



NEW WORDS TO AN OLD AIR—APPROPRIATE FOR SPRING WEATHER.

If a body meet a body
Coming through the rain,

And snatch a body's nice umbrella,
Shouldn't she complain?

See, mine is a large umbrella,
'Twill safely shelter twain.

Two hearts that fondly beat as one
Are coming through the rain.

FACETIE.

While in Algeria a mighty hunter went off on a long excursion, accompanied by a native guide whose face and manner were not too inspiring of confidence. They had scant luck, provisions ran short, and the guide proposed to his employer a dish of broiled monkey.

"I don't know," said the European, though he was hungry; "what does it taste like?"

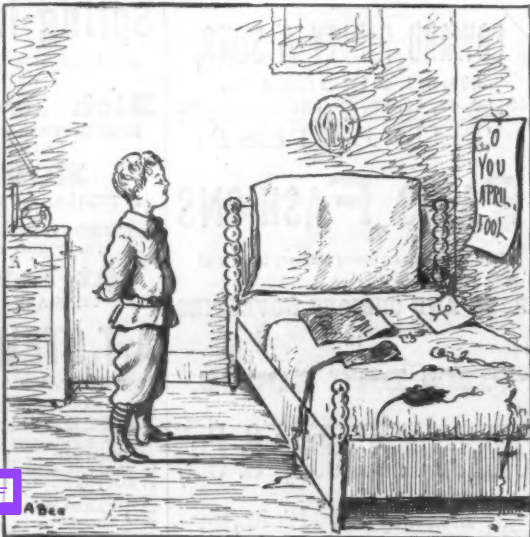
"It's tenderer than man, but not so juicy," replied the guide, in the most matter-of-fact manner. The European at once broke up camp and returned homeward, insisting on carrying his own gun and having his guide in front.

Curse.—The tendency of clubs in all times has been to destroy our youth. Hardly had our first ancestors been driven from Eden before Abel, a young man, was killed by a club.

At bedtime little Willie was saying the usual prayer at his mother's knee, and having got as far as, "If I should die before I wake, I begotten,"

"Well, what next?" asked his mother.

"Well, I s'pose the next thing would be a funeral."



FORETHOUGHT.
PREPARING FOR THE FIRST.



BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

Young men should take pattern by pianos—be square, upright, grand.

A teetotaler says the drop curtain of a theatre is so called because the gentlemen go out for a drop while it is down.

A Chinese official, having been shown a thermometer, expressed his surprise that the mere movement of a thin thread of mercury could make the weather so much cooler.

"The book trade is affected," I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feels it most?"

"Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.

A clever minister recently said: "The time is surely coming when stealing will be a thing of the past." The explanation of this to the inquiring Californian was, "Because there will be nothing left to steal."

The Duc de Morny's definition of a polite man is the hardest to realize of any ever given. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."



SMALL BOY. "Say, Mister, you've got suthin pinned onter yer Coat."
SMART MAN. "No, no; that's too thin. First of April—can't fool me."



A COLLEGE FRESHMAN INITIATED FOR LIFE.