



(London Fun.)

### THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

*Showman*—'Ere you see Wirtue a triumphing over Vice.

*Johnny Bull*—Please, sir, which is Vice and which is Virtue.

*Showman*—You pays your money, my dear, and you takes your choice.

inhospitable, but I think your best plan is when you've dropped me at the house, to take your friend straight home in the buggy."

"Certainly, certainly, sir," replied Coddleby, "I'm sure I can not sufficiently thank you for your kindness."

Both relapsed into silence, now, which was broken only by Crinkle's nasal melody, and in a quarter of an hour the residence of Mr. Douglas was reached.

"Now, I'll say good-night, Mr. Coddleby," said that gentleman, stepping out of the buggy. "I will tell your friends that you have gone home, and the ladies that Mr. Crinkle is indisposed, now, good-night," and he shook hands heartily with Coddleby and entered his garden, as James drove off in the direction of the Rossin House.

When Mr. Douglas entered his drawing room he found only his wife, Mr. Burgoodle and Yubbts there, the lady being engaged in pouring out tea into several cups, whilst Mr. Burgoodle descanted with a most important air on several subjects which did not appear to interest his hearer, Yubbts, in the least, for he was making heroic efforts to prevent himself from yawning and seemed to hail the appearance of Mr. Douglas with the greatest relief.

"Why!" exclaimed the last named gentleman, "where is my little girl, and where is our friend Mr. Bramley?"

"Oh! papa," answered his wife, who usually addressed him by this title, "they thought it was such a beautiful night that they strolled out into the garden, but here they come," as the missing pair stepped into the room through the open venetian window.

"Ha, so you found the wanderer, Mr. Douglas," exclaimed Bramley, "what have you done with him?"

"Well, as he felt somewhat stiff after sleeping in the open air, and not fit for company, (which was very true), he has gone to the hotel accompanied by Mr. Coddleby."

"Well, I'm glad he's found," said Bramley, "I trust his poem will be entertaining."

Mr. Douglas feeling that a change of subject was desirable, handed his daughter a cup of tea, and requested her to favor them with some music, to which she immediately assented.

(To be continued.)

### OUR HORSE.

WE live in the country. That is why we keep a horse—this horse, that is. He would not do for the town, he would frighten the other horses.

We call him a horse, but he is more like a cow. Not that he gives milk, but in his action and rate of speed. Indeed we are thinking of driving a tandem some day by hitching the cow in front of the horse. No one would know the difference between them.

The sensibilities of our horse are blunted. We use a whip—in fact we use a great many whips in the course of a year; they wear out—we use a whip, but he doesn't seem to feel it; when smitten on one cheek he placidly turns the other.

What do we keep him for? What a stupid question. We keep him because we cannot sell him. It would be a pity to shoot him, too. The powder and shot would cost too much, compared with his value. And besides, there is a peculiarity about our horse that makes him worth keeping; instead of sleeping at night, as most horses do, we have every reason to believe he chooses the time of day when we go out for a drive to sleep. The only thing that wakens him is a Salvation Army procession, so that if we want to drive a little less slowly than usual (fast is out of the question), we choose a time when the Salvation Army is out and follow the procession.

### ONE OR T'OTHER.

(SCENE—Road from Busby to Eaglesham. Two countrymen who have left Busby behind are staggering homewards.)

First Countryman—Whit o'clock is't Bob?

Second do. (after spending some time examining his watch in the moonlight)—It's either ten minutes past eicht or twenty minutes tae twa.—*The Bailie.*