



AT THE RIDING SCHOOL.

In her new riding habit of soft olive green
 She appeared quite as lovely and proud as a queen,
 As around the big ring with a petulant hob
 She sailed on the spine of the old sorrel cob,

She rocked like the reed in the breezes a-dream,
 She rocked like a lily upon a wild stream ;
 And she made the old cob like a bald-eagle fly
 When she hit him right over his only good eye.

Oh, she seemed like a queen in the yellow side-saddle,
 When she made the wild horse to "Erminie" ske-
 daddle!

And when the band ceased, from the stirrup she
 dropped,
 And over the platform most gracefully hopped.

Then I heard her observe with a gesture elate :
 "I am now riding daily to pull down my weight—
 I am losing flesh daily by riding, and that
 Is the reason I've stopped taking Smith's anti-fat!"
 —*Puck*.

MISS GUSHINGTON (*enjoying a sleigh ride*) : I
 think you have a lovely horse, Mr. De Lyle. About
 what does such a fine horse cost?

MR. DE LYLE: Two dollars an hou—oh—er—
 yes, that horse is worth about eight hundred dollars,
 Miss Gushington.—*Epoch*.

SMITH: What paper are you working on now?
 JONES: Ain't working on any paper. The season
 is over with me.

"How's that?"

"I was the humorist on the *Bugle* who got off
 jokes on the baseball umpire. As soon as the base-
 ball season closed I was bounced. I'm trying to get
 a position as a coal-dealer and slipped-up-on-the-ice
 humorist." —*Texas Siftings*.

A PRETTY maiden fell overboard at New Bedford
 the other day, and her lover leaned over the side of
 the boat, as she rose to the surface, and said : "Give
 me your hand." "Please ask papa," she gently mur-
 mured, as she calmly sank for the second time.—
Boston Herald.

ANOTHER HUNTING INCIDENT.

DOCTOR P. had been asked to make one of a party
 to shoot over some private preserves. It turned out
 to be one of his unlucky days,

"I give you my word," he at last exclaimed, in
 despair, "I can't kill a thing!"

"Come, doctor," suggested his host, "just imagine
 that you are at the bedside of a patient."—*Judge*.

Oh! music sweet has charms, you know,
 To soothe the savage breast;
 It lightens troubles, calms all woe,
 And gives the weary rest.

In order, then, to kill his cares,
 And all his sorrows check,
 The blear-eyed, big-mouthed bull-dog wears
 A brass band round his neck.

—*New York Journal*

WIFE (*indignantly*) : I've heard through a certain
 married lady in town, John, that you bet me against
 a horse the other night that your candidate would
 win ?

HUSBAND : Well, what of it? My candidate is
 bound to win; the other man hasn't the ghost of a
 show, and, as you've always wanted a riding horse,
 I thought I would just get you one, and get it cheap.
 —*The Epoch*.

PARSON'S WIFE: Why, Johnny, you're not going
 fishing on Sunday, are you ?

JOHNNY: Oh, no—no. I—I only thought I'd take
 the pole away from the house so that my brothers
 needn't be tempted.—*Life*.

CAPTAIN: Well, what do you make it out to be?

MISS CULTURE (*of Boston*) : Why, it is a feline
 vessel, a Grimalkin craft.

CAPTAIN: Oh, yes; we call 'em cat-boats.—*Ocean*.

JONES: Ramrod, they say that it takes a tempera-
 ture of 64° below zero to kill a wild goose.

RAMROD: Well, what of it ?

JONES: Oh, I was just thinking that you won't be
 likely to get any wild geese this season, that's all.—
Burlington Free Press.