

SONG OF THE DYING FLY.

WHEN I was young, a week ago,
I never thought to come to this;
Why should a trick so very low
Wind up my life of bliss?

To only think how once I flew
Around this world of men and facts,
And here I am as fast as wax
Upon this sheet of glue.

I used to buzz right merrily
About the city at my will,
And from each table take my fill
Of hospitality.

Upon a bald head I could sit
And dream of things that long had flown;
The man, with sympathetic groan,
Would aim but never hit.

And now, upon a sheet of glue,
I'm fixed and cannot get away,
Whilst other flies around me play;
It makes me very blue.

I'm minus three legs and a wing,
I've pulled till I can pull no more;
To-morrow it will all be o'er,
And then no more I'll sing.

I had preferred an end more meet;
But still must bear with this mishap.
I wish the fool who laid this trap
Had made my death-glue sweet.

P. QUILL.



OFFICERS' SERVANT GIGGAN TO JEAMES IN SERVICE.

DEAR JEAMES,—Sogering is better than footman to an orid old woman and her nasty pugs—wich the livery to is pleasanter. The capting is all I could wish and then, Jeames, the fair sects! Ven in service as you well noes I could no more look at the feet of a pretty girl, being so bashful like—but the unyform has made me as impident as the best of 'em. The capting he is doing the perlite to his lady miss, and as doing my dooty I looks arter the made. She's a stunner and no mistake. The capting thinks so to; at least as I was a carryin' in a bastick of wine to our mess I heard him say that she reminded him of "one of wa-toe's jems." The capting was mistaken—for she's from Donegal. I told him so arterwards and he told the mess and they had me in to say it over agen to make sure like. Anyhow whether she's wa-toes or Irish she's a beauty—a little turned up noz and larfing eyes and cheeks like the bloom on a peach—I couldn't keep from puttin' my arm round her waste the fust time what I seed her. She larfed and sed—Don't go to fast my

brav lad in red—hands off ontill akvainted. Seys I—to fast from victals or love is mitey onpleasant, so I wont—and with that kist her. She was rite angry and it tuk me some time to suthe her, but I succeeded at last and no no more at present from GEORGE GABRIEL GIGGAN.

P.S.—If you wishes to jine the serviz (hateful wurd) I will egsert my influenz with the capting. G.G.G.

BASE BALL NOTES.

BINKLEY, the umpire, is an absent-minded fellow. He was driving down street the other day when his horse balked and began kicking. "Collins, I fine you \$50," said he, in his usual firm, low voice. The horse moved on.

Terry, of the Brooklyn club, belongs to a swell family, and they are strongly opposed to his ball-playing. They regard it as a base business, but probably he is the only member of the family who will ever make a hit.

The New York Mets. are opposed to the suggestion of salaried scorers. They say it would be unfair to make them contribute to scorers' salaries, since they don't get any benefit in the scoring, anyway.

Hastings bought six players from Leavenworth the other day for \$1,500. Good fresh players seem to be worth about \$2,000 per dozen out that way.

"The Base-Ball Player as a Chattle" is the title of an article in one of the magazines. An International League umpire says there's not half as much chat about 'em as there was before the new rule was made.

One of our professionals went to church last Sunday for the first time. When the preacher had announced his text he stepped away from the reading desk and began his discourse. A look of perplexity and alarm overspread the base-ballist's countenance, as he turned to one of the deacons and said, "What sort of a game is this? Where's the umpire? The pitcher's out of his box!"

ORPHEUS ECLIPSED.

MRS. MCDUGAL—Oh fie! Angus Mactooal. What for wass you pe dansin' at ta Caelic Sassiety when it wass treescore-years an' ten you wass. They'll think you wass daft, when its a praw touce man you wass an' a member of the kirk—mirofer.

Mr. McDougal—I wass not daft at all, cootwife! It wass ta piper, Charlie Monroe, wass playin' a pibroch, an' she'll plaw, an' plaw; an' she'll plaw ta music inta ta plood, an' how can she'll pe sit still, Mrs. Mactooal, wi ta music a' ta Hielan' Fling, tuggin' at ta tendons o' her toes like ta current o' ta electricity? Tat's ta difference atween ta Scotch music an' a' ta other music. Ta other iss fery fine, fery fine, an' she'll can sit still all ta days of ner life maype; put when ta pipes or ta fiddle strikes up "Caber Feigh" or "Tullochgorum"—hooch! ta electricity goes zig zag down to ta toes, an' she'll cannot sit still nefer any more whatefer.

WITH GRIP'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE NEW LITERARY CLUB.

FROM BYRON to Wigwam; from Wigwam to Dickens—
What matters the name if the sentiment's sound!
As each evening's fun with the wreathing smoke thickens
To "Our Mutual Friend"—ship the toast shall go round.