

ONE OF OUR TRAMPS.

'Ah, yes, mum, I've got Seven Small Children at me as hasn't had bite nor sup for three days."

A PRIVATE VIEW OF THE SEVEN SMALL CHILDREN.

FACETIÆ.

A LADY advising another about dress writes: "Be ure and be as tight as possible. To be well dressed, our must have your skirts tied closely together at the ack, just under the bend of the knee. Your corsage ust be so tight as to fit like the skin, and the sleeves so must look as if moulded to the arm, as ot to be able to stoop or sit down, or is eyour arms to tie your veil, or even to at on your hat."

A young lady at Niagara was heard to claim, "What an elegant trimming at rainbow would make for a white ce over dress!"

rofessor was expostulating with a tt for his idleness, when the latter It's of no use; I was cut out for a

ntimes a woman ransacks the house for a pin, and, not being find one, drops into a chair with t, and is immediately rewarded for rch.

The refined style, so as not to shock people's nerves, was invented by the boudoir journalist, Adolphus de Creme. He thus writes of a recent event: "A Missouri man has, we regret to record, coaxed a boy to take sulpluric acid, and a crowd, we rejoice to promulgate, coaxed the man to play pendulum from the branch of a shady tree."



AN UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERY.

FOND MOTHER. "I wonder why Zeb'lon Sprote don't come and see us as often as he used to. I'm sure he was always puffeckly welcome, and Sary Jane used to sing and play ter him hours together."

A country subscriber says that while operating a reaping-machine the other day, one of his cows got in front of it, and he soon had beef \dot{a} la moved.

A Chicago livery-man secures the patronage of lovers y having the seats of his vehicles made rather small

had gone away.

A certain Detroiter would feel like kicking any one who hinted that his mind was not always keenly interested in his business. And yet, the other moon, when he locked his desk to go to dinner, he dropped his key on the floor without notieng the loss, put on his hat and gloves, and was ready to go out, when he called to the office boy and asked:

"Joe, have yon seen my desk key around?"
Joe hadn't. They hunted around for two or three minutes without finding it, and then the gentleman said,

"That's just one of my tricks. I've gone and locked that key up in the desk."

A new social philosopher says the art of flirting is in its infancy. It will be a sad day when the thing is grown up.

What is the difference between horse-racing and going to church?—One makes men bet, the other makes them better.

MAKING EYES.

MAKING EYES.

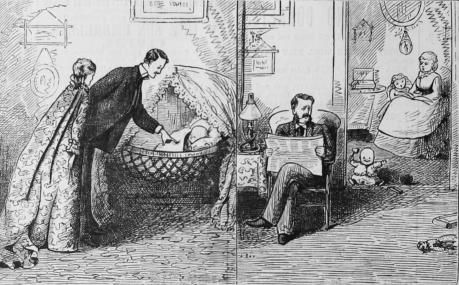
So many things a girl can make, I can not fathom why So few can turn us out a cake, Or make an apple-pie.

Excuses they can make, galore, Fair bouquets, wreaths, and ties; But they delight in something more, And that is "making eyes."

A girl can make a man a fool—See history for that—Can make a man a fool—See history for that—Can make a man a fool—Ive pondered with surprise on this: her rarest, dearest art, You know, is "making eyes."

A woman makes the moments fly—She makes the cash fly too; Fohmat a cash fly too what a cash fly too; Fohmat a cash fly too; Fohmat a cash fly too what a

LATER MATRIMONIAL STAGE. I wish to goodness, Mary, you would take that child up stairs, put it to sleep, or-something."



EARLY MATRIMONIAL STAGE.



TON VERSUS HYGIENE.

BLANCHE (to Ethel, both just returned from their summering). "Why, how thin you look!" ETHEL. "Of course, my dear: four toilettes a day, and the German four times a week, are lesides, one doesn't wish to come back to society looking like a dairy-maid."



THE CEN-X-IAL.

LADY (in chair, languishingly, to propeller). "And of what nativity may you be?" PROPELLER. "Oirish."