

THE BACCARAT FUNCTION.



THE Juryman is the finest figure of them all, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. Not the common-place foreman, but The Juryman who stood up on his hind legs in the box, and asked the Prince questions all alone. Nonconformist persons and others of a straitlaced habit in England may lament the sporting tendency of their future sovereign, and say that the throne is rocking to its fall, but there are no holes in the British Constitution so long as the Prince obeys a legal summons just like any common man, and while a humble tradesman from Camberwell, clothed with the mighty heritage of the late King John, can bullyrag a Prince, sir, and ask him what he really thinks now, and no nonsense about it. The speculative mind would fain follow The Juryman to Camberwell when he rejoins his wife and babes behind the green grocery, and mark his proud mien and her dumb reverence when he says: "Mariar, I've spoke to 'im, I 'ave. I arsked 'im two questions, and 'e 'ad to answer." It is reported, and it is good to hear, that the other jurymen regard the Man from Camberwell fearfully, as one who has seen a vision and had speech with a god, and that they wait until he passes first through the door into the court.

It is also entertaining to note the enthusiasm and perseverance of the persons of rank who crowd the court at each day's hearing. Not one of 'em, as Mr. Boffin would have discerned, but is in the fashion, and a tip-topper at



OFFICIAL.

BANKS—"Ah, Felix, good morning. Are you still in the shoe-blackening business?"

FELIX—"No, sah, I'se an officer now—sweep out offices."



PUP-PUP-PERILOUS.

TRAVELLER—"D'you th-th-think I can f-find my way through these w-woods?"

RESIDENT—"Fraid not; they say the man that h-hesitates is lost!"

that. And they bring their luncheons, these tip toppers, and eke their pocket flasks and napkins; and they have a good comfortable time refreshing their bodies and renewing the spirit of their minds. The reigning beauty of England, Lady Brooke, is there, and Lady Esher and the Countess of Yarmouth and Lady Coleridge; and these tip-toppers have seats on the bench beside the Lord Chief Justice of England, and it is as fine an occasion as any in all the year, and they can watch the face of the man who is plaintiff in law through their lorgnettes and see how he stands it, just as the noble gentlemen used to go to Tyburn to see a man hanged. The practice of bull-baiting went out with Charless II., but its spirit seems to live.

A TERRIBLE INSULT.

SLIMDOOD—"I declare I was nevvah so insulted in my life! Its perfectly outwageous!"

FENWICK—"What's the mattah, deah boy?"

SLIMDOOD—"Aw, that low brute Hogaboom said he understood I was a flat-footed Conservative. I'm a Conservative; of cause everybody is, except a few ill-bred cads. But flat-footed! Why, it would be unpawdonable to allude to such a tewwible defawmity, even if it were twue. He ought to be expelled from the club."

A VEGETABLE FATHER.

A YOUNG couple send this one in as descriptive of what they call a vegetable father:

Long experience made him sage,
He did all things to fret us;
He said we shouldn't marry and
We couldn't make him let us.

—*Washington Star.*

And when the youth would linger round
At nights he'd get a starter,
The old man's kick quite frequently
Would make him a toe-martyr.