

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF  
GREAT MEN.

VII.—GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

GLADSTONE carried the same umbrella for almost twenty years. Like Mrs. Gamp's, it was a bulging, dropsical umbrella; and as a result of its protracted experience of the peculiarities of the English climate, it had acquired a melancholy air of weariness and dejection. It has been said already that it was a bulging, exuberant umbrella; it had long lost, however, the faintest remembrance of the vivacity of its youth. It was of a sad, sober hue,—of a tint between that of a cigar box and that of a ham. At the top, where the converging whalebone ribs had originally come together in union and strength, the umbrella had suffered greatly; indeed, when it was open, there was almost as large an opening at the top as at the bottom. On the whole, it was just such an umbrella as one should expect to hold sombre views of life.

The great Liberal leader carried it with him everywhere. On account of its growing infirmities he bound it together at the top and bottom, when closed, with two elastic bands from the Government Office in Downing Street. One day Disraeli met him with the umbrella held affectionately under his arm, as was usual with him.

"How long have you had that umbrella?" he asked.

"Over seventeen years," said Gladstone, regarding it with pride.

"I can't understand how you have managed to keep it,—have you ever lent it to anyone?"

"Never."

"Well, I can understand that. But I can't understand," Disraeli pursued,—"*it really astonishes me that during all these years you have escaped having it stolen from you. Why, there are two elastic bands of no inconsiderable value attached to it!*"

W. J. H.

## A TRANSFER.

BUT a moment ago and those soft brown eyes,  
With a flood of tenderness looked into mine.  
Was I happy? Ah, yes; as you would be  
To be thrilled by a glance from such eyes divine.

BUT a moment, and now on another she smiles,  
That tender glance is all for him.  
She is fickle, you say. Why, no!—don't you see,  
I've handed her photograph over to Jim.

T.

CONDUCTOR—"You surely don't expect those two boys to travel for one ticket ma'am?" She—"Most decidedly I do. It's a twin."—*Cedar Rapids Gossip.*

SWELL young lady (at the Polo grounds)—With Johnny on third, Roger on second, Gill on first and Danny at the bat, it's kid gloves to bone collar buttons we make two runs. Her escort (with surprise)—Do you know Messrs. Ward, O'Connor, Gillespie and Richardson personally, Miss Twillingham? Swell young lady (with hauteur)—Certainly not.—*N. Y. Sun.*



## PARADOXICAL.

*The Old Gent*—No, Algernon. I do not approve of your breaking off the engagement. You will, no doubt, think more of Miss Goldust after you are married.

*Algernon*—I can't do it. The more I think of her—the less I think of her.

## SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

(INSPIRED BY THE PASSAGE OF THE PERPETUAL COERCION BILL.)

IRISHMEN, shoulder to shoulder!  
For country, for freedom, for right;  
Shall the love of our country but smoulder,  
Or the sun of our hopes set in night,  
Because tyrants make laws only slaves could obey?  
Shall we then meekly bow, and submit to their sway?  
No! Irishmen,—shoulder to shoulder!

Go forward, determined, united,  
And strong with the strength of the right;  
Too long have our pleadings been slighted,  
Too long hath Right bowed before Might.  
Shall we suffer in silence now, as in the past?  
In this day of the people arisen at last;  
No! Irishmen,—shoulder to shoulder!

The tyrants who gag us and bind us  
With fetters that chafe and that gall,  
Too late, to their sorrow, will find us  
A people who do and dare all.  
When from England the tyrant, shall Englishmen true,  
The PEOPLE of England, loved Erin, free you,  
And with us stand shoulder to shoulder!

Shoulder to shoulder the wide world o'er,  
Brothers in love as in arms heretofore;  
Shoulder to shoulder when class and when crown  
To the dust of oblivion long have gone down,  
With caste and with greed and oppression to moulder,  
While the armies of Progress march shoulder to shoulder.

JAY KAYELLE.

A MAGAZINE writer has been discussing the question "Will the coming man read books?" Not if he has to nurse the baby while his wife attends women's rights' conventions.—*Fall River Advance.*