



MAMMON'S MIGHT.

AN ARISTOCRATICAL, YET SLIGHTLY ERRATICAL, ROMANCE.

Prologue.

Before the humble, but necessary greengrocery, possessed and controlled by Mr. Phineas Chippis, stood Ichabod, his son, apparently engaged in studiously contemplating the varied hues in a row of red cabbages that lay before him upon the sidewalk.

Yet this was not so. Although Ichabod's oculars appeared directed towards the vegetables in question, his thoughts were far away. None delighted more than he to revel amidst the succulent potatoes, cabbages and turnips; but now, alas! Ichabod's occupation was gone. In short, he was in love. He had seen the handsome Lady Letitia Littlepoppit. What if it were during the mental occupation of delivering at the Littlepoppit mansion the vegetables necessary for its *cuisine* that he first saw her! Love is stronger than caste. Ichabod went through all the stages of the fever that usually consumes the breasts of those in love, and came out considerably the worse for the scorching. Hope, however, was strong in his heart. Ladies had loved coachmen, then why not greengrocers? But let us not anticipate.

The Story.

The scene was the Lady Letitia Littlepoppit's boudoir, charmingly furnished in amber and gold, and redolent with the spices of Araby. Upon a lounge languidly lolled Lady Letitia, an orphan and an only child. She was indeed fair to look upon. A lovely face, blue eyes, golden hair, full pouting lips and an airy figure. Despite the luxury and comfort around her, it was painfully evident her ladyship was not happy. Could you have looked deep down into her eyes you would have seen there a lurking suspicion that something was about to happen. Ah! How thankful we ought to be for that suspicion that will lurk around in times of danger. It tends to make life more precious. In the Lady Letitia's case it was too true.

A hasty step was heard outside, and the Marquis, her father, dashed into the room, and flinging himself into a chair, groaned aloud.

"What is wrong, dearest papa?" ejaculated Lady Letitia, her every nerve unstrung.

"Your pa is another good man gone wrong, dearest daughter," replied the Marquis, "I am ruined! I have parted with my last shillings. Poker is the instrument of my misfortunes."

"There are my diamonds," replied Lady Letitia.

"Our esteemed uncle is taking care of them. Have you no money?"

"Not a cent, but I have an idea," responded Lady Letitia.

"If it is worth anything, let me hear it, for I must have \$100 before to-morrow."

"Delilah, our house-maid, possesses just one hundred dollars," replied my lady, "she is a

generous soul, and will not allow the honor of our house to depart, could she prevent it. I will ask her for the loan of the money."

Delilah was at that moment engaged discussing the merits of a new bonnet with the cook, but obeyed the summons to her ladyship's boudoir with alacrity.

"My dear young lady," said the Marquis, when Delilah presented herself, "pray be seated. We have summoned you to ask for the loan of the one hundred dollars you possess. Our honor is at stake. Will you help us?"

Did Delilah turn up her nose and otherwise give indications of contempt for her master and mistress, thus humbled before her? It is a pleasure to record she did not, but generously placed her hard-earned savings at their disposal.

"You may take an afternoon out for this your great kindness, Delilah," said the Marquis, visibly affected, as she left the room for the money, which she kept in an old shoe.

"Letitia, this will but help us a little way. The wind must be raised in larger quantities. You must marry. Strange I did not think of this before."

"I shall be happy to do your slightest wish," replied her ladyship, to whom the idea was equally new. But whom?

"Someone with money. Whom know you?"

"Lord Gamboze, Viscount Whiffle Snaffle, the Honorable De Canter—"

"Bah! Moneyless dudes, all of them, and N. G."

"Now I bethink me, a young man, plain of visage, yet who, by the look of his eye, I faintly believe possesses money, always follows me when I take my morning's walk. I know him not. He may be a good catch."

At this point Delilah entered with the money. To her was put the question, who was the young man that hovered around Lady Letitia when out walking? The answer was more than they had dared to expect. He was Delilah's own brother, Ichabod Chippis, who had \$10,000 in his own right. How strange is fate! Here was fortune for the house of the Littlepoppits in the shape of a devoted lover, \$10,000, and vegetables free for life. Ichabod was at once sent for, and throughout the interview that followed comported himself with the manners of a true-born greengrocer. Upon the interview let me, as a discreet chronicler, draw the curtain. Suffice that four hearts were made happy, for in addition to the Lady Letitia bestowing her heart and hand upon faithful Ichabod, the Marquis sought and obtained the heart and hand of Miss Delilah, the devoted housemaid, through whose instrumentality the house of the Littlepoppits had been rescued from dark, detestable ruin.

Epilogue.

The Littlepoppits and Chippis are happy beyond description. The Marquis has discarded poker and devotes his business hours to the successful cultivation of red cabbages, under the watchful eye of Ichabod. Yet there are morose people who rail against the aristocracy. Let them ponder the foregoing voracious story and henceforth lead better lives.

TITUS A. DRUM.

HALF HOURS WITH THE POETS.

H—d.

With eyelids heavy and red, with mouth so drooping and sad,  
A maid sat at her davenport, writing away like mad:  
Weep! weep! weep! to this theme she did revert,  
And then with fingers inky and black, she wrote this Song of the Flirt."

Flirt! flirt! flirt! with Susie, Amelia and Jean:  
Flirt! flirt! flirt! with no rest, no pause between;  
Flirt! flirt! flirt! with Susie, Amelia and Jean,  
With this one, and that one, with lean and with fat one,  
And after all, what does it mean?

Oh, mothers with daughters young; oh, mothers with daughters fair,  
Oh, tell them all, with one accord, of this young flirt to beware,  
For it's flirt! flirt! flirt! with Susie, Amelia and Jean,  
Making love with manner and eyes, and after all what does it mean?

But why do I talk of love? that cherub of great renown,  
He has fled to the girl with golden hair who lives in another town:  
Has fled to another town, not far from here, I know—  
Alas! that it is my wretched fate, to say that it is so.

Flirt! flirt! flirt! his flirting never flags,  
And what are its wages? A stony heart, a buttonless shirt—or rags,  
A bachelor's hall, a naked floor, a table, a broken chair,  
And a head so bald, that he is called, the "man with the single hair."

Oh, but to feel again the joy I felt before,  
The foot-fall on the stair of him whom I adore;  
For only one short hour to feel as I used to feel  
Before I knew the heartsickness of a wound that will not heal.

Oh, but for one short hour, a time however brief,  
With the same old look of love and hope, and never a thought of grief;  
A little weeping would ease my heart, but in their hazy bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop falls on my heart like lead.

With eyelids heavy and red, with mouth so drooping and sad,  
A maid sat at her davenport, writing away like mad.  
Weep! weep! weep! to this theme she did revert,  
And so, with fingers inky and black, she finished the Song of the Flirt.



PORTRAIT OF HON. A. S. HARDY.

(DRAWN FROM EVIDENCE IN BRIBERY CASE.)

Hardy, accosting a friend.—Hello, how the ——— are you, you ——— old fellow!

W. P. Welch, in *The Current* of April 18, submits a poetic rejoinder to the famous poem of W. W. Story, in which the cause of Judas Iscariot was ingeniously pled by "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem." Mr. Welch replies in the same metrical form, and very cleverly controverts the extenuating arguments made by Mr. Story's lawyer. The poem itself shows high qualities, both in respect to diction and technical finish.

WELL TO REMEMBER.—A stitch in time saves nine. Serious results oft follow a neglect of constipated bowels and bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate and purify the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and the blood. Take it in time.