



THE IRISHMAN'S REASON.

BLAINE.—“See that, Michael? There's only one way for you to resent such an insult, and that is to vote for Harrison!”

MICHAEL.—“Begob, thin, I'll not do it.”

BLAINE.—“And why not?”

MICHAEL.—“Because the London Times niver said that. It's wan av your campaign loies!”

“Mashallah!” exclaimed Ali Hassan, “if what I have done deserves the bastinado, there are a thousand rich men in Bagdad who deserve it worse. I appeal to the Commander of the Faithful.”

“Away with him,” said the Cadi. “Let him have two hundred blows for presuming to appeal from our judgment.”

“Stop!” said Haroun-al-Raschid, throwing off his disguise, “the Commander of the Faithful is here. The appeal is granted. Now slave, on thy head be it to make good thy words, for if thou canst not show that the rich men of Bagdad deserve the bastinado thou shalt receive not the bastinado, but the bowstring.”

“Oh, Commander of the Faithful, light of the world, sublime and universal high-cockalorum, etc., etc.,” replied Ali Hassan, “Please ask me a harder one, as the infidel dogs have it. I did but ask a piastre because I was greatly an hungered, and when they gave it me not, lay down in the market place whereby the traffickers were incommoded, for verily the market is straight and there is not much room. For this was I brought here and condemned to the bastinado. What then, oh, Commander of the Faithful, boss of five continents, and electric light of the spheres, shall be done unto the men who continually, both by day and night, and from year to year, do hinder the traffic and obstruct the craftsmen and artificers, and merchants, so that none may build, or buy, or sell, unless they pay them an exceeding great tribute?”

“Who is it that has done this thing?” asked the Caliph. “By the beard of my father but they shall die the death.”

“Thou knowest, oh, resplendent and perpetually-scrumptious and high-falutin potentate, may thy shadow never grow less,” resumed Ali Hassan—“that aforetime when it was proposed to enlarge the market-place by reason of the straightness thereof, seeing that much mer-

chandise and many traffickers from afar were drawn hither by the renown of Bagdad, that a piece of ground was sought whereon bazaars might be built. The ground which was chosen belonged to Mustapha Effendi and had not been built on. And Mustapha Effendi said, “Pay me one-hundred thousand sequins, else will I not sell the land, although he had received it aforetime for 20,000. And behold, is it not written in the chronicles of Bagdad that he did hinder the workmen and artificers, and parted not with the land until he received 100,000 sequins from the treasury? Again, when it was desired to build a mosque in the western quarter of the city, did not the Jew, Solomon Ben Levi, receive much gold and silver, yea more than 50,000 sequins for the land, albeit it was but a garden of herbs?—else had the same never been builded to this day. Are there not a thousand men in Bagdad who are likewise wealthy because they have stood in the way and taken tribute money of the merchant and the craftsmen? Wherefore then should I, who but asked a piastre, be brought to judgment.”

“By the beard of the Prophet,” said the Caliph, “but he speaks the words of truth. Howbeit, these things should not be proclaimed from the housetop. Give him fifty sequins and see that he depart immediately from the city.”

CHOOSING THE RING.

He parted his hair in the middle;

He dangled it all down his back;

He wore a six-inch Byron collar;

He had written of poems a stack.

He courted a practical female

Who cared not a cent for his rhyme;

But she knew that he had a good income,

Which would mean unto her a good time;

One evening he came with some verses

And read off a wearisome string;

And he wound up by asking his Yum-yum

How she liked their poetical ring?

Said she, “Jack! all your metre's gone crazy,

And your rhymes are all off on a strike;

Your poetical ring's rather hazy

It's the solid gold ring as I'd like.”



THE REASON WHY.

FAIR GREENHORN.—“Pa, why do they call them ‘brakemen?’”

HER PA.—(an experienced traveller) “Cause they smash up the names of the stations with their mouths.”