



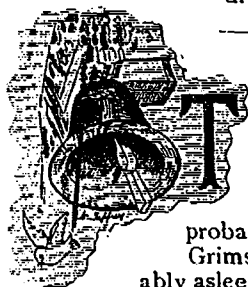
"YE OLDE FAYRE"—ENGLISH OR OTHERWISE.

UNLOOKED-FOR REFINEMENT.

DO you know," said the tramp who had seen better days, "that there is a good deal more style about our humble repasts than is generally imagined."

"I should not have thought it."

"Fact, though. For instance, I frequently procure a dinner *a la ruse*. I think that little joke is worth a drink, don't you?"



A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

THE bell had just tolled the midnight hour. Just what it told it is uncertain, and, as the midnight hour is proverbially "silent," the secret will probably never transpire. Philander Grimshaw was just dropping comfortably asleep, when he was recalled to consciousness by a vigorous poke in the ribs from his better half, who exclaimed in a tone of voice:—"Oh, Philander! you never looked to see if the side door was locked!"

"Umph!—guess 's all right. What you want to wake feller up like that for?" growled out Philander,

rolling over and pulling the clothes around him by way of preparation to doze off again.

"But Philander," said Mrs. Grimshaw, "I feel sure that that door was open. You'd better go down and see."

"Oh, pshaw! what on earth difference does it make?"

"Why, robbers might get in and carry off everything in the house and cut our throats."

"Nonsense. They might know we've nothing to steal here. Let me sleep—I'm tired."

Silence for a couple of minutes ensued. Then a creaking sound made by nothing in particular, such as you can always hear in the night-time if you only listen long enough.

"Oh, Philander, I'm sure I heard something."

"Umph!"

"Philander!"

"Well, what on earth is it?"

"I heard something, I tell you. Listen, there it is again. I shan't sleep a wink all night unless you go down and make sure that that side door is locked."

"I never did see anybody so fussy and nervous about nothing! Wonder how you'd have stood it if you'd lived 'way out in the backwoods where I was born, forty or fifty years ago, when we didn't have no locks on the doors, and you could hear the wolves howling around all night," said Mr. Grimshaw with some asperity. The tribulations of the early settlers were his usual answer to any of his wife's complaints.

However, he grumpily got up, and in groping for his pants stubbed his toe against the bureau. With an objurgation that made Mrs. Grimshaw shudder he drew back, and, striking out in a new direction, barked his shins against the rocking chair.

After reflections on the innate cussedness of things, which might have been heard as far as the next block,



WITH INSIGNIFICANT EXCEPTIONS.

MRS. BRIDIE—"How much is your income, Charlie?"

MR. BRIDIE—"You ought to know; you spend it all, my dear."