

TERRY FINNEGAN.

MURRAY HILL, N. Y., August 15, 1888.

TO MISTHER M. O'GRADY, Toronto, Kinnada, or elsewhere.

DEAR MIKE,



THERE'S no use in lamintin, now. I'm glad, howsomdever, that it was n't the coff that did it.

You axe me about Misther Blain. Well, I called on him, of coorse, at the Fifth Avenue, after he landed.

"Terry," sez he, after I managed to get mehand extricated from him, "I did 'nt see you down at the

Hook; and it's a pity, for I'd like that you harde that little speech of mine."

"You're welkum back," sez I, and shure I red it in the papers."

"And how did you like it?" sez he.

"Very well;" sez I, "all of it that was throe."

"And how much was that?" sez he, redenin' a little about the gills.

"The devil a sintince!" sez I, takin' currage, and being always used to the thruth, "and beesides," saz I, "I raaly bleeve you're in lague wid John A. over in Kinnada, there."

"It might be Sir John A. in your mouth!" sez he, very sharp like.

"Ho! ho!" sez I, brisslin' up a bit, "you 're jest back from England, I see!"

"And I thought, besides," sez he, "that you were always a frind of his."

"And so I was," sez I, "till he turned Baptist!"

"Baptist!" sez he, starin' as if the hed was off me. "Niver!" sez he.

"That's what his body sarvint says any way," sez I.

"He's a liar!" sez he, "he'd niver jine a relidgin wid so much wather in it!"

"That wouldn't make a haporth of difference," said I, "for he'd flavor the Pacific Oshon if he could only swim across it."

"Wondherful, intirely!" saz he.

"But why are yecz both," sez I, "thryin to keep up the prices on everythin' a poor workin' man and his family aits, dhrinks, or wears, or that they can make themselves nate and tidy wid?"

"You don't undherstand it," sez he.

"There's no undherstandin about it," sez I. "The workin man wants chaper goods and higher wages than he gets now; and if he gets them is 'nt it the nashun that gets them? All the rest is bladderskite, savin your presence," sez I.

"You're as bad as Erastus Wiman or Gooldin Smith—two thraiters to the great manufacturin' intherists," says he, gettin' quite angry.

"Thank God, for that," sez I, "and more power to their elbow!"

"Misther Finnegan," sez he, jumpin' to his feet, "I'll wish you a very good mornin'."

"So you may," says I, followin his example, "and some one will be wishin you 'a very good mornin' next fall, when you're sint home wid a flay in your ear, to publish another knothonin journal, instead of being med Sacrey-tary of State."

He could'nt stand me any longer, so jest as I was slammin the doore after me, I saw him staggerin to a sofa in the next room.

So there's no dout of it, I hear, that the Plumed Nite, Sir John A. and Ginneral Harrison work the mails now together, in the intherests of the manufacturers on both sides of the lines—*thrio, junkto, and you know*, as poor I'ather Tom used to say. Yis, Mike, you do know, and I know that they won't succeed; as any one wid an eye in his hed can see that the Dimmocrats, and some of thim are mane enuff, are sthrivin after cheaper goods, highr wages, and their natshural outcome—increased manufac-turers.

I have now done, Mike, and you wouldn't bleeve that wid all me jokin, I have worn a bit of crape round my heart through all this letter. You would n't guess who it is for. I'll tell you—Ginneral Phil. Sheridan. How is Patsy? Let me know in your nixt. In the manetime, I am your tindher-harted blood relashun,

TERRY FINNEGAN.

THE RUSH FOR THE REGISTERED.

AN IDYL OF THE WEST.

'Twas in the town of Paris—Paris, On-tay-rue-o,
It happened in the August month, not many years ago.
'Twixt you and me, we'll let it be not more explicit, oh!

The times were tight and money scarce as ever it could be—
A man would run across the street a dollar bill to see;
In truth, a great financial drouth was on—ah me, ah me!

This morning that I tell about dawned bright, and calm, and cool
The P. O. loiterers lingered round—as always is the rule—
The P. O. lobby, which, when mobby's the local gossip school.

They jibed and jabbered, joked and jawed, in customary style;
Some would whisper, and some would blow, and some get in a
smile,
And now and then a "haw-haw" send you'd hear off half a mile.

But suddenly, bang! up she goes, the little wicket door—
The signal for the crowd to come and wait around no more.
The pensive clerk, adroit in work, he scanned the faces o'er.

A soft, sad smile he smole on them—or half in fun or joy—
And almost there was on his lip a "What-is-that-you-soy?"
As up he took the Record Book with girlish grace and coy.

That Record Book you knows records the little *billets doux*
That say: "Enclosed please find"—so much "I am yours very true,"
It helps to bluff the sheriff off to get just one or two.

Most every man about the place had got his ticket for
A "registered." What glee there was! Oh, Lor'! oh, Lor'! oh,
Lor'!
You'd hear 'em say, "My, my!" "ho, ho!" "by gracious!" and
'b'gor!

The signatures went flopping down upon that Record Book;
Each lucky man would cast abroad an anxious, longing look,
As his turn came to sign his name, and as his "reg." he took.

They opened them, and, guess just what each simply did relate?
A notice from the bank about a lowered interest rate!
The kinds of word that then were heard—'twere better not to state

T. T.