

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

My cranium, in the moonlight there,
Lies through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do—but only more.

IF MY FIRST WIFE—

"Ah, my darling little sis, how are you?
Lesbia hath a beaming eye."
"Dear Frank! I am glad to see you."
There was an embrace, and the lady burst into tears.

"Yes, dear, we do," said the lady meekly.
"Ah, here comes dear John. I'll run away; don't tell him I've been crying."
"Stuff! Is it likely?"
"Ah, pray, pray Frank, don't let him think that I have been murmuring. It would make him so unhappy."

"Raised my hand against her!" cried Andas, in tones of withering contempt.
"Why, I would sooner hew it off."
"Then what the deuce is the meaning of all this? You haven't been such a fool as to take shares in a gold mine?"
"Bah! Don't be absurd."
"What is it then? Crime? What do you mean?"

did it, I'll treat him like I would a nut,
growled the great fellow.
"Humph! I wouldn't do that," said Reston, quietly watching him.
"Man-slaughterer's worse than bigamy."
"Here, I say," panted Andas, imploringly; "don't say that last word again; I can't bear it."

tapestry, worked by the fair hands of Matilda herself.
She is somewhat larger than the rest of the fleet, and contains ten men.
At her stern is the effigy of a boy blowing a horn and holding in his left hand a ganton, while the prow is ornamented with a lion's head.

Lost at sea—The sight of land.
The key-note—"Write, let me in!"
They all come to grief—Funeral guests.
A sole-stirring article—A peg inside the boot.