

ployer's house, or mix the black-lead for the colored stove-polisher in the back shop. He could not easily get out of these jobs, even if he so wished. And then, children, none of his little play-fellows could see him at it, you know. But he drew the line at carrying beautiful Slop pails.

So our young hero gave Jim, the apprentice lad, a five cent bit to deliver the beautiful Slop-pail for him. The poor apprentice lad, dear little readers, had a darkened mind; per-



haps it was from smelling so much charcoal. He did not have a noble spirit like Algernon St. Albans. He only cared to work hard and save all the five cent bits he could get.

Now, pretty pets, all that I have been telling you happened a great many years ago. It was long before young men on bicycles, with thin legs (that is, the young men, dearies) were invented.

Yet both Algernon St. Albans and the apprentice lad, Jim, are alive. Jim, poor fellow, owns the nice stove store. He has to pay all the hands every Saturday night himself now, and he has also to hire a man to drive him to his gloomy office every morning.

But Algernon St. Albans—the brave, noble boy who had the spirit in him! Pay close attention, little ones, while I tell you of his grand career!

Algernon St. Albans has risen to be poor Jim's book-keeper. He sits on a real pretty high stool, and if he works only twelve hours a day he can earn as much as seven dollars and a half a week, and enjoy all the rest of the time with his six sweet children.

There, my birdies, is True Courage rewarded!



Always happy to meet friends—butchers.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE."—"O aye!" quoth a worthy Elder o' Auld St. Andrew's to one o' new St. Andrew's, "gin the women folk get in to the pulpet, it wull no be the Gospel they'll gie us—but the gossip-all!"

"You can get first-class board in Philadelphia for \$2 a week," said Trilobite. "No!" replied Crinoid, amazed. "Fact," insisted Trilobite, "wash-board." And then he curled up and petrified himself.

THE WAR CRY—A HAMILTON DITTY.

We're bound to beat 'em hevery time,
No mattah wot yer say, sir;
We'll kerch the devil by the 'awns,
And 'ang 'im by the tail, sir.

It's rub-a-dub, a-rub-a-dub-dub-dub!
And dance and swing yer powder,
And its wot! wot! (rub-a-dub) woot!
But the 'osses plunge the 'arder.

It's up the street and down the street,
The drum goin' rattle-bang, sir;
The boys a shoutin' at our 'eels,
And peltin' mud and slang, sir.
"Oh you can't be a lover!" no "you can't be a lover!"
And 'Appy Jack a dancin' to the tune, sir;
And it's "Glory!" "Allelujah!" to the jockey tune of
"Do-dah."

And every one a tramping like a loon, sir.

Small boys as plays upon the streets,
They hoot us without fail, sir;
But Jack he grabs 'em by the neck,
And runs 'em inter jail, sir.
And if he can't get bail, he 'as got to rot in jail,
Though his mar may cry her eyes out fur her boy,
sir.

But when our Captin' he was fined—he paid him "in
his mind,"
And when that there fine is paid, we'll wish you joy, sir.

Now hevery 'Amiltonian
Just please to clear the way, sir,
The 'Ahmy going to march the street
In spite of all yon'll say' sir.

And its rub-a-dub (wo-oh!) rub-a-dub (woh!)
And make a jolly racket and a row, sir.
We've got to be protected, and it aint to be hex-
pected
We're a goin' to be considering of yeon, sir.

GETTING PLUMB LEVEL.

What caused the door to open was not discovered by the advertising clerk until he leaned over the counter and caught sight of a soap-haired boy, of the dwarf variety, having a gaunt dog in tow—and pretty nearly in two also.

"Much 'll it be to git this put in the paper?" the small object queried anxiously, while the dog also seemed to evince a profound interest in the question.

The man of few words (at a cent a word) by the aid of a powerful imagination translated the manuscript thus:—

noTus
people is notty fide By Me that i H int workin no Mor
fur squir ross, outen marKkam
TownShip
but it was Me gin him the Sack

cos he was N. G.
boys better Not hir with this ole pigin tode Pelikan fur
Heel starv em and Uang em Around and funk on
Whackin up Sa Terday nites Wen he kin

sined By
MISTER JIM POOLE.

"You see," he piped, while the clerk was sizing up the announcement. "me an' the squire was good frens till last night. I come to town yesterday an' this dawg follered me out to the farm. I layed out for to keep him, but the squire got mad, chased him off with a dung fork an' gimme a clip with a cow-halter cos I tole him he was no kinder a man to slam round a poor orfan an' his oney true fren an' protector. Then I threw up my job right on the spot. I could a' set fire to his stable or pizened the pigs or taken it outen that flat-footed son o' his. But this scheme sorter struck me. Much 'el 't be to print that good an' big on the first page?"

The amount startled him.

"Sixty-three cents is high to a man outen a job," he mused, tightening his grip on the dog's string, as he prepared to go. "But fifteen cents is a start, an' I'll scare up the rest if I have to hire out in a coal yard. Keep that prokelmashun an' wen I call agin, I'm agoin' to shove up 'nuff to top her off with the pictur of a humpbacked cripple feedin' rotten turmita to four scrawny calves. What I'm after is gittin' plumb level with a mean ole man. Come, Lion!"

Morning, noon and night of Thanksgiving—
gobbler, gobbled, gobblins.



SIR JOHN'S LATEST.

INEXPERIENCED STATESMAN.—*Apropos* of of this Pope railway matter, what about the Independence of Parliament Act?

STATESMAN OF EXPERIENCE.—Well, I don't see how any act could be more independent of Parliament.

"NOT EVEN ACT A LIE."

(A TRUE INCIDENT.)

Three children on their way from school
Kicked heels up—like the sportive mule
When toying with contiguous man—
Rules all forgot—and rulers, e'en tatan.

"A coin I've found!" cried one in glee:
"A silver piece worth pennies three!"
But ah! like those who fondly dream
A restaurant ice has ought of real cream,

A passing man pronounced the coin
A counterfeit. Forthwith they join
In lamentations at the thought,
"What taffy (literal) mightn't it have bought!"

But one spake out—would I might tell
Unheeded his suggestion fell—
"Let's pass it on good Mrs. Cox!"
Nor thought he of collection box.

The little shop soon entered was,
"Please give us taffy"—then a pause—
A stammer—flush he could not hide—
"For—this—bad—piece—we—found—outside!"

A story lives in history
Of boy, small axe, and cherry-tree:
This hero well with that may vie,
He could not even act a lie.

HER COMPLEXION.

The other day a rather green-looking young fellow—though he evidently lived in the city—went into a dry goods store and walked up to one of the lady clerks; the following conversation occurred:

"I want to get four yards of wide ribbon for a girl."

"All right, sir. What color do you want?"
"I don't know. I just want four yards of ribbon, that's all."

"Yes, but we ought to give her some color that will suit her. Is she a blonde or brunette?"

"She ain't neither; she's a hired girl."—
Evansville Argus.

"Love's sweetest meanings," says a writer,
"are unspoken." Exactly; no eloquence can compare with caramels and gum drops.