

HUMAN NATURE.



OLD CHERRYNEB is far, far too fond of that which stingeth, etc., and he had been on a very much elongated spree not long ago.

He awoke in the morning with a terrible head, and a mouth in comparison with which a lime-kiln would be a swamp.

He knew not what to do in order to procure a draught to appease his terrible interval cravings. Silver and gold (not even copper) had he none; his credit at any saloon was gone. What was he to do? He sat down and pondered. He knew none of his friends would lend him a cent. He also felt that no one would ask him to drink. Happily thought! He rummaged about till he found a bit of blue ribbon; this he stuck in his button hole and sallied forth. Sure enough, he hadn't gone two blocks before he met an acquaintance.

"Hullo! Cherry," cried the latter, "so you've joined the blue ribbon brigade, have you?"

"I have," replied the old hypocrite solemnly.

"Oh, hosh! Come and take something; that's all humbug."

Cherryneb feigned to resist for some time, but at last gave in, and this he repeated at brief intervals throughout the day. Nearly everyone he met who caught sight of that bit of blue ribbon pressed him to imbibe, and he went to bed in a state of glorification that caused him to wake up next day feeling fifty per cent. worse than he had felt the day before.

Such is human nature!

TWO CIVIC OFFICIALS.

AN OPERETTA.

DRAMATIS PERSONNE: *Majah Drapah and C. S. McW.*
Both appear very luxurious and unwell.

C. S. Sings.

I do not think it proper that an unexpected stopper should be put upon careers, oh, chief! like yours, and also mine;

But that confounded Davies, no doubt desired to save his reputation as an alderman, and asked us to resign.

I've always done my duty; you are famous for your beauty,

As an alligator shooter, you've a reputation fine; Yet those aldermen in council, said "Those fellows twain we bounce will."

And directly passed a motion and asked us to resign.

Majah chants.

When down South I went a visitor, dear municipal solicitor,
To the land of alligators, where the sun doth ever shine,
Folks at home ne'er thought about me; did very well; without me,
So I'm really not surprised at being requested to resign.

Captain Prince was ornamental; to the Force was detrimental,
And I fear the people fancy that I follow in his line;
I'm abused by each newspaper; they call me *Majah Draper*,
And they seem to think it proper that I should now resign.

The idea I do not relish; in fact I think it hellish;
For the berth's so soft and easy that I can do it fine;
And I'm very much dejected at this very unexpected—
Though I can't say unexpected—request that I resign.

(McW. seems to regain his spirits, and bursts out quite encouragingly with:)
Well, cheer up, Draper, never mind,
Another berth you'll easily find,
And so can I, if so inclined,
Dear brother.

Who always told me "Now my dear,
When things look black, just persevere,
Keep up your courage, never fear?"
My mother.

Draper, savagely,

I do not care, McWilliams, for
This kind of talk, or slack, or jaw,
I lose my berth; 'tis hard to paw

Another
So soft and easy that a child
The work could do; so draw it mild,
Your idiot prattle drives me wild,
Dear brother.

(Mr. McW. now gets angry and retorts)

Well, Draper, you're making me angry, so now I will speak my mind:

I think that the force will be better as soon as you've been and resigned.

You're naught but a dumb figurehead to a force that was once really good,
And the peelers would be as efficient with a chief made of hickory wood.

You visit each match pugilistic that here in the city takes place;

You are seen at the Woodbine, etc., in fact seldom miss a horse race.

You leave all your work for McPherson and Stewart and others to do;

Then tell me, oh, bold *Majah Drapah*, what the deuce does the town want with you?

(The Majah, beside himself with anger.)

And you, oh, McWilliams, my beauty, your numerous duties neglect;

You treat decent people who call at your office with great disrespect.

You never at Police Court are seen, no matter how lengthy the docket,

And the fees you're supposed to collect you leave for Fred Fenton to pocket.

DUET.

Draper.

You should be a man of ability,

McW.

And you a man of agility,

Draper.

And you a man of civility,

McW.

And you a man of verility;

Draper.

You lack sagacity.

McW.

You perspicacity,

(Both—(joining hands.)

But now as we're in the same box both,

To quarrel and quibble we should be loath.

Since the world began we always see

That misery loveth company.

So let's be friends; each darkling cloud

Whose shades the earth below enshroud,

We're told possesses silver lining.

It may not come to our resigning,

Though Davies through the Council Halls

In aldermanic accents hawls

Against us, yet we've friends, we hope,

Who'll give the council nice soft soap.

And, after all, we may not be

Presented with the bad G. B.

We've nice soft "sits" we'd like to keep,

And aldermen are much like sheep;

For, could we get to take our part

Some loving aldermanic heart

Who'd speak for us; our sorrows tell;

The rest might take our part as well.

For, like a flock of sheep who heed

The road the weather old may lead,

Our civic fathers, too, may glide,

When wisely led, to our own side.

We'll wait and see, with well braced spine,

What may turn up. We won't resign!

FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE.

At this season of the year, as at any other, for that matter, it is a beautiful thing to see unostentatious charity displayed. That there is a large amount of the article lying around the following correspondence will show:

"To the Editor 'Scourge.'

"DEAR SIR,—I have given \$10 to the Home for Friendless Orphan Girls. I thought perhaps, you might like to know this. I do not wish my name to appear in the papers, as 'charity puffeth not itself up.'

"Yours truly in F. H. & C.,

"JOHN L. SKUNKLEBY."

"That's all right," muttered the editor as he read the epistle, "but why does the fellow write to me?" and he thought no more of the

matter. But next day another letter was handed him. It ran thus:

"SIR,—I was under the impression that your paper possessed some enterprise. I fear I have been mistaken. Your go-ahead contemporary the *Pusher* publishes a full list of those who gave, for the blessed sake of charity, of their possessions to the Home for Friendless Girls. Your list in this morning's issue is only a partial one, as I observe that my name does not appear in it, and my donation was the largest of any.

Yours truly,

"J. L. SKUNKLEBY."

The editor smiled a sarcastic smile and the matter passed from his mind. Next morning he found the following epistle on his desk.

"SIR,—Your paper has not yet mentioned my magnificent gift in aid of the Home for Friendless Girls. My donation was \$10, and was the largest sum given. Perhaps a mention of this fact might greatly aid my business. Yours in the bonds of christianity,

JOHN L. SKUNKLEBY, Coal Oil Dealer.

"That's all right," sighed the editor, and forgot the matter. At 10 a. m. next day a note was brought him. This is the way it went.

"DEAR SIR,—Kindly insert the following in your valuable columns. Our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. John L. Skunkleby, with his well-known liberality, has presented the Home for Friendless Girls with the magnificent sum of ten (\$10) dollars. This speaks well for the generosity of our fellow townsman, whose push and energy in conducting his splendid coal-oil emporium at Nos. 91-3 Garbage Street, have enabled him to respond so liberally to the promptings of a generous heart. Anyone in need of first-class coal-oil will do well to give him a call. Mr. S.'s donation to the Home was entirely unasked, and was voluntarily made.

By inserting this you will confer a favor on

"Yours truly, JOHN L. SKUNKLEBY."

"Good heavens!" groaned the journalist, "is this human nature?" and he took his pen and wrote an item; to wit: "Mr. J. Skunkleby has given \$10 to the Home for Friendless Girls." Half an hour after the *Scourge* was issued he received a letter, the caligraphy of which denoted a perturbed state of mind on the part of the writer. This is what the note said:—

"The Editor 'Scourge.'

"SIR,—You are a scoundrel and a villain. You not only failed to grant my simple request but your brief paragraph mentioned *J. Skunkleby* instead of *John L. Skunkleby*. *J. Skunkleby* is a coal-oil dealer three doors from me, and I shall suffer instead of gaining from your notice, and my \$10 is entirely thrown away. You are not fit for the position you hold, and I shall use all my influence with the proprietor of the *Scourge* to have you removed from it.

"JOHN L. SKUNKLEBY."

And then the editor moaned in anguish, and thinking that perhaps the enraged dealer in coal-oil might mean what he said, he published every one of that philanthropic individual's letters, the result being that Mr. John L. Skunkleby was twitted on all hands concerning his charitable gift. And he left the city, and if every one of his class were to do the same the directory canvassers would find an appalling number of empty houses.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Christmas time, festive season, time of mince-pies, turkey, nightmare, mistletoe bough and yum-yum with one's pretty cousin underneath it, and all such affairs, had arrived.

Old James Peterkin was sitting before his wide fire-place, in which a vast yule-log was burning, throwing out a genial warmth and a rich ruddy light on the assembled household of old James, who had been telling his numer-