



A PICTURE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

See these three men? They are running, are they not? You bet they are. What do you suppose they are in such a hurry for? Ask your pa-pa, and he will tell you they are after the hon-or of the May-or-al-ty. But your pa is wrong. These gen-tle-men are not all run-ning for May-or, but they are all dread-fully in earn-est to get a copy of Grip's Com-ic Al-man-ac for 1883, and that is why they are making such good time just now. Mis-ter With-row is al-so aft-er the May-or-al-ty, and so is Mis-ter Bos-well, and if you want to win any mon-ey you just bet on both, es-pe-ci-ally Bos-well.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

BY SARAH JANE SMYTHE.

I.

Miss Evaline Magee had lately wound her tour up—
Just come across the sea, after taking in all Europe;
From her bonnet to her shoe
Every article was new,
And of the latest fashion, as no doubt they ought to be,
To grace the lovely person of the charming Miss Magee.

II.

She'd done the mighty Rhine, and each hoary rock and
castle,
The Alpine heights did climb and had many a serious
wrestle
With glaciers and crevasses,
In the snowy mountain passes.
She had traversed the blue Danube and had been upon
the Spree,
(Of course I mean the river), had the lovely Miss Magee.

III.

She had visited each city from St. Petersburg to Rome,
From the Netherlands to Naples she had made herself at
home;
In Palermo and Milan,
Cologne and Amsterdam,
In Metz and on the Matterhorn, Mount Blanc or Zui-
der Zee,
Most any time might be observed the gay young Miss
Magee.

IV.

Of course she travelled Britain from Land's End to Aber-
deen,
From Yarmouth west to Liverpool she everywhere had
been.
Cathedrals one and all
Of York, Chester and St. Paul,
And Salisbury, suggestive of the pilgrim on his knee,
Were gazed upon with rapture by æsthetic Miss Magee.

V.

She had invaded Ireland. In Dublin, Cork and Derry,
In Killarney and the Curragh, she had made herself quite
merry.
She had kissed the blarney stone,
And had learned to cry "Ochone."
Just as natural as the natives of Tyrone or Tralee,
And could drink her glass of potheen, oh, naughty Miss
Magee!

VI.

Her speech was greatly tinged with German words and
French,
Though on the rules of grammar she'd occasionally en-
trench.
"Salvio Moonsier, Bong Ju!
Trey beang, Mercree; ay vou!"

She pronounced Vienna just like "wine," and Paris like
"Paree,"
And Naples she called "Napolee,"—Accomplished Miss
Magee!

VII.

In honor of her coming home her friends gave a large
party,
And all the friends of the elite had invitations hearty.
Of the *bon ton* and *beau monde*
She especially was fond,
But as for the low *hoi polloi* you must of course agree,
That they were hardly *la frimige* to visit Miss Magee.

VIII.

The evening came, the brilliant lamps lit up each window
pane,
Italia's sons (from noble ward) struck up a lively strain.
Each *galop*, *valse*, quadrille,
They "went for" with a will.
"I hope you'll all enjoy yourselves to-night *Sans cer-
monie!*"
Was the very neat expression of the radiant Miss Magee.

IX.

Among the honored guests who were invited to the party
Was a youth well-shaped and handsome, Mr. Hildebrand
McCarty,
On the "list" was not his name,
But he was there all the same;
He accompanied a young man, friend of the familie,
And the accepted lover of Miss Evaline Magee.

X.

"Who is that gentleman—your friend? Why don't you
introduce him?
He looks so sad and lonely!" Her lover looked quite
gruesome,
For McCarty, though his chum,
Might perhaps not feel "to hum."
It was true he was a "slugger" and a rattler on a spree,
But he might commit some *gaucherie* if he spoke to Miss
Magee.

XI.

But Miss Magee insisted, and her lover brought forth
Mac,
And McCarty felt an icy chill run up and down his back,
But her manners were so sweet,
When she waved him to a seat,
And brought another chair along and sat close to his
knee,
That she completely captured Mac, did sparkling Miss
Magee.

XII.

"Your face seems quite familiar, sir, we must have met
before,
Was it London or in Paris?" and she looked him o'er
and o'er;

"I was there last June," says Mac,
In fact I'm not long back,
I'd sometimes go out to Berlin, but 'pon me word, d'ye
see,
I hate all thim small places, they're lonesome, Miss
Magee."

XIII.

"Paris! Berlin! London! and you think them all too
small!
What thought you of Vienna. Did it suit you not at all?
Oh sir, I fear you joke,
And fun at me you poke."
"Upon me sowl I don't," said Mac, "for Miss I'll have
ye know
That Vienna is the meanest hole in all On-tay-ree-O!"

XIV.

"I used to bring my samples and stay there sometimes
nights,
(Twas in boats I travelled, Miss) Oh 'twas there y'd see
the fights.
Sure London's had enough,
But Vienna's mighty tough!"
Then Mac looked up. "Perhaps," he thought, "I'm talk-
ing rather free."
But his listener had vanished, poor, disgusted Miss Ma-
gee.

XV.

Take this advice young ladies (and she "may read who
runneth")
If not "fixed" don't think of Europe, for here in one sho't
month,
You can say with truth you've been
To Paris and Berlin,
To Sandwich, Windsor, London,
Brighton and Scarborough,
And never cross the confines of your own On-tay-ree-O!
You can say "when we left London we went straight on
to Paree!"
And astonish all the natives just as well as Miss Magee.



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