

**Sarah Machree.**

TO AN OLD IRISH AIR.

FOOL that I was, my love, ever to doubt thee !  
 Thou who did'st carry the sunshine about thee,  
 Oh ! I am lonely and weary without thee  
 My dearly beloved ! my Sarah Machree !

Ah, thou hast gone o'er the dark dreary river !  
 I can behold thee, ah never, ah never !  
 There's no lifting up of the veil that doth sever,  
 Nor never the light of thy countenance sec.

All the day long, love, the past I'm recalling,  
 All the day long, love, my hot tears are falling,  
 The one thought forever my bosom is galling—  
 The word of unkindness that I gave to thee.

Could I recall that one word rashly spoken,  
 Could I unite but that link rashly broken ;  
 O from thy home canst thou give me no token  
 That word is forgiven, forgotten by thee ?

Oh with a spell thy pure spirit has bound me !  
 Still in my dreams thou dost hover around me !  
 The thought of unkindness deep, deeply doth wound me  
 To think that I ever gave anguish to thee.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

**BROTHER JONATHAN'S DIMES.**

A STORY OF ADVENTURE BY A HAGGARD WRITER,  
 AUTHOR OF "HE-SHE-IT," "ALLAN DOLLARMAIN," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE SNOW STORM AND THE FIGHT.

NEXT day all the President's army, called the army of the Potomac, was drawn up in front of the White House. In conversation with some of the Generals, the night before, we formed the conspiracy to revolt, and, unseating the President, to place Um-slope-the-glass in his place. "Now, men from the stars," said the President, "just let's see if you kin do what you say you kin." I looked up at the sky, waved my hand, and recited those touching lines, "Beautiful snow." Bully-boy and Sir 'Arry did the same. By a happy coincidence it began to snow like mad. The army woke up in confusion. Half of it followed us to the opposite hill and began to prepare for battle. Next day at sunrise we were in motion, and met the President army half way. Both sides charged, but ours charged the most—about 100 per cent. more. If they charged 50cts. we charged a dollar, so that we beat them all to pieces, and made Um-slope-the-glass president.

## CHAPTER V.

## WE FIND THE DIMES.

Bully-boy took Maud by the hand and I dragged Mother Barnes to find the dimes. Sir 'Arry followed behind. When we got to the mint we passed the old nigger at the door. I made Mother Barnes open the inner door, but while we were filling our pockets with dimes, she tried to escape. Almost got through the spring door, which closing, caught her and crushed her to death. What were we to do ! The door was closed ! Death stared us in the face ! After groping about I found the elevator. "All right boys," I said, "sit down here." I pulled the wire, and we descended gently to the ground floor, where the door was open.

Having got all the dimes we wanted, we struck across the mountains and desert. Found a camp—two men in it—turned out to be Murray and Knox. They said they'd left their yacht at Niagara, and had come across country. Sir 'Arry embraced his brother and generously gave him two and a half dimes, value, twenty-five cents. He said it was the largest sum he ever saw, and that we were mighty smart to get brother Jonathan's dimes so easily. Bully-boy married Maud, and the ceremony was performed at St. James' Cathedral. The bride looked, etc., etc.

(THE END.)

**ECHOES OF THE RACE.**

NEW YORK *Life* seems to be sublimely unconscious of the bad taste of "kicking a man when he's down." Witness the following flashes of "wit" under the head of "Echoes of the Race":—

"There's many a fizzle  
 'Twixt the cup and the *Thistle*."  
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"Britons are proverbially dull of comprehension, and Messrs. Bell and Watson are no exception to the rule. 'They don't understand it. The *Thistle* was designed to win the cup and didn't. The plans were all right, but—something was wrong.'

"We are forced to the conclusion that the *Thistle* is more of a paper cutter than a fleet-winged child of the sea."  
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"The *Thistle* is to challenge an Erie canal boat to a race to Liverpool, stern first; for a silver bottle."  
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"Now we think the New York Yacht Club should get up a testimonial to Boston for producing two such men as General Paine and Mr. Burgess.

"How would it do to turn over the *America's* cup to those who have won it ?"  
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"The race between the *Thistle* and *Volunteer* is not at all satisfactory. It is by no means certain that in a dash down a toboggan chute the Boston boat could compete with her defeated rival."  
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"The *Thistle* isn't much of a boat. Captain Barr even had difficulty in keeping ahead of the excursion barges."  
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"The Scotchmen complain that they were blanketed. Well, why not ? It was a cold day and they needed it."

**MY WIFE'S GHOST.**

## I.

"AND, Jack, just think of it—it's *haunted* !"

Mrs. Jones had finished her last house-hunting round that day, and had found a place that would "do" admirably.

"Haunted my dear ? What's haunted ?"

"Why the house of course ?" then my face still betraying scant comprehension, she added, "The house I've taken ? How stupid you are, Jack !"

I never dispute the last assertion. Mrs. Jones has said it so often she has got to believe it, but the first *has* something tangible about it.

"The house *you've* taken ?" I questioned mildly.

"Well ! you know very well what I mean !" she answered coming round to where I have wheeled my chair