



UNNEIGHBORLY CONDUCT.

COUSIN JOSH (on his first trip; occupying a berth next to the paddle wheels)—Say Capt'n!
 WATCHMAN—“Yes, Sah!”
 COUSIN JOSH—“Thar's a feller in the next room dancin' a clog; I wish you'd stop him.”

JIGGERSNOOT, OF HOGG'S HOLLOW.

(Continued.)

“AND now, the ice being broked,” said our hero, “allow me to present you my card,” and he handed her a bit of pasteboard, on which was embossed in gold letters, powdered with diamond dust the words:

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 · HEWGAG P. JIGGERSNOOT, ·
 · OF HOGG'S HOLLOW. ·

Anne slightly relaxed her previous hauteur, and condescended to converse with him respecting the state of the crops and Home Rule for Ireland.

“Say, Anne,” said Aspasia de Courcey, coming in an hour afterwards in a state of mind, “I'm in an awful fix, lend me \$500.”

“Five hundred dollars! What do you want with such a sum?”

“Boo-hoo! You told me to play and I went and played three-card monte with some sports in the smoking-car and they scooped me. I put up your gold watch and ma's diamond ring, and I can't git 'em back until I plank the boodle.”

Anne turned pale at the announcement.

“Do not, I beseech you, allow a mere trifle like that to annoy you,” said Jiggersnoot. “Here, take this,” and he dived into his hip-pocket in his easy, nonchalant manner and handed Aspasia a big wad of ten dollar bills.

“Saved,” cried Anne, “dear Hewgag, how shall I ever thank you,” and she subsided gracefully into his outstretched arms.

CHAPTER III.

FOR seventeen long and weary months Bideline Ghallagheri had sought to track her brother's assassin. It was to no purpose that she engaged as bar-maid in one of the most frequented beer saloons, hoping that the conversation of the customers might give her the clue she sought. The most talented detective scoured the Continent in vain. In the meantime the manly form and lively conversation of Capt. Jim Struther, of the stone hooker *Mudlark*, had made an impression on her susceptible corsican bosom, and she was almost disposed at times to forget her Oath of Vengeance and become his bride. While thus undecided she overheard one day a remark

from a *habitué* of the saloon to the effect that “Jim Struther was a perfect brick.”

“Yes, said another, “and I seen him yesterday with a brick in his hat.”

The words seemed to freeze her blood. “I've a clue at last,” she said to herself. “*It was a brick which killed my poor brother!*!”

And she fell senseless to the floor.

“Yes,” she hissed between her clenched teeth when she recovered, “I will fulfill the Oath of Vengeance; a Corsican never forgets, except when he owes money. I'll marry him first—and—kill—him—afterwards!”

The audience manifested their approval of these heroic sentiments by a round of enthusiastic applause.

CHAPTER IV.

JIGGERSNOOT, of Hogg's Hollow, was amusing himself fishing for whales in James Bay, when he received a telegram from his affianced bride summoning him to Hogg's Hollow at once, to attend her brother's wedding. Like a flash he divined the horrors of the situation and realized