

THE MORMON WIDOWER'S LAMENT.

And she is dead and she is dead!
My multitudinous bride!
No more my weary head may rest
In many forms beside,
No more her sixty gentle hands
Shall fondly rest in mine;
No more around her thirty waists
My loving arm shall twine

For she is dead; and from those eyes
Of black, and blue, and gray,
And various intermediate dyes,
The light has passed away.
And eighty little orphans' tears
Are mingled with mine own,
And eighty hearts of tender years
Are motherless and lone.

Ten fevers seized her all at once,
And apoplexy too;
With corns, hysterics and the mumps,
And dread the douloureux.
A dozen doctors made her worse;
They physic'd and they bled;
And though she lived with thirty lives,
No wonder she is dead!

But ere she died, in countless throngs
Her relatives drew nigh,
And waded through each other's tears
To bid my love good-bye
Yet even then she thought of me,
And sought my grief to quell;
And summoned me beside her beds
To say a last farewell.

"Good-by, dear John," she feebly said;
"I'm going soon," said she;
"But oh! don't marry widow Smith,
And oh! don't mourn for me.
For widow Smith is forty fold—
Too many, far, for you;
And she is artful, sly, and bold,
And quite designing, too."

"And, John, don't leave your flannels off;
And don't catch cold, my dear,
Don't die of grief, but calmly live;
Your children need you here.
I shall not want you over there,
I'd rather be alone;
I've had you here quite long enough;
You'll stay away, my own?"

And then she closed her eyes in peace,
And fell asleep and died;
And left me here to mourn her loss,
My ten times triple bride.
I know I ought to be resigned—
I know my tears are rude;
But when one's loss is thirty fold
He can't feel fortitude.

Oh, Mary Anne and so forth Jones,
Thou wert a model wife!
Thy virtues like thyself, were too,
Too many for this life,
There's no one now to mend my shirts,
Or hear each infant's cry;
I sew my buttons on alone,
And sing the lullaby.

I'll have to marry widow Smith;
I can't get on alone;

The children need a mother's care—
You don't know how they've grown!
You left me for a better world,
Your souls are free from pain;
I must relieve my own despair,
And try my luck again.

Odd Fancies.

A good summer hotel—Home.
On the contrary—Riding a mule.
The Comptroller General—Cupid.
A legal conveyance—A convict ship
Can a pretty woman be a plain cook?
A thorough washerwoman—Sal Soda.
A midsummer night's dream—Mosquitoes.
The place for picnics—The Sandwich Islands.
An oyster leads a placid life until it gets into a stew.

A good place for match-making—Sulphur springs.

Young ladies' economy—Never throw away a good match.

A railroad is not going very well when it passes a dividend.

Sweetening one's coffee is the first stirring event of the day.

What is the opposite to "love in a cottage?"
—War in A-shantee.

Mrs. Partington's "last" may be heard of at Snillaber's shoemaker's.

The Duke of Edinburgh likes to play on the violin, and still he has friends.

The United States Minister to Siam can see the elephant whenever he wants to.

A good suggestion is like a crying baby at a concert—it should be carried out.

A matter-of-fact old gentleman thinks it must be a very small base-ball that can be caught on a fly.

The wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

A certain editor in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says, "Ireland's cup of misery has for ages been overflowing, and seems to be not yet full."

Andrew Jackson was accused of bad spelling, but John Randolph defended him by declaring that "a man must be a fool who could not spell words more ways than one."

A Chicago parson, who is also a school teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it awhile, and said, "I pass." Second boy took it and said, "I turn it down." The third boy stared at it awhile and drawled out, "I can't make it." And then the parson said, "Very good, boys, we will proceed to cut for a new deal," and with this remark the leather danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.

"Hamlet."

The following conversation, overheard in a summer hotel parlor, took place between two children of twelve and eleven, who were comparing notes about books. After discussing some novels of the day, one little girl asked the other if she had ever read any of Shakespeare.

"Shakespeare!" exclaimed the other. "I never read one of his books in my life! Have you?"

"Well not exactly his books, but some stories fixed up out of his books. They are splendid!"

"What are they? Tragedies?"

"Some of them are. 'Hamlet' is. I like 'Hamlet' ever so much."

"What is it about?"

"Well, I can't exactly tell you, but it's something like this: A lady wanted to marry some one, but she couldn't, and had to marry some one else; and after a while Romeo went to a grave, and Juliet came too, and they killed each other. It's splendid."

"Splendid!"—*Youth's Companion.*

POLITENESS.—A wealthy New Yorker had engaged a splendid cottage at Newport, and also a new driver for his horses. The driver was advised to be very polite if he intended to keep his place. Accordingly when the master went to the Queen Anne stable the following dialogue ensued: Master: Well, John, how are the horses? Coachman: They are quite well, sir, thank you, and how are you?

A German doctor proposes to cure consumption by hanging his patients up in hammocks over night in the open air.

We got an incipient stage of the disease once by the hanging-up process, and shall not try it again. Our patient was an overcoat.

Mary Anderson advises young women to have nothing to do with private theatricals, as they have a bad effect on the nerves. Mary should now tell us whose nerves she means, the amateur-actors' or those belonging to the audience.

A CITY GIRL'S IDEA.—City Belle (pointing to a wild plant by the wayside)—What's that? Country Cousin—That's milk weed.

City Belle—Oh, yes, what you feed the cows on, I suppose.

A newspaper prints a poem entitled, "Smile Wherever You Can." We have yet to learn of a level-headed American who won't when he gets a chance—to hang the bartender up for it.

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to a man.

It is said that a mule will not bray if a brick is tied to his tail. In tying the brick we recommend letting the job out to the lowest bidder.

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