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The New Year's Reception.

BY EARL MARSH.

And we shall receive with you today!
Ah! this is the day of the year!

Now the time has largely passed away
since the day you invited us, auntie dear!

It was long ago. Two weeks. He, he,
had such bright visions it brought to view!

And we talked about it so much that we
Was glad, I believe, when we said adieu.

The ring? Oh, yes! I engaged, you know,
Why this is old now. I supposed you

The proposal was made a month ago.

His name? And you haven't so much as a
glimpse?

No, not I shall tell you nothing at all.

Just wait and watch, and a romance weaves
From among the gentlemen who will call.

For he knows that we are here to receive,

It's only a poor, dear aunt, you know;

But what are the odds if a diamond he?

"A pearl for the pearl," he said, while glow-

shed from my heart to my cheeks, you

And a pearl might suit her better today.

From the brightest diamond he might give,

A diamond through a princess eye.

And though a love die, it still will live,

And the pearl? For instance if he should

To-day with the wins in a muddled head,

Instead of distinctly on the lip,

My love for him would be withered and

dead.

And what would I do? I would pour his

Of the wine that had wooed his brain

away.

And would drop therein, before he had quaffed.

The ring with only a pearl's mild ray.

For it would be better, dear aunt, you know,

To have love's symbol dissolved in wine,

As that had destroyed love's self, than to go

To another and weaker hand than mine.

PROVERBS IN ACTION.

Proverbs can be played in impromptu style with pleasure and profit, and can also be dramatized so as to amuse crowded audiences of cultivated people. But they are, perhaps, funnier when done in the former manner, and the costumes are caught up from the entry and the properties from the kitchen.

In this case the most eccentric farce can be given to the sentiment and pronunciation of the words used, and the alternate scenes may be represented in tableau, pantomime or charade. A few specimens of each will be given here, from which even the youngest reader can gain ideas enough to enable him to choose the proverbs and arrange the action for himself.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

Scene I.—A cottage interior represented by any room with wash-tub, chair, spinning-wheel, or any articles of domestic use. The old dame sits in a high-backed chair, and seems intent on convincing her family of the importance of keeping busily employed at home. Each one of her daughters is at work at some domestic labor.

Her son enters, dressed in a walking costume with plaid shawl over his shoulders and a bundle in his hand.

"Now, boy, hear boy," says the old lady. "I hope you will think better of your foolish plan of going out to serve, and be content to help your father in carrying on his farm, which will be yours some day if you attend to it well."

"But, mother," says the boy, "I want to see the world."

"The world is a poor place, my dear boy, and full of trouble."

"Never mind, mother; you will rejoice to see me back again when I have made my fortune."

"Fortune will come to you, my son, if you work hard at home."

"I hate farm-work, mother, and have made up my mind to go. So goodby all."

The son gaily marches off, and the mother allows him to the door and looks earnestly after him, waves her handkerchief a few times, then totters to her chair and cries bitterly. The girls all cry in concert, and then dry their eyes and continue busily at work until the curtain falls.

Scene 2.—The same room with much better furniture and adornments. The old lady and her daughters in evening dress are engaged with fancy-work and books, and one young lady plays a cheerful tune on the piano. The door opens and a gust of snow is blown into the room by means of a pair of bellows, and a large quantity of very small scraps of writing paper. A terrific wind howls without, the sound being produced by blowing into a glass bottle.

The son enters with rage and tatters hanging from his clothes. His cheeks are chalked at the idea, so that he looks very much enraged. He holds out his right hand as if asking a blessing, and tears heavily on a rough cane with his left. No one recognizes him at first, until he says—

"Don't you know me, mother? I have come home desolate."

The mother rushes into his arms, and the girls welcome him eagerly. One runs out for provisions, another spreads the table, and all try to show their welcome and sympathy. He sits at the table and eats ravenously, and then says—

"Another pretty entertainment is this!"

THE FIGHTERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

A fat enterer stands about with eyeglasses and cane, seeming too proud to speak to common people. A sape girl enters carrying a basket of clothes on her head, and the boy eyes her with disgust at the passes him and knocks off his hat accidentally with her basket. He is very angry and shakes his fist at her as she goes out of sight.

But his manner suddenly changes, as he sees a lady with showy bonnet, thick veil and elegant cloak, and he makes no effort to a glove does the fingers are now being introduced, and an eminent medical authority recommends them, as they are likely to promote cleanliness, being very much annoyed at his crudeness, but passes out of sight rap prevent troublesome soft corns, and a bunion foot deformity.

of his cane and putting on air, when he again beholds the same costume approaching. Gaining courage, he sidles up and offers his arm to the lady, who accepts it to his delight, and they walk up and down together. He tries in vain to get a view of her face, which she keeps averted; but finally he lifts her veil, when he beholds the same colored woman that he met at first, who has put on the bonnet and cloak of her mistress. The mistress enters also now, and both the women laugh at the discomfited boy, who slinks away in disgrace as the curtain falls.

He Knew How.

"Do you want any blankets?" inquired a kindly looking chap of McMasters, at the general superintendent's office yesterday.

Mac said they did; road rushed with business and men all overworked.

"Guess I'll try it a spell," said the stranger.

"All right, sir," replied Mac. "Ever

on any breaking?"

"What road?"

"The Skowhegan Turnpike; broke on lumber trucks down Johnson hill for two years. That's an awful hill, stranger—two miles long and steeper than roof there, and you bet it took a power of muscle to hold her. If a wheel slipped she was gone. I reckon

He was taken on probation, and in spite of an hour returned, saying that the conductor of the crew to which he had been assigned wanted a gallon of red oil for the danger signal lanterns on the rear of the train.—Boomerang.

Tired of Tenderfeet.

When Joe Son, of Denver, was asked the cause of his weariness, he replied: "Why, it makes me tired to hear these tenderfeet talk about their exploits and blood-curdling experience in digging a ten-foot hole in Hall's Gulch or some other remote suburb. Every lung has been driven from the East whose people have given him \$50 to recruit on, and who have spent two years in the mountains.

It was at the close of the wedding breakfast. One of the guests arose, and, glancing in hand, said: "I drink to the health of the groom—May he see many days like this." The intention was good, but the bride looked as if something had dispensed her.

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Were the Indians bad in those days, Joe?"

"Oh, Lord, yes! I stood at Forty-second and Black one morning in 1868 when a man on a ranch on Bijou River drove up with two bodies in his wagon, one a woman and the other her little boy or 6 or 8 years old. They had been murdered by the Indians the night before. The husband happened to be absent and escaped, but if you had seen him take on when he looked into their boxes and saw the horrible butchery of the woman he loved and the little child he had made the old ranch a home as cheerful as any in the broad land, he would have felt uneasy for the redskin he might run across even on a reservation.

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A new taste in men and women—She: "What a fine-looking man Mr. O'Brien is!" He: "H'm—hah—rather rough-hewn, I think. Can't say that I understand alone?" asks a modern philosopher. No, respected sir; no person but the man who burst his suspender-button in a crowded drawing-room can do that.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it isn't the jaw-bone.

"Wood is the thing after all," as the old man said when the mad dog bit a large splinter out of his wooden leg and got choked with it.

When you ask the old gentleman how his daughter is coming on, and he brasely snaps back at you "well enough," take our advice and let well enough alone.

A young man in South Carolina, only 20 years of age, has been engaged nine times. It is seldom that a youth of his age has been the hero of so many narrow escapes.

Two new comets have made their appearance in the starry field, but they will not attract much attention, as it is getting too late for young people to sit on the front steps.

"How is the earth divided?" asked a pompous examiner, who had already worn out the patience of the class. "By earthquakes," replied one boy, after which the examiner found that he had enough of that class.

A lot of women voted in Binghamton, New York, the other day, and when their tickets were handed them they wanted to take them home and run them around the edges so they wouldn't ravel out. A woman knows lots about the ballot.

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