of "The babies—God bless them!" a railway conductor responded, "May their route through life be pleasant and profitable; their track straightforward, and not backward. May their fathers be safe conductors, their mothers faithful tenders, and their switch never misplaced!"

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits. Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.