

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

It is not generally known that a representative of GRIP was amongst those who interviewed the beautiful Jersey Lily. Having sent in his card, he was left waiting in an ante-room whilst the rest of the newspaper men who had arrived before him were being bundled out. He could distinctly over-hear Mrs. Langtry's whispers to her footman to make haste and get rid of them, as it would never do to receive GRIP's representative in the wholesale manner adopted towards the other members of the press. As the last man, a *Globe* reporter, left the hotel with a bran new hat he exchanged in the hall for his own dilapidated 'rowdy,' GRIP's society man was admitted to the far-famed beauty's presence.

"How different,"—whispered the Lily to Mr. Gebhardt, who was present, thus proving all the statements published by other journals that this gentleman was in New York, to be base imaginings, Mr. Gebhardt not having seen fit to be present during any of the interviews except the one here spoken of, he having a horror of, if not contempt for, the ordinary newspaper man;—"from the way those other churls entered the room. This man is on his native heath, so to speak, and his name is—" glancing at the card, "all i yes; one of the oldest of Britain's nobility," here she rose and advancing towards the visitor, frankly extended her hand to him. "So refreshing," she said with a bewitching smile, "to welcome one whose very features bear the stamp of aristocracy: You belonged to the Prince of Wales set?" GRIP's Apollo acknowledged the soft impeachment, and enquired how Bertie was at present, and was gratified by the information that his old chum was well. "You are credited in the *Globe*, Mrs. Langtry, with the remark that you wished your audience on Friday last had but one mouth, that you might kiss them all. Is it true that you ever said so?" asked the gallant interviewer. "Certainly, I did," was the reply, "but it was only what you, or rather the common newspaper men call taffy." "It would make a very large mouth, would it not? I suppose you did not venture a similar expression when in Hamilton? the idea of three or four hundred female mouths of that city rolled into one!" "Oh! you funny man," gushed the Lily, ecstatically, as the gentleman continued, "Vesuvius or Etna would be but a pucker to it; however, if you still desire to express your feelings as intimated in your remarks on Friday night, I am willing to bethe—the—not exactly scape-goat, but—you know what I mean, I am sure: Kiss all Toronto by proxy and let me be her representative," and he assumed that expression of feature which numbers its victims by the tens of thousands.

At these words Freddie sprang up from the hassock at the lady's feet, and backing towards the door, he said, "Sir, your conduct is intolerable:" here he opened the door and calling a waiter, enquired when the next train left for Texas. "In a quarter of an hour," replied the menial. "Then, sir," he continued to GRIP's professional beauty, "I challenge you," and was gone. "Poor, poor Mr. Gebhardt," murmured the Lily, "he is so impulsive; so very hot-blooded; I do not know how to cool his ardent blood." "Could you not try the effect of a piece of ice down his back?" suggested the other, "If my memory does not mislead me, Wales told me that—that—what was it?" The beautiful lady was convulsed with laughter, and could not speak for several minutes, at the end of which she could only repeat, "Oh! you are so ridiculous:—how much is your paper?" she asked abruptly. "Two dollars per annum, and The Almanac and Grip Sack, published, the former in the winter, the latter in the summer, are each twenty-five cents."

After enrolling her name as a life subscriber

to all three, Mrs. Langtry dismissed the gentleman, but invited him to come often, and he departed, leaving a message for Freddy, in case that warrior had not already left the city, to the effect that he need not be frightened, as he, himself, bore him no hard feelings, and declined to fight, and had left a package of gum drops for him with the renowned beauty.

GRIP ADVISES HIS BEST GIRL.

Let me give you a word of advice, my dear, I'm sure you will think it a nice idea
To have a young fellow so learned as GRIP
Taking pains to advise you and give you the tip,
About things that are proper and wise, my dear.

I observe that you put on your glove, my pet,
On the street, which is naughty, my love, you bet;
You should do it at home 'ere you leave the house,
For to do it outside shows a lack of that nous
Of which you have plenty, my dove, my pet.

I've seen you eat fish with your knife, my love,
It is wrong to do this, oh! my life, my dove;
If you would not have noodles and gossipers talk,
Use a small crust of bread and a silvery fork—
This world with small troubles is rife, my love.

Then throw off that Gainsborough hat, my girl,
It is ugly, ungainly and flat, my pearl,
And I think you are making a horrid mistake
In wearing a thing like a buckwheat cake
Grown to awful proportions like that, my girl.

Don't hang your dear hair on your brow, my own,
For it gives you the air of a cow, ochone!
Of a cow that has hair where her horns should bud,
And who looks like an idiot when chewing the cud,
So brush it back; don't have a row, my own.

And now I have no more to say, right here,
So I wish you a very good day, my dear.
You're a dear little creature, and ever will be
The charmingest creature that ever charmed me,
And I think this advice is a gay idea.



A DETECTIVE STORY;

OR,
THE BLOODHOUNDS OF THE LAW ON THE TRAIL.

(Continued.)

"We now have evidence," he continued, after a pause, "that this burglar was a South American, that he wore boots, that he chewed fine cut Virginia leaf, also that he wore trousers; four invaluable clues. We must shadow every man we see who not only wears trousers but," pausing, and scowling at the reporter, "every man whose trousers are short of a button. We have a clew, several clues; I fancy I have a suspicion as to who the burglar is, and I think I could lay my hands on him with little trouble—wh-wh-what's that?" he suddenly said, edging behind White, as a low, wierd, unearthly wail struck the tympana of the three, apparently issuing from the very wall of the store, "D-don't let me do anything r-r-rash, White," said Oldhall, getting very pale and drawing his revolver, "If we are attacked, keep well in front of me, or I don't know what I may do. Mr. Reporter, be kind enough to open the door there," pointing to a closet door, whence another terrific, yet mystic and fantastic howl seemed to issue. "The burglar is there: thank heaven we acted upon

my clue and have traced him to his hiding place. Open the door!" "Open it yourself," replied the itemizer; "I thought you had proved that the burglar had left the place by the window: how can he be in that closet, then, if it is a closet?" "Well," replied Oldhall, "if he isn't there, then where the devil is he?" "Why," said White, "I thought you said you knew who and where he was." "White, you're a fool," snapped Oldhall, "open that door, whilst I get behind the safe here to see whether it hasn't been 'torn open at the back: now, go ahead." "Lead the gallant officer, squeezing into the place of safety indicated, and pulling a barrel of flour in front of him, "go ahead." White flatly refused, for at this moment another wail, long, drawn out, and even more weird and ghostly than its predecessors, came from behind the mysterious door. "Hang it, man," said the reporter, "I'll open it: you two fellows be ready to pot him with your shooters if he tackles me," and he advanced to the door, whilst Officers Oldhall and White covered that article with their revolvers, the former from his post of vantage before mentioned, the latter from the top of the row of shelves along the side of the shop, and throwing it wide open, a huge brindled cat that had been shut up therein all night sprang out, and dashing through the store, danced with flaming eyes and terrible tail through the front window, at the same time that the detectives opened a rapid fusillade, killing and wounding three cans of tomatoes, two boxes of crackers, and grazing the sub rosa portion of the reporter's pantaloons. At this moment the front door was opened and the proprietor of the grocery, two of his clerks and the porter came pouring in. "Have you got him?" were the first words of the grocery man. "I thought he might be behind the safe," said detective Oldhall, emerging therefrom. "I had a clue to his whereabouts on the top shelf," explained detective White, descending from that elevation. "By the Lord Harry," roared the reporter, "it seems you had a clue or a suspicion or a shadow or whatever you call it that he was in my pants: look here," and he exhibited the hole made by the pistol ball: "Pretty detectives you are!" Officers Oldhall and White affected not to hear this, and continued, "We tracked the burglar by his footsteps to the rear of this place—" they began, when the porter broke in, "Thim's my fusttips; whin I cum this mornin' at sivin o'clock I opened the dure at the back, and whin I wuz inside I shملت cheese. So I opened the windy to let out the shmel, fur be the powers! it would knock ye down, whin all av a suddint I heerd a howlin' and a yollin' inside the sture. 'What haythenish baste is that,' thinks I, and my hair riz up. 'It's the banshee,' says I, 'that's what it is,' and wid that I didn't wait for by yer lave, but I out through the windy, and tould a bit av a gossoon to run to the polcesh offis and acquaint 'em wid the fact that the divil was in the sture, while I I wint and tould the masther, by the same token I was just by the stove whin I heard the first howl, and I shplit the buttons off av my breeches wid the fright," and he pulled a paper of fine-cut out of his pocket and took a chew. "Come, White," said Oldhall, "owing to the intolerable stupidity of this Irish galoot the burglar is by this time beyond our reach—probably boarded the first street-car for South America: telephone to Blossombeak, Rumjug, Heavystern and Podgins to abandon their clues; and—" "And I," said the reporter, "had better have some one to shadow me down to the office, for by Jingo! this hole's big enough to put my leg through, and I don't want to be arrested for indecent behavior." "And see," said Oldhall and White, together, "keep this out'n your blamed paper, or—"