



### SAVED BY STRATEGY;

OR, THE RUINED MERCHANT'S RATTLING ROSE.

#### CHAP. I.

Two hours after midnight in a gorgeous jewelry establishment.

Two figures flitting about stealthily in the dim light of a carefully shaded hand lamp—the same as you may have perhaps noticed after seven o'clock Saturday night, you forget just where.

Biff! Chung!! Bang!!!

"That settles the safe door, pard!" It was the smaller person who spoke as he laid aside the big sledge hammer. "Now, if the hole in the cellar is ready we'll yank all these boxes of stuff down, carry 'em away, and the job's done as slick as soap-grease. We're 'ruined' for sure, and you can bet your livor-pad about ten cents on the dollar will clear us and give us a fresh start. Ha! ha! ha!" the man laughed low and diabolically.

But his companion did not echo the ghostly gurgle. His face was pallid even by contrast with his white shirt-sleeves, and his black brows contracted as though he were in perplexity or the victim of a tight collar.

"It's a great scheme, cully, I 'low. But—won't some one tumble to the racket? That's what bothers me. Here's a moonlight night—a business street—a watchman on the go—our bunks upstairs—and this safe cracked in no burglar sort of way. Ain't this burgle fake just a trifle too gallish? Cully, I tell you I'm scared."

His fears seemed to check the other's jollity, for, setting down the bottle without taking an abnormal pull at it, the small man looked anxiously at his partner. But only for a moment was the look maintained and the liquid refreshment slighted.

"I have it!" he suddenly exclaimed gleefully. "Follow my directions and we are safe. Will you?"

"I will!" was the reply, and unconsciously the speaker passed over his hand for the demi-john.

"The directions are these: Let no reporter have a look at the premises, if one should hear about the affair. Don't telegraph our loss, so to speak, to the creditors. Leave the rest to me."

#### CHAP. II.

The next morning at 10 a.m. The ruined jeweler in confab.

"Now, what was your racket, Cully?"

"Pard, I've given the whole thing to the detectives, and they say they have a fair clue!"

"By the jumpin' giraffe, I never thought of that! Cully, you have a great head. We are saved!"

### ENQUIRERS' COLUMN.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

HISTORICUS wishes to know where the prophet Jeremiah was buried. Certainly, H., we shall give you the desired information, which cost us five cents a little while ago. This is how we got our knowledge: Elbowing our way into the tabernacle of another prophet one afternoon, we found ourselves solidly wedged amidst 999 other hungry and thirsty souls, all intensely eager to know what responses the oracle would vouchsafe them upon that particular occasion, when, luckily for you we pocketed the very knowledge you seek for. We had heretofore been under the impression that the prophet Jeremiah was buried in Egypt, but not so, my friend. The oracle assured us that his bones moulder in the green isle, probably under the "ould" hill of Tara, about the location of which we were, as upon your query, heretofore in the dark, as (instead of being in royal Meath) the oracle popped it down in Connaught. Our eyes were further opened on learning that the Romans had destroyed the city of Tara 155 years after they had given England their parting blessing for ever. Wonderful man! said we to ourselves, as we dived into the nethermost recesses of our b—no, p—pocket (by the same token it would almost take a search warrant, signed by the Colonel, to discover one) for a five-center, deeming it a suitable reward. Wonderful man! who not only penetrates the mysterious recesses of futurity, but also unravels the intricate web of antiquity, and all

By the wave of the wizard-y wand  
That tickles the ears in the street called "Bond."

of course we took the knowledge *cum grano salis* (that's Latin), but as it costs you nothing, you can swallow it without the salt.

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"What is the meaning of the motto 'Herrin' go braw,' of which the Irish are so fond? Does it refer to the fish, and if so, is it of the Loch Fine species?"—McHEATHER would like to know.—We are indebted to Mr. Riley Madigan for the following answer to Mr. McHeather's question:—The ignorance of some people is astonishing; but who besides a Scotchman could ever mistake the glorious old watchword "Erin go bragh" for a hungry man's praise of a commonplace herring? and the pride of Loch Fine, indeed! Poor old Erin! But her day is coming, and honor is paid to her at last. Her very potato is that "thing of beauty which is a joy for ever." Only think; to take it from its mother earth, the proud Sassenach, not long ago, sent horse, foot, artillery, kettle drums, and even ambulances, all of them armed to the teeth! A corporal's guard to lift one of her cabbages, and a troop of lancers to pile up a haycock. Many an Irish gentleman, like a Lord Mayor or a prince of the blood, has an escort as a life-guard, and the Chief Justice himself daren't wag his tongue, nor the peeler say, "black is the white of your eye," against the noble sons of Erin. Can any Scotchman say as much? Allow me to ask if the fine old mealy potato isn't a more intellectual diet than porridge is? and good belly bacon superior to Finnan haddie?

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"I should be obliged, Mr. GRIP, if you would tell me the meaning of the terms 'bummer,' 'beat,' and 'bloke?'" writes CURIOUS. In "Denison's Skillagallier," under the caption "Pestiferous Parasites for Peeler's Pulling," recently revised by the eminent jurist Judge Sinkiller, these subordinate classes of the human genus are thus described: "Bummer: One who is always ready to drink, but seldom or never pays. His time is employed in looking in at hotels, saloons, and other places of the

kind. If he sees a man standing at the bar he salutes him, and uses the formula, 'Ah! don't care if I do; beautiful day; little soda with a dash; well, now, as you are so pressing, gin and bitters; well, a little old rye; by-bye.' Leaving his victim to settle, he darts off for a new pasture. He manages to dress and live on his wits, and wishes to be recognized as a gentleman. His kindred is generally respectable; dodging debtors is one of his peculiarities. Beat: A contemptible fellow who sponges on his friends, lives on innocent hotel-keepers and widows who take boarders. He lies adroitly, and leaves with every tailor who will trust him his autograph, as a lasting souvenir. A favorite pastime is to hire a vehicle, alight at a front door, depart from the rear, and enjoy from a secluded spot the sentimentalism of the tricked Jehu. Kickings and cuffing do not at all lower his self-importance. His repertoire of butchers', bakers', fishmongers', and grocers' bills would form lively reading for the uninitiated; should he ever acquire property, he makes it over to his wife: We have heard it asserted that not one of his class is to be found in our city. Bloke: This character differs from the others, as he will work sometimes. He will get drunk too, whereas, the above-mentioned never do so, not possessing sufficient brain for the beverage to operate upon. The bloke is partial to gutter swathing, and spends a percentage of his time in durance; he invariably thrashes his wife, and votes the grit ticket. Enthusiastic teetotalers with praiseworthy belief of indestructible good in man, pick him up, wash him, clothe him, feed him, pet him, employ him and mourn over him every three months in the year. He delivers his experience with the most vehement uncton, and takes a pride in telling his admiring audience what a thorough scoundrel he has been. All these people are omitted from the list of "good citizens."

OSCAR, Kingston.—Verily you seem to be, if not an accursed thing, at least a very unfortunate one. The poem you sent, "Address to the Dying Year," and respecting which you write to enquire, was destroyed in the flames a few weeks ago when our offices were burned. Strange to relate, though your noble stanzas were in a pigeon hole with several other contributions, the greedy, though discriminating, Fire Fiend selected the "Dying Year" as his own peculiar prey, demolishing its noble fabric piece by piece, and leaving the rest untouched. However, as you had made "bouquet" rhyme with "O. K." and had spelt it without an "u" in the first syllable, perhaps it were better thus.

SOUTHRON, Fergus.—In reply to your request that we should give you the translation of the Gallic poem which appeared in the London 'Times,' about a week ago, and entitled "Muile Nam Mor Bheanu," we beg to say that it would take up too much space; the poem is the lament of one Mac Moke over the failure of the bean crop in the island of Mull. The title may be freely rendered in English, "No more beans for the mule." The dirge is very beautiful and affecting, though the full effect is weakened by translation into the language of the Sassenach.

Said a self-satisfied young man: "Really, I don't know what I shall do with the girls all after me so. A fellow can't be absolutely rude to them, you know, even if they do follow him up and constantly force opportunities to propose, you know. I really can't marry them all, you know, and what can I do, old boy?" "Easy enough; skip to Utah and telegraph for the whole gang," answered his practical friend.