



WHO WOULDN'T WEAR A CROWN?

(Historical Picture of the Coming Meeting of the Emperors.)

FRANCIS JOSEPH, OF AUSTRIA.—"Mercy me! why, what was that?"
 ALEXANDER III, OF RUSSIA.—"Silent he! it was the cat!"

Ering-bragh Terraco
 October 1st, 1881.

DEAR MISTHER GRIP,

Sure I'd a'most forgot about attendin the meetin' for "the amelioration av the condition of the snobocracy" an' it's in duty bound I am to be ather publicly thankin' Sur Heether for puttin' me in mind av the same. It was the queerest thing: Shure meself was jist havin' a saunter down the beautiful green boovyards on Jarvis Street when I passed by two Hamilton min, wan av thim, he keeps a little corner grocery in a corner beyant, and the other, an' ould whitewiskered fossil, he—bedad, I dunno who he was, anyhow, says he, "Are you going to the banquet to-morrow?" sez he. "No," sez the grocery man, "I don't know as I will." "Oh, come," says the other, wid a wink, "you'd better. I've got tickets, an' I'll take it out in groceries or anything handy. Come?" "All right," says grocery, "I'll be there," and wid that, all av a suddin I remembered about me own meetin' that very night, an' here it was half-past six, an' me had to take the chair at seven! Devil a blade av green grass grew at my heels till I got to me own dure, whin, now, sez I, Barney, if yez go in there, its no end av fixins yer wife'll be ather havin', an' considerin' ye're to have a fling at thim everlastin' sweets av the money-ocracy it would be mighty onbecomin' av the chairman av the meetin' to be figgerin' in an extensive white buzzuin an' green satin necktie. No, Barney, me bye! there's the eternal fitness av things to be considered, an' don't yez iver forgit it aither. So I opens the dure saftly, an' shtepin' in on me big toes, I gets me panacea lut down aff the peg in the hall, thinkin' I might as well have another turn out av it before the cold weather set in, an' thim ye sec, it ud be lighter on me head, secin' we had made a rule to keep our hats on in token av our independince an' opposition to the manners an' customs av the present day. So I sticks it on. It felt kind av

tight. Luck at that now! Ye see how a man's brain grows whin he is connected wid an intellectual an' public-spirited paper like Grip. Last May this panacea was jist as free an' aisy an' accomodatun as the prophecies of Dr. Wild, but now, bedad, me brain has expanded wid ideas until it fits as tight as the principles av a *Globe* Reform editorial, an' it's hard work I have to get it on. Thim I takes howd av it be the rim, an' gives it a good pull down, but *shill* it felt kind av shmallish. Whin I got to the hall, behowld ye, it was jammed to the dure; an' Sandy McSnuffly, a Scotchman wid a big blazin' red beard, an pair av blue spectacles on, was jist ather makin' a motion that he would "tak the chair himsel", till Maister O'Hay would come, whin, unfortunately for him, meself arrived. Howly Moses! the charin' and whoorain', and clappin' av hands, an' stampin' av feet, but chiefly the lallin', bato all iver I heard in all me days, born or unborn. Some av the minbers on the platform were doubled clunc up, some were rowlin' aff their chairs in hysteries, and Sandy McSnuffly, he stund up glowerin' at me from under his specs, his mouth wide open wid admiration, an' iver now an' thim ejaculatin' "Canld airn!" Av coorse I couldn't help feelin' flattered at sich an ovation from me fellow-citizens, an' it showed the popularity av the movement so much that me first impulse was to grab me panacea, an' wave it round me head by way av response, but rememberin' that hats on was the rule, I merely sat down an' smiled all over me face, as much as iver I knew how. But the lallin' an' cheerin' grew worse the more I smiled, so I stund up with great dignity, an' riz me hand in a kind of bland protest. There was a shunall bit av a lull thim, an' I began, "Ladies an' Gentlemen, that's to say, I mane Gentlemen, berrin' the Ladies, secu' there's none av yez prisint—" Here "Shoot the hat," cries a spalpeen from the rare av the Hall. "Don't be aither showin' the white feather, Barney," sez another. Begorra thim I gits mad, an' sez

I, "If yez don't mind your oye, young man, its one shtep from the tap to the bottom av the shtairs outside ye'll be takin'." Just thim Anty McIvor's cousin Francis he shteps up, an' tappin me on the shoulder, whispers in me ear, "Barney," sez he. "What?" sez I. "Where on airth did ye get that hat?" sez he. "An' what the devil's your business wid that?" sez I. The hat's me own, an' its paid for, an' that's all you want to know about it." "Mother o' Moses," sez he in an implorin' kind av a tone, "take the ould thing off anyway." "It's me coat I'll be takin' off if yez don't be out av that quick," sez I, an' I looked him strate in the oye. "For the love av the saints," sez he, niver mindin' me a bit, "is it goin' out of yer mind yez are entirely, to be ather diggracin' yer respectable, decent family, an' makin' an ould donkey av yerself?" Now, this was more than mortal flesh and blood could stand, so widout wan more word I whips off me coat an' throws down me hat on the platform. Me hat! Och! I wirra, wirra, that I should live to see the day! It was a woman's hat, a leghorn, (the devil fly away wid it,) an' it was fixed up wid a blazin' red ribbon, two big sunflowers, an' a big white feather, wid a big brass huckle on the wan side, Misther Grip, like the Ancient Mariner.

"I closed me eyes an' let t'hem close,
 An' the balls like pulkes beat;
 For the shkoj an' the say, an' the say and the shkoj
 Lay lik a load on me weary oye,
 An' that hat tows at me feet,
 The cold sweat milted from me limbs
 While laugh and chare did they.
 The look they looked upon that hat
 Will never pass away."

An' thim like the phantom ship, can glidin up to me the recollection that Nora's cousin from the Shtates had come to visit, an' had hung up her had in the hall on the peg where me parma always hangs, an' I had stuck the confounded things on instead av me own. But whin I tuk in the situation, I got equal to it, so sez I, "We're ather havin' a bit av fur, gentlemen, an' we'll now procede to business." But me foine spache an' the miner procedins I musht lave over till next week, whin yo may expect to hear again from

BARNEY O'HEA.

He also Comes from Ohio.

German journals speak of a remarkable young American by the name of Richard M. Jackson, a native of Ohio, who has become a favourite of the King of Wurtemberg. He first studied music at the Stuttgart conservatory, and later became attached to the German consulate. He is described as tall and handsome, with a blond moustache, brown hair and dark eyes. He became acquainted with the king in the gardens attached to the palace, and it is said that he took care to meet the sovereign accidentally every day, and then always behaved with such respectful admiration as first attracted the monarch's attention and then won his favour. Jackson was offered the position of reader to the king, with a salary of \$1,500 and a suite of five rooms in one of the royal buildings, and accepted it upon the condition that in renouncing his allegiance to the United States he should not assume obligations to receive orders from any person except the king himself. The young man is said now to have the king's confidence in a high degree, and often to be his sole companion on travels and walks, being treated rather as a friend and equal than a subject in receipt of wages. Jackson received the decoration of the Franz Josef order from the Emperor of Austria. The old courtiers are jealous, but the young man seems able to take care of himself.

It is sad but true that a man who once becomes deaf seldom enjoys a happy hear after.
 —*Syracuse Standard*.