



## HIS LAST RESORT.

The gentleman who entered the bar-room door was evidently not regarded as a good customer by the Autocrat of All the Bottles.

"Morning!"

Silence!

The nature of this one-sided dialogue seemed to imply a question of doubt as to the identity of the gentleman.

The pair eyed each other steadily for five seconds. The gentleman's look was one of overproof anxiety and longing. That of the Autocrat was as immovable as a bank vault.

"Can I have a bowl?"

"This aint no crockery store."

"I tell you I want a hookah bad."

"There's a tobacco store around the corner where they sell hookahs."

"Say, put out the whisk., old pard. I'm most dead."

"I'll lend you a brush but, but you'd want to wear it out to clean up."

"Pardner, did you ever feel good and dry? That's me this morn."

"There's water on tap at the street fountain. None here except in bottles."

"Now look-a-here, old man! 'Course I'm a little on the budge to-day—"

"Well, why don't you budge on out of here!"

"I'll ask you once again, mister. Kin I have some lickin' till to-morrow?"

"No, you can't, if I am to furnish it. But you can have some lickin' to-day and right now if you don't meander."

"Then here goes my last resort!" The gentleman spoke in a despairing tone and began to unpin his turned-up coat-collar.

The Autocrat was scared. Hold on, you miserable sponge! No suicide business in this bar-room. Take a drink and get out so quick that they'll have to make more new Time to collar you.

When four fingers and a margin had gurgled out of the bottle and into the gentleman, he smiled sadly, put back the pin and said: "Young man, you've saved a life."

"And would you really have cut your throat if I hadn't shoved out the lish?" queried the Autocrat.

"Cut my throat!" echoed the gentleman with a gruesome grin. "Well, hardly, I'm not cuttin' throats just now."

"But that last resort you spoke about?"

"That last resort was to get a glass of hot water from you, swallow it and see if I couldn't imagine it made a drink of mild whisky, hot with the lickin' I had about an hour ago."

The lemon-squeezer was well aimed, but the gentleman was too near the door.

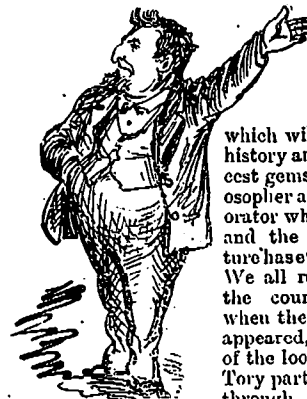
Mrs. Spaggins was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Olby.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

## CHARLIE'S LUCID EXPLANATION.

Hold on, I'll explain to you just how it was. First, he offered me fifty cents for them white banties. Well, his hen flew over the fence, and another one, and the other one was mad—and the rooster, not next door's you know, but the one that fought this one, you ought to see him, all blood; and Tom, he smelt him and chased him all over the yard; he's an awful fellow, is Tom,—he's as fat! and rats! he's death on rats. Jack has a white one, and he lets him go up his sleeve and out at his neck. Well, sir, you ought to see him trot after that rooster. So, you know, he flew up on the fence—no, the other hen, I mean—and the first thing, old Cross, next door, he pitches a stone at him and it hit me. I just hate that old sneak—he's the meanest! only gave the news boy five cents for a Christmas box, and our girl gave him a whole quarter, 'cause he brought her a swell card from her beau; they stand for hours gawkin' at the back gate, Sunday nights. Well, he run into the dog's house, and we chased him out and caught him by the wings, and him cackling like mad. The dog's house is made of a barrel full of straw. One day me and Jack went in there, and smoked a lot of cane, and more'n an hour after that the dog was smoked out and his tail all singed. You ought to see the barrel blaze! and the fire engines! maybe they didn't rattle. They used to keep tar in it, not jolly Jack Tar, you know—but tar like the feathers stick on to—you know. Well, the rooster, it would have done you good to seen him—he had just the fifty cents—don't know where he got it—you should see his head—it stuck out all over every way, looked as if he hadn't been to the barber's for a century, and his nails! sufferin' cats! they weren't no nails at all, they were claws—and his pants! you couldn't tell which was the first originals, the pants or the patches. If I was his father—only he aint got no father—only his mother, and she's dead, too—I'd make him wash his hands and pare his face and get his head clipped, afore he got a bite. I tell you what, these banties were worth more'n fifty cents.

## BRIGHTEST RAYS SERENE.

It is most laughable to see the grimaces with which certain political sucklings are tugging at the Reader question in the hope of getting nourishment.

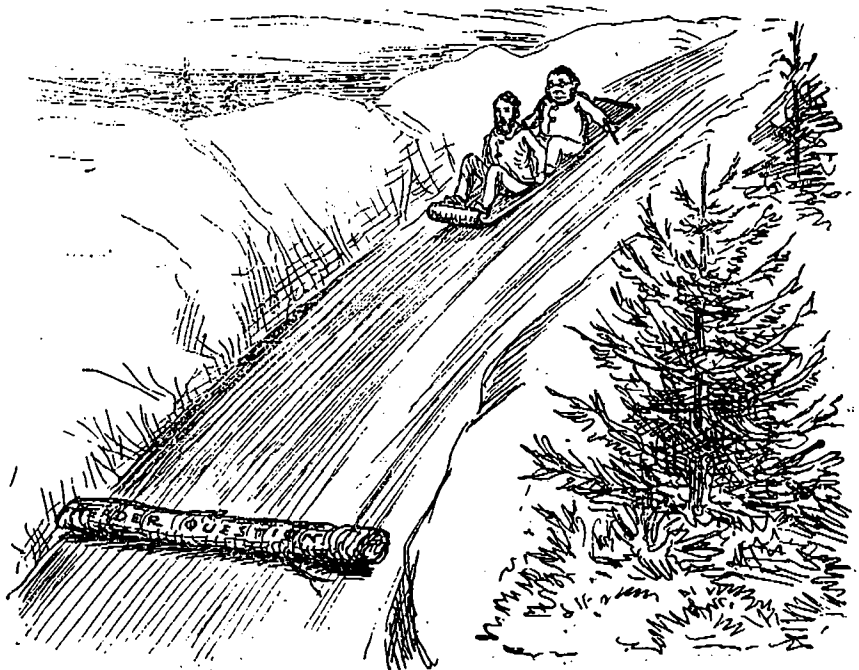


This powerful period from the *Globe* recalls several oth'r metaphors which will go down to history among the choicest gems of poet, philosopher and backwoods orator which the world and the local legislature have ever contained. We all remember how the country thrilled when the *Globe* article appeared, which spoke of the loose fish of the Tory party sniffing outs through the Govern-

ment fence." What patriot does not feel his heart swell with pride as he recalls those memorable words of the first member of the Assembly for Dufferin: "Yes, Mr. speaker, the pruning knife must be applied, no matter whose ox is gored!" Was it not Mr. Joe Rymal who at once electrified and subdued Parliament one stormy night with the solemn injunction that "the eyes of the *vox populi*" were on the heated debaters? There might be much more cited to prove that modern oratory has a vast store of brightest rays serene laid by for the information and guidance of unborn races. But one must not hurry up the record. Able editors and other eminent persons are following beautifully the example of the distinguished Mr. Riley, whose fame as a member of the Licensed Victuallers' Association has been so touchingly embalmed in verse.—

They are doing  
Blank well.

The key-note—"Wife, let me in."



WILL THEY GET OVER IT?