



SKETCH OF A HUMOROUS WRITER MAKING A JOKE !

—Pick-me-up.

The Professor, a very fine gentleman indeed, seemed to stand in great awe o' the Grahame, for he ran the meenit he was ca'd, although I wad hae been only ower glad to hae gane to him.

— "Professor," says I, "here's some city water for ye to analyze, an' there's a sma' boa constrictor or something."

I never haltit till I got to the bottom o' the stairs, for the Professor, rash man, had opened the box, an' was pryin' open the lid o' the dipper.

Ten days after that I got a real fine letter frae the Professor wi' this analysis o' the bisniss :

"MY DEAR AIRLIE,—After thoroughly examining the specimen, I find it to be a fragment of check shirting, hemmed, and with a name on the corner. This name was so faded with the action of the water that I had to bring double microscopic power to bear upon it, and the result is that the words 'Mr. McGinty' appeared quite plain. I am of opinion that this specimen is part of that lamented gentleman's underwear, and I would advise you to provide a coffin as soon as possible, as the present state of city water would warrant the supposition that the rest of that gentleman's remains will arrive soon through the same channel."

I am, dear MAISTER GRIP, yours scientifically,

HUGH AIRLIE.

WOMEN should make the best voters, many of them being already expert *ba'llet* performers.

MR. GLADSTONE'S COAT.

"Mr. Gladstone has a deep-rooted dislike for new clothes."

GIVE me an old and threadbare coat
That I can feel at home in,
Like the one I bought with the Irish vote
The year I went to Rome in.

I wear it still, though its quondam black
Is brown with rust and greasy ;
But I laugh at the chaff behind my back,
For it's comfortable and easy.

It hangs, as to the House I go,
Like a sail that is loose and flapping,
And the nap is gone ; but the Tories know
They can never catch me napping.

The cut by nobody now is worn,
And the lining's all to pieces,
The buttons are off and the pockets torn,
Like an Irish landlord's leases.

It may look odd ; but it's naught to me
If appearances are comic ;
For the people see that my policy
Is certainly economic.

And I've made a bet with Mrs. G.
That I won't be millineried
Until the Marquis of Salisbury
To the Dead March of Saul is buried !