

GEORGE AND BENNY.

O Tempora ! O Mores !

WASHINGTON'S patriotic spirit was evidently disturbed for he moved, sighed and awoke from his slumbers. He gazed dreamily about for some time, then sat up in his beautiful, old-fashioned, rosewood coffin, murmuring softly, "Methought I heard the tintinnabulation of a bell."

"You thought about right that time George old boy, it was the telephone bell that you heard, I was having a little talk with my private secretary."

"Bless me ! ejaculated Washington. Then after a pause,

"Who are you and where are you ?"

"I'm here, right beside you and I am Benjamin Harrison the grand-son of General Harrison and the actual President of the United States of America."

"Ah yes," chuckled Washington ; "to be sure, to be sure. Well, you're a fine looking fellow Benny and I'm glad to meet you ; but I say, my dear boy, how the deuce did you get here ?"

"Underground Rail-Road," replied Harrison curtly.

"Underground Rail-Road !" repeated George, "what is an underground Rail-Road ?"

"Well, well," laughed Harrison, "*of course* you dont know anything about it, how could you when it was not in existence when you were above ground. However, now-a-days you know, we do all our travelling by rail and that means a whole train of cars, drawing-room cars, dining-room, baggage cars and even smoking cars, all hitched together and attached to an engine which goes by steam, so you see we travel with ease, convenience and rapidity all over the country and the underground Rail-Road is just exactly the same, except that it's a little different, you know."

"Yes I know," sighed George and he stood gazing about him in a dazed and melancholy way, meditating no doubt, on the many long and weary rides he had taken in a jolting stage-coach. He was finally trotted out of his reverie by Harrison's shouting the modern improve-

ments into his ear, capping the climax with "The very latest is an electric machine for shooting corpses into their graves, it's a very fine thing I assure you, very fine, no better at all, you know, simply turn a screw and the corpse is gone."

"Yes it must be very nice," assented Washington starting as the telephone bell rang violently and Benny responded to an unheard voice with double emphasis, "Thank heaven ! I'm so glad of it—!"

"Glad of what ?" asked George as Ben strode up to him looking much relieved.

"That baby McKee has got the last of four teeth he's been squalling over for the last month."

"Ah, I understand," said Washington with unaccountable sympathy—"Pray allow me to congratulate you !" and he majestically extended a parcel of huge bones which was once recognizable as a hand and which Harrison grasped and shook warmly, and the two shed a silent tear over the joyful tidings just received. And on the strength of the tear Harrison became confidential and told George all about his inauguration. How, as he marched with pomp and state through the front door of the White House, Cleveland with his fishing tackle sneaked out through the back ; how Mrs. Harrison, as soon as she found herself safe inside the Capitol, became magnificently queenly and no less scornful ; how he himself enjoyed a comfortable meal for the first time since the beginning of the campaign and the McKee baby immediately said papa and mamma and produced a tooth which was duly admired by Congress ; and last but not least how he and Mrs. Harrison, arrayed in their best, cut considerable of a shine at the inaugural ball. Washington listened intently for some time but the matter of the ball was too much for him—for a ghastly countenance—so he lay back in his downy coffin muttering to himself "When I think what America is and what it used to be I—I guess I'll take a little snooze." And he proceeded to do so, leaving Harrison to give further orders to his private secretary.

G. E. T. S.