

## BARNEY AS A TICKET CLERK.



ISTHER GRIP,—  
Av coorse you  
know Edwards—  
Jim Edwards, the  
boss av the Threa-  
sury av the Exhi-  
bition, an' the foin-  
est man outside av  
Ireland? Well, I  
goes over to Jim,  
an' says I, "be-  
dad!" says I, "it's  
a bit av ribbon I'm  
after. Have yez  
iver a bit av rib-  
bon ye'd be after

lindin' me the loan av for a couple av weeks or so, I  
dunno?"

"A bit o' ribbon," sez he, "is it a dry goods milliner  
man yez take me for? Where 'ud I be after gettin'  
ribbons?"

"Aisy, Jim, aisy, me bye," sez I, "sure an' it's wan av  
thim Legion av 'Anner businesses I'm after: a bit av  
ribbon wid the national imblim wid two flags an' a baiver  
sittin' like an ould tom cat atwixt an' atune them, an'  
TICKET CLERK in big letthers right in under. D'ye  
undercomestumble?"

"Oh-ho!" sez Jim, wid a grin, "it's a ticket clerkship  
yez are after, is it? Why the devil didn't you say so in  
plain Queen's English?"

"Is it *me* you'd be after hearin' spake in durthy  
Queen's English? Is it *me* 'ud be after goin' back on  
the beautiful brogue av me native land, acushla? Och,  
thin, sorra the bit o' ribbon I'd 'av if it's Queen's English  
yez want sarved up to yez like blackbirds baked in a poie.  
But, whishper, if mesilf can't go into a wicket an' wear  
a baiver on me loyal buzzum, who else is to represint  
Oireland an' Home Rule forivir at the Exhibition? D'ye  
s'pose Dominick Blake won't be shadowed to see  
who he buys his ticket from? Queen's English!  
Where's Queen's English when Home Rule for ivir  
comes in? Tell me that, Jim Edwards," sez I, an' Jim,  
wid a big laugh, he ups wid his bicycle an' hits me a  
clout wid it, an' then leaps on tap av it an' bows away  
like a thistledown on a breeze in an airy June marnin'.  
Howsomedever he sint me the ribbon badge, which  
mesilf pinned over me heart, out av respect for Jim, an'  
the money he'd put me in the way av arnin'.

Sure it's a shmall fortune mesilf thought I was to be  
after makin', sellin' tickets—wirrastrue! arnin' me  
three dollars a day an' the run av the dog an' cat show,  
not to minton the fireworks an' all the bally-girls whirlin'  
round on their toes. Sure it was in grate luck I consid-  
ered mesilf, an' no mistake. But och! wirra-wirra! it's  
many shlip there is atune the cup an' the lip. Be the  
second night, what wid twenty-cint pieces shoved in for  
quarters, an' bogus bills, an' all sorts av the devil's own  
currency, it's dollars out av pocket I was—an' all to be  
deducted out av me pay at the ind av the show! Av  
coorse the expayrience av human nature I got thim three  
days was well worth the bogus money recaved wid  
the same, but the faymale ingenooity displayed in gettin'  
inside that Exhibition was a mortal caution.

Sure, on the schools' day, when the purty little girls  
began to come in, there was nothing on airth mesilf  
enjoyed better than handin' them out their five-cint  
school-tickets, an' givin' them a shly wink av me oie, as

much as to say, "oh ye purty darlint." An' I kep on  
winkin' an' smilin' until "girls" av thirty, an' forty, an'  
fifty, come drappin' in for a foive-cint school-ticket, an'  
thin mesilf couldn't wink any more for wonderin' at the  
swate innocence av girlhood lingerin' on into middle age.  
an' grey hairs. Indade, wan ould party who laid down  
foive cints for a ticket, must have done so on the claim  
av havin' arruv at second childhood.

It was very hot an' very thirsty beyant there, an' ivery  
toime mesilf got a chance an' a few minutes aff, one av  
the clerks, the kurnel's nevy, would whip in behind me  
an' take a long swig av champagne. Bein' brought up  
on the bottle when a kid, whin he is ould he hasn't  
departed from it.

"Barney," says he, "keep your eye skinned. There's  
a fellow with a greengoods bank bill. He's been at  
three wickets already tryin' to pass it on, don't let him  
see green in *your* oie."

In another minnit mesilf was behind me wicket, an'  
me laddy-buck wid the shmoile av a new-born angel on  
his countenance laid the bill on the board, an' sez he to  
me, sez he—

"Ticket please."

"Sartin," sez I, "sur—sartin—but—" an' wid that I  
shuts one oie, an' wid me forefinger to the side av me  
nose, I fixed the 'tother with a shlantindaicular stare upon  
that tin dollar bill.

"Ahem!" sez I, clairin' the cobwebs out av me throat,  
"ahem! it's a fine marnin'. Would yez moind shtepin'  
outside an' tellin' the policeman at the gate that Barney  
O'Hea requists the pleasure av his company this minnit.  
Ye see I can't lave the wicket."

"Wid pleasure," sez he, an' he sets off, takin' the tin  
dollar bill wid him. He didn't come back, but whin we  
handed in the cash, one av the clerks was tin dollars an'  
a quarter short—the villain av the world had shoved his  
confederate bill on him whin the poor devil was standin',  
on his head dailin' out tickets, sixty to the minnit, to a  
solid mass av crushin', crowdin', perspirin' humanity, all  
clamorin' for change, an' passin' off all sorts av coin for  
genuine currency. Howsomedever, the kurnel's nevy  
managed to kape himsilf an' the rest av us hilarious, an'  
be the toime he had a few more swigs av—ah—we'll call it  
cider—he began singin' out, "Here's your foine howkey-  
powkey, hankey-pankey double-jointed tickets! Walk  
up, ladies an' gen'lemen." Bedad the cry caught on  
immediately, an' there was a grate rush for double-jointed  
tickets.

"Please, I want a hankey-pankey double-jointed pea-  
nut ticket," sez an enterprisin' young woman—"I sup-  
pose them double-jointed ones will admit two?"

"Any number, madam," sez the hilarious, free-an'-  
easy clerk, wid the champagne shparklin' in his oie, "any  
number, only twenty-five cints a joint."

"It's a fraud," sez the woman, her jaw drappin'; an'  
the kurnel's nevy he throws me a double-jointed wink—  
an' sez he, "wait till to-morrow—wait till you see the  
hayseeds biting the quarters they get back in change to  
see if they ain't lead." An' then in a lull av the storm he  
leant over an' tould me how he once blew off the head off  
av a black shnake, an' twisted what was left av him round  
the neck av a bosom friend who was shlapin' off a drunk,  
an' how he woke up an' run through the villages wid all  
the dogs in the counthry side after him.

But the remainder av me clerkin' expayrience I musht  
lave over fur nesht wake, whin it's the devil's own time I'll  
be after tellin' yez about. Manetime it's mesilf am  
yours truly,  
BARNEY O'HEA.