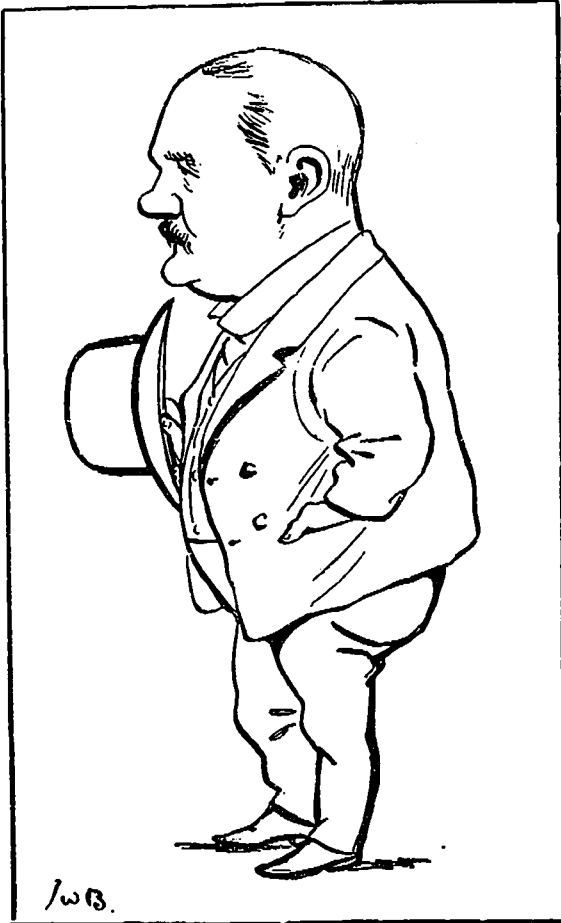


FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



MR. ALDERMAN STEWART.

THE WICKED PASHA AND THE FOOLISH KHEDIVÉ.

THE Khedive in an evil hour  
Desired to test his royal power,  
And let it all abroad be seen  
How that his faithful fellahcen  
To strangers would not bow the knee,  
Or just as mere dependents be.

The Khedive rang his silver bell  
And straight his aide-de-camp did tell  
So hasten to the Council for  
The Assistant Minister of War,  
"Old Mader Pasha is the man,  
Doubtless he can suggest a plan."

Old Mader chortled in his joy,  
And gladly did his wits employ  
To formulate a plan that would  
Enrage the men of English blood.  
For he had more than half a notion  
This thing would mean his own promotion.

"I trust your Highness will not fail,"  
Quoth he, "to twist the lion's tail,  
And since Sir Gladstone is in power  
Sure now's the day, and now's the hour—  
(I count it honor to assist)  
To give the tail an extra twist.

"Suppose that at Review, next week,  
With no uncertain sound you speak?  
Praise all our men and theirs decry,  
Your Highness thus will mortify  
The pride that swells the British breast,  
And fill with patriot joy the rest."

Review day come, and, true to his word,  
Each troop that came up officered  
By native men, heard, clear and loud,  
"Magnificent!" "you do me proud!"  
"How nobly they themselves do bear;"  
"I never saw the like, I swear!"

But when the English captains came  
The wondering crowd heard naught but blame:  
"Disgusting," "Scandalous," "Dirty," too,  
And so on through the whole review,  
The wicked Pasha broadly smirked  
To see the way the poison worked.

Next day the Pasha came in state  
His Khedive to congratulate,  
The scheme had worked; success did grace  
Their several bids for power and place;  
The cup had almost reached the lip,  
'T would be too bad if it should slip!

The Khedive's face was sunk in gloom,  
For Cromer stood within the room.  
"Your only curse I take to be  
A frank and full apology;  
The place, as public as your crime,"  
He winked—"you'd better come to time;—  
And also prompt dismissal for  
The Assistant Minister of War."

The victims here each other eyed,  
"Thank *you* for this," his Highness cried,  
Though if I swallow such a pill  
It seems that you've to foot the bill,  
If eat such humble pie I must,  
'Tis fair that you should lick the dust."

The other ground his teeth in pain,  
And fumed and swore, but all in vain,  
It was for him a day of woe,  
For both the terms were kept, and so  
The Khedive made himself an ass,  
And Mader Pasha went to grass..

M. B.

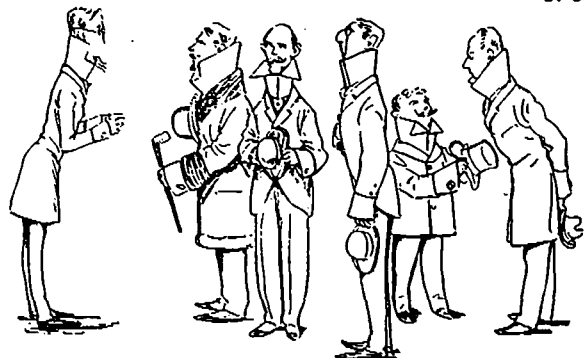
MUSEUM CONTRIBUTIONS.

A KEY to a lock of hair.  
PART of the hem of the Vale of Cashmere.  
A PARING of the nail of the finger of scorn.  
ONE of the rockers from the cradle of the deep.

MEDICAL HEALTH NOTE.

THAT economic scissors may  
Find other work to do,  
And leave untouched the head, I pray,  
Which rules the M. H. O.—  
'Twere cruel, by Mahomet's beard,  
And stupid too, 'tis plain,  
Upon a chief we know *is* Sheard,  
To use the shears again—

G. C.



HOW THEY LOOKED, PROBABLY.

We learn from the Daily papers that a Deputation representing the Collar and Cuff Industry, recently waited upon the Finance Minister to protest against certain proposed changes in the Tariff.