When the compositor wants pie he goes to the devil for it.—*Puck*.

Down in the pasture, cool, that sweet June day,
I lay, beneath the thorn-tree, half asleep,—
Beside the brook that winds its lazy way
Through shady glades and sunny meadow sweep.

Down through the orchard, then, I saw her pass
Bending beneath the rosy, bee-sought boughs;
Across the meadow ankle-deep in grass;
A-down the narrow path worn by the cows,—
Till in the brook she stood. The blushing tree
Shook down its petals o’er her shapely head;
The wanton waters kissed her snowy knee;
Her soft, brown eyes met mine,—she turned and fled.

’Twas long ago, yet even now I laugh
When I remember how I scared that calf!—*Chronicle*.

We have heard of lazy men, but we think the laziest one is a Union Club bachelor, who bought a dozen shirts, marked the first one with his full name, and then, to save time and trouble, put simply ‘ditto’ upon the rest. He is now wondering how it happened that eleven shirts, so plainly marked, were lost in the wash.

—*Rambler*.

The stamp act—applause at the theater.—*Ex.*
A growing evil—Your next-door neighbor’s baby.—*Ex.*

*Miss Polka Dot* (*who dotes on music*): “And what do you think of Meyerbeer?” *Mr. X., (who is Philistine)*: “Well, really, it’s all very nice, but I really don’t think it quite comes up to Milwaukee; do you?” *Mr. X.* does not expect any Christmas card.—*Ex.*

**AN ENTERPRISING PUBLISHER.**

*Publisher (at seance)*: “I understand that you possess the power to communicate with spirits of another world?”

*Medium*: “Yes, sir.”

*Publisher*: “Can talk with anyone, I suppose?”

*Medium*: “Oh, yes, sir; anyone and everyone.”

*Publisher*: “Well, I wish you would ask Hugh Conway if his engagements will permit him to furnish me with a serial story at once, and what his best terms are for the same.”—*Life.*