

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

ALL unthinking, I agreed to
 Fill a page,
 And although I do not need to,
 I'll engage,
 Still I fain would please your fancy,
 If I could,
 How I wish some necromancy
 Only would.

For your poet can indite -
 Scarce a word.
 Blame him not if what he write
 Seems absurd ;
 With brain empty, as his purse is,
 Though you know it,
 If you do not love your verses,
 Love your poet.

SMIFF.

MR. JIGGERSNOOT OF HOGG'S HOLLOW.

(NOT BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.")

CHAPTER I.



AY, fellows, what's going on here, any way?"

The speaker was a tall, athletic young man, who approached a group who were conversing in low tones of suppressed earnestness, outside the popular gin-mill, kept by the Corsican patriot, Michelano Molloni.

"I don't see as how it's any of your darned business, anyhow," was the somewhat discourteous rejoinder of a member of the party.

"But it is—I make everything my business. You see, I have no particular business of my own to attend to, so I take a hand in everybody else's—I am Jiggersnoot, of Hogg's Hollow."

They started as if a bombshell had fallen in their midst. "What? No! You don't say! *Not* Jiggersnoot of Hogg's Hollow? the man who can drink more whiskey, eat more liver at a free lunch, chaw more plug tobacco, and stand on his head longer than any other fellow in two counties? Proud to know you. Shake!"

It was indeed Jiggersnoot of Hogg's Hollow, whose proficiency in these manly attainments never failed to awaken the respect of those who made his acquaintance. Left a comparative orphan at an early age, he had inherited the vast wealth of his only father, acquired by strict attention to the plumbing business. Hitherto he had only sought to amuse himself. He didn't care a cent for lawn tennis, five o'clock teas, progressive euchre, or the milder forms of excitement. While other youths of his age were enjoying themselves at church socials he would in his languid *blaise* way ascend the spire of the edifice by the lightning-rod, and hang by his toes from the vane at the top. It was no wonder that Jiggersnoot, of Hogg's Hollow, had acquired a continental reputation.

"You didn't tell me what you were up to," said Jiggersnoot, when the *furor* of his reception had subsided.

"Nothin' much. Feller called me a liar and I'm going to slug him," said a stalwart and bronzed cavalier, producing a sand bag from under his coat.

"That's no good," said Jiggersnoot—"Better try a brick. I've had experience in this kind of business."

Presently the form of a man was seen approaching. There was a rush, a confused struggle, terminating with a

dull, sickening thud, and then a scream rent the atmosphere, mingled with language of an illegal character.

Bidelina Ghallageri, the beautiful Corsican maiden, had taken the Oath of undying Vengeance over the prostrate form of her brother!

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of Jiggersnoot was his previousness. He was one of the soonest men ever seen. Shortly after the events narrated in the last chapter he was walking alongside the C.P.R. track, when an express train whizzed by. A girlish face of dazzling beauty appeared at a car window. For the tenth part of a second their eyes met, and Jiggersnoot felt a new sensation penetrate his entire fabric. He loved ardently, and with the force of his whole nature, and at once his decision to pursue her if need be to the ends of the earth was taken. Like a flash he drew a red handkerchief from his pocket and flagged the train. The conductor who fortunately happened to be standing on the rear platform observed the signal and stopped the train.

"Where is this train going?" asked Jiggersnoot.

"To Toronto," replied the conductor.

"Here is \$1,000," said Jiggersnoot, as he climbed on board, handing a roll of bills to the official, "and I want you to go right back to Montreal."

"Can't be done, sir,"

"But it must. I'm Jiggersnoot, of Hogg's Hollow. Money is no object. Take another thousand."

"But the company would fire me."

"Never mind. If they do I'll give you a pension amounting to three times your present pay."

"But we shall run into other trains."

"That's no consequence, I'll pay all damages."

The conductor thereupon started the train backwards towards Montreal, while Jiggersnoot entered the car and was soon seated beside the object of his sudden attachment, Miss Anne Struther.

Presently the train boy entered with an armful of books and papers. Jiggersnoot quietly handed him a few loose gold pieces and motioned him to lay his entire stock in trade on the seat.

"Take a few novels, Miss," he said.

"Thank you," she replied, "I don't care about reading."

Jiggersnoot opened the car window and slung them out.

"Ill try her on another tack," he said to himself.

"Perhaps you are right," he observed aloud. "It fosters a habit of mental vacuity and tends to obscure the instinctive perceptions which are co-relative with the highest natures."

"Oh, cheese your guff, and git us some candy," said Aspasia De Courcy, Miss Struther's travelling companion. She was a big girl of fifteen belonging to an exceedingly high-toned and aristocratic family, and had the extensive acquaintance with slang and freedom of manner characteristic of the higher classes.

Jiggersnoot called the candy butcher and purchased fifty dollars worth of caramels for Aspasia.

"You're the stuff!" she cried enthusiastically. "Say Anne, you've made the right kind of a mash this time. I'd work him for all he's worth if I was you."

"Go off somewhere and play," said Miss Struther, as a vermeil blush which greatly enhanced her charms, mounted to her temples.

(To be concluded next week.)