



### A FINE DISTINCTION.

JABBS (*angry*)—"What did you mean by telling me that they kept a good table at your boarding-house? I dined there to-day, and never came across such beastly cookery in my life."

DABBS—"Oh, I didn't say anything about the eatables. Wasn't the table itself pretty nice?"

### THE FLY KID.

HIS ASPIRATIONS FOR LITERARY SOCIETY.—A SENSATION STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE.

DEAR GRIP,—I've been thinking that now I've becum a author, Ide oughter get into literary circles as it were and make friends among them which are the principal writers. But I don no just how to work it. I met Professor Golden Smith onto Young Street the other day, says I nows my chance so I stept up to him and said hello!

Beg your pardon, says he politely, did you wish to converse with me?

Yes profesor, I replide. I'm the Fly Kid which you have no doubt heard off.

Ah indeed he remarked in a tone of *sangfrod* which is French.

We literary people I went on to say ought to know each other.

He didnt say nothing for a second. Seemed kind of took aback like. Then he sort of pulled hissself together, put 4th his hand and said, Ah how dye do. Good afternoon and so passed on. He didnt ask me to come and see him, nor even stand the candies or cigarets. It looked a little as if he wanted to give me the shake didnt it. I suppose I ought to have called at the Grange and left my card. By the way you may propose me as a member of the Press Club. I can play yewker pretty good. My story this time is entitled,

REDCLIFFE HALL, OR THE REWARD OF CRIME.

CHAP. I.

There was a old Baronial Hall which stood on one of the most elegant lots to be found in England. It was built in the time of the Tudors but their was more nor 2 doors in it. (joke) I think it adds to the interest to work in a joke sometimes. Into a bedroom of this Hall, Duke Hubert de Redcliffe the last of a long line of noble ances-ters lay dying. He had done many deeds of darkness in his life and ever and anon a shade of remorse flitted athwart his fevered Brow.

Haste haste he cried give me pen and paper while I have yet strength to make my will. Now leave me. And he throwed bottles and things at the domestics till they retired.

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Ha! Ha at last. Vengeance! cride a stalwart voice, as a form disguised in a cloak and slouched hat emerged from the wall by touching a concealed spring. For 40 years I have waited for this moment.

What Percy Maltravers, said the dying man. Can the grave give back its dead.

You bet it's me. Ime now a Outlaw. Ive been in that line of biz for some years.

So saying he drawed a-glittering dagger and plunged it into the duke.

CHAP. 2.

In a low squallid room in the East End of London a female in rags was bending over the cradle where lay a infant. Just to think she said in a mornful voice that the Hare of Redcliffe Hall shoold ever come to this. Its terrible little did I think when I married Eustace de Redcliffe—

Just then a pleeceman entered and says he—Excuse me but you haint seen nothing of Jack the Ripper have you.

No replide Cora de Redcliffe. Not this evening.

Well says the pleeceman if you shoold ever see him let us know wont you. And he was gone.

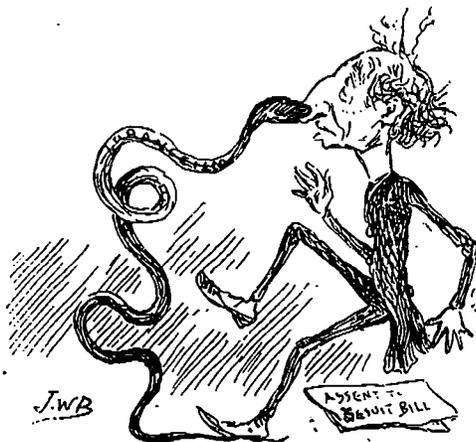
With a wild convulsive shriek of anguish, Cora throwed herself onto the floor and tore her yellow tresses in accents of despair. Truly we live in a strange world.

CHAP. 3

It aint many folks which would have recognized in the fashnubly attired gentleman which was gambling in a 1st class club in Pickerdilly the Outlaw Percy Maltravers. But twas him all the same. He had won several Heaps of glittering gold and still he kept winning till the bank was busted. He filled his pockets and boots and hat with the money. I must be off says he—

Not so fast said a quiet looking gent which had watched the game—Ime a detecktive and Ime onto you. I arrest you—

But ere he could effect his purpose P. Maltravers had jumped through a 2nd storey window and fell onto a woman in the street below and kild her. It was Cora de Redcliffe! Then Maltravers run off. The crowd yelled stop him! But he took handfuls of gold out of his poc-



"THE WORM WILL TURN!"