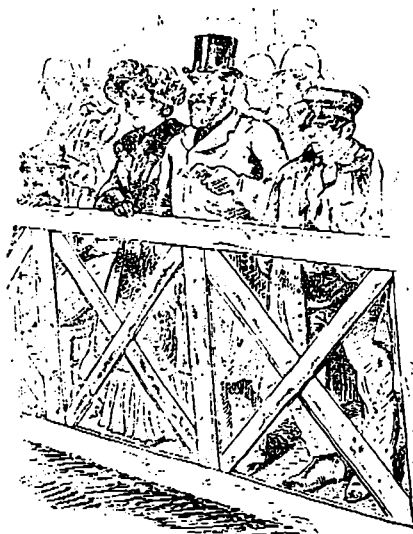


the cat! the pur cat! he's been daunderin' roon on the flee paper an' his feet have stuck till't, an' he's rowed ower an' ower on a' the papers, till his fur is glued tae them—scat! ye deevil!" Ma wife disna' use language like that for ordinar', but she was tae be excused, for the exasperated animal at the meenit planted his teeth in her arm. Gettin' doon aff the bureau wi' as muckle dignity as I could muster, I lichted the gas, an' catchin' the animal, I proceeded tae peel aff the flee-paper—the ongratefu' beast kickin' an' scartin' like a fury, because I hauled oot the fur in patches along wi't. At last the circus was ower, an' thankfu' that we hadna' waukened up dead wi' oor throats cut, we got tae sleep again. At seven o'clock in the mornin' I waukened up wi' a stifled sort o' a feelin', an' clappin' ma hand tae ma moo, here was a screed o' the flee-paper as big as ma hand stickin' fast tae ma whuskers an' half-way ower ma mustache! As mad as a hatter noo, I tried tae tear aff the abomination, but the mair I tore the mair it stuck; the confoondit thing hauled oot the hair by the roots, till they bled. I was late for the warehooze, an' for a stricken oor I swore an' grat alternately. But I tuk a grim resolve in that same oor, an' after I had ma breakfast I gathered up every morsel o' flee-paper tae be seen an' burnt them, an' after a', the first salutation I got in the warehooze was, "Hello, Airlie, what have ye been sittin' on?" an' there sure enough was a hale patch o' flee-paper glued hard an' fast tae ma breeks! There's murder in ma heart when I think o't. Yours,
HUGH AIRLIE.



AT THE BASE BALL MATCH.

¶ Mrs. Jobbleson (her first visit)—Why, have they sent a new man to pitch.

Mr. Jobbleson—O, I suppose they didn't consider the other quite competent.

Mr. Scraggins (their obliging neighbor)—No, boss; dey cleared de box 'cause de Tronts has got on to Horner's drops, and is poundin' him all over de lot!

(The Jobblesons understand it now.)

A CORONER'S jury at the inquest of a man killed while walking on a double-track railroad, brought in a verdict of "accidental death; deceased being cross-eyed, was unable to tell on which track the train was coming—*The Epoch*.

"ME MISERUM."

THE Pope he sat in the Vatican,
In St. Peter's chair sat he;
And he said, "Such a fix as I've got into,
I ne'er in my life did see."
An' aye as he swiftly twirled each thumb,
He sighed to himself, "*Me miserum!*"

"Here's the Irish priests all a-crying 'Woe!
For the land is desolate';
But the English bishops they say 'Not so,
Pay no heed to their lying prate.'
Ehew! I can but twirl each thumb,
And helplessly sigh, *Me miserum!*"

"I'll send two prelates over the sea,
And try what Italian *finesse*
Will do, to make matters more smooth for me,
And help me out of this mess.
At present I can but twirl each thumb,
And sigh to myself, *Me miserum!*"

"The Nuncio, with Norfolk's duke hobnobs
In honor of Jubilee;
But, then, there's these Irish eviction jobs,
Demanding my sympathy—
How to keep both parties under my thumb
Is the bothering problem—*Me miserum!*"

"So unfortunate! just when the swerving mind
Of English society
Is turning to Rome, in fact, going it blind
With fashionable piety—
Cries Ireland, 'Oh Father, why are you dumb
Over these our wrongs?'—*Me miserum!*"

"If I say to Ireland, 'Submit to wrong,'
Parnell will the Moses be,
Who from bondage will lead them forth e'er long,
But in that case—good-bye to me,
They will say I just sat and twirled my thumb,
While poor Ireland wailed, '*Me miserum!*'"

"If I say to those who believe in me,
Who to faith and to Church are true,
'*Bon courage, ma Belle Erin!* I bless you, be free!'
Then, England, good-bye to you,
To the gold, to the lands, we had planned would come
Into Mother Church, ah! *Me miserum!*"

"*Ehew!* I have fallen on an evil day,
For the schoolmaster is abroad,
And the demon of Thought we no more can lay
In the name of the Church, or of God.
McGlynn I have bounced—but he'll make things hum
In the States, I suppose—*Me miserum!*"

"Now, which shall I keep, and which let go?
Poor Erin, or Albion rich?
Could I soft sawder both, how blest! but, no—
There remains but the question—*which?*
I dare not think. Go, bid Gounod come,
Be music my solace—*Me miserum!*"

JAY KAVELLE.

IT DID STARTLE HER.

MRS. YOUNG WIDOW—What! only three dollars for this dress suit? My poor husband once gave sixty dollars for it, and only wore it once. I thought you advertised that you would offer prices that would startle the public?

Old Clothes Dealer—Well, don't three dollars startle you?

Mrs. Y. W. (overcome by the argument)—It does indeed. Take it.