

## GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

BY WILL CARLETON, IN "FARM BALLADS."

My business on the jury's dose—the quibblin' all is through—  
I've watched the lawyers right and left, and give my verdict true;  
I stook so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;  
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there ag'in;  
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay,  
I'm loose at last, and, thank the Lord, I'm going home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy like, since first day I came down;  
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;  
And this 'ere Sunday salt of mine on Sunday rightly sets;  
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets.  
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper salt and gray—  
I'll have it on in half a jiff when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—  
As well as any woman could—to see that things was done;  
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot outdoors,  
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to tend to all the chores.  
But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to stay,  
And I will put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I came away, we had a little bout;  
I coolly took my hat and left, before the show was out.  
For what I said was nought wherast she ought to take offence;  
And she was always quick at words and ready to commence.  
But then she's first one to give up when she has had her say;  
And she will meet me with a kiss when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to maton him, if they can;  
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!  
The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'll ever want to see!  
And then they laugh, because I think the child resembles me.  
The little rogue! he goes for me, like robbers for their prey;  
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—  
That God should pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down to us!  
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;  
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.  
She'll meet me half-way down the hill, and kiss me, any way;  
And light my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day.

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when  
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again;  
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound,  
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.  
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may,  
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm going home to-day.

## PHOTOGRAPHING DOGS.

BY SALLIE CHALK.

To begin with, I hate dogs. I have never had much to do with them, and on that account never made pets of them. Of course I could distinguish in my likes and dislikes between the different kinds of dogs. I admired the noble nature and braveness of the Newfoundland and Mastiff, of which I had often read stories to the children. But one can never make a pet of a Newfoundland or a Mastiff; one can only make friends of them, and this I never had the opportunity of doing.

A few weeks ago I went to the city to pay a short visit to a very great friend of mine, who had lately been married. She was my cousin, and, though we lived apart, I, in the country, and she in the city, yet we had always managed to see a good deal of one another. Mrs. Shir was young, and very attractive, with pleasant manners which made you feel at home at once, and with such a winning way of asking you to do anything for her, that it was quite impossible to refuse her.

Mrs. Shir had two dogs, of which she was very fond; but it was the presence of these two miserable dogs which, in my estimation, was the only drawback to enjoyment in the perfect little home over which she presided.

"My dear Sallie," Mrs. Shir would often say to me, with a merry laugh, "you will actually get to love them before you go away." The dogs were named respectively Punch and Judy. Punch was a fine, sturdy, lively, mischievous, ugly, pug. He was never quiet for a single minute, and jealous of every kind word or caress that was bestowed upon Judy. Judy, on the contrary, was a long white-haired French poodle, with pink eyes, into which her dishevelled hair was always falling. She was constitutionally quiet, until Punch exasperated her, and then she would stand up for her rights in a way that soon brought Punch to his bearings.

"My dear," said Mrs. Shir one morning, addressing her lord and master at the breakfast-table, "I'm going to have the dogs photographed."

"Yes, my love," replied Mr. Shir, in a tone which indicated that the photographing of any number of dogs was a matter entirely outside the world in which he moved. Mr. Shir, like myself, had once hated dogs. Nay, he had even

fearlessly proclaimed it, but at length through the irresistible witchery of his wife he had been brought to the condition of an armed neutrality, which his wife prophesied would soon turn to a positive affection for her pets.

I was, of course, asked to be her companion in the undertaking, and, of course, I said I would. She had made arrangements with a photographer the day before, so that nothing remained but to present ourselves at the appointed hour. My feelings can be better imagined than described when I learned, some time after, that the phaeton had been broken by Mrs. Shir's younger brother only the day before, and therefore we would have to go down with the dogs in the street-cars, for my cousin was in no humour to give up the engagement, simply because the carriage was not forthcoming.

Mr. Shir refrained from saying anything very dreadful before going down to his office, but hoped the dog-catchers wouldn't see them, or that they wouldn't be run over down town; and lastly, he hoped I wouldn't mind anything under fifty-nine different attempts to get the animals quiet. His wife silenced him, however, with the usual good-byes in the porch, so that his objections were overruled.

Before starting it was decided that I should look after Judy, as she was the quieter. I had great difficulty in finding her, as she had rolled herself up in the hearth-rug in the drawing-room, and was completely lost to view in it, as it was made of that long, white woolly material, exactly similar to that which covered her own body.

No very serious mishap occurred in getting down to the photographer's, beyond the notoriety which we gained in going down the street to meet a car, among a troop of urchins who followed us for a short way, greatly enjoying Punchey's efforts to get free, when he beheld another of his kind, mounted on the seat of a dogcart, from which position he was surveying the stylish tandem which were pulling him.

When we arrived at the photographer's we were half an hour late, but that had evidently been expected, as some one else was being "taken" at the time. We had, therefore, a few minutes to wait down stairs. This time was occupied in looking over a book on the counter, while Punch and Judy had a quiet and ordinary matter-of-fact quarrel under a table. The girl in the store, who was a bright, pretty, intelligent creature, seemed to know my name quite well, though I had never been there before. She knew all about everyone of the people whose photographs were in the book, and was, in fact, able to give a short biographical sketch of each. I felt tempted to ask her why short notes were not written in opposite the pictures in the book, but restrained myself till I went up-stairs with the dogs.

It was a hot morning in May, but, of course, we had not noticed it till we entered the glass-covered studio of the photographic artist. This room was at the top of a long and tiresome flight of stairs. It seems to me that these photographic hot-houses are always put at the top of long flights of stairs, with the express intention of rendering the victim to be operated upon wretchedly over-heated and uncomfortable, so that the ordeal which has to be endured will partake all the more of the nature of torture. There is always a smell of chemicals coming from a little room partitioned off from the studio, and separated by a glass door with sickly yellow panes of glass. The aspect of the whole room gives one a feeling of nausea, which the faded old furniture, and dim, indistinct frescoes of beautiful conservatories, massive pillars, smiling gardens with marble steps leading nowhere, with heavy marble balustrades, and fountains, and trees; the whole stretching away into an arid, white, hot, illimitable distance on the screens, does not in the least tend to lessen, but, in reality seems only to increase. The beautiful spreading, umbrageous fern, which we saw in the pictures below, is standing drooping and half-withered, with its branches broken from constant moving, over there in the corner, almost hidden by the faded old brown velvet cushions that forms the impressive background for some great senator, or statesman's picture. Then there are the head-rests, with their uncomfortable-looking clasps, that always hold you like a vice before the picture is taken, but leave go and let your head wobble any way it likes when you are in the act of being photographed. Their position always indicates exactly the kind of people, and their posture, who were in the studio before you came. To-day you can tell with almost absolute certainty that your predecessor was a fat old gentleman, not very tall, with a very large head, who stood over his young wife, who had been sitting reading a letter on the end of the sofa. I was noticing how these head rests were standing sufficiently far apart to show that he must have been fat, and that the position of the larger infallibly gave his height, and the size of his head, when the photographer bustled out of the little chemical room with the yellow glass door, and stood before us.

He was short and fat, the very counterpart of the fat old gentleman about whom I had been mentally speculating only a moment before. He was evidently at no loss to know Mrs. Shir and myself had come to have our dogs photographed. They were already at an old and favourite game. Judy was lying in the centre of the room, while Punch was tearing from end to end, round the camera at one end and the old sofa at the other, running the gauntlet, so to speak, each time he passed Judy, as she made a spring at him every time he passed, though she did not follow him,

as that would have spoiled the game. The thing to be done now was to catch them. Mrs. Shir sat down on the sofa, just where the fat man's little wife had most probably been, and called Judy to her. Punch, however, was not so easily caught.

"What do you call him, Miss?" he enquired of me, shutting the door to prevent Punch's escape as he spoke.

I told him, and he immediately set about affecting the capture.

"Ponch, Ponch, here Ponch, good dog!" he said, as he slapped his knee and looked rather foolish, as Punch, with his tail curled up over his back, stood a little way off, regarding him with a mixed look of wonder and contempt.

Seeing that the dog was in no way inclined to come to him, the little fat man advanced, ejaculating, "Ponch! poor Ponch!" at every step.

Punch, however, still with the same look of wonder and contempt, resolutely backed up as the photographer advanced, till the whole culminated in Punch backing into a flower-pot containing a half-dead fuschia, which was, of course, upset, the flower-pot broken, and the flower and the earth scattered about. Punch, seeing the mischief he had caused, with a yelp of dismay fled away to the other end of the room, followed by Judy, who, sharing in the excitement, sprang out of Mrs. Shir's lap, and was after Punch in a moment. The unfortunate man retired for assistance to his chemical sanctum, while Mrs. Shir and myself, partly to bring things to an issue, and partly to conceal our laughter, set about capturing the dogs ourselves. While my cousin was picking up Judy, Punch, with his usual impertinence, caught hold of the end of a large Alsatian bow of *crêpe lisse*, which are now quite fashionable, and coolly pulled it out. While this was being re-adjusted, he engaged in a fight with Judy, so angrily that she had to bite his fore-paw several times to make him stop. This was a proceeding for which Punch had a peculiar dislike. Before he could renew the attack I caught him up, and, giving him to understand that he was in disgrace, carried him off in triumph. Judy, of course, delivered herself up without the least resistance, and was carried off too. Mrs. Shir determined to hold Judy on her lap, and let Punch sit on a table beside her. This was all nicely arranged, and I was holding Punch quiet on the table when the photographer and his assistant came out of the adjoining room.

The assistant was a young lad, with fiery red hair, who looked extremely hot. The fact was that he never looked any other way. In the depth of winter he looked hot, whether he felt so or not I do not know, but certainly he looked so. The only way to get this boy even to appear ordinarily cool was to cover him up in a fur-lined overcoat, and give him gloves and a hat to match. His surroundings, though undoubtedly warm in themselves, suggested a temperature to which he always looked to be an utter stranger.

The photographer, while adjusting the camera, explained that it would be an instantaneous process that would be employed, so that if we could only keep the animals quiet for two seconds it would be all right.

Having got the instrument ready, he thought that the sofa would be a little too low. A chair had to be substituted, but, during the change, Punch, of course, jumped down and was off. This time the assistant was sent to capture him. Punch ran to the door of the chemical room, which had been left ajar, but, thinking that unsatisfactory, trotted off to where the screens and head-rests were congregated. There he barked at, and pulled the end of the old curtain round, overturning one or two things as he did so, always eluding the poor boy, who looked, if possible, hotter than before, as he went stumbling about over the things, while Punch barked most good-humoredly and seemed to enjoy the fun immensely.

Poor Mrs. Shir was unable to call Punch to order, for, having caught sight of the photographer's face, as it emerged from the black cloth over the camera, wearing an expression of mute agony and resignation, she was convulsed with laughter. Punch had not yet learned to respect my commands, so there was nothing for it but for the photographer to engage in the pursuit himself. Taking the cloth off the camera he endeavoured to throw it over the refractory little animal's head, as is sometimes done in a Spanish bull-fight. Punch, however, escaped from the cloth each time it was cast, and always succeeded in catching the end of it, and growling and wagging his head he would pull with might and main, always leaving go, just in time, so as not to be caught. While this miniature bull-fight was waging, Judy manifested the utmost desire to take part, and was only with difficulty held in. At length by a more vigorous jerk than usual, Punch managed to pull the cloth out of the enemy's hand, and ran off dragging it along the floor after him, both photographer and assistant following in its wake. Punch, who was ominously growling all the time, managed to wind the cloth hopelessly around the legs of the camera, and seating himself in the centre of the whirlpool which he had made of the cloth, growled now so significantly that both were forced to call a halt and proclaim an armistice. Punch enjoyed being master of the situation amazingly, while the poor man stood panting before him, backed by his assistant, whose red hair, standing completely on end, gave to the whole picture a most comical aspect.

Mrs. Shir, at length having recovered herself sufficiently to come to the rescue, poor Punch had to allow himself to be carried off by the red-

haired boy. He took Punch by the two front paws, and marched him back to the table, the poor little animal wearing the most abject look, and alternately biting and licking the hand of his captor.

Punch was mounted on the table and remained quiet. Judy was seated in Mrs. Shir's lap, with her long, white hair falling over her eyes and completely obscuring her face, so that she looked like a white muff, or a large ball of worsted. Punch's attention was luckily attracted by the manipulation of the instrument, so that when the all-important moment arrived he was sitting like a statue, intently regarding the movements of the photographer. The whole thing was done in a moment, and before any one had time to think of what was going on. Even Punch had no time to snap at the few pertinacious house-flies, which are always kept as an indispensable part of the furnishing of a photographer's studio.

It was with a sigh of relief that the fat man bowed us out after the operation was over. The hot, red-haired assistant seemed glad it was over too; but then an assistant always appears glad when a group has been satisfactorily "taken," and are departing, without any particular reason for being so, except that it is their invariable custom.

To our great joy, and mine in particular, we found that Mr. Shir had been able to get the phaeton mended, and had sent it down for us without our knowing anything about it. We were, therefore, spared the mortification of carrying the dogs home in our arms. Punch, of course, had to jump out of the carriage, and ran after a large greyhound, barking furiously all the time. Indeed, he got himself into so hot a dispute with the greyhound that, but for the kindness of a labouring man who happened to be passing, the photograph that had just been taken would, in all probability, have been the only memorial of our audacious, wild, impudent, restless pug—Punch.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A MONUMENT is to be erected by the Comte de Paris in the Château d'Eu, in memory of Louis Philippe and Queen Amelia.

THE Milan *Perseveranza* states, but without giving its authority, that Queen Victoria will spend some time this summer in the Verbano, and will visit the Milan Exhibition.

THERE is some talk of organizing a grand international shooting match at Paris. All nations are to be invited to send representatives, and the State is to offer a prize of 20,000fr. The shooting is to take place on the Plain Saint-Maur.

NEW barracks for the Garde Républicaine are to be erected on the square formed by the Rue Schomberg, the Rue Coligny, the Boulevard Morland and the Quai Henry IV. The barracks will cost 1,500,000fr., and will contain about 600 men. The work is to begin at once.

THE Prefect of Police has issued an order forbidding jugglers, organ-grinders, and "wandering minstrels" from standing and performing on the public thoroughfares. On public holidays, however, they will be allowed to show their skill and their musical talent, provided they obtain an express permit from the officers of the Prefecture.

THE Parisian ladies have attempted to modify the scant grace of the riding-habit. Black is no longer fashionable, blue or bottle-green is the colour, and the skirts are quite as short as those to be found in the hunting-field, where ladies are among the hard riders. No cravat is worn, the plain collar is fastened by a booch or badge, and the tall hat has disappeared in favour of the round felt one.

## HUMOROUS.

IT is terribly embarrassing to come into town after a fishing excursion, and find there is not a trout in the market.

YOUNG ladies and elephants attain their growth at eighteen. But here analogy ceases. One trunk is enough for an elephant.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—"Back at last from Ireland, dear Sir John! We have missed you!" "So have my tenants; thank goodness."—Punch.

A PERSON who was sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two they fought each other.

IT'S about an even thing between man and the orange peel. Sometimes the man throws the orange peel into gutter, and sometimes the orange peel throws the man into the gutter.

"LET us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly, and say, 'See baby, papa.'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say, 'Don't bother me now. I want to look through the paper.'"—

## IN EXPLANATION.

Her lips were so near  
That—what else could I do?  
You'll be angry, I fear,  
But her lips were so near—  
Well, I can't make it clear,  
Or explain it to you,  
But—her lips were so near  
That—what else could I do?  
—Nonsense.