

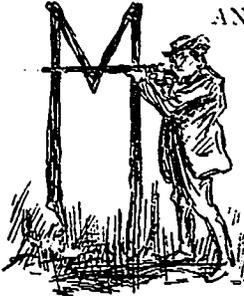


### HER USUAL WAY.

MISS SUMMERSGIRL—"Why, Mr. Sissy, I'm so glad you've come. I haven't seen you since we had such a pleasant time here last summer."

MR. SISSY—"Oh! yes, you have. You've passed me on the street hundreds of times. What you mean is, you haven't *known* me!"

### HOW BOB CRAIG GOT HIS GUN.



ANY a laughable story I have heard of poachers, but none more so, I think, than what I can tell you of Bob Craig, and how he became the possessor of a fine double-barrelled gun. Bob one night called upon Bill Stewart to have a chat. They were discussing the state of the weather and prospects of an early fall, when a shuffling noise was heard outside.

"What on earth's that?" said Bob.

"What's that! Some rogues at my apples again," and Bill ran to the door just in time to see a dark figure getting over the fence.

"You villain,"—turning to Bob—"I believe you're in company with them and here to keep me talking, while your blackguard companions plunder."

Bob protested his innocence, and as a proof proceeded to advise William in the matter.

"Why don't you use that gun hanging up there and protect your property?"

"The gun! Lord preserve me, you wouldn't advise me to shoot the de—the knaves."

"Why not, they have no business here, and you can surely fire at your own apples."

"There's something in that," mused William, "and if you keep me company on Saturday night, I'll have a bang at the rascals, if they turn up."

"I'll promise," said Bob, who saw some sport in prospect. "Just give them a shower of sparrow hail about the legs, so that you'll find out who they are; when you can tell them you'll aim higher next time."

After some preliminary arrangements, Bob left, promising to be there on Saturday night, to prove that William only fired at his own apples, on his own ground.

Bob went home whistling gaily, when a bright idea struck him. "I'll get Tom Brown to act the robber, and by some means must get firing the gun. Tom must scheme he's dead, and—oh Christmas, somebody hold me or I'll b—t—bust."

On Saturday night, Bob kept his appointment, and after sampling the bottle, both set out with the gun well charged. They had not waited long, when they heard a noise, and peering cautiously from their hiding place, saw the form of a man warily creeping towards a big tree. Arriving he began to climb and throw down the apples. William levelled his gun, when Bob, taking hold of his arm, whispered,

"Give it to me, William; the excitement is too much for you, you're shaking, and you may make a mistake."

This last argument, settled the matter, and Bill resigned the gun to Bob. The latter carefully levelled the gun at the foot of the tree—and fired. Scarcely had he pulled the trigger, than a most blood-curdling yell came from the tree, and crash through the branches fell the robber, who with a convulsive struggle and a deep groan, lay to all appearance dead.

"That's the way to settle him," said Bob.

"Settle him! Good heavens, you've killed the man."

"Go and see if you recognize him, William."

"God forbid that I should touch a murdered man," said William with a shudder.

"Will they call it murder, William?"

"Murder! You'll hang as sure as my name is William Stewart."

"But they cannot hang me, it was you that told me. There's your gun to prove it!"

"It's—it's—not my gun," stammered William. "I just ran out when I heard the shot! No, no, the gun is yours, Bob, and fine you know you bought it last Wednesday night."

"Now, now, William, take your gun and I'll bury the body."

"I tell you it's not mine. You can bury the body and take home your gun, but you won't get me mixed up in the affair," and with that he ran into the house, locked the door, and shaking like a leaf got into bed. Bob with a quiet chuckle, walked over to Brown, and said: "It's all right, Tom, gather up your fruit and let's be off; I thought to have a laugh but have got something more."

William couldn't understand how none of the neighbors were amissing, and arrived at the conclusion that the man was a stranger, but often when he meets Bob he asks in a whisper: "Have you ever heard who he was," to which Bob's invariable answer has been, "Not yet, but I fear it will come out some day."

### AN ANCIENT TORTURE REVIVED.

PUPIL (*reading*)—"And the assassin was condemned to be broken on the wheel."

TEACHER—"What do you understand by that?"

PUPIL—"They made him ride a bicycle."

### A FULL EXPIATION.

PASTOR—"Mr. Blenkinsop, you have been somewhat neglectful of your religious duties. I haven't seen you at church for the last three months."

BLENKINSOP—"No, doctor—but then I've been to two Sunday school picnics lately."

PASTOR (*solemnly*)—"My friend, I ask your pardon. Your fault has been fully atoned for."