



SENTIMENTAL.

TOM—"I ain't been to visit my gal fo' so long dat I'se feared she's done fo'got all about me."

SAM—"Why don't you send her a few *tender lines*?"

A VICTIM OF COERCION.

ARE yez a kaper av the law?" queried a Hibernian immigrant of Policeman O'Rourke.

"No, sorr, I'm a kaper av the piece."

"Bedad, so am I, and I'll swap wid ye, for I have a bigger piece nor I want."

"How is that?" asked the peeler.

"Och, but yez do be a queer people. I niver saw the loikes av ye again. Tree mont's ago I was just over, since then I have been all over, and it will take till doomsday to tell ye what was not done to me. Tar an' ouns! Me blud boils! I was workin' fur a spalpeen chuckin' coal in a furnace. 'Fill her to the muzzle, Moike,' says he. I run betune and bechux the pile and the fire, but kept her full. Wan day I axed him fur more pay."

"Pay!" yelled he, 'I'll pay ye. Ye've burnt all me coal and the inside out av me furnace!' And he grabbed me cap and tried to trow it in the fire, but it was full to the muzzle. 'Don't thry that game,' says I. 'I'll thry spades!' as he struck me wid the shovel and missed me. 'I pass,' says I, 'and thry clubs,' an' I cracked his tapnot wid me shillaleh. He t'ot it was diamonds, fur he saw stars and yelled like his heart was broke."

"Thin wan of you spalpeens said, 'Come wid me,' 'Where to?' says I. 'To the cooler,' says he. 'Bedad, I will, fur it's mighty hot here,' says I."

"'Yer name is Dinnis,' says he. 'I'll moind,' says I, 'but why change me name?' 'Ye'll be hung for murder.' 'Hung alive?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'ye'll be hung dead!' as he shut the dure on me in a cell wid a Arch-bald moralist who posted me on coort ettiket."

"Aftther sleeping all night on the soft side av a hard flure, lying awake thinkin' av me throuble, I was tuk afore the coort, where two spalpeens, like a grasshopper and a toad, sat in the pulpit, and some vile-looking sinners around the altar."

"'Fwhat's yer name?' asks grasshopper. 'Bejabbers, ye have me. My mother says Tim, the varmint I cracked on the skull called me Moike, the peeler Dinnis, but, yer worship, I'll become as a little child and say Dinnison.' 'Yer moighty smart,' says he."

"'The peeler tould me ye'd make me shmart,' says I. 'Begorra, so I will,' says he. 'Yer charged wid salt and batter.' 'Divil a cint will I pay. I haven't broke my fast in yer dirthy hole.' 'Will ye be tried nex' summer?' 'This minit, and not wait till summer.' 'Guilty or not guilty?'"

"I says, 'Yer worship. I kept the jackpot boiling all day, and the spalpeen tried to euchre me and thrun me cap at the fire."

"'Did he strike him?' 'I did, and a beauty,' says I. "'Order in coort!' yelled a rye faced spalpeen. 'Order yerself,' says I. Grasshopper says, 'I suspend yer first charge, but give ye ten dollars or thirty days for contempt av coort.' 'I'll take the ten dollars."

"'Will ye pay?' says he. 'Divil a cint,' says I."

"'Come wid me,' says a bobby. 'Where to?' 'Over the Don,' says he."

"I met the coort as I went to my chaise. 'Fwhat's yer name,' says grasshopper. 'Elijah, bekase I go over the river in a chariot of fire."

"At the jail I played sick wid a pain across my hips. 'It's skyattics,' says the doctor. 'Fwhat's that,' says I, as I tapped his nose and run the gauntlet and got away, and I'm lookin' fur protection now. I'm goin' to the Parliament House!"

"Ye'll have to go to the Abbot,' said O'Rourke. 'Mowat is not a protectionist."

"And be a monk? Divil a fut will I go, thin. Fwhat is Mowat?"

"A Knight av the Crass,' says O'Rourke."

"'Tare an' ounds! that's worse. Fwhat will I do?"

"Thry Uncle Sam,' says O'Rourke."

"Who's he?" says Irish."

"The head jailer av all the riff-raff av the world. He lives just across beyant Hanlan's Island."

"I'm off," says Tim. "Good day." And he started down street on a run.

R. FINNERTY.

IMPROMPTU.

WE sat together, she and I,
My hand, she held with coyish grace,
She ran her fingers through my hair,
And stroked the wrinkles from my face.

She talked about my "marble brow,"
The "hectic flush" upon my cheek,
My handsomeness in embryo,
My general "make up," so to speak.

Though seeming strange; yet words of love
Remained unsaid, you may be surc.
Because 'twas during business hours,
And she—well—she's a "manicure."

MAXWELL DREW.