

WHY SANTA CLAUS DON'T COME.



There's a little fellow asked me, just a little while ago,
If I wouldn't please to tell him, if I only chanced to know,
Why Santa Claus don't come, of late, the way he did before,
And why he don't bring presents down the chimney any more.

Well, the way it is at our house I will fully tell to you,
Why we don't hang up our stockings in the way we used to do.
We think St. Nick does not come 'round, with bells a-shaking
loose,
And attempt to enter chimneys, 'cause it isn't any use.

When at first St. Nick he started out, his Christmas work to do,
Every house had got a chimney, with a great big open flue,
And good St. Nick had lots of room, as down the flue he sprung,
And the stockings all were handy, as they on the mantel hung.

But the people all got tired of the ways that long had been,
And the chimney places had to go, and stoves and grates
came in,
And the flues were all made smaller than any'd been before,
And Santa Claus could not get down the chimney any more.

He came, one Christmas midnight, with the presents, as of yore,
And he found a kind of chimney that he'd never seen before,
And his foot got stuck and fastened in a patent chimney cap,
And he never quite recovered from this serious mishap.

If the children wonder why St. Nick stays 'way up in the sky,
And don't come down with presents, I guess that's the reason
why;

Guess he struck a patent chimney cap he never saw before,
And tore his clothes, and hurt his foot, and don't come any
more.

J. B. SMILEY.

WEATHER TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

"This is mighty slick weather," said Johnson, cheerily, as he met Jackson on the street the other morning, as the warm rays of the sun were beginning to lick up the frost from the sidewalk, "mighty slick weather for this time of year."

"Yes," answered Jackson, picking himself up and wiping the hoar frost from his coat, "too confounded slick!"

PHRENOLOGY A GREAT SCIENCE.

LITTLEWIT—Say, Greatwit, do you believe in phrenology?
GREATWIT—O, I don't know. Why?

LITTLEWIT—Well, I don't know what to think of it. I had my head examined by prof. Sheephead to-day, and he told me I would make a great author if I only had brains enough.

GREATWIT—Yes, I believe in it now.

NOT ALL WAITERS.

JOHNNY—Pa, what does the receiving teller do at the bank?

PA—Why, he waits on you when you leave your money.

JOHNNY—What does the paying teller do?

PA—He is the fellow who waits on you when you draw your money out again.

JOHNNY—What does the note teller do?

PA (bitterly)—He's the fellow who won't wait on you when your note is due, confound him!

A GENTLEMAN OF POLISH.

MISS GUSHINGTON—I think Mr. Caput is such a cultivated gentleman; don't you?

GRIZZLY (who can only see the top of Caput's shining bald head above a big arm chair)—Yes, so far as I can see, he seems to be very highly polished.