

HONOR AMONG—SPECULATORS.

I T, was a burglar bold,
Who, on a murky night,
Had broke into a house
By a dark lantern's light.

He burgled right and left,
And quickly filled a bag
With proceeds of his theft
And various kinds of swag.

So soft and light his tread
The inmates never stirred:
He stood beside the bed
But not a sound they heard.

Then up he slyly crept,
And from the pillow took,
As still the owner slept,
A bulky pocket-book.
(*Store music.*)

"Aha! what have we here?"
By the dim light he reads,—
"Hum! mortgage—tax-receipts—
Agreements to give deeds!"

"A plan of lots for sale—!
I'll kick myself, I shall,
W'y, blow my precious hey'es,
I've been and robbed a pal!"

"His lay is real estate.—
Of all of 'em the boss,—
Would I go through a mate
Wot's working on the cross?"

He left the pocket-book,
Restored the goods again,
And penned this hasty note
His visit to explain:

"DEAR SIR,—
I greatly fear
You'll think I've been too fresh,
I'd really no idea
You were of our profesh—

"Dog don't eat dog,—not much!
Some blokes might do the likes,
Which I ain't one of such,
Yourn truly—WILLIAM SYKES."

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A FAIR maiden sat on an old pine log,
Awaiting the cows a-coming,
And while watching the meek-eyed, browsing kine,
She slowly fell thus a-humming:

"Oh *which* shall it be? And *when* shall it be?"
The old log swayed to and fro-a,
"There's gruff old Tom, and David the King,
And homely, hard-working Noah.

Old Tom has tour'd o'er the wide, wide world,
The mariner's compass boxin';
While David can talk of dim forest glades,
Noah can talk but of oxen."

"King David can walk with his head erect,
Tom's not a bad sort of beau-a;
If I should say yes when he asks me, why
What would become of poor Noah?"

So the sun went down, and the old cow lowed,
Yet still the fair maiden pondered,
Till Bossy quite cross shook her two mile bell,
And young Daisy greatly wondered.

"Oh, which shall it be? Hark! a warning note—
'Tis mother calling to task me,
Oh, when shall it be?—I guess I'll not vote
Till one or the other ask me!"

THOMAS C. ROBSON.



DISINTERESTED.

HORNY-HANDED SON OF TOIL (*to platform advocate of Reform*)—"But what will you do for a living when everything has been put to rights?"

ORATOR—"I? Oh, I shall be content to die of starvation as a martyr to the cause of justice to mankind at large!"

"CASSABIANCA."

(BY A REVISING BARRISTER.)

THE boy lay on his father's knee,
Before his time for bed—
A strap was in that father's hand,
That hand above his head.

The strap came down with tingling sound,
The boy was underneath;
And as that strap touched tender parts,
It took away his breath.

The hand would then more slowly rise,
Then swiftly down would come,
Like music baton marking time
To plaintive "Home, Sweet Home."

"Say, father, say," he faintly cried,
"If yet my floggin's done."
"No, sir," the old man roughly growled,
"It's only just begun."

The boy braced up, then gave a grasp—
A spring—and he was free;
The strap descended, but, alas!
It struck that father's knee.

He rose with mingled pain and rage—
The boy, oh! where was he?
Ask of the hayloft, where, all night,
He's hiding stealthily!

E. H.