

"Phung Trame".

Phunygams.

AFFECTING POETRY.

When old Carlow sits on Sally's chair,
Oh! don't I wish that I were there;
When her fairy fingers pat his head,
Oh! don't I wish I was he instead.

When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
Oh! don't I wish my neck was his'n,
When Sally kisses Carlow's nose,
Oh! don't I wish that I were those.

The Sprague Craig breach of promise case, in Chicago, developed some extraordinary orthographic eccentricities, such as spelling, "Erysipelas," "Kissplads," and "Wildcats," "Yid-kat." It has stimulated a literature in the Chicago "newspapers" quite as wonderful. Here are some samples:

TO MARY CRAIG,
Elysian Spring, one's head bid die,
Who can spell wroth a dera,
Yea turned your back to Mandy Craig,
And now yer gunny's broke!

Downe with yer greenback, let 'em tro',
So Mandy Craig, ye're broke!
A luyter who no tumber's got,
Nor weakness of the A.

TO AMANDA
Amanda Craig, that gushing girl,
No way dnames her scholars,
Since she's now a poor old Sprague,
A hundred thousand volte!

VICTOR VERMILION

When at the breath of summer comes

The air is fragrant laden,
In droquet laid upon the lawns,
The maid becomes the maiden.
But when with woman's chilly blasts,
To help her,
Upon the icy sidewalk lies
The maid becomes a slipper.

—♦—♦—♦—

A knowing traveler out West,
who had chartered half a bed in a
crowded hotel, and was determined to
have the better half, buckled a spur
on his heel before turning in. His
unfortunate sleeping partner bore the
infection as long as he could, and at
last roared out:—

"Say, stranger, if you're a gentle-
man, you ought to cut your toe-nails."

—♦—♦—♦—

A worldlying was once visited
in his illness by a well-meaning but
dolorous clergyman, who disgured
his countenance and wore a face of
perpetual mourning.—As his sad vi-
sage appeared in the door-way, the
sick man started up and exclaimed:
"Why, what's the matter with you?
You look as if your religion didn't
agree with you!"

—♦—♦—♦—

A pious woman in great dis-
tress told a poor lady to whom she ap-
plied for assistance, that she could not

Wash dishes or go to market—for she had never done such a thing for herself—but she would be willing to do the lady's reading and praying for a "dollar a day, and two good square meals." It is unnecessary to say that her services were not required.

☞ A Welsh clergyman applied to his diocesan for a living. The bishop promised him one; but as the clergyman was taking his leave he expressed hopes that his lordship would not send him into the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, sir!" said the bishop, "what has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she?" "No, my lord," said the parson, "but she lectures."

☞ A curate, who adopted a monotonous whine in his prayers, on being remonstrated with by his diocesan, pleaded that such a tone was very proper in acts of supplication, because beggars always whine when they ask for alms. The Bishop re-

THE QUAKER AND HIS NEIGHBOR.
A Quaker had a quarrelsome neighbor, whose cow, being suffered to go at large, often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him, "Friend Tom, I have driven thy cow home once more, and if I find her in my garden again," "Suppose you do," his neighbor angrily exclaimed, "what will you do?" "Why," said the Quaker, "I will drive her to thee again, friend Tom." The cow never troubled him more.

After reading him a lecture, asked: "Where did ye learn so much wickedness?" "Do ye ken the pump in Glasgow street?" "No," said the bailie. "Weel, then, do ye ken the pump in Briggate?" "Yes, sure," was the reply. "Weel, then, ye may see there and pump as long as ye like, for I'm hanged if ye pump me."

Among the gifts to a newly married pair at a town in New Jersey, the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment: "This trifling gift accept from me, its use I would commend; in sunshine use the brushy part in storm the other end."

Punch's. "He smole a ghast-

He. A gentleman was one day arranging music for a lady to whom he was paying his attention. "Pray, Miss-D," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "Oh," she replied, carelessly, "any time will do—but the quicker the better."

port, an Irishman said, "If the blessed thermometer is the 'cause of all the hate in faith: I'll cool 'yees." And suiting the action to the word, he held a piece of ice to one until the mercury went nearly down to zero. He then left it, apparently satisfied with the experiment.