



SCOTCHMAN vs. AMERICAN.

AN EPISODE IN THE GOVERNMENTAL TRIP.

"We'll make a big haul," said the Coast Line authorities, "The Marquis of Lorne passeth over our road, Let us 'bigger' and see what to charge; what a bore it is That these chaps don't come o'fener, and bring a big load.

Shall we charge them the same as such everyday traveller?

As the owners of a small city grog-shop or grocery? Let us heed not the sicklers for courtesy, cavaliers Who would have us allow such a chance to slip—No, siree."

So they made out a billet for dollars nine hundred, and placed it before that ah! guileless frank face, But lo! when our Lorne, bracing up, spake, they wondered!

And heard his remarks with unconcerned grace.

"On the line that they call Chesapeake and Ohio— They charged me five hundred for towing my kist, hence.

Your reasons I ask, pray tell me oh! why oh! You want twice the amount for but half of the distance.

'Tis true I'm a marquis, but I'll very much thank ee To tell me why I should thus brook imposition, And I won't. I'm a Scotchman and a match for a Yankee

Who tries his skin games on my sweet disposition.

Confound your old 'specials'; here aide-de-camp, porter,

You fellows just give me a hand with my traps, Sling em into this Pullman; and you, oh! Queen's daughter,

Jump in and ride cheaply; we'll eudure these chaps."

Oh! long were the mugs of those rail-riding aristocrats, As away sped the Marquis so swift as the wind, "Wooden numegs!" they cried, "are no match for Scotch oaten crates?"

And the special was left, standing empty, behind.

MY DIARY.

AFTER READING DR. TANNER.

"A diet of carrots produces slowness and cunning; of turnips, great amiability; and of French beans, extraordinary irritability."—Dr. TANNER.

Jan. 3 I am determined to test the truth of Doctor Tanner's statements concerning a vegetable diet. I believe the fellow's a humbug, but I'll give his theory a trial.

Jan. 5. Have done so. Carrots, he avers, make 'people fidgety and sly. I have eaten two pecks. By Jingo! there's something in it, after all.

There goes that confounded tailor's collector. Wonder if he's going to bone me. Wonder if Col. Flintlock knows it was I who wrote that about his wife. Wonder how it feels to get a bullet in the ribs. Wonder if my landlord suspects I am going to move at midnight. Wonder if that "peeler" suspects me of anything. Must have been up to something last night after lodge. Can't stand this any longer. Try turnips. Tanner says they produce extreme amiability.

Jan. 5th. Have devoured a bushel. Yes, I feel that they have the effect claimed for them. Have promised to put up 80 lengths of stovepipes for Jenkins, who kicked me down

stairs two months ago. Wonder if he had been experimenting on French beans, which induce great irritability of temper, according to the doctor. Anyhow, I forgive him. I really love the fellow. Promised my wife a sealskin sacque. From her looks when I made this promise I judge she has been trying the carrot diet.

Jan. 10. Went out to purchase the sacque on credit. Imagine the dry goods gentleman has been indulging in carrots and French beans. Didn't get the seal skin sacque. Told my wife. Fancy she must have been gorging herself with French beans, too. I'll try French beans, hanged if I won't.

Jan. 15. Have chucked myself full of 'em. Kicked the tailor's collector out of doors clean across sidewalk. Hit the landlord, a la Sullivan, and blackened both his eyes, because the brute insinuated that I was removing my goods and chattels by stealth. He has been reading up Tanner, I think, and started in on carrots. Asked the "peeler" what in thunder he meant by passing my house so often? By Gomin! he has been eating French beans too, and arrested me for interfering with him whilst in the discharge of his duty.

Jan. 20. In jail, charged with five cases of assault and two of wife-beating. Ho! warder, bring me some turnips, turnips, turnips!

THE CRUSHED SPIRIT.

"Oh! I am an accursed thing."

Such were the startling words that gurgled from beneath the drooping, silken moustache of Hildebrand Boggs, as he cast his head on the table in front of him, and sighed and groaned and moaned, emitting low, weird, funereal, æolian harp-like sounds, similar to those produced by the wind as it sports with the boughs of an empty lager keg.

Angels might well weep to see this strong man wrestling with his great grief, his whole stalwart frame convulsed by the awful spasms of his internal agony.

His bride of a week—but one short, blissful, honey-at-thirteen-cents-a-pound week—crept softly to his side, and knelt down by him, toying caressingly with the manly No. 9 hand. What could this great grief be? Had her Hildebrand, the man she placed on a par with the angels, had he, could it be? Cooked his books? No, no; impossible. The accountant of the First Provincial Bank, in whom was reposed the utmost confidence of all, directors, managers, and the whole caboodle, could never betray his trust. Such a case would be without a parallel, and her Hildebrand would never be the organizer of such a movement. Then why his grief?

"What is it, my ownest, own Hildy?" she fondly asked, kissing the knee of his delicate lavender inexpressibles, "Tell your own, your very own Nancy."

"I cawn't, I cawn't p-p-pon honah, I cawn't," cried the grief-stricken accountant, as he sobbed aloud. "There must be no secrets between us, darling," she said. "Shoot it off."

With a strong effort, Hildebrand braced up, and staring wildly in front of him, spoke. "Dost remember that suit of clothes I wore when first we met?—Aye, 'twas three years ago next month—Dost?" (all bank officials speak thus in moments of dire peril and such.)

"I do, I do," replied his bonny bride. "Ha! 'tis well," continued Hildebrand, "till within three days ago those garments were still unpaid for." "Oh!" screamed Nanchuda, "and are you to be arrested at some horrid tailor's suit? Say not so; rather would I pawn my sweet little pup-pup-puppy, and discharge the horrid debt, than see thee in this awesome state." "Perish the thought," howled Hildebrand, "nay, 'tis worse than that. Listen. Fifty-six hours ago I paid

for those duds—"My noble husband—" "Interrupt me not. I paid for those clothes, and now, and now,—oh! I am an accursed thing." "Keep me not in suspense, but lay bare all thy troubles, Hildy." "And now" groaned the wretched man, "and now Trum-peller, the tailor, has bolted—skedaddled—left the country by stealth, and I, fool that I was, had paid him the night before he van-moosed the ranche. Oh! I am accursed."

BACK FROM THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.



"VE just returned elated from the Montreal festivities, In our friendship with the Yankees this affair another rivet is For governors of States were there with genial proclivities. To swear eternal friendship with the honored great in Canada. It would have done you good to see the eating and the drinking,

Here a mayor quaffed off a pint of 'dry' without so much as winking; There those governors poured the Moselle down till, owl-like, they were blinking. Then the fearless way they charged the buffets! No man dreamt of shrinking, 'Twas a fearful lot of sack to such a minimum of panada.

Oh! Grip you really should have seen that ice-house shining glassily, The sunbeams glinting, gleaming, and dancing wildly, "sass'yly, As Jones, M.A., the dominie, said "Eheu! illud est gracile."

It looked just like an iceberg in a rozen polar ocean. Was it cold? you ask. Well, I should smile,—and did too, pretty often, 'Twas my method of endeavoring John Frost's sharp nips to soften.

With my nips I defeated his, drove nails into my coffin, As those temperance orators all say,—a most sepulchral notion.

Then the bonspiel, and the curlers, and the Hielan' men and 'soopers, They dodged around those skating rinks, as round a barrel, coopers

Go jumping blithely, as they do their noisy work of hoopers, And loud the icy halls are filled with "Soop her up auld Tammy."

"Ay! yon's the stroke." "Guid mon, Mac," and such like heathenish lingo, And then as every game was done 'twas now or some more stingo, I thought that they would "a' be fou," I did, by good St. Jings!

The champagne really was A. I. and if it wasn't damme!

The carnival is over, and these jolly times hysteriky, Are past and gone, the governors have scooted to Ameriky. So pitch this song in doleful clef, E flat would be the very key.

But times like these can't last for aye,—I hear you say, "No, luckily."

But, when another carnival comes off, pray send me, won't you, Grip,

To represent you? You of course to stand the damage of the trip, I'll do my best to honor you, and oft will, "fizz" and "whiskey" sip. Be sure I'll not disgrace you, but will keep my end up pluckily.

As long as I can stand; Ay! mon, but it was grand.