

SONGS OF THE WHEEL.

No. 1.—MY BICYCLING FRIEND.

A SKETCH.

He's tall, well built, has golden hair,
You'd surely call him 'light complected';
Upon his lip—waxed with care—
A faint moustache can be detected.
His eyes are blue, his mouth a bow—
A coral-tinted arc of Cupid:
Outside of 'cycling things he's slow,
In fact I've heard some call him stupid.

He's versed in wire and nickel plate,
In rubber tires and hubs and handles,
In pigskin seats, in tolling rate,
In lamps, and patent sperm oil candles.
He knows what roads are in good shape—
'The best hotels in country places';
He ne'er gets mad when called an ape
By youthful 'vags,' with rare grimaces.

When'er he rides he makes a 'mash,'
The girls all say he's quite a dandy;
They wonder if he's lots of cash,
And whether he'll 'put up' much candy.
He's been engaged six times or more,
'To girls he's ne'er been introduced to,
But as he's only aged a score,
Why! marry he can't be induced to.

His talk is all of 'cycling things,
Of trikes and bikes and paths of cinder,
He calls his wheel a brace of rings,
And says he can see naught to hinder
An age when all on earth will go
On wire spoked wheels of some description;
He's up to every wheeling show,
And knows for hurts the best prescription.

He wears eye-glasses on his nose;
His tone of voice: soft, low and lazy;
His boots have very pointed toes—
I know he thinks himself a daisy.
He's full of cycling yarns and songs,
And brings them out without much coaxing;
To air his knowledge much he longs,
And often tries his hand at hoaxing.

My 'cycling friend may not be smart,
But still I like his cheery manner,
And love him for his kind, warm heart—
'They give to him a 'Welcome' banner.
He is a flirt, I grant you that,
But I've seen many a worse than he is,
And though not sharp, he's not the 'flat'
That people say full nany a she is.

W. C. NICHOL.

THAT LONG-HAND CLOCK.

AN HOUR THAT WAS LONGER THAN THE HAND.

When I returned home from sea in the month of February, the precise date I do not exactly remember, but it was several years ago, I found that my father had invested in a, to me, rather novel kind of clock, and had placed it on a bracket for some reason, in a large upstairs spare bed room. It was one of that species, if that term may be applied to clocks, where a very large hand marks off each day as every twenty-four hours elapses. There was nothing extraordinary in that fact, but what puzzled me was how that long-hand knew enough to jump from the 28th of February to the 1st of March. I was, however, assured that it did so, but felt somewhat incredulous on the subject, and resolved to sit up on the night of the 28th and see for myself if the long-hand was gifted with the, to me, superhuman intelligence with which it was credited.

Accordingly I made all preparations for observing the miracle which I was assured would take place, and with a jorum of punch and a supply of tobacco on the table before me, took up my position at about 11 p.m. (I say *about*, for I am not precisely certain as to the exact minute, for I did not place the utmost confidence in the clock and regarded it as altogether an object of suspicion, and was determined to be on hand when "grave yards yawn and Josts troop 4th," (as A. Ward has remarked in later days.) I kept my eye steadily on the clock as the medium sized hand crept very slowly round the dial, and eight bells drew gradually nearer and nearer, whiling away the monotony of myself-imposed watch with an occasional sip from my glass of punch, which was becoming very cold.

By degrees I gradually fell a-thinking of one thing and another, amongst other matters the affinity between my nocturnal watch and the infernal (as I regarded it) clock. My retrospective eye was cast back to scenes I had witnessed on the wide and restless ocean; I again saw myself pacing the deck of some gallant vessel and looking up at the snowy albatrosses soaring above, so near and yet so far, for though I had repeatedly endeavored to slay those birds, (not having the terrible example of the Ancient Mariner before my eyes) I could never hit them, or rather I'm sure I did occasionally give them a mild reminder that I was blazing away at them, for they would only glance down at me, wink one of their cunning-looking eyes and soar on, scarcely seeming to move a wing as they made head-way almost in the wind's eye. But I am digressing from the subject of that clock. To keep myself awake I did, as I had often done at sea, and rose from my chair and paced backward and forward, never forgetting to take an occasional glance at the object of my vigilance.

Be it borne in mind that it was that long 24 hour hand that I paid most particular attention to, for I was anxious to see it jump those three days, and of course its motion at present was imperceptible to me.

A tap at the door roused me from a sort of reverie into which I had fallen, and in response to my "Come in," my brother William entered, attired in all the paraphernalia of slumber.

"What's the matter old fellow?" I enquired.
"Why," he answered, "I was wondering how long you were going to keep up that monotonous tramp, tramp, right over my head. Why don't you come to bed?"

"I will," I replied, "as soon as I see that long-hand over there" pointing to the clock, "make its three day skip."

"Oh! you're somewhat skeptical about it, are you?" he answered, "but I'm afraid, now I come to think of it, that you won't witness that salutary performance."

"Oh! none of you're horrible puns about me being a conservative salt,"—for I belonged to those two persuasions, "but why won't it skip?"

"Well," was his reply, "we wind it up every seven days, or it stops, and that's what it must have done to-day."

"Gracious!" I exclaimed "that can't be. It's going now. Why it's just at the right time," and certainly the hands stood at—well, well; I had in my anxiety in looking after the very long-hand failed to observe that they had not budged at all since I first took up my post, though I could have sworn they seemed to move. "What time is it, anyhow, Bill?" I asked.

"I looked at my watch just before I came upstairs and made it half-past two: but I suppose you never noticed the lapse of time with those two friends to keep you company"—pointing to the nearly exhausted punch bowl, and the pipe in my hand.

"Well, it did appear rather a long hour," I confessed, "I must say, but what annoys me most is that the mystery of that skip—"

"Ain't you a skipper yourself?" broke in that incorrigible punster William. "and as such—"

"Oh!" I interrupted impatiently, "please don't aggravate my case by your villainous attempts at wit. And now I suppose I shall have to wait another year before I can see that hand jump. Well, I'm more than ever convinced that it does not jump at all, but you just shove it along with your finger. But don't say anything about this business of my nightwatch or I shall never hear the last of it."

To Bill's honor be it said, he told every member of the household and every acquaintance or relation for miles round; but the worst of it was that I never saw the hand jump after all.

BURGLARIOUS INTRUSION.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF LITTLE CROOKSEY AND HER MOTHER.

"But, marm," says I, "will you please as to be so kind as to git hout o' this? You 'ave no business 'ere."

And it's 'ard to ax you to believe it, M.r. Grip, but she puts 'er 'and on my shoulder and fetches me such a puffect 'buster' agenst the wall, as deranged my total 'inards,' besides crushing into fifty pieces my only 'tortershell' crespinette as tied my 'air up; and shoves me into a chair in the corner as destit'ot o'breath as a split bladder.

"There," says she, "no hinterference, if you please."

Which it was my own 'ouse, Mr Grip, and this atrocious interlood 'appens in this way. My daughter, little Crooksey, which though she 'ave since been taken ill all along of it, she was then as sprightly a creature for 'er age as you would see; she used to pour out the beer and perhaps a drop o' punch now and then for the family, keepin' a tight watch as none of 'em got more than was good for 'em, and 'ave got all their cups and glasses picked out and marked to each, as was wonderful clever for the poor little thing. But this great hinterferin' creature next door, which 'er name is Mrs. Ottawa, knowin' 'ow cleverly my little Crooksey was managin' the liquors, takes it into 'er 'ead as 'ow she would himprove on it, as if hany one couldnt himprove on it once they saw 'ow we l the plan was workin'. Crooksey was a goin' to improve on it herself the fust thing, soon as she saw 'ow it was a doin'.

But this big fat thing, M.r. Grip, which she is 'alf English an' 'alf French and a good deal of Irish, she must perambulate in without wither 'leave' or by yer 'leave,' and takes 'er place at the 'ead o' my table, and pours out and portionizes quite superior to little Crooksey, she thinks, and when I mildly tells 'er to go into 'er own 'ouse, M.r. Grip, you have 'eard my relation of the manner in which she treated me.

And I runs out and hasks the policeman, M.r. Grip, and he petrifies me by sayin' as 'ow the law of forcible hentry is above 'is jerrydiction, and I must appeal to the 'igher courts.

And my family was dumfounded at first, but now they sets in corners a-guyin' of me. And she says, M.r. Grip, she do, the big brazen thing, seein' as 'ow there's no law in the country to protect a quiet woman with 'er family, and the constable wouldnt 'elp me, as 'ow she shall go into all the neighbors' 'ouses and do as she please whether they likes or whether they don't.

And I feels quite desperate, and can't enjoy no vittels, nor sleep a wink o' nights without wakin' up and thinkin' she is a bustin' in somewheres; and I writes to you and all my 'opes is in you, for I could 'ave made all improvements myself and don't like to be made a laughing stock on, and if I wasnt fit to manage my own 'ouse, and if I'm not fit to mind what my children eats and drinks, what am I fit for?

Which my name is Mrs. Ontario, as am an honest woman, though I says it.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

A splendid four in hand—four aces.—*Omnibus in N. Y. Mercury.*

"Women are charming creatures." So are some snakes.—*Ibid.*

The child who is honest may get to heaven, but on earth it is the little boy who goes into the pantry that takes the cake.—*Ibid.*