



THE Opposition is getting too durned fresh and pernicky fur anything. They fooled away a lot of time last week raising a racket over the feed of the officials in public institutions, and the amount of eggs and other stuff that some of them got away with. The

feller that raised the rumpus was Clancy, of Kent, and he sprung it onto us Wednesday when we was expecting the debate over Marter's Prohibition bill to come up and had special orders to be in our places, and not to go scattering all over the town looking for a horn for fear the Opposition might play sharp on us.

It was a blamed good joke onto the temperance people, though—which come there early and hung on all through expecting that the Marter bill would be up. I kind of suspicion that Mowat and the Opposition put the thing up between 'em so's to fool the temperance crowd

—for as the hours flew by and there warnt no sign of a let up or a change of program and the crowd in the galleries got restless-like, the old man seemed to be chuckling quietly to himself.

Lem Felcher dropped in during the debate along with some other sports, which had come up to see if their liberties was likely to be endangered. Marter's egg-statistics fairly paralyzed him. Thinking the crowd must be getting dry I sent 'em a note by a page to meet me into one of the vacant rooms.

"Say, old man," said Felcher, as he handed me back my flask. "What kind of a man is this Doc Clarke, anyway? Is he a dead game sport?"

"I have no idea," says I. "But he's a holy terror on eggs."

"Is he open to match for the championship, I wonder," continued Lem, "for if he is there's big money into it. When I was down to New York last I saw the champion hard boiled egg cater of the United States get away with two dozen at a sitting. Now, if Doc Clarke is game to meet him for a purse of \$1,000 and the championship I wouldn't mind backing him. It would draw, I tell you. I must look him up."

Clancy come out of the house shortly afterwards and said, "It's dry talking. Let's have a——. Oh, I forgot. We can't get any here."

I tendered him my booze-receptacle and he heaved a long, slow gurgle of satisfaction as he minutely examined the elegant fresco work onto the ceiling.

"You are a oasis in the desert, Guffy," said he.

"Don't you think you fellers are making a bad break in raking up this here business about the supplies of public institutions?"

"How so?" says he. "Blame it all, man, we got to talk about something, haven't we? And the longer we can give these temperance cranks the stand-off the better anyway. It gives the party heads on both sides time



### FROM BAD TO WORSE.

MISS FAIRFAX—"Has Mr. Hoaxem reformed since his release from the penitentiary?"

MR. HARDY—"No, indeed! He's become a lawyer."



### OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

I.

The Student before the Professor