



SPRINGING A "MINE."

LORD LACKLAND—"Miss Vandeenboom, I love you. Say you will be mine."

MISS VANDENBOOM (*American millionairess*)—"Well, my lord, I reckon I can never be any man's; but you can be mine, if you like."

my een, an' glowered an' glowered, an' awa I sailed out o' the body, wi' the desire to find oot hidden things strong upon me; my hand direckit by the speerits an' writin' on the slate. I send ye a verbatim copy as it appeared when I waukened:

INITIATION.

A DITTY DEDICATED TO SIR DAN.

His mother kissed her boy good-bye,
And said, "Be good, dear sonny.
You're going into Residence,"

Ha! ha! now wasn't it funny?
She said, "Be good, dear sonny,"
Then sent him into Residence
And gave him lots of money!

So we'll quaff, and we'll chaff, and we'll laugh, oh! how we'll laugh!

And we'll teach him how to drink and swear and tough it,
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the cut direct to Tophet.

He wouldn't smoke, he wouldn't drink,
He said he'd promised not to;
We hauled him out of bed one night,
And told him he had got to.
Oh, he said he'd promised not to!
But when he came to Residence
He found that he had got to.

So we quaffed, and we chaffed, and we laughed, oh! how we laughed!

And we showed him how to drink and swear and tough it,
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the cut direct to Tophet.

He told us that he wouldn't swear,
Nor language use called naughty;
He fought and struggled like a bear,
And tried to come it haughty.
He even called us smutty!
He said he'd show us Resider.ce men
He wasn't made of putty.

But we quaffed, and we chaffed, and we laughed, oh! how we laughed!

And we showed him how to drink and swear and tough it;
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the cut direct to Tophet.

We made him smoke, we filled him full,
At last, this virtuous hero,
He hung outside his window, nude,
With the mercury at zero.
And there at midnight in the cold,
With none to shed a tear, oh,
We emptied o'er him water jugs
And hummed "*dum spiro spero.*"
And we quaffed, and we chaffed, and we laughed, oh! how we laughed!
And we showed him how to drink and swear and tough it;
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the cut direct to Tophet.

Now look you how he struts about,
A full-fledged Residence fellow,
At lectures rarely ever seen,
And only when he's mellow.
A-booze all night, a-bed all day,
Now Jack's a-cold, poor fellow!
The coal-oil's handy—light the fire,
Whirroo! just hear that yell—oh!
Rush! rattle! straight to Residence!
Ye engines red and yellow!

"Nuff sed!" That's Latin. So we laugh and laugh and laugh,
While we go ahead and drink and swear and tough it;
For there is no better plan than to be a Residence man,
If you want to take the shortest cut to Tophet.

Such was the ditty dictated by the speerits as I lay in the transe, an' I think ye'll see at once that naething but a powerfu' occult influence could gar me write a screed like that without a'e word o' Scotch in't. But as for the meanin' o' the sang or what it refers to I havena the sma'est notion, so I thocht if you would just publish it in GRIP, wha kens some o' the Residence men micht, like Joseph in Pharaoh's dream, be able to rise up and tell the interpretation thereof.

Yours spiritually an' clairvoyantly,

HUGH AIRLIE.

UTILIZING THE CIGARETTE.

THERE is no longer room to doubt that the U.S. Government deliberately contemplates the extermination of the unfortunate Red Man. The New York *Herald* has given away the latest insidious scheme for improving the aborigines from the face of the earth in a recent despatch giving an account of Gen. Miles' visit to the captive Sioux as follows:

General Miles has paid his long expected visit to the Indian captives at Fort Sheridan. He found them reasonably well satisfied with their imprisonment, if it can be so denominated, and willing that it shall continue so long as they are well fed and clothed. * * *

General Miles' party distributed cigarettes by the hundred among the braves, who have taken to smoking them since their arrival.

The deadly cigarette will probably, in a very short time, finish the work left undone by whiskey and starvation, small-pox and bullets, and the wretched remnant of the once powerful Western tribes will speedily disappear. Possibly a few possessing extra strong constitutions may be found proof even against the noxious cigarette, but their native ferocity will be tamed down to the innocuous desuetude of the Eastern dude. It's a great scheme.

SIZING HIM-UP.

JONES—"Isn't Brown a very self-satisfied man?"
SMITH—"Yes; and isn't he easily satisfied?"

IGNATIUS DONNELLY says there is no reason for believing that Bacon referred to Chicago when he wrote the line, "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."