

they were, ten times as well able to stand as the tired men and weary sewing girls who were on their feet. But there they sat dressed in costly and showy materials, huge flashy chains dangling about their ponderous busts, and displaying great, tawdry-looking rings outside their gloves. But then their conversation was treat enough to compensate those who heard it for having to stand. Oh! it was nice.

"Ho! the hidea," began gross woman No. 1, "the hidea of riding on a street-car; my 'usband has so hoften hurged me not to do it. So vulgar, y' know," and she flaunted her rings in the air, and added loudly, so that all might hear, "but our kerridge is being repaired."

"It's 'orribly low, I'm aweer," replied Gross woman No. 2, "but one can't hacshally walk, it's too vulgar and common; besides, I halways suffers so from 'spasms' when I walks. I'm so painfully delikit, Mrs. Boggs, so delikit."

"You looks it, hindeed, my dear Mrs. Rougeby," replied her friend, "a running to flesh isn't invariably a healthy sign." "Oh! Mrs. Boggs, surely you don't call me fleshy. It's these here thick clothes. I couldn't prewail on Mr. Rougeby not to buy me this here heavy cloak, though it cost him nigh on to three 'undred dollars, and this velvet dress cost him nothing under five."

"Dear me!" responded the other, who was not quite so gorgeously arrayed, "I thought it was a cotton velvet!"

"Ho! my 'usband wouldn't never allow me to wear cotton. It's honly the lowest canile as wears coting velvets," answered Mrs. Rougeby, hotly and highly indignant.

"Well, your man—"

"My husband, if you please." (This with the most frigid politeness.)

"Beg your parding, mem; your husband bein' in the dry goods business can, in course, get you them things cheap."

"Lor! cheap! he wouldn't let me be seen in a cheap gownd. Wising, as we docs, amongst the very best of kerridge people, it wouldn't never do for me to wear them there cheap things. Thanking you kindly for your insinuations, mem, and when does Mr. Boggs return from Kingston, mem, it's no secret as his time will soon be hup, mem."

The conductor coming round for the fares opportunely stopped the conversation which was becoming animated.

"Ho! lor! Hive forgot my puss, I do declare," ejaculated Mrs. Rougeby, "whatever shall I do?"

"You must get off, ma'am," politely said the conductor.

"Get hoff and walk; lor! h'im Mrs. Rougeby—"

"Can't help it, ma'am," replied the conductor, pulling the strap.

"Mrs. Boggs, can you lend me five cents?"

"Lend you five cents! Not I! hindeed; not to save you from a Hineberate Hasyllum," retorted Mrs. Boggs, who was revenged for the other's speech about her husband. "No, get hoff and walk; them as can't afford to ride must walk. Get hoff, get hoff! and don't keep people waiting as can afford to paternize street-cars, and as don't talk about their kerridges, which is, p'raps, honly imaginary haffer hall," and with this parting shot ringing in her ears Mrs. Rougeby left the cars.

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared a callow youth in short coat and tight trousers, slapping his companion on the thigh, "Baby Jove! Ai say, that's good, eh, Smirkey? Best fun Ai've had in a long time, baby Jove!"

"Should say it was," replied the intellectual Smirkey, "these women amuse me," and he sniggered and guffawed till he was red in the face.

"And who might you please to be calling wimmen, young man?" broke out Mrs. Boggs.

"Hi'd have you know as *Him* no woman, young feller."

"Hallo!" said Mr. Smirkey's friend, "what's struck you, old lady?"

"Hold lady, hindeed," screamed the exasperated Mrs. Boggs. "Hif Hi ham a lady, has Ii ham, Hi ld 'ave you know as Hi'm not hold; and please to keep your remarks to yourself hif you please, Miss,"—this to a pretty sewing-girl who had incautiously whispered "not over sixty," to her friend,—"hand Hi've no doubt, Miss, has you'd be walkin' hif you didn't appear to be no better than you should be, Miss. Hand has for you, young feller, whoever you hare—"

"My paw is a gentleman—" began Mr. Smirkey.

"Ho! hindeed!" rejoined Mrs. Boggs, contemptuously, "hand what putticker cage in the monkey department of the Zoo might your paw be a tennit hof, hif you please?"

"Oh! I say, y' know; come now, I say, that's too rough, y' know."

But here Mr. GRIPS' correspondent had to leave the car, and the scene ended for him.

By all means let these women do as they please. But really we must be allowed to enjoy a little fun, if we do have to stand.



FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSES.

(Concluded).

"Well, Mr. O'Toole," I said, as soon as I had seated myself on a broken chair, "as I said, I require board—good fashionable board, now what are your terms?"

"Terms, is it," exclaimed Mr. O'Toole, "what might ye mane by terms? Sure an if it's insaltin' me ye mane I'm the b'y ye darn't say black's the white av yer eye to. What d'ye mane by terms, ye dirthy, lanthern jawed spalpeen? Is it bekas my b'y Jimmy is doin' three years in the Pinitintary, and Micky's acrost the wather for a couple o' months that ye'd be after remindin' me of my misfortunes, ye long-legged, black-muzzled, ill-conditioned blagyard, to come throwin up yer terms to a dacint, honest man; bad cess to ye: Take that!" an Mr. O'Toole's passion, which had been increasing during the delivery of the above harangue, which was poured out with tremendous volubility, now fairly got the better of him and he sent an empty quart bottle whizzing past my head, the missile being shattered to atoms on the wall behind me.

I hastened to assure the descendant of the proud O'Tooles that no insult was intended: that I knew his son Jimmy had been wholly innocent of the crime for which he was sent down, and that his incarceration was nothing but the result of the malice and vindictiveness of the vile Saxons who had been the means of consigning him to durance vile, and that all I wanted to know was his rates per diem.

"Rates!" fairly howled Mr. O'Toole, "is it a collector of rates ye are an' me never so much as usin' a drop of wather from year's end to year's end barrin' what's put in the tay and the gollyogic of whiskey. Here! Bar-

ney! Black Dan! Shamus! here's a hay thenish baste of a tax collector after his rates. Come down an' murder the villyin," and I heard heavy footsteps in the room above.

"Mr. O'Toole, Mr. O'Toole," I gasped as well as I could, for the fiery Celt had seized me by throat and was choking me, "I only—gurgle, gurgle, gasp—wanted to know—gurgle, gurgle, how much you charged for board."

"An' why, in the devil's name, didn't ye say so at first?" replied Mr. O'Toole, relaxing his grip.

"I did," I answered. "Ye lie, ye blagyard," responded the landlord. "It's a whiskey detective ye are, I'm thinkin'. Me tariff for board is three dollars a week; paid in advance; ye must let me privately search yer thrunk for fear ye might be one ov thim dynamiters—"

"But I can't pay in advance," I answered, "I am a member of the British aristocracy—"

"Goroo! Whoosh! Millia murther! Down wid the rippisintative ov the oppressors ov the poor! Out wid him! Bang! Whack! Bing!" and amidst a shower of all kinds of missiles and the free play of the cudgels of Mr. O'Toole himself, Barney, Black Dan and Shamus on my head, I was hustled out into the street, my ulster torn from me and in a state more dead than alive.

The door of Mr. O'Toole's establishment was closed with a bang, and I was left to my meditations.

In vain I sought more hospitable quarters, I met with the same treatment everywhere. The demand for money in advance on account of my lack of baggage confronted me at every turn and I returned to my home fully convinced that the poor man is despised and rejected by the keepers of fashionable boarding houses.

I divested myself of my shabby suit and donned my most fashionable resplendent apparel and, on my way to the office, met the lady who presides over the Adelaide-street establishment at which I had called. She recognized me and, with tears of contrition in her eyes, addressed me and apologized for her treatment of me, adding that she was mistaken and that her best front room was at my service.

"Madam," I replied, "I see through your shallow hypocrisy; you had a chance to entertain an angel unawares and you spurned that chance. As a poor man you despised me.



Now, when you see me arrayed, Solomon-like, in all my glory, you would take me in, but, madam,"—and I proceeded on my way "I am not to be taken in."

Thus ended my adventures in the guise of a poor man at Fashionable Boarding Houses, and I doubt not, many, besides myself, have been similarly subjected to contumely and insult on account of a lack of roady funds and the presence of a shabby exterior.