This cut was intended to represent election night in Massachusetts. We had something real funny to go with it, but have forgotten it since we saw the picture, and will not attempt to recall it, nor presume upon the intelligence of our readers by pointing out its many ludicrous points. We would say, however, for the benefit of our Western exchanges, that it contains no hidden allusion to Boston beans.

Why is Lord Landsdowne likely to be unhappy? Because he has gone out for- Lorne. —

*Punch.*

If a body tax a body
Straining mind too high,
And a body wreck a body,
Won't a body die?
All the prospect is the saddest,
For the more we try
Mental forage we encourage
De-ge-ne-ra-cy.

"In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail," exclaimed the Soph as he shoved a crib up his sleeve and started for examination.

Do you believe in the chaotic nebula, self-evolver of heaven and earth, and in the differentiation of its original homogenous mass?

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**East and West.**

She was a beauteous little witch,
The pet of her papa;
Old gentleman was vastly rich,
They came from Arkansas.

"Oh! yes, indeed; of music I
Am very fond," said she.
"Now, won't you our piano try,
And play something for me?"

A Chopin scherzo I essayed,
And tried with all my art
To please this Occidental maid,
And win her Western heart.

I finished. As I turned my head
I met her eyes of blue.
"Oh! That was just too sweet," she said.
"Now do play 'Peek-a-boo!'"

H. L. in *Life.*