The elegant, titled Sir Thomas Haut Ton
Fell in love with the only fair daughter
Of an oleomargarine maker, and won
Her affections by swearing his honor upon,
That he never would have any but her.

Alas! he repented the pun at his ease;
They were wed, and, as she had the dollars,
He must smile when addressed as "My Lard," or
"Your Grease";
When a daughter came, even, the joke didn't cease,
But they marked Margarine on her collars.

Harper's Bazar.

Stern Parent.—"Another bad report, my son!" "Yes, father; I think you had best talk
to the Prof., or he will keep on doing it."

AT THE SYMPHONY.

The orchestra playing at high speed. Non-musical auditor.—"What does this forte mean?"

Pseudo-musical auditor.—"Why, forty measures to the minute, of course."

"Well, how were the ladies dressed?" was asked at one of the clubs, of a member who had just come in from a very fashionable dinner-party. "My dear fellow," he replied, "I really don't know. The fact is, I did n't think of looking under the table."—Ex.

At the mouth of a Cornish mine is this advice: "Do not fall down this shaft, as there are men at work at the bottom of it. —Ex."

Important Passenger.—"Say, pilot, what's the boat stopped for?
Pilot.—"Too much fog."
I. P. —"But I can see blue sky overhead."
Pilot.—"Wal, 'til the biler busts, we ain't a-goin' that way." —Life.

Priest.—"Pat, I believe I saw you asleep in church last Sunday." Pat.—"No, indade, your Riv'rance did n't. You might 'a' seen me with me oies shut, but divil a bit o' sleep could I get anyhow, wid your screechin' an' your thumpin' of the poor cushions — long life to ye!"—London Judy.

"Don't my son owe you a little bar bill?" asked Col. Yerger, as he emptied his glass, turning to the Austin Avenue saloon keeper, who was delighted at the prospect of the old man settling up his son's bill. "Yes, he owes me $25. Shall I receipt the bill?" said the anxious saloon keeper. "Well, no; but give me a dozen cigars, and add them to my son's bill."—Texas Siftings.