

## SOUVENIR SPOONS.

A friend of mine—poor callow youth—  
Was married yesternight,  
And I went to the obsequies  
And watched the mournful rite.

And strolling around with gloomy  
thought—  
For he had been my friend—  
I came upon the wedding gifts  
Kind friends had thought to send.

Upon a table they were laid,  
All clustered in a ring;  
Full seven dozen souvenir spoons—  
And not another thing.

There were Boston, Lynn and Salem  
spoons,  
And spoons of Squantumville,  
And spoons from Squedunk and Cohoes,  
Snag's Patch and Jones' Mill.

And souvenirs of George Washington,  
And Noah and the ark,  
And Eve, and Grover Cleveland too,  
And Moses in the dark.

And I wept a wet and liquid tear,  
And I said within my heart,  
"What could a marriage do but fail  
With such a dismal start?"

For much I doubt, as married life  
Wears off its gloss with years,  
That the thought of spoons such pleas-  
ure gives  
As to warrant souvenirs.

—Boston Courier.



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A party of English tourists were coming from the Yosemite last week, when one of them, who had been dubbed the interrogation point of the crowd, espied a pair of brogans sticking in the face of the bluff, toes down. Nudging the coach-driver, who chanced to be old Bill McClenathan, he asked: "Ah, driver, I wonder what the deuce those boots are doing up theah?" Old Bill scarcely looked up as he replied: "That's a man buried up there, and the boys were in such a hurry that they did not dig deep enough to get his feet in." "Bah Jawve, that's very strange, ye knau. I'll make a note of that. But I say, driver, the toes point down. He must be buried on his face, dy'e know?" "Yes," said old Bill, musingly, "he was an Irishman." "But what's his being an Irishman got to do with his being buried with his face down?" asked the now thoroughly aroused Britisher. Old Bill looked at him in a pitying manner for some seconds, and then, in a tone full of deep sorrow and astonishment at the tourist's ignorance, said:

"Well, do you see, we've got a sort of superstition out this way that on election day every dead Irishman gets out of his grave and votes, and so lately we've got to burrying them on the top of the hill, face down, so that the more the corpse tries to dig out the deeper he gets down."

"Oh, yes, I see," said the Englishman gravely, "I'll make a note of that for my book." —Ex

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