



EXTORTIONATE!

Mrs. McCaffrey.—Fwhin he adwotoises "Teeth abshtracted widout payin'" do oo think shud he charge a lone widdy fifty cints, Mickey?

BARNEY IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

JULY 22nd, 1884.

ME DEAR MISTHER GRIP:

Och thin it's meself has been in grate thrials an' thribulations since me last lether to yez. But whisper? Fursht and foremost yez must be heading me lether wid "Shcandal in High Life," because it's meself has a mortal hathed to them newspaper charwomen who make it their business to take in schrubbing, an' private peoples' dirty linen, an' howid up all the grase spots, an' nasty stains for the entertainment ov an innocent public, all standing round wid their caps full ov stones, ready to pelt at the poor divils for darin' to shcandalize thim, an' to buy an extra edition of the paper, wid all the particulars wid variations. No, Misther GRIP don't ye dare ather to tell any one about meself bein' in the Divorce Coorts, becase it might spile my charackter for daycency ov Puplic Murality, an' now between ourselves two, meself'll just be ather tellin' yez how it all came about. Me wife an' him had gone aft to the States fur a visit, an' meself feelin' a bit lonesome, went down to Hamilton an' tuk a furnished room for a week—so I could be on hand to report the openin' av the beautiful and extensive labyrenthine shades ov the Gore park. The landlady gave me a most beautiful dinner av roast vale, grane pajs, now paraties, an' a relish of grane cowcumbers, washed down wid a couple of glasses of iced lemonaid. It was so beautiful rally that I went down an' had a plunge in the bay immaydiately atherwards, an' altogether meself had a good teatootle shpre, for Nora she says, "Now Barney whin I'm away don't yez be mopin' loike—but take

the world aisy." Och masha thin! wud yez plaze tell me the bit o' plasur any one can hav in this world widout havin to pay fur it? About midnight meself was waked up wid a terrible blown up kind av feeling about me stomach, an' when I wud rub it to aise the throuble, shure it was as tight as a barrell. I rolled out over the side of the bed, an' wid that I was tuk wid sich a cramp, I yelled like an Indian an' wakened up all the nayburs. Sich a procession ov night caps an' candle shticks, I nivr saw, shure an' every one av thim cum wid a cure av his own, "Put his fate in hot wather," "Put burnt brandy onto him," "Rowl him up in musthurd" "Skin a live cat and put the pelt onto him hot," sich were some of the advices av me new friends—but all the toime I kept howlin' "murther! murther! send fur the docthor" "Will yez have Dr. Smith," says the landlord, "that's the nearest Docthor." "Any Docthor at all, at all," an' off they ran. Whin I was waitin', an' moanin' fur the Docthor, wan ov thim entertained me wid an account av how his brother was tuk ill an' died in two hours wid the very same throuble, an' sich like cheerin' conversation. The pain was gettin' worse, an' I was just ather sendin' some of thim to telegraph to Nora if she wanted to have the satisfaction av closin' me eyes she had botther start right off at wanst, when in shepts a nate little lady, an' says she, takin' out a little vial out av her pocket an' porin' some into a glass—"Just drink this, Mr. O'Hea," "Thank ye kindly, ma'am," says I, "but the docthor's comin'," "Oh, I'm the Docthor," sez she, "Arrah be off wid ye now" sez I, "It's jokin' wid a dyin' man ye'd be." "I'm not jokin'" says

she, "neither are ye dying," she says, "at least not if ye drink this." "Well," says I, "the devil himself couldn't resist the coaxin' av a woman, so here goes"—and immaydiately I dhrank down the stuff. I won't begin to tell yez how she got me into bed an' built me round with hot bricks till, bedad she baked all the trouble clane out av me, av how she came to see me next day and sat be me bed, an' tould me she was the faymale docthor, nor how I sez to her, "Now what would me wife say if she saw yez sittin' here howldin' me hand like that, sure I was only jokin', but och mucha didn't I pay fur me foolish spache! All that day Nora didn't come nor next day whin I was up agin, nor fur a week ather whin just as I was pickin' up to come back to Toronty meself was handed a lether from a Yaukee Lawyer, tellin' me me wife "sought a divorce on the ground av me bein' too intimate wid a woman in Hamilton!" Inside was a sayled note from Nora—"Ye ugly thayfe ov the world, to be after writin' to me ye was dyin' an' ather me thravellin night an' day to close yer ould eyes, to think whin I came I should luk in at the dure an' see yer capers wid me own eyes, her sittin' howldin yer ugly big paw, an' you like a foolish saft owld fool lookin' up into her face, as if she had been the blessed virgin herself"—so there was the rayson of this mysthery. Nora cum weepin' an' wailin, on the cars all the way to Hamilton an' just arrived in toime to see the faymale docthor feelin me pulse—and shure no mortal son of Adam cud help lukin up at the swate face ov her—but now fur this me charackter was to be destroyed and meself to be driven from me lawul wife. It was what no mortal man could put up wid, so meself borded the fursht train fur the States at wanst, an' all the jurney, the cowlid sweat cum pourin out ov me an' I was ather losin' flesh wid the fear that ather I got there I would be an onnmarried man and have to go to the praste an' get married over agin. Howsomever I arruve in toime, but it took me no small trouble to convince Nora that it was all a mistake an' that the woman she saw was no woman at all but only the swate little faynale docthor, that saved me loife. But whisper!—although she parted to believe me, an' cum back to Hamilton quite content like, I don't believe she was really convinced, or aisy in ber mind till we cum pasht the docthor's house, when Me Lady shtoped wo shpelt out the sign, Dr. Elizabeth Smith, M. D. "Barney" sez she, "will yez ever forgive me?" "forgive yez!" sez I, what for? shure an' the shtrongest proof of love is jealousy."

Yours, once more happily,
BARNEY O'HEA.

ESCAPING THE MOSQUITOES.

"I had learned in various ways that mosquitoes cannot fly very high, and so when I came down to the seashore I asked for rooms in the top story."

"Well, you got them?"

"Yes, but they were all occupied and I had to pay the occupants a big bonus to move to some other hotel, and the consequence is these miserable attics cost me about as much as the finest apartments on the second floor front."

"But you are free from mosquitoes?"

"Free from them? They nearly eat me."

"Why, how do they get at you?"

"The darned things came up in the elevator."—Philadelphia Call.

A barber says—barbers are forever saying something—that it is the rich and not the poor man who becomes bald the soonest. The barber is probably right. A poor man's blessing, you know. The less there is to inherit, the more abundant the hairs.—Boston Transcript.