

pillow, watches rather wistfully the blowing-out of the candles; watches, too, the Banjo Girl as she goes down the centre of the ward, and determines—being a man with few things to do in this world for the remainder of his short life—to offer a daring remark.

"Good night to yo—miss."

The Banjo Girl stops. She goes quickly to the side of his cot, and, kissing Nine in a soft, maternal way, leaves her bunch of violets on his pillow.

"Miss!"

"Now, Nine, really. You must *not* keep the young lady waiting. You take nurse's advice and behave like a good little boy, because, you know, you're really very ill, and——"

"Ben' down. Want to tell you something."

The Banjo Girl bends down, and her round pretty flushed cheeks contrast against the white thin face and the wet eyes of Nine. Nine half-lifts himself in order that his whisper may not reach either Eight or Ten. Ten especially, because Ten is a Stepney boy with a high reputation for *badinage* and a character to keep up as a cynic of the ward. The tiny scarlet-sleeved arm goes partly round the girl's white neck.

"Lush," whispers Nine softly, "I wish you was my muvver."—*St. James' Budget*.

THE RETORT SUFFICIENT.

"WELL, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "what are you going to be when you're a man?"

"Nuffin'," said the child.

"Nothing? Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because," said the child, "I'm a little girl."—*Fun*.

EDITORIAL DUTY.



PROPRIETOR: Do you call that part of your editorial duty?

The Editor: Why not? Ain't I working up a circulation?

A SAD PROSPECT.



MR. ROONEY: So yer poor bye, Mike, was sint up fer loife, Missis McCafferty. Sure, that do be a long sintince!

Missis McCafferty: Yis, Misther Rooney, but he do be that dilicate in hilt I don't think he'll live ter complete it.

A FELLOW FEELING.

MY brethren," said the minister, "you don't know how happy you will be if you only have a fellow feeling in your bosoms."

"Humph," said one of his hearers. "I had a fellow feeling in my bosom last night and I've got no diamond pin this morning."

ASSIMILATED CHARACTER.

"So I have been told," said the man with the firm grip, "so I have been told. But this particular goat has a manta for eatings that were left lying around the park."

"That," said the man with his eye on the paper, "is a common——"

"Yes," replied the holder of the Daily Mush-bag, "it is quite the same as you say, park or common. You may prefer to say common, because it is uncommon, but ours is only a common common so I call it a park. Now, this goat of mine used to wander about the park at will and ate odds and ends that chanced to be in his path. Sometimes it was a park bench, and sometimes a section of an iron fountain. But one day he ate a bicycle that some young girl foolishly left standing against a tree. And from that moment poor Billy imagined he was a bicycle, and daily he grew more like one. It was quite sad to see him running around the park unsteadily, and he even began to get sway-backed. You see, it was a drop-frame wheel, and Billy——"

"Remarkable!" said the man who wanted the moulder of public opinion. "Are you through with that——"

"Story? Not quite. You will pardon these tears! We were all very fond of Billy, and when he died——"

"Oh he *did* die at last, did he?" inquired the statue of impatience, tartly.

"Yes, he died," said the man with the wrought-iron cinch. "It was this way: I hung a chamois-skin on the clothes line in my back yard and Billy ate it. He immediately became like a chamois and made an impromptu Alp of my house. He climbed to the roof and tried to jump the abyss between my house and the next but missed his calculation and——"

"May I have that paper?" asked the man with a mania for learning the latest news.

"This paper?" said the other man; the one, that is, who knew that the latest news was that there was no late news. "Why, yes, you may have it. Certainly, but there isn't anything in it."

The other man (by which I mean the other other man, and not the man just called the other man) swore softly but earnestly: "Then, why in Hades did you keep it half an hour?" he asked.

MARY PARKER BUTLER.



"THIS article," said the man with the newspaper, "says that we receive with the food we eat some of the characteristics of the plant or animal eaten. Now——"

"Yes," said the man who had been waiting twenty-five minutes for his turn at the newspaper, "I dare say. Are you through with that paper?"

"Now, as I was going to say," said the Hog (he was not really a hog, but the man with a hunger for newspaper pabulum secretly dubbed him so). "I know of a case that fully proves it."

"Perhaps you eat a great deal of pork," suggested the newspaper covey, holding out his hand in a manner that was insultingly insinuating.

"No," said the man with nine points of the law on his side. "I eat beef principally. Cow, I should judge. Old, ancient, muscular cow. But, as I was saying, I had a goat, a billygoat, with a mania for eating things."

"Goats frequently eat," said the party of the second part leaning back in his chair with a sigh of resignation.