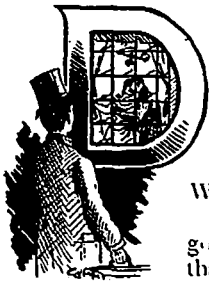


HOW THEY WERE CAUGHT.



DETECTIVE SLEUTH (after a long spell of profound meditation)—“By Jiminy, I’ve got a scheme to fix them burglars. Bet your life they don’t rob no more banks nor jewelry stores in this town.”

DETECTIVE SNOOZER — “Ha! What? Have you really got a clue?”

SLEUTH—“Clue, nothin’. Naw. I’ve got a blamed sight better thing than that. Look a here—they fellers is amateurs.”

SNOOZER — “I reckon.”

SLEUTH—“They ain’t in the regular profesh. They’re interlopers an’ intruders takin’ the bread out of the mouths of the hard-working burglar by unfair competition.”

SNOOZER — “Well, what of it?”

SLEUTH—“Why, jest this, that the regulars’ll all be down on ‘em. I’ll make up to-night an’ take in the meeting of the Burglars’ Protective Union and get a motion passed to boycott them as scabs. If that don’t fix ‘em may I never be the hero of another dime novel!”

OUT-GENERALLED—the militia.



HER FATHER LIVED IN NIAGARA.

MR. GUSHING—“Well, I think it’s a splendid likeness. Don’t you think Alice’s cheeks are like peaches?”

MISS JELLUS—“Yes; a perpetual failure.”



JIMMY AT MCGILL.

COME hither my cronies,  
Who know what a bone is,  
Or where that soft stone is  
We all kissed so chane.  
I’ll sing of a daisy,  
Entirely to plaze ye,  
Who drives us a’l crazy,  
Sweet Jimmy McShane.

Chorus—Sweet Jimmy McShane,  
May blue devils pain  
The spalpeens that vote not  
For Jimmy McShane.

Then on to the Windsor  
And say, “My dear Jim, sir,  
Pray out with your tin, sir,  
To stand the champagne,  
Though some prefer whisky,  
That makes us so frisky,  
Of thirst there’s no risk, eh?  
With Jimmy McShane.

Chorus—Sweet Jimmy McShane, etc.

We’ll knock down a peeler  
By way of a feeler,  
And where’s th re’s a squenler  
Will dare to complain?  
Then Jimmy won’t leave us,  
His purse will relieve us,  
And fai:h it won’t grieve us  
To do it again.

Chorus—Sweet Jimmy McShane, etc.

Then long life to the Mayor,  
And we hope he’ll get there,  
And again fill the chair,  
Here’s success to his reign.  
May the chair that he’ll hold  
Be well cushioned with gold,  
May it keep out the cold  
From off Jimmy McShane.

Chorus—Sweet Jimmy McShane,  
May blue devils pain  
The spalpeens that dote not  
On Jimmy McShane.

THE mouldering branch is becoming a smou’dering fire.