

that direction, and therefore advocated it with more than usual earnestness. So far as I could gather, Tiffin had become thoroughly disgusted with the general acknowledgment and encouragement of "that folly known as juvenile precocity," as he termed it.

"For instance," said Tiffin, "indulgent ma has made the discovery that Mary can play upon the piano 'Peek-a-Boo' with one finger, therefore Mary must be allowed to torture the ears of those around her with a never-ending thumping and banging. Johnny has startled his father out of his usual severity by scraping upon a violin what father thinks must be a tune, hence Johnny must be taught to play the violin and agonize everybody with such lovely sounds as can only be produced from a fiddle by a learner. Miss Evangeline, aged fifteen, having given evidence of the possession of a soprano voice with which she can reach high G, and hang there exactly thirteen seconds, is recommended to go under training with the view of starting an ever indulgent public when it is least prepared for the shock. She, of course, must be indulged, and suffering friends and neighbors have one more nuisance added to their already long list. Freddy has developed a decided talent for drawing, and has already covered every available space of black and white about the house with choice sketches of everything in the animal and vegetable world. Pa looks upon them with undisguised admiration, and seeing in Freddy the embryo of a great artist, places him under a master, and for years Freddy worries the life out of all to examine his sketches and daubs, and, of course, praise them. We must put our foot on this kind of thing," concluded Tiffin, speaking with great earnestness, which meant a deal in Tiffin. I agreed, and looked wearily down at his number twelve boots, fearful lest he commenced practising on the spot.

"My great cure for this," continued Tiffin, in an undertone, such as is adopted by dynamitards and gentlemen of that ilk, "is the formation of a society to be known as the Society for the Suppression of Juvenile Precocity, to become renowned as the S.J.P."

"But how do you propose to work it?" I asked.

"Quite simple, dear boy. Each member swears to put down precocity in all its branches, and further to shew his adherence wears a yellow ribbon with a black bar across it."

"Will it act?" I mildly enquired; I say mildly, because just then Tiffin looked like a Gorgian monster, so indignant had he become through the recital of his grievances.

"I should smile!" and he suited the action to the word, and smiled, as only Tiffin can smile, broadly and comprehensively. "You wait a few days, I am about to put it to the test myself. When next we meet be prepared to hear of its completeness."

We parted. It was many days before I saw him again. When we did meet, I saw not the Tiffin of old, but Tiffin with a slackness of vest and want of feature that plainly told that something had gone wrong. It was not "something good, you know," that he had to tell me this time. In short, Tiffin informed me that a few days after we had parted, he had struck what he thought to be a grand opportunity to test the working of his new society. A young girl was busy torturing a helpless piano as he entered the room. Displaying his ribbon to the best advantage, he began to advise the young lady as to her best course. Tiffin said he could not remember how much he said or how the sequel came about, but the girl's two big brothers came on the scene and proceeded to "knock it out of him," as they vulgarly expressed it. He had no distinct recollection as to how they carried out their "knock it out of him" policy, he remembered being hastily ejected out of one room into another by a series of cowardly

attacks in the rear; finally he was fired out of a back window upon a choice assortment of old stoves, packing cases, and other soft ware. Result: Sundry cuts and contusions, six weeks in bed, and a loss of eighty pounds adipose matter.

During the recital of his doleful story Tiffin gave me no assurance that he intended carrying on his S.J.P. society; and to this day, many times as I have met him, he has never once alluded to it.

Need I write the moral?

TITUS A. DRUM.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.



Vote solid, sabé! Flee countly, Chinaman good as Indian. Eat lats, mice, belly good; not scalpee women like Indian. Must have votee light away.

FING WING.

A MERE INTERVIEW.

GRIP'S INTERVIEWER TAKES A FLIGHT BEYOND THE SEAS.

It is not generally known that GRIP has ambassadors in every part of the world, from Lombard Street to Afghanistan, but readers will be more fully made aware of their mistake when they read the following.

About three weeks ago Mr. GRIP, determined to keep even with the times, called his favorite envoy plenipotentiary into his office, and said:

"Git."

"Where to, most noble blackbird?" replied the other. "Thy laws are mine, or rather my laws are thine, or—"

"Stop, let not thy tongue too loose, but listen. I want you, as you have been in the East, to interview the Ameer of Afghanistan."

"How shall I proceed thither, oh gracious one? You are a bird; I but mortal. I cannot fly."

"You must fly."

"When the Bird of Birds says 'must' then all the mustiness—"

"Say no more. Thou knowest what I mean. Thy mission is to Afghanistan to interview the Ameer. Now, depart."

Thereupon the ambassador found himself transported to the grand land of the Orient, and in a few moments was kicking at the palace gates of the Ameer. Two sirdars, a chohobdar, a syce and a punkah-wallah ran in response to the kick, and finding who was there, salaamed as only sirdars, syces, etc., can. They knew whom they had to deal with (and they immediately shoved an extra king up their sleeves).

The ambassador was admitted to the presence of the Ameer, who was sitting in true Eastern state, smoking two chibooks. No sooner did the latter catch sight of the envoy than he made a spring—which was not lingering in the lap of winter—and advanced to meet the visitor.

The meeting is said to have been most affecting. The Ameer, embracing the other most affectionately, said:

"What is it, most noble envoy of the Occidental bird, whose very shadow I worship. What do you want?"

"A lac of rupees," was the reply.

"The lac was handed over—not a single rupee lacking."

"Now," began the envoy, "how about this Russian affair?"

"Ho—ho—ho," laughed the other, his sides shaking till his diamonds twinkled, "why, old fellow, I've seen Dufferin." (Be it known that this conversation all occurred in Afghanistan—Beloochistanec, which language Mr. GRIP's envoys-plenipotentiary are compelled to learn before they can enter the service.)

"Yes, I've seen Dufferin," he continued, "and ain't he a oer?"

"A what?" asked the plenipo.

"A oer. He's only got one eye, you know, but don't it look at you? And he's only one wife—and I wish I had no more—and he's—well, he's a oer."

"He is, you bet; he's a broth of a boy."

"Just that; he's souperlatively so—by the way, take something," and thereupon the Ameer waved his hand and brandy Pawnees, brandy Choctaws, brandy Crees flowed into the room. The two distinguished ones refreshed themselves, the one taking a Pawnee* and the other a Cree.

"Well, ahem! how about this Eastern question? Is it worth powder and shot?" enquires the ambassador, as the last faint murmur of the Pawnee re-echoed through his diaphragm.

"It is, but"—and here his looks grew very expressive—"England can pay for the powder and shot, and Russia—"

"That's right, old boy," said the envoy, smacking the other on the knee, "right you are—"

"No, that's where she gets left. Duff came it over me pretty glibly with his Blarney stone talk—by the way what is the Blarney stone?"

"Te-he, te-he," snickered the envoy, as he pictured the Ameer in the costume of the Orient, and in the position of kissing the stone in question, "it is a stone that a man should not wear—ahem!—kills when he kisses it."

"Oh! I see," replied the great Eastern magnifico, "then if I put on trousers I might also kiss the Blarney stone."

"Not exactly that," answered the other, "but if you will always be as true to the British crown as you know you ought to be, then the trousers will be on you, and Britain —"

"Ah! Ismallah kismet Allah il Allah. The trousers will be on me, and the Russians will be —"

"Kill entirely," replied the envoy, beating a tom-tom with his heels, drinking a brandy Pawnee with one hand and giving a mulgatawney a slap over the jaws with the other, and returning by the Air Line to the office of the Sable Monarch who rules over the destinies of the people. —S.

Two chapters of E. P. Roe's deeply interesting story, "An Original Belle," are given in *The Current* of May 2nd. As a story of the War it has been marked by a strong patriotic tone, a generous treatment of those who fought against the Union, and a thorough appreciation of motives on both sides. The courage of the heroine in placing patriotism above everything, and in demanding that her lovers shall prove their loyalty to the flag by way of demonstrating their love for her, has been most happily treated, and the dilemma in which this exaction has placed her is now under consideration.

*A drink paid for by pawning something—don't matter what.