



TO OUR GENTLEMEN CRITICS.

"There, I have a short dress, thick boots, and no false hair; now what fault have you got to find?"

FACETIE.

MR. CHARLES MACKAY has been raising his voice against the fashionable slang of the day. He says that the vulgar among the middle and upper classes of England affect exaggeration in their epithets. "Very good" and "very bad" are phrases that are seldom heard, having been superseded by such words as "awful" and "dreadful." A very pretty girl is an awfully pretty girl, or a dreadfully fine woman. The golden youth, male and female, as well as the lower grade of people who ape their manners and language, are at some times "awfully jolly," at other times "dreadfully bored." "I was at an awfully nice dinner party last night," says one. "You should see the new farce," says another; "it's screamingly funny." "I am going down to Brighton next week," says a third; "it is so jolly to be by the briny." While a young lady accepting a bouquet from an admirer graciously acknowledges the gift with the words, "Oh, thank you so much! Ta! awfully ta!" which must have sounded like the use of a foreign language, and is certainly the height of slang. The English laugh at the Americans for their expressions, but it is evident that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

A contemporary says: "We don't know that any man ever owned an umbrella for two years—that is, the same one. If there is any such man in the country, we should be pleased to receive his name and address, not necessarily for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith. We think he would be a curiosity, and would, furthermore, be quite an acquisition to some travelling show. Besides, we should like to borrow his umbrella."

ODE TO THE COMING LIGHT—A DOMESTIC DITHYRAMBIC.

BY MRS. GINGHAM.

Ooray!
I'm glad as I 'ave lived to see the day
When them there gas directors gets a staggerer.
Which a more stucc-up swaggerer
Than your gas-man—'cept p'raps your water-rater—
Ain't to be found in natur.
But this electric light 'll check their capers.
Lor' bless yer, they're a-writing to the papers,
Protesting, and pool-pooling, and explaining,
Trying to show as losing ground means gaining,
And with percentages themselves confusing,
All which I must say's mightily amusing.
To me.
But 'tain't no good; the coming light will come,
You'll see;
And gas 'll have to go, like tie and taller,
And soon we shall consider it quite rum
That we could do so long with light so yaller,
So gaw to flickering spurts and smoky fares,
So dismal, dim, and dingy.
As with this bright electric light compares
Like dowdy homespun agin' shawls from Ingy.
I don't purress to understand the process—
Which coils and carbon-points to me is riddle—
But all I knows is,
I 'ain't no patience with the indiwiddles,
Greedy monopolists or timorous fogies,
As looks on new inventions as on bogies;
Sich is the parties as would suer and scoff
At Edison and that there Jablockhoff
(I 'ope his name's spelt right—these forren Misters
Goes in for reg'lar twisters);
But them as knows says there's no call for fright;
That this electric light
Is bright,
And white,
Don't give no heat, nor yet no smoke,
Nor nasty sooty dunes as soil and choke.
(Which going nowadays to a theayter
Is bad as swelterin' in Etny's crater.)
And then the gilt and whitewash, paint and picters!
Well, I do 'ope them nagging contrydictors
As deals in nussers and strickers,
Swearin' the light's too brilliant, deathly blue,
Orkard, expensive, and Old Nick knows what,
Will be proved wrong; drat the cantankerous crew!
I'd shet up the 'ole lot
Four hours in that there gallery at the "Folly,"
The gas full on; I 'ope they'd find it jolly.
No; gas may 'ave its uses still, no doubt;
But them as makes it 'ain't bin so perlitte
That we should fret ourselves for their look-out—
Not quite!
If Jablockhoff, or Edison, or others,
Can give us better light and fewer bothers,
More wital air and not no noxious wapers,
In spite of all the croakers in the papers,
I begs to say, emphatical, So be it!
And may I live to see it!

NEW DEFINITION.

TEACHER. "Now what is the meaning of the word chasm?"
PUPIL. "It is an opening."
TEACHER. "Favor me with an example."
PUPIL. "The Paris Exhibition had a chasm at the beginning of May."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

ROUGH (disguised as a seaman, with painted bird for sale). "Beg pardon, Sir; me and my mate have got a wery valuable bird for sale; we don't know its name, but p'raps you can tell us?"
MILD-LOOKING OLD GENT (who is not to be taken in). "Well, judging from its companions, I should say it was a jail-bird."

FROM THISTLEDOM.

A minister in the south of Scotland had a parishioner, we are told, who, to show her affection for her pastor, sent him every morning by the hands of her daughter a couple of what she wished him to understand were new-laid eggs for breakfast. The eggs on being delivered were generally warm, as if just taken from the nest; but one morning the minister's maid, on taking the eggs from the girl, observed, "The eggs are no warm the day, Jeannie; are they no fresh?"
"Ou ay," said the girl; "they're quite fresh, but my mither couldna get the cat to sit on them this morning."

"Do you call those clothes?" said, sternly, a customs official to the woman who had sworn that there was nothing in her trunk but clothes for herself and husband, and, as he spoke, he pointed to six bottles of brandy.
"Yes," said she, softly, "those are his night-caps."

BANNOCKS (NOT SCOTCH) AND BREEKS.

"Ieh ter scheneral around?" asked an excited Israelite, as the United States troops passed through Siatuka, recently, in pursuit of the fleeing Bannocks.
"Well, my man," said General Howard, reining in his horse, "what is it? Speak quick."
"I am a roolin' man, scheneral. Dem cured redskins dey murder my boy Shacob about five miles from here, and stitael a dozen pair of pants he vos peddin'—new pants, so hellup me kracious—right out of my shitore!"
"Sorry for your loss, my man, but haven't time to talk about it now. If we catch up with the demons we'll stop their devilties for good and all."
"Yes, I know, scheneral; I know," eagerly whispered the bereaved "ready-made" merchant, hanging desperately to the general's stirrup; "dot's all right; but ven you come up mit dose Indians vot got dose new pants on, for kracious sake, scheneral, tole de soldiers to shoot high!"



A RELIC OF THE PAST.

UPRIS. "Rattlebone's mouth is dis- . . . by the absence of one of his front teeth. His little son surprised him the other day by asking, 'Pop, why do you part your teeth in the middle?'"

HE PREFERRED TO WALK.

"She's pretty hot, ain't she?" said a backwoods passenger, addressing the engineer of a Mississippi steamer that was racing with another boat. "So-so," responded the engineer, as he hung an additional wrench on the safety-valve cord to stop the steam from escaping. "I reckon we'll overtake that craft soon," pursued the stranger. "That's about it," returned the engineer, giving the cord another twitch, and hallooing through the trumpet to the fireman to "shove her up." "One hundred and ninety-five," hummed the passenger, looking first at the gauge and then at the boilers. "That's about where she's rusticated," put in the engineer. The passenger ran his finger through his hair nervously, and walked about the decks for a few minutes, when he came back to the engineer and observed, "Hain't you better leave that boat go?"
"Can't do it. Must pass her."
"But s'posed we should blow up?"
"Well," said the engineer, as he peeped over the guard to see how fast he was going, "if it is the will of Providence for the boat to blow up, we'll have to stand by it."
Then he hallooed to the fireman to coal, and give her a little more turpentine and oil. The next moment there was a splash in the river; but before the yawl could be lowered the man had succeeded in reaching the shore, and hallooed out: "Go on with the race. I gues I'll walk."



HONEST WITH A VENGEANCE.

MRS. MULLOY. "Eight collars? Oh yes, ma'am, it's all right; I've brought mine."



ELDER SISTER. "Well, dear, did you have a pleasant time at the theatre to-night?"
YOUNGER DITTO. "Oh, it was just lovely! I cried all the time."
ELDER SISTER. "Did you? Oh, how I wish I'd been there!"