

LITTLE POLLY WOG.
A tree-tops I satified in apple-green,
Sat on a log, and shirly sang,
Beside a pond, and shirly sang,
"Come forth my Polly Wog—
My Pol—my Ly—my Wog—
My pretty Polly Wog—
I've got a new love to say,
My darling Polly Wog—
The air is heavy for
No stars are out to wink and blink
At you, my Polly Wog—
My Pol—my Ly—my Wog—
My graceful Polly Wog—
Oh, Harry, my beloved boy!
My darling, Polly Wog!"

Just then two great louds, and then
A sitting on the log.
The other end I mean—the moon
Showed angry Polly Wog.
Her small eyes flashed, she swelled
Until
She looked almost a frog:
"How dare you call me, sir?" she said.
"You're precious Polly Wog?"
Why, what would think my life was
spent?
In some low muddy bog;
I'd have you know, to strange young
toads, Miss Mary Wog.
My name's Miss Mary Wog.
One wild, wild laugh from tree-top
gave
And bounded off the log.
And on the ground he kicked and
screamed:
"Oh, Mary, Mary Wog!
Oh, Ma—oh, Ry—oh, Wog;
Oh, precious Miss Mary Wog!
Oh, goodness gracious, what a joke!
Hurr for Mary Wog!"

The Cause of the 'Splision.
"I would invite you to my
house, brother Jackson," said Deacon Johnson, as he emerged from
church last Sunday evening, "but
I dunno as well get any supper
dis night, the cook stove—an so
driffully out ob matter?"

"What's a matter widde stove?"

"Why, you see, cold wedder am
comin' on and wood's gettin' skes
an' high, an' I've stracted de folks
to be berry ekonomical in de usin'
ob it. We's bin buyin' in small lots,
an' last night, bein' out of fuel,
I sent one ob my boys ober to a
neighbour's to borrow a few sticks.
De man or his family had gone to
bed ov'n'the lateness ob de hour,
an' dat boy, who would 'spise to do
a' un honest transaction, wrote out
his note for de value ob de wood,
an' droppin' it in a prominent place
in de woodshed, shouldered an
armful an' brought it home."

"Jesus sah!"

"Well, a fire was kindled, de tea
kettle put on, de ole woman she is
gitin' de sappin'. All ob a sudden,
buff went de stove, zoom! kewsh.
Kewsh went somethin', and as I
tumbled over, I saw de ole woman
makin' for de roof, with de tea kettle
and the stove-plates followin' her,
while de boys an' de gals was
black wid snuit as de ace of spades.
De stove's goose was cooked for a
fact."

"What was de cause ob de
sploshun?"

"I'm strongly inclined to believe
dat dar was powder in dat wood,
an' dat de powder was done put-in
dar by dat white man to ketch some
thievin' darkeys wat neber buy
no wood, an' dressed of I don't
tink dat man speets me, kase—he
couldn't find dat note, and won't
make any 'poligies."

"Dat am an outrage."

"For a fact, an' de children's
supper was spilled, too."

Too Severe a Remedy.

"Have you anything to cure
(his) drunkenness?" inquired
good-natured inebriate as he stumbled
into a Chicago doctor's office
the other day.

"There is only one cure for
drunkenness," replied the physician
gravely, "and that is to stop drink-
ing."

This reply seemed to make the
visitor feel disappointed, for looking
up after a moment he sadly said:

"Well, then, doctor, I guess I'd
rather (his) never be cured."

And he stumbled out of the door
without further consultation over
his c.c.e.

A gentleman was examining an
umbrella and commenting upon its
fine quality. "Yes," said a person
present, "he fancies everything he
sees." "And," added a third party,
"is inclined to seize everything he
fancies."

Woman is never so amiable
as when she is useful; and as for
beauty, though men may fall in
love with girls at play, there is
nothing to make them adhere to
their love like seeing them at work
—engaged in the useful offices of
the home and family.

A Yankee in Paris, who was lis-
tening to the boasts of a lot of Eng-
lish and French artists about the
wonderful genius of their respective
countrymen, at last broke out,
saying: "Oh, phaw! You git
out! Why, there's Bill Davine, of
our village, who kin paint a piece
of cork so exactly like marble that
the minute you throw it into the
water it will sink to the bottom
just like a stone."

One-Touch in NATURE.—They
are taking evidence in a divorce
case for cruelty. The husband is
under examination. His wife,
prostrated with grief, is weeping
bitterly, covering her face with her
handkerchief. "Now," says the
judge, "are you not ashamed to
have thus brutally treated your
wife—a tender young woman of
twenty-four? The wife suddenly
raised her head. "I beg your par-
don," she sobbed—"twenty-four only."
And the again gave way to her
sobs.

In matters of prudence the best
thoughts are last.



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