



MEAN THING.

I PLUNKETY plunked on my "Fairbanks and Cole,"
Till my fingers were blistered and sore,
I wrestled with "Comrades," "The Darkies' Patrol,"
"Annie Rooney," and jigs by the score.

I told *her* just how a good banjo is made,
Explained all about "bridges" and "frets,"
"Harmonics" and "drum chords," and how they are played,
And how to get pretty "effects."

I tuned up the strings so they wouldn't sound false,
And dashed off an "essence" or two,
A "juba," two "reels," a "gavotte" and a "waltz,"
"Sweet Violets," and then "Peek-a-Boo."

I worked in a series of rich "florid chords,"
That made the old banjo ring,
Then played "Home, Sweet Home," escaping discords,
And finally breaking a string.

It was then she looked up, cute, cunnin' and coy,
And said, in a voice blithe and gay,
"If you are so fond of the banjo, dear boy,
I wonder you don't learn to play."

MAXWELL DREW.

A TROTTING HORSE AT A RIFLE MATCH.

SOME years ago a rifle match was being held at a Canadian frontier town on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at which an amusing incident occurred.

A heavy storm came up about noon, and drove all the competitors into a large refreshment marquee, where they were soon sampling the sandwiches and beer. The tent was roomy, and an American gentleman, a very horsey-appearing man, had driven his handsome trotter under the canvas for shelter. The animal soon attracted the attention and admiration of all present, and particularly of a certain captain of rifle volunteers known among his friends as a bit of a wag, and whose soubriquet was the Dark Captain.

The conversation naturally turned upon the subject of fast trotters and fast time generally on the turf, and the D.C. stated to his companions that he had seen some very fast time made by trotting horses, and once he had been present when a mile was made in 1.95.

"Where was that?" asked some one of his friends.

"On the road between Troy and Albany, N.Y.," quoth the D.C., who had kept his eye on the owner of the handsome trotter, and observed that he was listening attentively to the conversation.

"I'll bet \$100 no such time has ever been made!" shouted the horse owner, coming up to the D.C. with blood in his eye and a big roll of bills in his hand. The friends of the captain here whispered to him to be careful, as this man would probably know more on that subject than he would, and above all not to risk any money; but he would not be warned, and said to the excited horse owner:

"I don't care to bet so much as that, but I don't mind a small amount on it."

"Well, I just bet you \$10 to \$1 on this thing, if you like," said the horse owner.

"Done with you," said the other, and then divers of the bystanders intimated their willingness to put up \$10, and very soon some half a dozen bets were made, and the money deposited with the barkeeper.

"Now, Colonel," said the horseman, "will you tell us when that mile you speak of was made in less than two minutes?"

"I bet," said the D.C. quietly, "that the mile was done in 1.95."

"Well! thunder!! Ain't [that less than two minutes?]"

"If you ask my candid opinion," quoth the captain, "I should say it is not, but you can figure it up for yourself; in the meantime I claim those stakes."

And then a *something* seemed to strike that horse owner, and he looked round at his friends, who in turn looked at him, and then at each other, and finally at the only open eye of the horse, the other being closed in honor of the African he had discovered in the fence.

"Sold! by thunder!" he roared; "1.95 takes the bun. Colonel, what will you and all your military friends take? Set 'em up, barkeep!"

And then there were

Little drops of liquor,
Little lumps of ice,
Little grains of sugar,
Little lemon slice.
Little dash of bitters,
Little shake and strong,
Little silver taken,
Nod! Gulp! So long!

F.C.D.



THE ENGAGED ONES.

SHE—"No, birdie, no! Do not ask your own petsy-wetsy to climb over this stone fence. Let us go home by the mill. I have my reasons, birdie!"—Life.