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The weeping mover faltered
As he saw the drayman's hand,
And he said, "I haven't a red, red cent
In all of this broad fair land.
I haven't a clothes to my aching back
Save only these rags you see;
And all the furniture I have left
Won't pay you half your fee.
There's a leg of the table in the street,
And the lamp globes strew the stair,
And the stovepipe's flattened out like a lath,
And the clock is not nowhere.

"Tell my wife, if you can find her,
That when the job was done,
The furniture wasn't half so good
As it was when we began.
That the end of a bureau she's looking for
Is down by the alley gate,
And the parlour mirror is bent so bad
She never can pound it straight.
We broke the legs of the kitchen stove.
And we smashed the Parian vase,
And the dray ran over her rocking chair
And ruined its stately grace.

"Tell ray sister, her darling new spring hat
Was packed in a bag of corn;
And I never again can look in her face
And meet her glance of scorn.
We spilled coal oil on her summer silk,
And we tore her cashmere sacque,
For her dressing bureau fell off the dray
And the horse kicked out its back.

"There's another, not a sister,
In happier days gone by.
You'd know her by the savage light
That glittered in her eye.
Too business-like for foolery.
Too sharp for my excuses—
Ah me, I fear adversity
Has naught but bitter uses;
Tell her, the last time you saw me—
For ere the clock strikes ten,
I'll be at work on the 'Third Degree.'
The hapless of men;
Tell her I said that she could go
To the bow-wow-wow-wow-wows;
That I'd stay down town when lodge was
out,
And sleep at a boarding-house
Tell her she need not sit up for me,
And she needn't leave no light—"
And a voice came out of the hall and said,
"You don't go to no lodge to-night."

His voice was gone in a minute,
He gasped and tried to speak;
He tried to swear, but the drayman says
That he couldn't raise a squeak.
And his mother-in-law rose slowly,
And calmly she looked down
On the green grass of the littered yard.
With household treasures strewn.
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene
She gazed, and looked around,
And she said to the weeping man by the
gate,
"Pick them things up off the ground."

And calmly she looked down
On the green grass of the littered yard.

With household treasures strewn.
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene
She gazed, and looked around,
And she said to the weeping man by the
gate,
"Pick them things up off the ground."

A Tactiturn Witness.

An ordinary case of assault and battery
was called in Judge Stutsman's court, and
the prosecuting witness was duly sworn:
Phelim O'Shaughnessy, a little weazen-faced
man, with a stubbly beard all over his jaws
and a pair of bright eyes flanking the snub-
biest of noses.

"Now, then, Mr. O'Shaughnessy," said
the court, "tell what you know about this
matter in as few words as you possibly can."

"Faix, thin, your anner, an' I will do that
same," replied the witness with great volu-
bility. "Av there is only thing I do be des-
pising it's wan of thin same whurrimurroo
gabblers that niver know whin they're
through. When ye git troo pumpin, sez I,
lave the handle; that's me. An ye niver
see an O'Shaughnessy in the wor-ri-d, yer
anner, that wur a cackler. I mind me
mither's own uncle that ever was, Tim the
croaker, they used to be callin' him, though
his name was Timothy Mahon. O'Double-
riggle Ballbrigganainey, for he token he
niver wur known to say more than wan wor-
rud at a time, yer anner, an' that wan he
said with a grunt. There was wan day,
whin he wur gamekeeper for my lord Donald
McAlpin Clanargotty Callum O'Dowl, a
Scotch gentleman that owned a bit av a shoot-
in' box might be, in the north uv—"

"Well, there, there, there," interrupted
the court, "that's enough about your ances-
try; now tell what you know about this case
of yours, and stick to the point."

"The p'int, is it, avick?" replied the witness;
"Musha, thin, it wur fwat, I wur comin' to
jist. It's what I sez to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy
twenty times a day, an' she's the wor-rst
talker between here an' Dublin bay. 'No-
rah,' sez I: 'Is it you,' sez she: 'Faix thin,
an' who else wud it be?' sez I: 'An' p'what
uv it?' sez she: 'Div ye mind me now?' sez
I: 'Sorra the wan uv me does,' sez she;
'Wait thin, till I tell ye,' sez I: 'Whisht,
thin, go on with your blarney, sez she;
'Howld your hush a minit, thin,' sez I: 'an'
let's have a second uv quiet.' 'What I sez
she, 'wid ye in the house?' 'Listen,' sez I:
'Whisper, thin,' sez she: 'Well, thin,' sez
I, 'kaps to the p'int. Av yez will do nothin'
but talk from the peep o' mor-r-rn till the
lasht wink av night, kape till the p'int.' Ah,
yer anner, it's the wan fur talkin', she is, is
Norah. It isn't an O'Shaughnessy she is,
yer anner, her father, rest his soul, was
old Darby Muldoon, the solid man, an' he
wur sint to Austrahlia for twenty-sivin
years' panal sarvitute fur talkin' a traveller
to death when he wur dhrivin' him from—"

"That will do," said the court sternly;
"we've heard enough of your reminiscences.
Now you tell what you know of this case,
or I'll fine you for contempt. You have
filed information against Morris McHogadan
for assaulting you with a paving hammer,
in the back yard of your own premises in
Melrose Place, Happy Hollow, and knocking
three teeth down your throat, breaking one
of your ribs, and chewing your ear off. Now
what have you got to say about it?"