OLD-TIME CARICATURES--No. 8.

[Reproduced Expressly for TWINKLES from a Collection of Antique Cartoons.]

A LARGE ORDER TO A HOMEOPATHIC APOTHECARY.

LITTLE GIRL: "Please, sir, I want the hundredth thousandth part of a grain of magnesia."

Young Chemist (whose hair would certainly stand on end, were it not so tightly pomaded down, at the simplicity of the little innocent in asking for as much medicine as would kill or cure a whole regiment of soldiers): "Very sorry, miss, but we don't sell anything in such large quantities; you had better apply to the Apothecaries' Hall." And he follows her to the shop door to see whether she had brought with her a hackney-coach or a van to carry away the commodity she had inquired for.)

[This picture, by George Cruikshank, appeared in the "Omnibus" (London) in 1842 with the colloquy accompanying it. It needs no further explanation.—ED. TWINKLES.]

PARSON DEYMAN: "I notice, Mrs. De Style, that your husband comes to church now three times every Sunday."

Mrs. De Style: "Ah yes, poor man! He tried every other cure for insomnia he knew of."

HOBSON: "There goes Ferrett, the detective. That man is an enthusiast in his profession."

Dobson: "He is, eh?"

Hobson: "Oh, yes. He'd rather discover a den than a criminal."

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

UNCLE JAY: "Who'd a thought it'd snow that deep over night!"

"Well, I be blowed!"

THE LAMENT OF THE CYCLIST ON THE EVE OF THE CYCLE PARADE

I.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would go a-biking at least once more this year:
It is the last of wheeling that I may ever see
For since the girls are riding it is no more for me.

II.

To-night I laid my clothes out, my shirt, my belt, my tie,
My coat, my golfing stockings and my collar white and high,
My knickerbockers, and my cuffs, and my new cuff-links too,
And all my collar buttons, and my golf-cap bright and new.

III.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
The girls are early risers and they'll beat me up, I fear,
And if they should, sweet mother, I'll have I'm well aware

No part nor portion of my brand new cycle-clothes to wear.

IV.

For Kate will wear my last clean shirt, and Jane will wear my tie,
And Maud will wear my golfing-cap, and Sue my collar high,
And Grace will wear my stockings, ma, and my new cuff-links, too,
And Zoe will wear coat and belt, and oh! what shall I do?

V.

Good night! good night! sweet mother, and promise, mother dear,
That if you go a-wheeling ere daylight doth appear
You will not play me false, mother, for oh! my heart would break
To find my knickerbockers gone to-morrow when I wake

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.