

garded the surroundings in Gherkyn Hall with the *blase, savoir-faire, comment ça va* air which had become habitual with him since his fort night's residence in France, and a faint smile of scorn wreathed his lips as he accepted from the liveried menial a cup of fragrant coffee, with the remark to his vivacious partner, "Ah! cally: tray beang, may jaim mar cally avieck lodevee, naysipor?" "Oui," replied Made-moiselle, "vous parlez ma langue on Français veritable."



Sprigsby inclined his head at what he felt to be a compliment, tho' he was not absolutely certain; still, he was wealthy, and made-moiselle was on the look-out for such a one for a life partner. Every purple-cushioned chair, every yellow-covered sofa and lounge, had its occupant, and even the gorgeous green curtains of the windows but partially concealed those who had taken refuge in the noble bay windows, in the centre panes of each of which was stained, in many a rich and glorious tint, the coat of arms of the Buffins family; aye, 'twas a noble crest, and the heart of old Job Buffins leapt high as he gazed proudly on it, that crest, a vinegar vat *argent, coupe*, supported, on a ground copperas, by two cucumbers rampant, with the motto in letters of gold beneath, "Guaranteed Pure." The smatches of conversation, overheard occasionally by any who might be listening, would amply reveal the fact that 'twas no ordinary company that was there assembled in those kaleidoscopic salons. "Yes, sir, sold fower 'underd'ogs at height cents a pund as they stood, and Smith says, says he"—"Cawn't be in the blawsted bank all th' time, y' know, bah Jove, too much stwain on a fellah's intellect, y' know, ah, bah Jove"—"Yes, our Mr. Robinson is the best judge of trouserings, shirtings and towellings on the road, I believe, he"—"And I did hear that the Rev. Mr. Lamb was trying to obtain a divorce from Mrs. Lamb. Isn't it shocking?" All these fragments could not but convince the most unimpressionable listener with the fact that he was in society the most *distingue, recherche, and creme de la creme*. But sec. Why wander the eyes of the fair young hostess so often towards the door? Ah! she expects the arrival of her affianced lover, and is warned by intuitive forebodings that all is not right. Wildly as she adores Fortescue Dalrymple, the plumber's book-keeper, and keenly alive as she is to the many advantages which will accrue from their matrimonial alliance, still she is not blind to the fact that he has his weakness, and she fears even now that he may have fallen into the snares of the demon of drink. He is no hypocrite, that same Fortescue Dalrymple, and though a member of the city Temperance Salvation, Club he seems to enter a saloon by the back door. Rather would he lose his strong right hand than sneak into a corner to break his pledge, if he felt that way. Nay! what

he did, he did openly, too openly alas! Whisht! 'tis his step in the marble corridor. A sickening faintness seizes on Alberta as the folding doors are thrown open and the pampered flunkey announces "Mister Fortisk D'rymp." He enters, a dreamy look in his glorious Byronic eyes. Ah! one could almost imagine that he was even now meditating on the commencement of his next poem, which shall be "Go 10 hours, 2 plumbers clearing sink—\$900." Fashion, taste, culture have all been called into requisition in the adornment of his person. His coat ends abruptly at the 3rd lumbar vertebra, and is thrown widely open in front, as is his sil'en waistcoats' bosom; so open, in very truth, that the imaginative beholder might well fancy, that, should his collar button give way, Fortescue must inevitably fall out in front. His trousers are a rhapsody, a poem; of the most delicate primrose tint, tightly strapped aloft and below the hatches, they show off his symmetrical limbs to perfection. But, alas! Alberta can read the expression of his countenance, and she knows that he has given way to the promptings of his appetite, and has called at several rum-holes on his way to Gherkyn Hall. But this were not the worst. No, no. As Fortescue advances up the room, bowing to the right, to the left, in front, behind, his short coat naturally creeps further up his back, and reveals, (Oh! that my pen should write it) the fact that he has sat down at his last halting place, some free lunch den, in a plate of pickled red cabbage, and there on his corporeal prominence stands out the gory patch in bold relief against the delicate background. Draw down the curtain. Let us conceal the agony, at the same time let us remark that we cannot wonder at the tone of voice in which Alberta Cavendish Buffins utters those awful words, "Leave my presence, sir."



ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL IDEA BUST.

"Hold that shell to your ear my child: now, what hearest thou?" "Oh! mother, I hear the sound of the sea and of the waves moaning on the shore."—*Tales of my Childhood.*

I held me a shell to mine ear,
And in fancy I heard the sea,
With its moan and its roar
As it broke on the shore,
And sounded murmuringly.

In my mental vision I saw
The yeast of the frothing waves,
As they kissed the beach,
And strove to reach
The dark and gloomy caves.

Then I held to my listening ear
A beer jug, sturdy and stout,
And methought I could hear
The resounding beer,
As the landlord poured it out.

And the sound was much the same
As that I had heard in the shells:
"Another fraud I perceive to be,
This sound in the shell of the murmuring sea,
Another of childhood's selfs."

A New York man lost \$75,000 worth of art treasures by the burning of his residence a few days ago. He will have to purchase a great many pounds of Li-quot tea before the loss is made up.

GRIP'S FA- BLES.

THE EDITOR AND
THE CAT.



NCE upon a time there was an Editor who was Sorely Harassed at Night by the Noise made by the Cats outside his Window. What to do he knew not, for when he opened his

Caseament to interview the Animals they invariably fled Apace, and he was a Poor Shot at a Moving Object. So he resolved to resort to Strategy, and one Night when he was very Sleepless and there was nothing left in his Bottle, he rose up and opened wide his Window, and lo! in the Moonlight he beheld advancing, on the turreted Wall that surrounded his palace, a big Cat. The Editor buttoned up the Valenciennes lace ruffles of his Night-Gown more closely round his throat, and sat down, and as the Cat drew nigh, he said, "Good evening, Signor Tomaso, 'tis a fine night. But I am sleepless, and if you would tarry awhile and warble me one of your Charming Lullabies, methinks I could obtain some Repose." So the Cat advanced till he came opposite the Editor's caseament and said, "With pleasure; what shall it be?" "Anything soothing," replied the editor, "one of your Sweetest Paregorics."

So the Cat struck an attitude and began, and trilled out adagios, pianissimos, crescendos, furiosos, staccatos, buleros, and deminos, and just as he struck a Note that made the Hairs in his listener's wig stand up like a Man who has sat down on a Fish-Hook, the Editor whirled his empty Bottle round his head, there was a sound of Revelry by Night, and the Cat fell into a sound sleep from which he never woke again.

"Tant mieux," said the Editor, "do good to them which despitely use you. He has often caused me a Sleepless Night whilst I have secured him Eternal Repose." And he went back to his couch and slept with the Brand of Cain upon his Massive Brow.

The Moral is, my dears, that men are Deceivers ever, and that Editors are not all one's Fancy paints them, and that Cats may be flattered and flattered into submission to the Inevitable. Also that there is as much death sometimes in an empty Bottle as the good temperance lecturers say there is in a Full one.

CONSOLATION

Why need we grieve tho' Plumb be mute,
And silent hangs his voiceless lute?
If names be indices to mind,
Then Plumb is left away behind.
In Parliament two birds have risen
With names more musical than his'n;
Shakespeare and Homer now we see
Have seats for far away B. C.
Then, grieve not for the loss of Plumb,
And weep not though his lyre be dumb.
Still we must miss those stirring lines
Composed beneath Niagara's pines;
Those strains which whelmed the country o'er,
And swelled above the cataract's roar,
We only hope when next he sings,
He'll sport a harp and pair of winos.

Lord Byron, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady — has been dangerously ill, but now she is *dangerously* well again." American belles, when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept *well*, and avoid being killed by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.