



## A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

Although the month was April, the cheerful blaze of a small coal fire was not at all unwelcome to me as I sat one evening at that hour known as "blindman's holiday," and watched the strange fantastic figures conjured into existence, amongst the glowing embers, by the efforts of my imagination. I know not now whether I dropped asleep or not. If I did, what I saw had so strong and vivid an appearance of reality, that I can scarcely persuade myself that it was otherwise, but it seemed to me that, as I sat and gazed into the lights and shadows of my fire, I was conscious of a Presence in the room by my side. I turned my head, and there, in the uncertain light, beheld the strangest, quaintest old figure that I have ever seen. It was that of an old man, so old that I could not give the faintest guess as to what his age might be. Leaning on a crooked black-oaken staff, of an age apparently as great as that of the fantastic being himself, he stood, bent nearly double with the weight of an immensity of years, and stretched forth his disengaged hand towards the fire as though eager to diffuse some heat through his aged and decrepid frame. His hair hung in long, snowy-white elfin locks far below his waist, and a bead of the same wintry hue drooped in vast, unkempt masses, till the end nearly swept the floor.

"What mystic visitant is this?" I muttered, in low, scarcely audible tones; but low as they were my visitor heard them, and turning his eyes, full upon me, he uttered the monosyllable "Ha!"

There is nothing peculiarly awful of itself in the ejaculation, "ha!" but the manner in which it was exploded caused me to start and quiver with a sensation of guilty terror, and, with a feeling of "creepiness," I mustered courage to enquire who the gentleman might be, and to what I was indebted for the honor of his visit. "You are a newspaper man?" he asked. I admitted the gentle impeachment. "You are one of my most ruthless persecutors," he continued; "I am old, old, old, so old that I know not how many years ago I was born; nigh a thousand, nigh a thousand," he went on, in his shrill, quavering voice, "and yet you will not let me be; I want to rest, but you drag me forth into publicity, you and your tribe, and I know not what quiet is. Shameful, shameful, and me so old, so very, very old; ah!"

I enquired what I had done to offend him, and who my weird guest might be? "You know me, and my purpose in calling on you was to implore you to let me go my way in peace and be no more harrassed by you." "If I have annoyed you, good sir, then, marry am I sorry for it," I replied, unconsciously using the style of speech which seemed in accord with that in vogue in my visitor's youthful

days, "I fackins an' I have done thee a grievous wrong, then by my halidome do I repent me thereof, grammerey." "'Tis well," answered the old man, "and you will torment me no more then thou?" "I will not," I said, "but who art thou?" "I am a—yes, know it, young man—I am a Joke about a Mule," and as he spoke, the old, old man became gradually invisible till nothing remained to mark the spot where he had stood.

I do not drink.

## I WAS THERE.

Although the last couple of nights have been as dark as hades, not a single street lamp was lit, and it was with difficulty that pedestrians could make their way through the mud, drizzly rain and total darkness.—*World*, 19th April.

I was lost in the streets of the slumbering city,  
The night black as Erebus, rain pouring down.  
Truly I wandered an object for pity,  
Lost in the streets of Toronto's dark town.

The streets had been scraped; on each side near the gutter

The mud had been piled up so oozy and soft,  
It's consistency that of bad midsummer butter,  
I've reason to know, for I fell in it oft.

No sound broke the silence save off in the distance  
A low, dreamy murmur on the stillness came pouring;  
" 'Tis a peeler," I said, "who thus proves his existence,  
That sound that I hear is his sonolent snoring.

Help! help!" then I cried, in tones fattering and shrinking,

But they speedily woke up the blue coated boys,  
Who seized me, exclaiming, "Are yez dhrunk? ye've  
been dhrinkin',  
And I'll have yez arristed for making a noise."

Aloud I protested, but things were against me,  
I had fallen, my nose poured fourth volumes of blood;  
"I can see," said the peeler, "as ye stand there for  
ninst me,  
Ye're dhrunk, ye've been rowlin' about in the mud."

" 'Tis the gaspeople's fault," I exclaimed in my terror,  
"The streets are so dark I've mistaken my way,  
Or else 'tis fair Luna who must be in error,"  
"Ye're lunny yerself," did the bad bobby say.

But at length I persuaded that minion of justice  
That I was as sober as he was, by jingo!  
And my eloquence tempted the peeler to lust his  
New Year's resolutions with a drop of old stingo.

Just to keep out the damp, and he faithfully guided  
My steps in the path which led on to my home;  
And if any should suffer at night just as I did,  
They wont often be tempted belated to roam.

Now who is to blame for this sad state of matters  
Which drapes all the streets with Plutonian palls.  
When a man gets adrift, in the mud falls and batters  
His face, and his pans get all torn in his falls?

Shine forth, then, ye gas lamps, shine forth as I wander,  
Let the traveller nocturnal be shown where he goes;  
Let the peeler sleep on, making soft muffled thunder  
Go forth on the night from his sonolent nose.  
Light up!

Asked a traveller in the Orient of a Pasha:  
"Is the Turkish civil service like ours? Are  
there retiring allowances and pensions, for instance?"  
"My illustrious friend, and joy of my liver,"  
replied the Pasha, "Allah is great, and the public  
functionary who stands in need of a retiring allowance  
when his term of office expires is an ass! I have spoken."  
—*Ex.*

"Doan' judge de value ob a man by de width of de swath he cuts frew de meadow o' life," says uncle Mose. "A saw log worf two dollars outs a wider road dan de keeridge ob de President, an' it wats just as much room to tear down an old tannery as it does to erect a nashunal bank."  
—*Ex.*

O, see the young girl,  
In beauty rare,  
Sans kink, sans curl,  
Banging her hair!  
And hear the young man,  
At the piano there,  
Hard as he can—  
Banging his air.  
A young mother stands,  
Oppressed with care,  
With slipper in hands—  
Banging her heir!—*Ex.*

## THE DUDEY AND THE GIRLS.

AIR—"The Magnet and the Churn."

A Dude was employed as a tailor's 'ud',  
And supplied with clothes and a big chest pad;  
With butter-hole geranium and glass in his eye,  
He oiled the girls as they passed him by.  
But, though for the girls he felt a whim,  
They felt not the least of the same for him;  
And they said, as they watched his antics rude,  
"Is this that thing that they call a Dude?"

They call a Dude,  
They call a Dude,  
That piece of imbecility, lacking in virility  
They call a Dude;  
Then, back to his hash us, when he tries to mash us  
We'll drive this loathsome Dude."

Three girls passed by on the side of the street,  
With bewitching eyes and pretty little feet,  
And the Dude gave a wink with his sinister eye,  
And smiled on the girls as they passed him by.  
But, though he imagined he had made a mash,  
The sequel proved his conclusions rash,  
For the maidens three faced sharp about,  
And with parasol handles they laid him out;

They laid him out,  
They laid him out;  
Their superfluity of female ingenuity  
Fore a plan which laid him out;  
They belabored his cranium and smashed his geranium,  
And completely laid him out.

Now, Dudes, be convinced, 'ere the day's too late,  
Girls don't admire a man with a hair-banged pate;  
With scented *mouchoir* and with wasp-like waist,  
Such beings are but little to a true girl's taste;  
She likes to see a man with a good big chest,  
Not puffed and padded with a patent vest,  
What makes girls angry with you Dudey cads  
Is the lavish use that you make of pads,

You make of pads,  
You make of pads,  
Those painfully numerous for filling out the *humerus*  
Things we know as pads;  
By no endeavor can a Dudey ever  
Find favor with a girl by pads.

Amateur artist (to the carrier): "Did you see my picture safely delivered at the Academy?" Carrier: "Yes, sir, and mighty pleased they seemed to be with it—leastways, if one may judge, sir. They didn't say nothin'—but lor', how they did laugh!"—*Ex.*

How to tell chalk from cheese: Endeavor to make cheese out of some Toronto milk.  
—*Ex.*



## OVERHEARD CONVERSATION

IN THE ZOO.

LITTLE GIRL—"Oh! mamma, mamma, are those what we read about in the papers. Are those Dudes?"

MAMMA—"Hush, my dear, don't insult the poor monkeys; they are as nature made them."