

## Justice.

That boy, do ye mind, isn't yet seventeen;  
 Ye'd imagine in tricks of the world he wur green;  
 He'd always such gentle and innocent ways,  
 He made me believe him as good as you plaze.  
 And now I find out that for three months at last,  
 That boy's been indulgin' his love-makin' taste.  
 It's a Norah McCarty, the daughter of Tim,  
 Who seems to possess an attraction for him.  
 The two are about the same age an' size;  
 She's a decent young thing, wid a pair o' black eyes,  
 That twinkle and seem to be laughing when sure  
 The rest of her face looks extremely demure.  
 Though she's elegant teeth to be shown by a smile,  
 An' her hair it is banged in American style,  
 An' in truth, altogether, she looks mighty fine,  
 For to be makin' love wid that Johnny of mine.  
 Sure I'd niver have found out the secret from him,  
 But I learned it by goin' to call upon Tim;  
 The night was dark, t'was a little past eight  
 An' as quietly walkin', I came to his gate  
 I heard first a whisper, an' afther a sound  
 Like a foot comin' out o' the mud. I looked round  
 An' beheld the young lovers in heavenly bliss;  
 He'd his arm round her waist an' was takin' a kiss.  
 Wull, I seized the young rogue by the ear an' says I,  
 "Now what are yez doing?" He tried to reply.  
 I hollered. "Hi! Not a word from yer head;  
 Ye jest travel home an' go to yer bed.  
 An' for you, miss," I said—I was thryin' to look  
 An' speak very sternly, by way of rebuke—  
 "You know that your father and mother'd be wild  
 If they were to learn of this thrick of their child."  
 And thin Nora spoke, and I thought I could hear  
 A sound in her voice that was much like a tear.  
 "Oh, plaze Mr. Murphy, forgive us ye might,  
 It's my fault, not Johnny's." Bedad she was right.  
 But I tried to be stern, an' said: "It is sad  
 That two children like you should be actin' so bad,  
 An' I never must hear of such actions again!  
 Now, you, Johnny run home, and you, Nora, run in."  
 They ran. I should rightly have taken a stick  
 An' have bate the young devil to pay for the thrick,  
 But, indade, I can't blame him for kissin' the elf,  
 Be the love of old Ireland, I'd do it meself.

The Marquis of Lorne claims that his ancestors sat around King Arthur's round table Nobody in this country will think anything the less of Lorne because of his folks having no table of their own and having to get their meals at somebody else's table, provided they did not leave between daylight and dark without paying their board.—*Texas Siftings.*

A little boy accosted his papa thus:

"Papa, are you still growing?"

"No, dear; what makes you think so?"

"Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

The poor man is getting bald.

"Have you seen our friend B. lately?"

"Yes."

"Then you must have noticed that he dyes his hair in front, but forgets to dye the back of it."

"Well, it only proves this, that if he is willing to deceive himself, he is not willing to deceive others."

"Now, John," said a father to his gawky son, "it is about time you got married, and settled down in a home of your own." "But I don't know any girls to get married to," whined John. "Fly around and get acquainted with some; that was the way I did when I was young. How do you ever suppose I got married?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well," said John pitifully, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a strange gal."

Conjugal amenities—"Do you know what month in the year my wife talks the least?"

"Well, I suppose when she catches cold and loses her voice."

"Not at all. It is in February."

"Why is that?"

"Because February has the fewest days."

A man went into a drug store and asked for something to cure a headache. The druggist held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose; and he was nearly overpowered by its pungency. As soon as he recovered he began to rail at the druggist, and threatened to punch his head. "But didn't it help your headache?" asked the apothecary. "Help my headache!" gasped the man. "I haven't any headache. It's my wife t'at's got the headache."

A MISCONCEPTION.—A clergyman says: On passing out of church, one evening, I said to a young man who frequently came to my church, "Glad to see you out to-night; come often, and bring your 'Dulcinea' with you." A few days after, I was interviewed by him, when he very grossly asked me what I meant by calling his betrothed a "Dull Sinner," and informed me that she had been a member of the church, in good standing, for some time, and would like to know my reasons for calling her a sinner.

A countryman climbed out of a wagon on Austin avenue, entered a music store and said he wanted to buy a piece of music for his son. "If your son is not very far advanced, perhaps this would do," said the clerk, handing over a piece of sheet music. "how much does it cost?" "Fifty cents." "Well, that's too easy for him. The last piece I bought for him cost seventy-five cents. I reckon he knows enough of music to play a piece worth a dollar and a quarter at least. A fifty cent piece is too low, I want a high piece." The clerk accidentally found an operatic piece that was difficult enough, and the proud father shelled out the cash.—*Texas Siftings.*

Is this boy a hero? Let us see. He lies stretched across the master's knee, and whimpers not. Every second the cruel rattan rises and falls; every second there is a dull sound as if somebody were thrashing mud. The dust flies, but the victim utters no sound. The perspiration stands out on the master's brow, and he begins to wonder if that boy's busement is constructed of sheet-iron. Nothing of the sort; it is a wild, foolish conjecture. The lad's life has been passed in the full blaze of the nineteenth century civilization. He is no fool. He knows that nobody knows what a day may bring forth. He doesn't venture across the dark gulf between the Now and the Maybe unprovided against contingencies. The lantern that guides his footsteps is the light of experience.

There is a great future reserved for this boy. The rattan goes up, and the rattan comes down; who cares for rattans? When he left home in the morning he took his father's last remaining liver-pad with him. It's the right liver-pad in the wrong place. Yes, this boy is a hero.—[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

## The True Life of William Tell.

He was the captain of an archery club, and a right good captain, too. He was also the best shot with the bow and arrow in all Switzerland. The country was then under the rule of the tyrant, Gesler. One day Gesler set his plug hat on a pole for men to salute, and ordered that every man in Altorf should make obeisance to it or die. And they did, every man of them. Even the trees around made their best bows. Finally, Bill Tell came along with his little boy. He told the men of Altorf that before he would bow to Gesler's hat he would 'Altorf and stamp on it. 'That was the kind of a bow an' arrow he was. Gesler arrested him on the spot, being master of the village as well as tyrant, thus drawing a salary from two offices, contrary to the constitution. Gesler, as a punishment for his audacity, ordered him to shoot an apple off the head of his boy. This he did, although it was a narrow escape for the young Tell. The apple fell, pierced to the core—no encore being allowed, owing to the extreme length of the performance. As Tell rushed forward to embrace his boy, another arrow dropped out of his vest.

"Ah!" cried the tyrant, "wherefore concealest thou that arrow?"

Replied Tell, pointing to Gesler's head-gear on top of the pole:

"To shoot that hat!"

The joke was so good that Gesler released him and gave him a twenty-dollar gold piece.