

away from the groceries we have suffered from drouth," and he stepped aside to avoid a terrific blow which Sir Gervaise made at him with his battle-axe.

"Hold," cried the deep bass tones of Lord Marmaduke, as he drew aside the arras and stepped into the apartment, "Hold, Sir Knight, and explain thy presence here. Know ye not that I forbade thee these premises, are ye come to see my darter, till thou couldst tell down a thousand rose nobles."

"Ha!" ejaculated the knight, banging his crested helm down on the table and smashing the Earl's highly colored T. D. clay which reposed thereon.

"Ha! think'st thou that I, a Crusader, a knight who has fought for Holy Rood in Palestine—a grit M.P.—would lose my ladye love for a paltry thousand rose nobles? Thou art off thy chump, methinks, m'lud."

"And hast thou, then, the gold—the stamps—the spondulix?" enquired the earl, eagerly.



"I should snicker," replied the crusader, jabbing one of his spurs into the calf of the henchman who stood an open-mouthed and wondering auditor of the conversation. "Count that," and he hurled a leathern purse toward the earl, who seized it as it fell on the floor and poured its contents upon the massive deal table and sitting down, eagerly proceeded to do as he was requested.

This was a somewhat slow operation, for the earl was no scholar and could but count as high as twenty at a time, but at length the task was finished and fifty piles of twenty rose nobles each stood upon the board.

"Tis well, good Sir Knight," he said as the last coin was told, "the Lady Lillian is thine, she is out a-hawking to-day." ("Oh! you old liar," thought Sir Gervaise, for the varlet had given the dress-at-the-wash snap away) "but ere long she will be here. But how did'st thou obtain the wealth? Did'st—eh?" and he winked and went through the motion of picking a pocket.

Sir Gervaise's lip curled scornfully.

"Good, m'lud," he said, "I am a man of honor—an M.P., and a Knight who has fought in Holy Land. Nothing so low as the business thou hintest at for me. Nay, but thou art way off."

"How then, fair sir, did'st acquire the stamps?" asked the earl as he tremblingly shovelled the glittering piles into his dinner pail and looked them up in his oaken tool chest. "Did'st bulldoze a bank cashier?" and he looked at the other for an explanation.

"I'fackins, but thou art a crank, me thinks," replied the knight, taking a chew of plug, and expectorating in the henchman's eye. "I did none of these!"

"Then what?" eagerly asked Lord M. M. Checkley, "I, as thou knowest, am a Grit M.P.," replied Sir Gervaise. "Thou art; thou art; go on." "I was 'approached' by a member of the opposition."

"Ha!"

"I hearkened to his proposals; I pocketed the thousand rose nobles he proffered; I swore I would become a turn coat, and here I am and there's the cash and Lillian's mine."

"But thou wilt not become a Tory?" asked the earl, who was a rank old Grit himself, in a fearful state of excitement, "an thou dost, Lillian can never be thine; thou wilt not do as thou swarest thou wouldst, eh?"

"Not by a jugful," replied Sir Gervaise Fitz-Palmgrise, as he winked with exceeding cunning and laid his finger alongside his nose, "not by a jugful."

POOR FELLOW!

MR. GRIP, Dear Sir,—I'm in a fearful state of anguish, and have striven to give vent to my feelings in some verses which I enclose, and which explain all. Oh! if I'd only known what the result would have been, wouldn't I have pulled, and pulled, and tugged. But my poetry will tell better than anything what the matter is. Oh! it's awful. Please print the enclosed so that Susan Jane may see it. Oh! my.

Yours,
BIG PEELER.

MY LAST COOK.

I am a peeler; once I know
A much respected man;
And that a few short weeks ago,
Before my woes began,
Would'st hear who played me such a trick?
The tale is all too true,
And left me half a lunatic—
The cook at Number 2.

'Twas in a quiet west-end street
She lived, no matter where;
Her voice, just like her tea, was sweet,
And raven-black her hair.
She'd redder lips and darker eyes
Than any one I know;
And oh! the richness of her pies—
That cook at Number 2.

She took a fancy to me when
I strolled along my beat;
She fed me, happiest of men,
Till I no more could eat.
Her master kept his table up—
To give the man his due—
And oftentimes I went to sup
With cook at Number 2.

It was a merry life, I trow,
For victuals are so dear;
It dwells within my memory now
That excellent table beer!
And what I couldn't eat I bagged
As other peelers do,
I know that I might have been tagged
With cook at Number 2.

Last week she cooled and, sad to say,
She stopped my beer and prog—
Indeed she drove poor me away
As if I'd been a dog.
She said that with a man like me
She'd have no more to do;
That she was angry I could see—
That cook at Number 2.

What was the cause of all my woe?
What did she do it for?
'Twas 'cause the men from Buffalo
Had won the tug-of-war.
Ah! yes, they tugged us o'er the line,
Those Yankee boys in blue;
And now my star has ceased to shine
With cook at Number 2.

She told me that a man like me—
In weight two-sixty pound—
Should be ashamed alive to be
When by those Yankees downed.
She called me fat and useless, oh!
Farewell my faithless Sue;
You are the cause of all my woe—
Coo-cook at Number 2.

[The MS. was quite wet, evidently with tears, when we received it, and almost illegible towards the latter end. Possibly it was Susan Jane's and other cooks lavish feeding of our men that caused their defeat. Poor fellows!—ED. GRIP.]

The subscription list for the grand Lablache Opera is being rapidly filled at Nordheimer's. The performance will take place on Saturday week, and will consist of two acts of *Trovatore*, with full orchestra and chorus, and a concert programme, Madame Lablache appearing in her great role of *Aucucca*, supported by her daughter, Mlle. Louise Lablache, Signora Stagi, Del Puente and Vianesi (conductor).



HE COULD HELP.

"Mister!"

"Well, sir? What do you want with me, sir?"

The pompous old party stopped, and looked savagely at the tattered tramp who had dared to accost him on his way to the office.

But the tramp didn't proceed to wither at the glance. He simply changed his attitude of graceful abandon, so as to bring the off shoulder into contact with the lamp-post, and then he began:

"I don't strike you, at this precise moment, as a person very likely to achieve any grand purpose in life, do I mister?"

The old gentleman's look was a unanimous verdict for the plaintiff.

"I perceive by your air, Mister, that you doubt, or perhaps I should say utterly scout the possibility of my being instrumental in furthering any movement looking towards the material advancement of the race!"

The citizen didn't answer. He seemed lost in thought, but if a policeman had been in sight, the tramp would have discovered what he was thinking about without delay.

"And yet, Mister, standing here, cogitating ways and means as to the procurement of an eye-opener this morning, an idea has occurred to me, that even I, humble individual though I be, am not incapable of becoming a small fraction in the numbers totting up the sum total of human happiness."

Oh, how fervently a certain enraged old party was that moment wishing that a brick building would fall down on a certain impudent tramp! It was simply indignation rooted him to the spot.

"Yes, Mister! I have an idea that I—even I—could lend a hand in solving a problem that is agitating a whole country at the present time."

The tramp here braced himself for a start, for he saw a chum at a distance, who might possibly have enough for a couple of drinks.

"You know, Mister, the dilemma in which the United States distillers find themselves respecting the disposal of their large overplus of whiskey—which cannot find a market and must soon be taken out of bond or stand a tax?"

The speaker whistled to his distant pal and waited for an answering signal before he added:

"Well, I have a shrewd suspicion that I could help the distillers—right now—on this very spot—to the extent of about a pint anyway, and if—"

Two minutes later a furious old gentleman was describing the tramp to an officer.

"I'll give you two dollars in your fist!" he exclaimed, "if you collar the impertinent villain, and give me a chance to swear him into a six months' sentence."

Lady Visitor: "Oh, that's your doctor is it? What sort of a doctor is he?" Lady Resident: "Oh, well, I don't know much about his ability; but he's got a very good bedside manner."—Punch.