

### WHAT HE WANTED.

German (to druggist)—I owe de firm ten cents.

Druggist—Very well; you can pay it to me. (Perplexity of German, who wants ten cents worth of iodoform.)

### OFFICIAL EMBLEMS.

(From Judge.)

Foreigner—Has not the President of your country some emblem of office like European rulers?

American—Yes, sir; the shotgun and fishin-rod.

### A USEFUL VOLUME.

Mrs. Booklore—You have a great treasure in this old volume of Shakespeare, Mrs. Thrifty.

Mrs. Thrifty—Oh, my, yes! Mr. Thrifty prizes it no end, and I find it invaluable for pressing my laces.

### A LUCID EXPLANATION.

"Pa, how can one laugh in his sleeve?"

The little boy interrogated.

"Because, my lad," replied his dad,

"The funny bone is there located."

### JUST THE THING.

First Friend (of intending bridegroom)

—Well, we'll have to give them a present.

What will it be and how much shall we spend?

Second Friend—I don't know. I'll go as deep as you.

First Friend—Let's send something that will make a big show for our money.

Second Friend—All right. What's the matter with a load of hay.

### VANISHED TREASURE.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene"

Lies 'neath the ocean's weltering waters blue;

And at the pawnshops, hidden and unseen,

Jewels galore—in soak—are lying, too!

## TIM, THE WHARF-RAT.

You see, gents, my pal Tim an me  
Was a'takin' a quiet swim,  
When a cop comes a'sneakin' along the wharf,  
An he nabs poor little Tim.

You bet it was rough on us partners that,  
Fur while Tim in ther cooler stayed,  
His corner'd be tuk by s'mother boy  
As ud cabbage his reg'lar trade.

So Tim went a'snivilin' up ther street,  
With me snivilin' on behine  
Wen a big man outer resterrink cum,  
As I guess ud been driunkin' wine;

An he axes, "What's this here crim'nal done?"  
So ther cop says, "Yer see its agin  
Ther law fur ter swim on the city front,  
So I'm running' this Wharf-Rat in."

An ther big man laughs as he looks at Tim,  
An he sez, "How much is ther fine!—  
Five dollars!—They charge ther same for a bath  
They does fur a bottle er wine.

"Wall, I guess I'll pay it," an then he winks  
At me an ther cop kinder queer,  
"But mind yer, Rat, this is onne a loan,—  
You must pay it back in a year."

An he laughs agin' wen Tim braced up  
An looks him square in ther eye,  
An sez, with his fist a'clinchin this way,—  
'Ef I don't, sir, I hope ter die!"

Well, most on a year had gone; one day  
Me an Tim was stealin' a dip  
By ther ferry wharf, wen ther boat kem in  
An run too hard'gin ther slip;

An a little gal, that a big man held  
A settin' upon ther rail,  
Wos knocked clean over ther steamer's side  
In ther shake uv a sheepses tail.

We seed 'twas ther same rich man, an knowed  
Ther babby belonged ter him;  
So Tim dived arter it like a duck,—  
Fur I tell yer he saveyed ther swim.

Ther passangers yelled, ther bells ther banged,  
Till ther boat backed off from ther;  
Then we seed my pal cotched onter a pile,  
A grippen' ther gal's long hair.

So they hauled em both out onter ther dock;  
The gal she was safe an sound,  
But Tim had been hit by ther iron wheel,—  
His side wos jest one big wound.

Ther daddy he kissed his kid, then kneeled  
Where Tim lay so white an sick:  
"God bless yer!" he sez, "my little man,—  
Someone fetch a doctor, quick!"

"No use," sez Tim: "I'm agoin', sir,  
I can't pay yer now, yer see,—  
And he takes from his neck a little bag,—  
"I'm four bits short," sez he.

"Don't yer savey ther boy what wos tooked up,  
What yer lent ther money that day?  
I'd mosi got it all made up, but now—  
But now I never kin pay."

Don't talk uv that," sez ther father chap,  
His big tears a'runnin' free;  
"You've saved my babby's life, an she's  
Wuth all ther world ter me!"

"Is she wuth four bits?" sez Tim, so weak;  
"Oh! yes," sez ther man,—"Give him air!"  
"Then," sez Tim, just like he wos goin' ter sleep,  
"Then, mister, you and me's square."

An that woz ther last word Timmie sez,  
An all them big men tall  
Tuk off ther hats as my pal let go,—  
Yes they did,—plug hats and all!

An a gospel sharp as wos in ther crowd,  
He knelt right down by Tim,  
An he told uv a Bible feller as sed  
Fur dead kids ter cum ter him.

I tell yer it's hard ter lose ther pal  
Yer've fit fur, starv'd with, an love;  
But I'm bettin' as them as is squar down here  
Is square up ther above!