

Slingjaw will defy Satan in his stronghold and root him out," and several "Ah's" of admiration ran round the room. Brother Slingjaw was apparently just concluding his speech as we came in, for he now turned to a small, stumpy man and said, "Brother Bulge, will you lead in prayer?" brother Bulge did so, pouring hot shot into the rum traffic, charging and routing "them vile rumsellers," giving particular fits to the press who refused to aid them, "the brethring," in their heaven-appointed work, and in fact including every one but the members of the club, who had right on on their side, in a general malediction. "Then like us," he said in conclusion, "eschew the cup; touch it not, neither taste nor handle, for verily ye shall fall. Be sober, be vigilant, be, be like me and brother Slingjaw, and walk in grace." At the close of the meeting my little friend and I strolled rather aimlessly about the streets, not seeing anything particular to interest us till a late hour. I could not refrain from asking my guide his opinion of the brethren and their cause: I said that where men seemed so deeply in earnest, they could not fail to accomplish much good, the speakers, setting as they did by their own course in life, so bright and shining an example for the weaker brethren to follow. "Oh!" answered the wee mannikin, "the cause is good, and the work is good; as for the speakers we heard to-night we may possibly see and hear them again and mature our judgments," as he spoke I stumbled and fell over a prostrate figure, lying in a heap, half in, half out of the gutter. He cursed violently as my foot came in contact with him, for though I was invisible I still had the power of making myself felt, and asked "where in place-paved-with-good-intentions I was c-c-comin' (hic) to?" "Some poor fellow in a fit," I said, "Let us assist him," and I stooped down to raise him up. "F-fit be jig-jiggered, (hic) got any b-bran'y about ye?" gasped the inebriate, staring wildly, hearing voices yet seeing no man. I started back in horror;—it was brother Slingjaw!

"Gracious!" I exclaimed to the mannikin, "surely you will not tell me that 'they all do it' now." "Well, no," he answered, "not all, not even half, but some do."

(To be continued.)

GRIP'S SKETCHES.

THE WOULD BE FASHIONABLE YOUTH.



Here's another young fellow whom everyone knows, He "gurgles to gasp" and "smiles to ejaculate." We know him at once by his faultless dress clothes, His swallow tail coat and his collar immaculate.

He thinks it's "the thing" and "good form" in a fellow To don this apparel wherever he goes As an escort at night with his sweet Arabella, And he wouldn't be seen without evening clothes.



THE DEMAND FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

UNCLE OLIVER.—MY DEAR, YOU SHALL CERTAINLY HAVE IT, JUST AS SOON AS YOU BECOME STRONG ENOUGH.

For men, like himself, of the highest society, To wear the same suit that they wear at their business, He affirms is a terrible breach of propriety. A sign of low cultchaw," and what he terms "dizziness."

He would make you believe he's a habit of dining At the hour of seven or eight, which is fashionable: And he fancies his thoughts we have means of divining: That, sans swallow tailcoat, he's to make a dead "mash" unable.

"But what is the use," cry the girls, "of his trying To put on swell airs and endeavor to 'mash' us, When we see him each day his ten cent lunch buying. And we know that he 'teas' about six at his 'hash-house'."

Of course it's all right to appear in a dress coat, Immaculate cuffs, snowy ties and white collars; And boots patent leathered, and very low waistcoat, But this style can't be done on a weekly eight dollars.

It's all very well for the British nobility, To which class we belong, to appear at the theatre Togged out in full fig; but these chaps' inability To do as we do is soon seen: We shall be at a

Loss, if we don't bring this sketch at an end here: Or else 'twill not do for the columns of GRIP. May these youths not get mad at the few lines we've penned here: We really don't care if they do: let 'em rip.

A POET'S IMPROMPTUS.

Young Cashby Fitzmopus has been surprising all his fair friends for several months by the facility with which he would dash off a few impromptu versos for their albums, and he has been regarded by his envious fellow-laborers in the bank as a sort of god, and his intellect has been looked upon by them as something almost too hallowed to be employed in the counting of dirty notes, and in reckoning up the amount of interest, etc., which it is diurnally called upon to do. Fitz, however, is not proud, though he has bragged considerably about the ease and rapidity with which he could throw off an ode to some charmer's eyes, though his ability to settle the hash of an "owed" to his tailor yet remains to be discovered, and he was wont to remark to his less gifted friends that "Oh! Byron and Moore and fellows like us just do these things as easy as A B C. Natural gift, you know," and so on. A friend of ours, however, hap-

pened to enter his room the other day, and found several scraps of paper lying about, which he basely purloined and brought to us. The facsimile of one which appears below speaks volumes. We can see in imagination the eye rolling in fine frenzy, and the anguish of composition as Fitz dashed it off. Further comment is unnecessary. Here it is:

*Smiles whole
Oh! injured... heart:
Lily smiles, angel of my soul -
Pride of my heart, angelic face one, say
What keeps of sorrow swell my throbbing
heart:
Come, heavenly Muse!
Tell me ye gods, what suffering
soul.*

Two young men rooming together, one bought a stove, and the other paid a mason for cutting a hole in the chimney. After a while they separated, and one took the stove which he had bought, and left to the other the hole he had paid for.

One day when Napoleon III., who was a bit of a wag, was busily writing in his private room at the Tuileries. Prince Jerome, familiarly known as "Plon-Plon," was shown in. Well, Prince, what is it? said Napoleon, knowing very well before he asked the question, exactly what it would be. "Is it more money?" Plon-Plon said that it was; that the exigencies of his situation, etc., weighed heavily upon him, and that he found himself compelled to ask for funds. Napoleon indicated that he had given all he could possibly spare, and that there was nothing to be had from him, at least for a long time to come. Plon-Plon became enraged. "You have no generosity. This is not Napoleonic. You have nothing of your uncle about you." "Oh, yes, I have!" retorted Napoleon, "I have his family."—Paris Correspondence Philadelphia Press.