



KEEP DARK.

MORSELS OF ADVICE TO OUR GALLANT DETECTIVES.

Ye detectives and policemen and members of constabulary,  
To you I sing my verses in language tintinnabulary,  
(Which last word I discovered in a very old vocabulary.)  
Keep dark.

If a burglary's committed in a manner somewhat mystical,  
And all you have to go upon is utterly sophistical,  
Don't say a word to any one, in a way characteristic,  
But keep dark.

If a member of the press, in his professional capacity,  
Steps up and asks you questions with his natural audacity,  
Tell him anything that suits you, sacrificing your veracity,  
So long as you keep dark.

When a crime's been perpetrated, a reporter with rapidity,  
Is sure to want particulars with his usual avidity,  
Say "You've got a certain clue to the criminal who did it, he  
Is keeping dark.

But you know exactly where he is, but if you give particulars  
To those confounded papers, why the s-oundrel's own nuriculars  
Will surely hear the news, and then the thing would be ridiculous,  
So—keep dark.

Though 'twould aid the ends of justice to give the news publicity,  
And have it flashed from place to place by means of electricity,  
There'd be no glory in it on account of its simplicity,  
So keep dark.

If citizens would pump you, assume an air mysterious,  
Look, if possible, profound, at least be very serious,  
Say, "Do not with your questions so bother us and weary us,  
We must keep dark."

Always beat around the bush and use a great deal of nu gacity,  
But don't give way to anything approaching to prociacity,  
Endeavor to impress them with a sense of your sagacity,  
And keep dark.

A detective should be solemn and lacking in jocundity,  
And wear an air of mystery, commingled with profundity,  
And in making an excuse should have remarkable fecundity,  
And he must keep dark.

His conscience should be callous, at the same time be elactical,  
His speech to an outsider be a little periphrastical,  
And in speaking of his officers be quite encomiastical,  
But he's got to keep dark.

And now I'll say Good-Bye, and wish you all auspiciousness,  
And hope this little poem has no savor of maliciousness,  
It is written as a pastime in a moment of capriciousness,  
Without a thought that it contains an item of perniciousness.  
SWIZ.

A NEGLECTED BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

DEAR MASTHER GRIP,—Secin' as the Min-  
isther av Education is inclined to be advised  
by sinsible folks agin' wan thing, and fur  
another; agin' the botherin' Lathin', an' in  
favor av kickin' out that ould villian Marmion,  
wid his dirty lies about the blissed couvints  
av the owlden time, more power to his elbow;  
sure its a banefactor to the poor yo'd be, an'  
ye'd got a howld av him be the right car, an'

got him to tache the childer av poor folks  
something that'll come handy to 'em by-an'-by.

Sure an' phwat's the use av that big bye av  
mine larnin' tomake bigblack strokes, slantin-  
daycularly, an' perpundaycularly, all over his  
copy book, for all the world like the things  
the haythen chinayze gives yez on a bit of  
paper whin yez take a shirt to wash, bad coss  
to em. "What iver do yez call that?" sez  
I, to the bye, "sure it's out av pot hooks yez  
are this many a day." "Why mother," sez  
he, "that s shorthand." "Och musha, thin,"  
sez I, "sure an' its short enough yez'll be  
taken many a time, widout larnin' the bizness  
at school, sure it's a nation av-book-keepers,  
they're afther a makin' av yez now, with lily-  
fite hands, an' nothin' a month to live on,  
only yer prospects." Now Misther GRIP, sin'  
the ministher takes in hand to larn thim  
thrades, or purfessions in the schools, suru  
couldn't yez jist whisper to him that he might  
as well, afther a while, larn thim a bit o'  
carpiuterin', or glazin' now, anything that might  
come kind av useful to thim whin they cum to  
go through the world. Ye see sur it's iver  
poor soul that knows where his own shoe  
pinches, this wan wants Lathin an' Craike,  
another wants book-keepin' an' shorthand, an'  
I suppose, secin' as I in a taxpayer too, meself  
has as good a right as the next that no bye be  
be allowed to gradyate, as they call it in the  
public schools, until he can make a porridge  
sthick, or put in a pane av glass as shlick as a  
whistle.

'Sure an where's the wondher? afther the  
way I've been heart-scalded over a broken pane  
av glass. That pane, sur, Pat Jurdan's bye  
landed a pratee through six months ago, frin'  
at the poor owld cat a ba' in in the sun wid-  
in', an' it rained, an' snowed an' blowed  
in through iver since. Whin I'd shtut it up  
wid rags, the cat would pull them out to let  
herself in, in the night, till wan day I tuk  
toothache wid the draft, an' got mad, an  
stuck the owld man's best sunday go-to-mectin  
hat in to keep out the cowlk. Well, whin he  
cum in he says never a word about the hat,  
but afther supper away he goes over to Jim  
Roach's, and takes up Jim an' Larry Kelly up  
town wid him to buy a pane av glass fur the  
windy. In they comes about eight o'clock,  
wid a little bit av a pane an' a couple av  
pounds av putty, an' they takes out the sash,  
an' goes wid a knife an' a fork an' an owld  
rusty knittin' needle, to pry out the owld  
putty, an' mind yez, iviry wan av thim had a  
drop taken. Well, sur, the way they poked  
an' shoraped, and dug at that putty! the way  
they sweat an' swore and quarrelled an'  
abused aich other was a caution. Thin Larry  
Kelly got the poker red hot to thry to milt it  
out, an' he ran agin Jim Roach on his way to  
the windy. Oh, heart's care! will I iver  
forget the yell he let out av him! Poor Larry  
he droopt the poker, an' blastin' the owld man  
an' his pane, tak Jim to the druggist's to get  
some salve for the hole in his cheek, lavin' me  
gentleman to put in his windy glass the besht  
way he could. An' all the time I sat an'  
watched him an' said niver a word; sure if  
he'd known that meself was lalin at him like  
that he'd have kilt me intoirely. Well he  
fought an' tore an' whittled at the owld putty  
till he had the frame amost whittled away, an'  
thin the pane fitted so aisy that it wint clane  
through on the other side. Thin he fell  
to sweatin' agin, an' put in an inch roll  
of putty to fill it up, an' shtuck the pane on  
top or that, howldin' it in wid half-a-dozen  
lath nails he happened to pick up where he  
was workin'. An' thin he put in some more  
putty, an' smoothed it off wid his thumb, an'  
shtuck in the sash. An' sez he, shuttin' one  
eye an' squintin' at it wid the other, "Well,  
now, acushla, what do you think or that?"  
sez he. "It's beautiful," says I, goin' up an'  
examinin' it, "but," sez I, "it would luk

better if yez had put it in on the right side."  
"Bedad," says he, shquintin' at it agin, "I  
thought there was somethin' a kind of quare  
about it too, but I didn't make a bad fish out  
it afther all, did I?" sez he. And then he lit  
his pipe an' sat two mortal hours admirin' that  
pane, wid the lumps of putty all shtuck over it  
like dough. It was all I could do to kape in,  
but I did until he went to work nixt mornin,  
whin I goes up to that windy and landed my  
fish through it, an' up town wint flyin' wid  
the sash to a glasher to get it put in properly.  
Wud ye believeit, sur? that man raley thought  
it was his own work, kind o' smoothed down  
in the daylight, whin he kem home to dinner,  
and he brought all the neighbors from all over  
to see what a fish he was to put in a pane!  
Now, MISHER GRAP, get that ministher av  
edication to larn the youngsters how to be  
handy at sich work, and you'll earn the grati-  
tude of  
Yours panefully,

MARY ANN SULLIVAN.

Young, middle aged, or old men, suffering  
from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses,  
should send two stamps for large treatise, giv-  
ing successful treatment. WORLD'S DISPEN-  
SARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Shall I put a wet towel on your burning  
brow, Geoffrey?" said Seraphina. "No, I  
guess not," was the response. "Well, then,  
I'll read to you," said she. Accordingly she  
got the Ledger and read until he was half dis-  
tracted. "I don't believe you are listening,"  
she remarked at length. "Now tell me what  
I said last." "Oh, never mind," he responded.  
"Yes," she urged, "do tell me what I said  
last, or I'll think you are not paying atten-  
tion." "Well then, the last thing you said  
was: 'I'll think you are not paying atten-  
tion.'" "Now, Mr. Lushington, how tor-  
menting you are! Of course I mean the last  
thing I read." The poor patient deliberated  
long, and then replied, glancing at the paper:  
"Well, the last thing you read was the  
Ledger." Seraphina immediately administered  
an opiate.



NOVEMBER SPORT.

Small Bore (who has missed every shot).—  
By Jove, old fellow, did you see the feathers  
fly that time?  
Old Party.—Ya-as; flew away with the  
bird, didn't they?