



TOMMY WHITE TO THE RESCUE.

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

VI.—THE AMBASSADOR IN DIFFICULTIES—FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS—DEVILISH ATTEMPTS OF THE ARISTOCRACY TO RUIN AN INNOCENT MAN.

COUNTY JAIL, YORK, Eng.,

August 27, 1885.

DEAR OLD CROW,—By above date you will see where I am at present, thanks to you for my incarceration. The way it all happened was this: You know I ran up a tidy old bill at my hotel in London, of course understanding and giving my landlord to understand that you would forward remittances according to promise. Well, I could see that the old brute was getting suspicious about me when I received your cheque for \$3.50—I could only raise 3s. 4d. on it—I tried to explain that there was a mistake and that if the other \$4,996.50 didn't arrive soon, I would see Wales about it—I call him Wales, as he prefers it to Bertie or Ned. Of course the ghoul of a landlord knew I was pretty intimate with his royal nibbs, and my speech satisfied him, but I'm blessed if everything wasn't made as bad as ever again by a visit from Sir Charles Dilke; this sent the landlord into a fit of anger and he said that if I was that kind of man I had better leave his hotel at once and he would detain my baggage; and the beast actually seized half a box of paper collars and my tooth brush, which were the only visible effects in my room outside my satchel, which this extortionate pagan also captured.

I threatened him with the vengeance of the future heir to the throne, and he actually smiled; I warned him that I would get Mr. Burnand to make a joke about him in *Punch*, and though this staggered him a little at first, he soon recovered and sneered; I finally told him that I should appeal to the Canadian Consul for protection and would have you take the matter up, and the vampire—once so obsequious and fawning—laughed aloud, and went and stuck up, immediately under my name on the brass plate on my chamber door, the words:—

"Canadian Desperado and Escaped Lunatic; Supposed to be a Fenian; Known to be an Incendiary and a Pirate."

He then locked the door and ordered me out of his beastly hotel. I at once wrote to H. R. H. of Wales and told him how I had been insulted, and ventured to request the loan of a fifty-pound note. Ted sent back word that he was very sorry, but he had a large family to provide for—(out of the public purse, only he didn't mention that)—and that he only had seventeen bob—\$4.08—by him; he sent me fifteen shillings of this and hoped he would see me later. I then dropped Edinburgh a line with a similar request. Alf came bustling round in person to the small eating-house where I wrote these epistles, in a deuce of a stew and with a bill for breakage of his vase at Buckingham Palace, and for damages alleged to have been sustained by his swallow-tail coat which I had worn on that memorable evening, and which, by the way, I slept in on the floor that night, as it was very sultry and that position was cool. He insisted on an immediate settlement of his demands; said his family was increasing and he *must* have his money—twenty-two shillings and threepence three farthings; in vain I appealed to him and to his generosity as a sailor (a class of men I had always understood were of a free-handed and warm-hearted nature), and reminded him that he was acquainted with my brother; he retorted that my brother owed him five pounds and that I had better settle that whilst I was about it; I pleaded my inability to do so, and asked him how he would like to be a stranger four thousand miles from home and his paper collars seized as collateral security for a cash bill; he said it was none of his funeral, but finally relented and agreed to accept my note at three months, and he lent me fourpence into the bargain. I tried Sir Charles Dilke next, but he replied that he was in a bit of a muss himself, and it was out of his power to assist me.

Dear GRIP, do remit at once, and show these fellows up. Contradict the rumor that the

P—e of W—s has gone back on me because Mrs. L—y gave him the cold shoulder and would speak to nobody but me, and please say that I was only excited after the dinner at Buckingham Palace, and that I am a teetotaler.

Well, I wandered about in a very dejected state for two days and nights, and would have drowned myself in the Terns or the Serpentine, only the former smelt so bad, and the latter wasn't deep enough to cover me nor wide enough to permit me to lie down at full length crosswise in it, and I could not die in any position but that, not wishing to be fished out "a deind, moist, uncomfortable body" in a crumpled-up shape.

At last fortune befriended me, and I ran across an old chap who used to sell peanuts on the market in Toronto, and he recognized me and took pity on me; he was going to York, and he not only agreed to pay my fare, third-class, to that city, but he laid in a stock of saveloys and bottled 'alf-'n-'alf for consumption on the road. Thus do we see that a warm and honest coat often beats beneath a ragged and shabby heart. We set off for York that same evening, and I no sooner stepped out of the "railway carriage" than I was arrested at the instance of that contemptible London landlord, who had burglariously and feloniously opened the satchel he had detained, and discovered a number of forks and spoons he had missed—doubtless placed there by some miscreant, probably Burnand, who is fearfully jealous of me and GRIP, bent upon my ruin. Some of the hotel towels and cakes of soap were also in that satchel, and I was charged with having put them there! Oh! how are the mighty fallen! I write this from within the gloomy walls of the common jail of the County of York. Please write at once. Address, No. 732, Jail, York, Yorkshire, England.

I forgot to mention that I appealed to Mr. Burnand for aid before I left London. He was out of town, but has since returned and seen an account of my arrest here; the papers all had it, headed: "CAPTURE OF A TEXAS HORSE-THIEF AT YORK! HE ROBS A LONDON HOTEL AND TRIES TO POISON THE LANDLORD!! DESPERATE AFFRAY BETWEEN THE RECKLESS VILLAIN AND THE POLICE!!! A DANGEROUS OUTLAW IN THE TOILS AT LAST!!!" Mr. Burnand regretted his inability to assist me, as such a course might leave him open to a charge of consorting with felons, etc., etc. He sent me a copy of *Punch* to read in the seclusion of my cell, and thus filled my cup of sorrow to overflowing.

Yours ever, all broke up,

—S.

(To be continued.)

Now that we are in the "heated term" a Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool, will have the effect of alleviating the distress, and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.

MY TOM AND HOW I GOT HIM.

His name is Tom Jones. Everybody call's him a *she*; but he is really a *he*. Indeed, why my friends call him *she* I never could discover, for his appearance is masculine to a degree, not to say ferocious. He has but half a tail, about an ear and three quarters, and is bereft of a part of his left upper eyelid—evidences of a fierce fight for the possession of a favorite feline *belle*, of which I shall presently speak. He habitually wears a scowl, a scowl as of *blasted* indifference; as if, poor soul, he had drained the cup of pleasure, dregs and all, and earth had nothing more from which to cull enjoyment. Even his pleasures he indulges in in a sort of melancholy way. His "miaow" is truly a terrifying sound—to cats of his own sex that is, for to his lady friends I have reason to believe it is not with-