

papers next day to the effect that ground had been broken at Hogg's Hollow for the erection of a new Bric-a-brac factory, which would give employment to two hundred men, and that several other establishments would very soon be commenced. The next day there was a rush of speculators wanting to buy up everything in sight. I wasn't at all anxious to sell, oh no! I told 'em that the Hogg's Hollow syndicate of manufacturers didn't want to encourage any real estate boom—we had just come out there because of the advantages offered as a site for factories. Then they went off and tried to buy from the farmers in the neighborhood, but I had secured the option on their properties, you see, so they had to come back to us and offer big prices. Well, in less than a week we had unloaded nearly everything at high figures. Everyone got wild over Hogg's Hollow, and there were streets laid out sufficient to accommodate a hundred thousand people. The Syndicate, after paying all expenses, cleared over a quarter of a million dollars. So you see I'm now pretty solid financially."

"But are there no factories going up in Hogg's Hollow?" asked the poetry editor.

"There may be, for anything I know to the contrary," returned the Fakir. "But the work on the bric-a-brac factory has been temporarily suspended, and I am not in a position to announce when it is likely to be resumed. I may add that this feature of the subject gives me very little concern. In the meantime, if anybody feels like assisting in the development of our flourishing northern suburb, he can purchase land excellently adapted for wheat or potatoes at prices varying for \$6 to \$50 per foot frontage. A luxuriant growth of real-estate agents' sign-boards furnishes a supply of fuel during the winter months. The owner of property in this delightful retreat in the absence of cash customers finds a mildly exhilarating pastime, combined with a possible source of eventual profit, in trading lots with his neighbors. I have still a few great bargains—in the immediate neighborhood of the factory site—to be disposed of at a sacrifice to close an estate. I shall probably work them off in time on investors living at a distance."

"Now you know the whole scheme from the start. Don't you think the Hogg's Hollowers ought to get up a testimonial or something, or elect me reeve, as a slight acknowledgment of what I've done to promote their interests?"

And he skipped out without waiting for an answer.

A DEPRAVED TASTE.

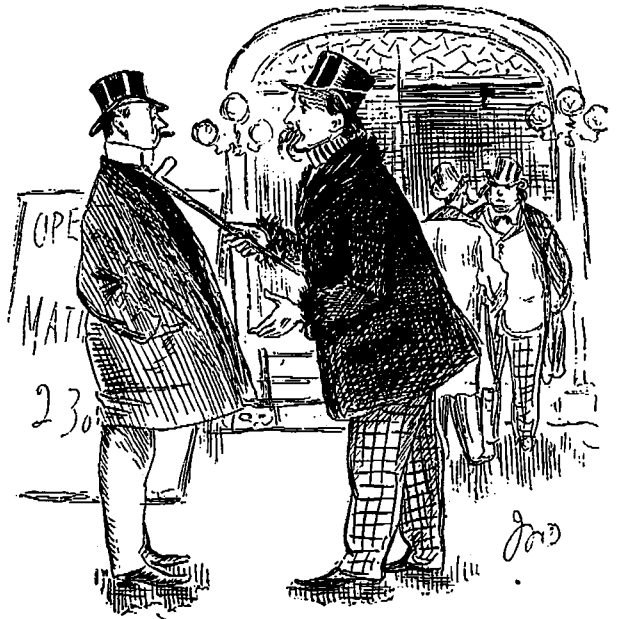
"SURE," said the Irish grocery-man, "some of thim big bugs has mighty quare fancies entirely about chayse. Divil a hap'orth will they touch barrin' it's full av skippers. But that's not the worst, aither. D'ye moind now wan av thim come in yisterday, an' sez he, 'Doolan,' sez he, 'have yez anny good chayse?'"

"'Faix, thin, I have,' sez I.

"'Is it miced?' sez he.

"'Yez may bet yer life,' sez I, an' I gev him a chunk that the rats and mice had been nibblin' at fur a month or more, that I was goin' to trun away. Don't it bate all fwhin thim epicures can't even be satisfied wid skippers, but wants thim big varmin to give a flavor to their chayse?"

DEACON PUNKIN proposes that Sairey Gamp should be made the patron saint of moderate drinkers, in recognition of her ability to keep liquor in its right place—"Bottle on the chimbley piece," etc., etc.



STARTLING DRAMATIC ENTERPRISE.

MR. SNAP—"I've got the biggest dramatic scheme you ever heard of, Buskin; sure to knock the town silly; entirely original idea."

MR. BUSKIN—"What is it—real tank with real water?"

MR. SNAP—"Naw! I'm going to put on a real play with real actors!"

A LABOUR IDYLL.

KNACK, knock, knock!
By the hedge there over the way;
Knick, knock, knick!
By the roadside dusty and grey;
Knack, knock, knock!
From morn till close of day.

Old and worn and bent,
With the growing burden of years;
And days of labour spent
In poverty, want and tears.
His children all wed and away,
His old wife long in the mools;
The bit and the sup to get as he may
At eve when he drops the tools.

Was there a long ago,
When he was a happy boy;
With a ruddy cheek and a radiant brow,
And a laugh of careless joy?
When he was a bridegroom gay?
When a dear wife, leal and true,
Sang to his babies the live-long day,
While he sturdily steered the plow?

Ay!—An' honest man was he,
Who early toiled and late,
And aye had the wean's school fee,
And a penny to put in the plate.
Yet here in his lone old age,
Rheumatics deep in his bones,
From morn till nightfall by the hedge,
He stoops there—breaking stones.

Knack! Knack! At morning pale,
Knack! Knack! And the red sun low;
And what doth his honest life avail?
And what the sweat of his brow?
A brave reward! A choice, at last!
This,—or a workhouse fare;
While the idlers of earth in ease roll past.
Is there no screw loose somewhere?

Scotland, Sept., 1889.

JESSIE K. LAWSON.