

## Humorous Department.

### THE BARREL ORGAN.

It is a wily card-sharpér,  
And he is one of three ;  
" By thy rural beard ! " saith he to a friend !  
" Now pick the king for me ! "

A wily card-sharper  
rideth with two  
confederates in the  
train, and beggeth  
one disguised as a  
yeoman to bet on  
the " three-card "  
trick.

The sharper's fingers are grimed with dirt,  
But, deft, forsooth, are they ;  
And again and again in the Hendon train  
The three-card trick they play.

He placeth the cards and with eager voice,  
" Now, which is the king ? " quoth he.  
" The middle one, " said the farmer man.  
Eftsoons a sov. won he.

The pseudo-yeoman  
betteth, and be-  
cometh the winner  
of a sovereign ster-  
ling.

Then eke again he shuffleth them ;  
" Now, which is the king ? " he quoth.  
" 'Tis that for a pound ! "—" That ! I'll be bound ! "  
And he pays a pound to both.

His other comrade  
betteth as well,  
and also winneth.

A stranger sat upon their right,  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
His face is thin, his hair is gray,  
His eye is sharp and clear.

A stranger sitting  
near vieweth the  
sharper, and is  
entreated to join  
in the betting.

A sharper sidleth up to him,  
" Why bettest thou not ? " saith he.  
For a moment's space the stranger's face  
Was a wondrous thing to see.

" Come on, old boy, and try thy hand,  
And pick the king for a quid.  
Thou'rt sure to win a lot of tin,  
As thou saw'st the farmer did. "

The stranger gazed upon the " sharp, "  
And fixed him with his eye.  
The " sharp " was spellbound 'neath that gaze ;  
He knew not how nor why.

But fixeth the  
" sharp " who en-  
treateth him with  
his eye, and ren-  
dereth him spell-  
bound.