

Widow 
MAGOOGIN



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John J. Jennings



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“Widow Magoogin,”

By JOHN J. JENNINGS.

4th Edition.

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WIDOW MAGOOGIN

By JOHN J. JENNINGS

["J. J. J."]



NEW YORK :

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Widow Magoogin.

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TO
CHARLES FROHMAN
A SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN
WHO HAS WON
EVERY STEP OF HIS OWN WAY
AND WHOSE FAME
AS A FRIEND OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE
AND A PRODUCER
OF IMPORTANT PLAYS
IS ESTABLISHED
IN BOTH HEMISPHERES

TO THE READER.

“Widow Magoogin” began to free her mind on topics of the day to her neighbor, Mrs. McGlaggerty, as far back as 1882. She continued her conversations, first in the *St. Louis Critic*, and later in the *New York Sunday Mercury*, both weekly publications, until 1894, when the character of the latter periodical changed, and “Widow Magoogin” returned to private life.

She was not the first of her family to acquire popularity through the “gift of the gab,” for her cousin, Mike Magoogin, whom I also created, and who attained to fame as the talking Irish policeman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, had preceded her by several months in public favor. Officer Magoogin took great interest in Signor Fopiano, who kept a peanut stand on his post, and he whiled away many a pleasant quarter of an hour at the Italian Merchant’s corner, eating his “goobers” and telling him what he thought of the way the world was wagging and the ship of state was sailing.

“Widow Magoogin” took up the discussion of these and other subjects, where Officer Magoogin had left off, and the present volume contains a few of the remarks which were made by her to Mrs. McGlaggerty in her capacity of commentator upon, and interpreter of, passing events.

This peep into the Magoogin archives will enable you to

see that "Widow Magoogin" is not a base imitation, but an original creation.

Some conversations—not more than half a dozen—on topics of recent interest have been added. Otherwise the collection consists of reprints of the Irish Widow's previous utterances.

JOHN J. JENNINGS.

New York City, February 12, 1900.

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HERSELF AND OTHERS.

WIDOW MAGOOGIN.

'ADMIRAL DEWEY.

“Did ye get air a squint at Jewey—George Jewey—Mrs. McGlaggerty?” asked the Widow, very solicitously.

“No, Oi mist him, Mrs. Magoogin. My Jerry was off on a spree celebratin’ the return av the great hayro, as he calls him, an’ Oi had to shtay in th’ house fur the polaice was loible to bring him home oreide anny minnit in a push cart, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“Yurra thin more pow’r to him fur gettin’ dhrunk, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow, in a tone of rejoicing, “fur he kudn’t have chosen a betther toime fur it nor done id in anner av a betther man, me friend. Begorry, Oi h’isted a few pints av beer meself in anner av th’ occasion, but it didn’t purvint me goin’ up to Mad’son Square abow an’ gettin’ a place almost nuxt to him in th’ grand stand. Oh, but he is th’ hayro—oy, th’ hayro av hayroes, Mrs. McGlaggerty—an’ id’s no wondher th’ poits wroite about him an’ the noospapers air full av his pecturs—gud, bad an’ indiffrent though they be’s—me friend. An’ be, th’ same token, do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, thet aff Oi war Adm’ral Jewey an’ thim noospaper artists med such pecturs av me as they’re makin’ av him—daipictin’ him wan toime as a Dago wid th’ yally faver an’ another toime as

th' former superinthinder av Polaice, Byrnes—an' agin as Billy McGlory, an' as—God knows who else, an' what else—do ye know fwat Oi'd do wid thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty? May th' Divil fly away wid me an' nivver bring me back, me frind, aff Oi wudn't ram th' whole lot av thim into a six-inch—no Oi main a six-fut—gun, an' blow thim off to a bit av Manila Bay ixcoitemint. Upon me wurrud, ma'am, that's jusht fwat Oi'd do to thim, an' it id not be long Oi'd be in makin' up me moind to id, ayther, Mrs. McGlaggerty!

“But comin' back to Jewey himsilf, be Heavens, but he's th' jewel! Oi don't moind him sailin' over the torpadoes an' foirecrackers' an th' way to Manila, an' killin' th' danged owld Spaniards, as aff they war so manny Jursey mishkitties, an' facin' th' shot an' shell as aisy an' uncon-sarned-loike as 'aff they war rose laives or snowballs, though God furgive me aff Oi war his woife an' had a howlt av his coat-tails fwthin he was on th' bridge av th' Olympia durin' the' battle, Oi'd moighty soon pull him down behoid th' smoke-stack, or make him go to his cabin fwere no haarm ud come to him. It's not th' foightin' part av his carracthur that sets me heart thumpin' wid j'y fwthin Oi hear mintion av his name, though he's uvry bit as gud in that loine as Terry McGovern or Tom Sharkey or John L. Soolivan, that was th' greatest av thim all—it's not th' sluggin' he gev thim Dagoes in th' Phillipeens—nor annythin' av that soort, Mrs. McGlaggerty; but it's th' foine naachure av th' man an' th' hoigh an' noble oidayas he howlds av th' faymale sex that gives me th' splindid pinnigin that Oi has av him. It's a pity, me frind, that he had to stay a widdyder so long. It must have been very lonesome fur him out there in th' middle av th' say to have nobody to mind his socks or put a patch in th' sait av his pants fwthin they needid it, Mrs. Mc-

Glaggerty, ur to lay out his noightshirt an' have it noice an' warrum fur him fwhin th' noights was cowld. It must have been terrubly rough on him, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' for my paart Oi think it a blishin' shame, considherin' how lucky so manny mane snaiks an' scallywags av min are in this wurruld who have woives to slave an' toil an' slobber over thim fram wan year's ind to th' other, me friend.

"But maark my word, Mrs. Magoogin, Adm'r'il Jewey 'll not be long 'idout a soide paartner, as soon as it's med known thet he wants wan. He's too foine a gintleman fur that, alanna. All he has to do is to give th' wind of th' word, an' more wimmin than even auld Brigham Young himsilf ivver dhraimed av 'll be dancin' around an' settin' their caps fur him. He's med himsilf solid wid our sex, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' there isn't a faymale woman frum Queen Victory down—includin' yer humble sarvint, mesilf, Mrs. McGlaggerty—thet wouldn't be glad an' proud to get him. An' ye needn't laugh so immodesty fwhin Oi mintion mesilf aither, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur it wudn't be th' first husband Oi had that was connicted wid th' say. Sure an' my ould man, Dinny—the Lord be marciful to his sowl—wurrked fur th' Cunard Loine as a longshoreman fur over tin years, an' there wasn't a man along th' docks kud rowl a barrel ur carry a sack anny naiter ur aisier than him, Mrs. McGlaggerty. He kud sing "A Home on th' Ocean Blyue" loike a cockatoo, me frind, an' fwhin he doied th' Longshoremin's Union gev him as foine a funeral as ivver left th' Fourth Waard. So ye see Oi'm not such a stranger to th' say, afther all, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Adm'r'il Jewey ud not be gettin' an intoirely anexpayrienced sayman's woife fwhin he'd be afther takin' me. An' be th' same token he moight luk further an' fare worse, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

It was several weeks after that the neighbors resumed their conversation about Admiral Dewey.

"Fwhat d'ye think, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Adm'r'il Jewey's gone aff an' got married," said the Widow.

"Ye don't tell me," the neighbor replied.

"Yis, maam," said the Widow. "He was married this blessed mawrnin' in th' city av Washin'ton, D. Q."

"Thin may th' Lord sind him j'y an' manny happy days," the neighbor exclaimed, fervently.

"Ahmin!" said the Widow, "an' Heaven's blessin' on th' broide, fur they sez she's a foine woman intoirely, an' that she an' th' Adm'r'il have known aich other ivver since they war knee-hoigh to grasshoppers, Mrs. McGlaggerty. She was a widdy, too, loike mysilf, me frind. Ah, ha! but Jewey knew fwhere to luk fwhin he was in surch av a woife. They may talk all they loike about the young gerruls av th' day, wud their folderols an' their doidoes, an' their consaited way av thinkin' that they're the only thing on airth worth lukin' at, but Adm'r'il Jewey knew that they warn't wan, two, six wid the widdies fwhin it come to makin' gud woives. Th' widdies have th' expayrience, an' they know uxactly fwhat to do to make the min happy an' continted, fwhereas th' scrawneens av gerruls that's goin' nowadays don't know enough to woipe their own noses, let alone takin' care av a home or a husband, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'm glad fur th' Adm'r'il's own sake that he had the sinse to pick out a widdy to be Mrs. Jewey. She'll fill his loife wid j'y, and maark my wurrud, Mrs. McGlaggerty, she'll taich him a thing or two about dissiplin' that he niver dhraimed av. She'll make him walk a chalk loine, Oi'll howld ye, an' in th' cowld winther mawrnin's afther th' honeymoon is pasht ye'll hear her melliflooyus v'ice frum undher th' bed clothes as she sez, be way av command to th' Adm'r'il, as he sed to Captain Gridley, 'Ye

kin get up an' make th' foire, George, fwhin ivver ye're ready! An' be th' hokies, he'll have to do it, too, or go widout his brukfast, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

THE YACHT RACES.

"Yurra, but it's the great goin's-on they do be havin' about thim two yatches, the Shamrock and Columbia, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow Magoogin to her neighbor.

"There's as much talk an' excoitemint over it as there was over the war wid Cuby, Mrs. Magoogin," responded the neighbor.

"An' more, too, Mrs. McGlaggerty; oy, a great dale more, me frind," said the Widow, "an' fw hy shudn't there be, fur th' Shamrock kem frum Oireland fwhere all gud things come from, God bless her! an' nawthin' but naygurs an' yally fayver an' all soorts av throuble come from Cuby. So ye see, it's only roight an' daycint, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that there shud be a bigger hullabaloo about the Shamrock than there was over the durty, lazy Cubyans, who, since the war inded, have gone back to smokin' cigaroots an' playin' guitars an' wearin' red velvet britches loike play actors in comie opery, jusht as they did afore Teddy Roosevelt an' his Rough Roiders set thim free.

"But to come back to the yatches, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi was dead crazy to have th' Shamrock bate th' Columbia an' win th' cup an' saucer that they war racin' for, until Oi wint down the bay on th' steamer Grand Republic to see th' two boats do their stunts, as my b'y Tommy sez. Thin Oi changed me moind, me frind, an' begorry it'll stay changed as long as me name is Mrs. Birdie Magoogin, Eshquoire, an' Oi'm afraid that'll be fur some toime to come, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

“Musha bad luck to the notion that tuk me to see th’ race anyways. Sure an’ Oi thought it was something loike a horse race ur a fut race that a person kud sit down an’ know something about fwhoile it was goin’ on, even if they didn’t exactly inj’y it. But glory be to God on high! Mrs. McGlaggerty, it was timptin’ Death an’ the Divil to be out in such a say rowlin’ an’ tossin’ about wid yer breakfast up in yer throat uv’ry suckond, an’ uv’rybody on boord as sick an’ toired av loife as a yally dog in flay-toime. The boats war all bumpin’ into wan another an’ blowin’ fwistles, an’ the payple on boord war runnin’ around loike a lot av lunyaticos. May the breath never laive me body, me frind, aff Oi did’t think uv’ry minnit ud be me nuxt, an’ Oi had no more oidaya that Oi’d be here to-day talkin’ an’ laughin’ wid you, Mrs. McGlaggerty, than Oi have now av handin’ ye over tin dollars an’ tellin’ ye to go out an’ buy a new dhress wid it. Divil such a rilin’ up Oi never got since th’ mawrnin’ afther Mrs. Malowny’s wake, fwthin th’ poort woine Oi dhrank th’ noight afore set me head spinnin’ ’round loike a top, an’ Oi was that sick at stummick Oi thought Oi’d nivver be able to ate a boite av corned beef an’ cabbidge agin th’ longest day Oi lived, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Th’ say ud come up agin me as aff it war goin’ to swally me, an’ thin jisht fwthin Oi got ready to throw mesilf into its wathery jaws it ud dhrap down a hundhert feet or so, an’ Oi’d get that dizzy thet Oi didn’t know fwwhether me bang was andher me oxther or on th’ top av me head, me frind. Ah, th’ moachin av the oachin, Mrs. McGlaggerty! It med me very sick, me frind.

“An’ sorra th’ ha’porth Oi saw av the yatches at all, at all. A fat man wid a quart bottle av haard stuff kep his oye an me all day, givin’ me th’ oofy-gooft an’ thryin’ his best to make a smash an me, Mrs. McGlaggerty; an’ faix, Oi kept me oye an his bottle, an’ thankful Oi was, too, fwthin

he handed it to me an' ax'd me to have a snifter out av id. Ow wow! but it was the grand stuff, intoirely, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It warmed me up loike a red-hot cannon stove. Afther a fwhile fwhin we had been colloquin' some toime wid th' bottle, Oi axed me fat frind fwhere the yatches war. 'There they are,' sez he, p'intin' to a pair av fwhoite specks an th' oachin. 'An' fwhat are they doin'?' sez Oi. 'They're sploicin' th' main jib an' dhrivin' tacks into th' wind,' sez he. 'Begorry, it's tin-pinny nails ur railroad spoikes they shud be dhrivin' into it,' sez Oi, 'fur it's moighty loively wind,' sez Oi. 'Now they're h'istin' th' spinnicher on th' Shamrock,' sez he, not payin' anny attintion to fwhat Oi sed about the wind. 'Fwhat's that?' sez Oi. 'They're h'istin' th' spinnicher an th' Shamrock,' sez he. 'Ar' they hangin' them?' sez Oi. 'Hangin' who?' sez he. 'Th' spinnichers—an' may the Divil have his aarms full resaivin' thim in th' other wurruld, aff they are,' sez Oi. 'Fwhat do ye main?' sez he. 'Oi main thet aff they've caught anny av thim scallywag spinnichers an boord th' Shamrock thryin' to blow it up, as they did th' Maine,' sez Oi, 'they shud give thim short shrift an' a strong rope, an' Oi hope to th' Almoighty that none av thim have got away,' sez Oi. The fat man laughed till Oi thought he'd bust his soides, an' thin he explained that it wasn't thim koind av Spinnichers at all, but yatch boat spinnichers, fwhich are a soort av big sail, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Well, th' conversation wid th' fat man an' th' swigs from his quart bottle was all th' yatch race Oi uver saw, my frind, an' Oi was there th' whole day long. Towards noight th' fat man sed th' Columbia had won be tin or twinty moiles, an' thin there was cheerin' an' clappin' av hands an' wavin' av hankerchers, an' we turnt around an' kem home. An' that's all there was to it, Mrs. McGlaggerty, except that th' fat man had to carry me to th' caars at th' BATTERY.

“But bad sesh to me, me frind, but Oi was taken back intoirely fwthin Oi lurned that there wasn’t an Oirishman aboard th’ Shamrock, but that th’ crew was all Swaids an’ Skandilooovians. Sorra th’ step Oi’d have gone down the oachin fur their danged owld races aff it hadn’t bin that Oi thought the crew was all Oirishmin an’ thet it ud be a grand day fur ould Oireland to see their boat win. But they was anything else but Oirish, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ fur that raison they lost th’ race, an’ bad scran to thim! Sir Thomas Lipton shud have known betther than to sail an Oirish boat andher false colors. He kudn’t have betther luck andher th’ sercumstances. Well, he’ll know betther th’ next toime, Mrs. McGlaggerty. From th’ momint Oi hurd about th’ Shamrock’s crew Oi rooted as haard as Oi kud fur th’ Columbia an’ Oi tuk an extra long pull at th’ fat man’s bottle fwthin she won, me frind. But Oi’m not shtuck on yatch racin’, Mrs. McGlaggerty; th’ Cooney Oiland staimboats is all the yatches that’ll uver interest me agin th’ longest day Oi live, me frind.”

A RIDE ON AN AUTOMOBILE.

“Fwhat do ye think av thim hot-to-molly-billies, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” the Widow inquired, with the air of a woman who had said something unusually fine.

“Thim fwhat?” asked the neighbor, almost stunned by the big word.

“Hot-to-molly-billies,” said the Widow again, somewhat grandiloquently.

“Mommer means automobiles, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” her daughter Arethusa explained; “horseless carriages—you know.”

“That’s fwhat Oi sed—hot-to-molly-billies—didn’t Oi,

Mrs. McGlaggerty? But bein' as it's a Frinch wurrud, Oi suppose ye didn't andherstand it."

"Faix'n' Oi didn't Mrs. Magoogin."

"An' small blame to you for not, Mrs. McGlaggerty," the Widow replied, "for it tuk me a long toime to andherstand it mesilf fwhin Oi first hurd it. But now that ye know fwhat it is, fwhat do ye think av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Oi don't think av id at all, Mrs. Magoogin. The cable caars are gud enough fur me."

"An' fur me, too, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "Oi haven't rode in a cab since th' noight Oi wint to th' Frinch ball an' two polaicemin brung me home in wan av thim opin-faced caarts that they calls a handsome cab. Though fwhat th' divil there is handsome about thim, Oi'll nuvver tell ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oh, but that was a mimmorable noight, me frind. Oi didn't forget id fur foor days an' six noights aftherwards. Oi dhrank a bit too mooch champagny wather an' it toied so manny sailor knots in me brain th. t Oi thought Oi'd nuvver be able to think straight or to see straight agin, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Bad luck to id, but that champagny wather kem purty near bein' th' death av me, an' aff Oi' live to be as owld as Massachoosyettes—an' the Boible tells iz he lived to be noine hundhert an' noinety-noine years owld—Oi'll nuvver let a dhrap av th' insinnywatin' shtuff pass me lips agin, me frind. No, ma'an, beer's good enough fur Mrs. Birdie Magoogin, Eshquoire, fur th' resht av her naacheril loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' there's nawthin'll uver timpt her—Frinch ball or Ditch ball or Walledoff-Sashtoria receptions or nawthin' else—to wet her fwistle wid any other bev'-ridge but th' foamin' lager. An' be that some token Oi'd loike to have a can av id now, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"But to come back to th' hot-to-molly-billies, me frind.

Oi was walkin' on Broadway th' other day fwhin, who shud come up to me but Dinnis Hanrahan—you know owld Mrs. Hanrahan's son that shtudded to be a loiar but gev it up to go dhroivin' a hack fur Jack Hayes—well, who shud come up to me shmoilin'-loike an' howldin' out his hand but Dinnis. 'How ar' ye, Mrs. Magoogin?' sez he. 'Sure an' how ar' ye, Dinnis?' sez Oi, 'an' how is yer mother, an' fwhat ar' ye wearin' thim togs for?' sez Oi. He had a blyue eap loike a conductor an' a blue shoot buttoned up to his chin, an' he lukt for all th' wurruld loike a sowljer widout his gun, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Oi'm runnin' a hot-to-molly-billy now,' sez he. 'An' fwhat in th' name av all that's howly is that, Dinnis?' sez Oi. 'A horseless cab,' sez he; 'wud ye moind havin' a bit av a roide in id?' sez he, takin' me over an' showin' me th' thing, fwhich was open-faced loike a handsome caab, but had no horse in front av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Step in antil Oi show ye how it works,' sez he. 'Not an yer tooty-frooty,' sez Oi. 'No haarn'll come to ye,' sez he. 'Oi'll howld ye tin dollars there'll not,' sez Oi, 'fur Oi'll not go in id,' sez Oi. 'Tins av thousan's roide in id,' sez he, 'an' no wan is uver hurted,' sez he. 'That's no raison fwhy Oi shud be th' fust to break me nick,' sez Oi. But he talked an' talked, an' got so persuadin' that Oi gev in an' got into the hot-to-molly-billy at lasht, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' howldin' me ros'ry haard in me hand an' sayin' me pray'rs as fasht as Oi kud, Oi towld him to go ahead. Well, the Lord bechuxt iz an' haarm, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but fwhin he turnt into the car thraacks an' began to shquirt along at a moile a minnit gait, goin' peltin' up the sthreet, wud caars comin' this way an' carriages an' thrucks comin' that way, an' nawthin' bechuxt mesilf an' thimselves but suddint death, me hair ruz an' ind an' me haart fluttered up into me throat, an' aff uver Dinnis Hanrahan got a cursin' an' his sowl a dangin'

he got id thin! Yurra! Yurra! But Oi was th' vext an' scairt woman, Mrs. McGlaggerty. We went loike th' wind, me frind—daartin' bechuxt cars here an' bangin' into thrucks there an' swingin' an' rowlin' an' buzzin' along as aff the very divil himsilf was affther iz. Oi was sure that uvry minnit ud be me nuxt, an' Oi was thinkin' fwhat a turrible lukin' cawrpse Oi'd be fwhin they pult me out from andher a caar an' sint me to Charley Rairdon's andhertakin' establishmint to be imbalmed, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Dinnis was up an top an' Oi kudn't raich him, aither wud me v'ice or me hand, so there Oi sot sweepin' an to me own destrhuction, wud me eyes full av id uvry fut we wint, an' me prayin' an' cursin' an' howldin' me breath expectin' to be dasht to paices uvry suckond. Oh, but aff Oi had a howlt av Dinnis Hanrahan fwhin he was hot-to-molly-billyin' me up Broadway, it's not manny more daycent widdies he'd be affther hot-to-molly-billyin' an' scarin' all a most to death wud his divil's own invintion, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' Oi up an' towlt him as mooch fwhin he shtopt th' cab affther Oi hollered meelia murdher an' threatened to have him arrested fur his doidoes. 'Sure an' ye warn't hurted,' sez he. 'No,' sez Oi, 'an' it's no thanks to you, aither, that me brains warn't dasht out!' sez Oi. 'Oh, ye're behoind the toimes,' sez he, wud a curl an his upper lip. 'Mebbe Oi am,' sez Oi, 'but Oi'd sooner be that way an' behoind a harse,' sez Oi, 'than be med fit fur a hearse be you an' yer crazy hot-to-molly-billy,' sez Oi. Oi sed a great dale more to him, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi was that excoited an' out av timper that Oi can't remimber id all. Oi gev him a gud paice av me moind anyway, an' he'll nuvver ax me to roide in his murdherin' owld hot-to-molly-billy agin th' longest day he lives, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Oi wint straight to church affther Oi got home, me frind, an' thank't th' good Lord for his koindness in savin'

me loife that day, fur it was an awful narrow escape, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But laivin' all that asoide, me frind, isn't id a mane thing to be invintin' thim hot-to-molly-billies an' throwin' th' poor harses out av work? Sure'n fur uvry hot a harse must go—and fwhere to, Mrs. McGlaggerty? To Jursey beyant, av coorse, to be med into Frankfurthers an' weeny-wushes, so that th' Ditch may ait thim. Begorry, do ye know fwhat, but Oi'm afther thinkin' it's th' Ditch that invinted thim hots, so that they kud have all th' more weeny-wushes an' Frankfurthers, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'll put th' Croolty Society an to thim—that's fwhat I'll do, me frind.

“Oi suppose your Jerry'll soon be sittin' an top av a hot-to-molly-billy ash caart shkoitin' back an' forth to th' dump, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fur it's bound to come, they say. Fust th' harseless carriage, thin the harseless thruck, thin th' harseless ash caart, an' thin, th' harseless harses, fwhich manes no harses at all at all. Fwhat'll th' faarmers an' th' hay an' feed shtore min an' the harniss makers an' th' liv'ry shtable keepers do thin, Oi don't know? My b'y Tommy, who is a little rascal, sez th' farmers'll quit cuttin' hay an' go to cuttin' their fwhiskers, but I'm afraid that's only a joke av his. But fwhin Jerry gets his hot-to-molly-billy ash caart, don't, as ye value yer loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty, laive him take ye out roidin' in id. He'll be a widdy aff ye do. An' do ye make him soign th' pledge, me frind, fur no man that's as fond av th' dhrink as your Jerry is has anny bizniss an th' top av a hot-to-molly-billy, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It takes a moighty sober man wid a clane conscience an' a noice pinny av insurance an his loife to run wan av thim things, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

THE QUEEN OF IRELAND.

“Sure an’ fwhat’s this nonsinse they do be talkin’ about makin’ Consooleo Vandherbilk, Doochess av Maarlborough, th’ Queen av Oireland, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” said the Widow.

“Divil a wan av me heerd tell av id at all, at all, Mrs. Magoogin,” said the neighbor.

“That’s because ye don’t read th’ noospapers, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow. “Aff ye want to foind out fwhat’s goin’ an in this wurruld, me frind, ye’ll have to aither read the paapers ur get id from Mrs. Clannigan in th’ nuxt house, who can tell ye all that’s worth tellin’ about uvrybody, from Ted Murphy’s daughter that purtinds to be a throipewriter an’ wears doiminds th’ soize av a lump av coal to Prisidint McKinley an’ Maark Hanna an’ th’ other min that guoide th’ ship av state an’ give th’ thrusts caard blanck to sell workin’min sugar an’ coffee an’ tay at prices that ud staartle a millionaire.

“But id wasn’t from Mrs. Clannigan I hurd about Consooleo, Mrs. McGlaggerty. She’s a noice daycint gerrul an’ th’ breath av scandal has nuvver s’iled her reppytation, so Mrs. Clannigan ud know very little about her; but it’s in th’ noospaper me daughther Toozy read it. Queen Victory, the paaper sez, is goin’ to app’int th’ Juke av Maarlborough Vic’y av Oireland an’ he’ll take his American woife an’ the babies along, an’ that’ll vertooally make Consooleo th’ Queen av Oireland. Maark ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi sed vertooally—fwhich manes not exactly but purty nearly, do ye see? So fwhoile Consooleo’ll not be raily an thruly a Queen, she’ll come so close to id that nobody but a few av iz fwhich andherstands th’ mainin’ av th’ wurd vertooally.

'll know th' diff'rence. That's fwhat eddicashun diz fur ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It's a great thing, even though it is so chaip in this country that uvrybody kin have id loike th' rheumatiz an' th' nooralgica.

"That'll be two American queens we'll have, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur isn't wan av th' Leiter gerruls from Shecaggy th' Queen av Choiny ur Injy, ur somethin' loike that? An' id's proud Oi am av thim, me frind, an' may they live long an' their reigns be happy, loike th' kings an' queens in th' fairy shtories. But fwhat aggravates me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, is that Queen Victory ur anybody else outsoide av Oireland itself shud be pickin' out queens and kings to rule over owld Ayrin. Fwhat roight has Queen Victory to say who shall be Queen av Oireland, an fwhat roight has she to app'int an American gerrul to sit an th' throne av Broian Boroo an' Murtuough O'Brien? Sure an' there's not a dhrop av Oirish blud in Consooleo's veins, an' she kud no more bake a peyatie cake that ud suit my cousin, Moike Magoogin, ur do th' anners at an Oirish wake than Oi kud play 'The Haarp that Wanst Thro' Tara's Halls' an a church organ, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Moind ye, now, me frind, Oi have nothin' agin Consooleo beyant th' fact that she's not Oirish, an' so's not fit to be th' Queen av Oireland. Those that knows her sez she's a very foine young woman an' a credit to th' counthry that gev her birth; she makes spaiches at th' sewin' circle meetin's she attinds an' she dances th' two-step loike a bird at the royal hops that ar' given in Balmoral Castle; an' fwhat's betther than all else, she's a gud woife an' mother—fwhich she kin afford to be, Mrs. McGlaggerty, seein' that she has the lashin's an' laivin's av mooney an' doesn't have to be botherin' her head about fwhere th' next pint av beer is comin' from. But fur all that, me frind, there's manny a gerrul in the County Connaught that ud make her luk loike tin cints fwthin it

comes to bein' Queen av Oireland, an' id's wan av thim gerruls that knows fwhat Oireland wants, an' that's brung up in the Owld Daart that ought to be the Queen aff annybody is.

"Faix'n Oi don't know but fwhat Oi'd loike to have th' job mesilf, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It's gettin' a little owld now Oi am an' toired av takin' in washin' an' livin' th' gay loife av a fat owld widdy, an' aff Queen Victory ud only put me name down fur th' place an' say Oi kud have id Oi'd borry th' money in 'th' nuxt tin minnits to pay me passage over in the steerage an' Oi'd be howldin' th' throne down an' dhrinkin' th' finest Poort woine in th' palace in a moighty few days affther Oi landed, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Oi was tellin' me daughter Toozy about it an' she laught at me. 'Fwhat have ye bin smokin', mimmaw,' sez she. 'Divil th' thing at all,' sez Oi. 'Oh, yes, ye must,' sez she; 'ye must have been hittin' th' dope ur ye wudn't talk that ways,' sez she. 'Musha bad dang to ye,' sez Oi, 'but id's th' quare oidaya ye have av yer mother,' sez Oi, 'to be affther comparin' her to a Choinyman an' tell her that she smokes dope,' sez Oi. 'But ye talk so silly, mimmaw,' sez she. 'Oh, Oi do, do Oi?' sez Oi. 'Yes,' sez she, 'ye talk in raag toime.' 'Take care,' sez Oi, 'or yerself 'll be prayin' in raag toime fwhile th' dockthor is sewin' up th' cut Oi'll give in the back av th' poll wud this stove lifter,' sez Oi. 'Oi suppose that's fwhat ye'd be doin', too, aff ye war Queen av Oireland,' sez she, 'foightin' an' batin' people all the toime,' sez she. 'Thin ye're supposin' both roight an' wrong, me gintle hussy,' sez Oi, 'fur fwhoile Oi'm as paiceable an' aisy-goin' a woman as uver dhrew th' breath av loife,' sez Oi, 'Oi'll laive nobody get the best av me,' sez Oi, 'an aff anybody throies to throw their ashes an my box av geraneems in th' back yard ur to pull my washin' aff th' loine,' sez Oi, 'there'll be a bloody ruction an' somebody'll

get th' worst av id, an' id won't be Queen Birdie, av th' House av Magoogin, aither, me foine lady,' sez Oi. 'That's roight, mudder,' sez my b'y Tammy, spaikin' up fur me, 'don't let nobody give ye th' skewjee.' 'Throth an' Oi'll not, Tammy, nur th' skewjo, naither,' sez Oi, 'an' aff uver Oi get to be Queen av Oireland, me bouchal,' sez Oi, "Oi'll buy ye a baseball club av yer own so ye kin have id to play loike ye want,' sez Oi, 'an' thin ye won't have to be callin' th' Noo Yorruck Baseball Club bad names because their playin' dozn't suit ye,' sez Oi.

"But laivin' all discoorse an' consthruin' asoide, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi can't fur th' loife uv me see fwwhy th' Queen Victory wudn't pick out a noice owld widdy woman loike herself to be Oireland's Queen, inshtid av a young gerrul that has money to burn an' a foine sthrappin' young Jook av a husband to wurruck fur her support besides. Oi suppose, though, that down in her black heart she dizn't want to give th' Oirish air a chance at all an' so there'd be no use in me writin' her a few loines an the subject. She'll app'int Consooleo, fwwhether or no, an' th' Oirish that even in this counthry ar' nuvver ruled be any other nationality but their own'll have to bow their nicks to th' yoke av a furriner. Divil resarve th' hope there'll iver be fur poor owld Oireland antil Dick Croker an' Tammany Hall buys id—lock, shtock an' barrel—from England, an' makes some good woman loike mesilf that's Oirish as Billy be danged, th' Queen an' Impriss av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

THE COMET.

“Luk out fur id, Mrs. McGlaggerty!”

“Luk out fur fwhat, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“Fwhy, fur the comick, to be sure, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“Fwhat do Oi care fur yer comick? Sure an’ id kin do me no harrum, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“Oh, my, but ain’t we brave! Take care that it’s not talkin’ wud th’ other soide av yer mout’ that ye’ll be afther doin’ to-noight, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“An’ because, an’ fur fwhy, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“Because the comick’s comin’ at iz as harrud as it kin, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow, solemnly, “an’ aff id dizn’t knock iz to kingdom come thin thim purfessors that reads th’ shtars in the skoy an’ thim noospaper repoorters that wroites about uvrythin’ frum Peg Lucas’ dhrunken daughter to th’ day av judgment ar’ th’ biggest loiars Oi uver hurd tell av, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fur sure’n’ don’t they tell iz that th’ comick has its foightin’ clothes an’ an’ is comin’ fur iz loike a shot out av a gun. Id’s not makin’ mooch n’ise fwhoile id’s comin’, but there’ll be a hell av a hullabaloo fwhin id gets here, Mrs. McGlaggerty—there’ll be more n’ise than a Choinaise Noo Year’s an’ more ux-coitemint than there is in a futball game. Moind fwhat Oi’m tellin’ ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ do yerself an’ Jurry get down an’ yer two marrow bones this blissid noight an’ pray to God to make ye fit to doic, ur maybe—the gud Lord save iz an’ guard iz from harrum!—the divil’ll have a big double funeril an’ his hands in Churry Sthreet afther the comick gives this wurruld a clout an’ knocks iz into th’ middle av nuxt waik. Yurra! yurra! but there’ll be turrible toimes, they say. The comick has a tail loike a say sarpint,

Mrs. McGlaggerty, id's more than twinty-noine moiles long an' wud wan swoipe av that tail, my b'y Tammy tells me, it kud daymolish uvry home in Noo Yorruck bechuxt Harlim an' th' Batthery. Oh, but id has a powerful tail, an' fwhin it comes at iz wud id to-noight, the Lord help those that ar' out playin' cards an' bellyards an' that have no homes to go to, Mrs. McGlaggerty. That's fwhat they say, me frind. Some av th' asthrologers tells iz that the airth'll be destr'yed intoirely an' some tells iz that th' comick'll get th' worst av id, but they all agree that there'll be throuble av some soort an' that fwhin th' two joi'nts grapple somethin'll tear loose an' get lost in the shuffle. Oi hope id won't be my poor Billy goat, Mrs. McGlaggerty. He's not afeerd av comicks ur anythin' else an' maybe aff Oi kud make him andhershtan' fwhat's in shtore fur all av iz he'd come home airly to-noight an' laive the O'Connor's lace curtains alone an' quit aitin' up Mrs. McGrogan's dure mat that she gev \$2.50 fur two years ago comin' nuxt Pathrick's Day, Mrs. McGlaggerty. That's all Oi'm afeert av, is th' goat, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur me daughther sez she'll hoide andher th' bed an' Tammy'll be playin' pools in Brady's caffay, an' meself—well, as fur meself, me frind, Oi'll be sittin' in the kitchin beyant dhrinkin' me beer an' fwhisperin' me pray'rs fur meself an' waitin' fur the row to begin. Moind ye, Oi have no compoonctions an me own account, me frind, fur me sowl is clane av sin an' Oi'm not goin' into mournin' afore I'm kilt, but Oi'll tell ye fwhat, Mrs. McGlaggerty, it id make me feel rale bad aff this yairth av ours was to be knockt out be a monkey thing loike a comick wud a tail an id. Ow wow! but Oi wish they'd sind down a comick av my soize to tackle me. Maybe Oi wudn't twisht id's tail! Divil busht me aff Oi wudn't twisht id till the tears ran out av id's oyes, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

SOMETHING ABOUT STRIKES.

"Is th' shtrick over, Oi don't know, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Faix 'n' id's not, Mrs. Magoogin—no soigns av id bein' over id, me frind."

"Isn't id too bad intoirely, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Throth 'n' id is—bad enoof fur me, at anny rate, fur Oi have me husband Jurry at home an me hands, an' fwhat wud divil a cint comin' in an' a nuistigance av a man around th' house it fairly makes me sick, so it diz, Mrs. Magoogin."

"An 'ar' th' had carriers an shtrick, too, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Sure an' there's no breck fur thim, woman, an' fwhat's th' use av hads fwhin there's no breck ur morthur to be carried in thim, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yurra that's so, mavoorneen."

"Musha, bad luck to thimselves an' their shtricks, say Oi, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Ah-min! Mrs. McGlaggerty," and then the Widow, stretching herself across the fence, began to elucidate. "Fwhat's th' manin' av their shtricks anny way, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" she said; "they're always shtrickin' an' shtrickin' an' shtrickin' fur somethin', me frind, and be the bloind harse av Moses, Oi nuver see thim get anny gud out av id, uxcept to be oidle an' do nawhtin' an' get no pay fur id. The whole ins an' outs of id—th' rale thru an' unmishtakenable saycrit av id is this, Mrs. McGlaggerty—the man that gets a dollar a day goes out an a shtrick an' he gets nawthin'. It's th' deffrince bechuxt a dollar an' nawthin' that's th' deffrince bechuxt th' man an' a

shtrick an' th' man not an a shtrick. Remimber, me frind, that Oi'm not agin th' lab'rin' man—Oi airn me own livin' mesilf, as uv'ry daycint widdy woman in th' land shud do, but Oi'm agin th' min that puts mainness an' divilment into their heads an' takes thim away fram their wurruk an' pay, an' laives their woives an' childher to shtarve, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Let thim laive th' wurrukin' man alone, fw hy don't they, an' he'll harrum naither himself nor annybody else. But, no, thim alligators that gets ped fur shturrin' up these rumpisses musht come along an' make thim go out an their shtricks. By th' gonnies! but Oi'd alligator thim aff they uver come around thryin' anny av their alligatherin' wud me—thim an' th' walkin' dellygates! Oi'd make shkoitin' dellygates av thim aff they throied anny av their doidoes an yours throoly, Berdie Magoogin, Ushquoire, so Oi wud, an' that moighty quick, too.

“My b'y, Tammy, is always in fur anny throuble av this koinde—he always sez th' min an shtrick has his sym—he mains his sympattios, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' he shticks up fur thim loike uv'rything. Howsomuver, wan day, Oi axed Tammy to take th' can an' loike a gud b'y go an' run an' bring a nickel av beer. ‘Fwhat'll ye give me?’ sez he. ‘A pinny, Tammy, alanna,’ sez Oi. ‘An' fwhat gud's a pinny?’ sez he. ‘You kin buy yoursel' a rewolower wud id, Tammy, an' ye've bin wantin' a rewolower so long, me darlint,’ sez Oi. ‘Aw, go an' git out,’ sez he. ‘Oi'll not bring no beer fur nobody fur a shtinkin' little owld pinny,’ sez he. ‘Oh, ye'll not?’ sez Oi. ‘No, Oi'll not,’ sez he. ‘Oi'm an a shtrick.’ ‘Oh, ho, an' so ye're an a shtrick, Tammy, agrah?’ sez Oi, all the fwhoile raichin' me hand behoind the shtove fur th' pittaty poundher. ‘Yis, Oi am,’ sez he, turnin' to go out th' dure. ‘An' so am Oi,’ sez Oi, comin' behoind him wud th' poundher an' givin' him a clip av id in th' poll that filled his head wud firecrackers

an' shkoy rockets. Well, do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, he sheraimed as aff he was kilt outright an' Oi had to bowlt th' dures an' windies to keep th' whole neighborhood fram hearin' him. He got over id afther a fwhoile, though, an' wint fur th' beer an' nuver axed even fur th' pinny. That was th' fursht an' th' lasht shtrick he wint an, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'm the laddy buck that shtands no fool-ishness, me frind!"

BARRING CHILDREN OUT OF FLATS.

"Fwhy dizn't ye rint a flat, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" the Widow Magoogin inquired.

"For why, Mrs. Magoogin?" the neighbor asked

"Oh, bekase it id be so aisy fur ye to get wan; ye haves no childher, do you moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow.

"That's thru fur you," the neighbor replied. "But what has childher to do wid rintin' flats, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Uvrythin', Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow; "uv'rythin' in the wurrild, bekase aff ye haves the shloightist shushpeecions av childher about ye now the divil a chance ye shtand at all, at all, av gittin' yer nose insoide the dure, to say naythin' av gittin' the roof over yer head. 'No childher need apploy' is the motto av the flats fwherever ye go to-day. Bad dang to thim, but id's gettin' to be a croime to have a kid av yer own. Wan id think there was somethin' shameful and disgracin' about bein' the mother av a family be the way they acts fwthin ye go to rint a house. 'Have ye anny childher?' sez they. 'Two air tree, or tin ur twinty,' sez you, accordin' to the num'er. 'An' how owld is th' youngesht?' sez they. 'Six months,' sez

you. 'Thin shloide aff an yer eyebrow,' sez they, 'fur we don't want no childher in this flat,' sez they. 'Fwhat's the bejection?' sez you. 'Nawthin' only they're dang nooshinces,' sez they, an' away ye go, hangin' yer head, wid yer heart dhroopin' an' blishes playin' up an' down yer boickbone, reelin' loike a shaved dog in a rainshtorm, simply becuse ye have eight ur tin little wans at home that ar' a dishgrace to ye.

"Oi wandher aff anny av these flat owners uver war childher thimself's. Oi'll howld air a wan av thim tin dollars that he nuver was bawrned, but that the fairies changed him in the cradle, an' that aff ye pit him an a shovel an' howld him over the foire he'll holler loike the very divil himsel'. Peel the hoide aff av him an' belyow id ye'll foind a leprechaun. Fwhishper, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhat'll the wuruld come to, me frind, aff id's goin' to be a croime to have childher? They won't rint iz their houses, now; they'll be puttin' iz in jail nuxt waik, mebbe, an' thin the moonth afther they'll be takin' iz out an' shwingin' iz hoigh an' happy from the gallows, an' all bekase God has bin gud enoof to iz to give iz a gossoon ur two to be throublin' oursel's wid.

"Thunder an' turf, but isn't id main the payple are all gettin' to be intoirely! A fwhile ago there ushed to be baby shows wud proizes for babies, an' the mooter that had a string av youngsters stretchin' half aroun' a block was the proide an' anner av her seck. To-day she's dish-poised an' reddykuled, and fwhin a woman wants to rint a house she's got to be able to shwear that she has no cerkylation at all, an' make an oath an a shtack of Boibles also that so lang as she lives an the primises she'll not have a baby ur aivin luk cruiked at wan, so help her Gin'ral Jackson. Babies makes min an' wimmin, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' aff the folks that builds houses is goin' to discrimmy-

nate against the darlint little craythurs that we juggle an our knees, thin the min an' wimmin av the fucher 'll have to be bawrned in shtables ur opin lots, ur not be bawrned at all, be gonnies."

THE GREAT AMERICAN HOG.

"Did ye uver see a hog, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Is id a hog ye mane, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis, ma'am, a hog—a rale owld bryute in hewman forrum, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"An' is that th' koind av hog id is, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"That an' none other, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the widow, "an id's manny's the wan av thim ye've seen aff ye'd only know'd id, me frind. The papers is wroitin' up th' great Amerrykin hog uv'ry day now, an' annybody that nuver saw wan kin mighty purty soon foind out fwhat the hog is an' fwhat he luks loike. There's the hog that chews tobacky in th' sthreet carrs, an' the hog that crasses his fut over an to yer new gingham dhress fwhin id has mud an id, bad luk to him fur th' mane an' durrtty owld hog that he is, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' th' fat hog that's so fat that he takes up all th' sait an' don't laive as mooch as th' breadth av yer nail fur a noice an' daycint-soized faymale loike mesel', an'—but, oh my! Mrs. McGlaggerty, the worst an' mainest an' bla'guardistist hog av thim all is th' able-bodied man that sits shtill in his sait, readin' th' advertoise-ments in th' papers an' laives th' gerruls an' womin shtandin' up in th' caars an their two feet, no matther how toired ur throubled they may be. Upon me sowl, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi often feel loike takin' wan av thim be th' scruff av th' nick an' roisin' him out av his sait an' rowlin'

him upon the flyure. Fur two pins Oi'd be after doin' id sometoimes, jusht fur the purpose av teachin' the ould pork and bains a lesson, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Some payple thinks th' shmashers is hogs, but Oi don't. Oi have nawthin' in the wurruld agin the shmashers. They're very purty min an' they shmoiles an you, oh, so cutely, Mrs. McGlaggerty! They shmoiles at me all the toime. My b'y Tammy sez they must be blound ur have a pain in the sthummick to shmoile at me, an' me daughter Toozy sez Oi'm gettin' silly; but we hear ducks, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'm not half as silly as some Oi know that ar' younger an' sillier than me. Shmashers kin do me no harrum, me frind. Oi let thim shmoile an me wud th' greatest av animosity, because Oi takes id as a compliment to me beauty, do ye see, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' not as an insult to me repytation, as some owld faymale cranks diz. Th' shmasher's no hog, Mrs. McGlaggerty, anyways he's got no shnout an him, loike th' hogs that won't give their saits to ladies. Bad sesht to th' langwid luxuriosity av thim same sait-howlding hogs! But id's aften an' aften Oi've thawt Oi'd loike to plunk down into wan av their laps aff id wasn't fur the shcandaliousniss that it id cause, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Pon me sowl, id's a fact, me frind!"

KEEPING COOL IN HOT WEATHER .

"It's quare, isn't it, that uvrybody's remonstratin' about the hait, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow.

"An' fur why shudn't they, Mrs. Magoogin? Sure an' isn't it hot enough in the sun to bile a peaytie widout pot ur wather ur anything else, agrah?"

"Nonsinse, nonsinse, Mrs. McGlaggerty," replied the Widow. "It's nothing but the woild ravins av a disaised

imagineeshun, as me daughter Toozy wud say. Fwhy, this weather's not hot enough to bring the bloosh av shame to the cheek av a red-headed gerrul, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Arrah, fwhat are ye talkin' about, woman aloive?" broke in the neighbor. "Have ye taken laive ov yer elivin sines entoirely ur don't ye know that the hait is killin' payple be the thousands, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oi'm fully an' intoirely aware, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, assuming about fifteen cents' worth of dignity, "that many are doyin' this summer that didn't doie lasht winther, but it's their own faults, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' the poor innocint hait ought no more to be blamed fur it than Oi shud be foined tin dollars fur cuttin' me own head aff this very minnit, Mrs, McGlaggerty. The throuble wid the payple that gets sunsthuck, me frind, is that they don't know how to keep cool whin the thrimmometer begins to bile. As, for insthance, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi have a cousin, Jurry Hoolihin, who dhroives a Fusht Avenyoo car-r, an' fwhether you'll belaiive me ur no, me frind, his feet niver get cowld in th' cowldest days av winther. An' fur fwhy? Bekase, Mrs. McGlaggerty, he knows how to keep thim warrum. He carries a wee dhrop av the craythure in his pocket and fwhinnuver he feels Jack Frosht nibblin' at his feet he bobs down behoid the dashboard an' takes a swig, an' that warrums him up all over, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"An' so, be the same token, me frind, Oi have a little patint of me own fur givin' owld Sol the'skewgee an' keepin' meself as cool as a refrigerather. Fwhat is it? Well, it's aisy tellin,' Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' it's a dang soight aiser doin' aff ye have the proice av a pint, me frind. Ye're bushted, eh? Thin ye'll have to be satisfied wid the tellin' of it, fur Oi'm bushted meself to-day, an' Oi don't know how Oi'm goin' to howld out antil 'Toozy comes home from

the box facthry an' Oi borry tin cints from her—that's aff she'll let me have it, Mrs. McGlaggerty. She's very hoigh-chooned an' elaborit in her doidoes since she's bin keepin' comp'ny wid that Delancey Street jood av hers, an' she dizn't loike to see a dhrop av mixed ale come into the house afther sivin o'clock P. Im, at noight, as she sez wid her Cinthre Street Frinch accint. But nuver moind about that, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur Oi want to tell ye about me sovrin rimidy fur wardin' aff sunsthrick.

“An' this is the way Oi do it, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwin Oi know that the day is goin' to be intherestingly hot, Oi tell me son Tommy as he's goin' out to play in the mornin' to be sure to be in to see me at laist uvery hour durin' the day, fur Oi'll be naidin' a fresh pint at laist that often, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Thin wid me pint beside me on the kitchin table an' me feet reshtin' comfortable loike on wan chair an' meself on another, an' a pam-laif fan in me hand, Oi'll defoy wind ur weather ur the landlord ur anny other owld thing to destr'y me paice av moind ur aise av bedy, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Gimme a pint fwhin an' fwhere Oi want it, me frind, an' nayther Greenland's oicy mountings nor Alashky's coral shtrands has the power to do me anny harrun, me frind.

“The thrubble wid mosht av the payple that gets sunsthruck, Mrs. McGlaggerty, is that they're botherin' their heads about the bonnits ur dollyket dhresses they'll wear to the comic opry nuxt winther, ur the proices av shtocks, ur who'll be ther nuxt Prisident av the Noo Noited Shtates, ur some other crazy nonsinse av that soort; an' they have no contint av moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Now, Oi'm deffrint, me frind. Me pint is all Oi'm axin' ur carin' fur. Gimme that an' the roof above me head an' a good Soonday dinner av corn bafe an' cabbidge, an' Oi don't care a bloody dang fwwhether the sthreets run knee-deep wid moulderin'

lead ur crashin' oicebergs, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oh, Oi tell you, me frind, that there's nawthin' in this wurruld that kin bate contint av moind an' a daycint pint av mixed ale—av specially fwthen the thrimmometer is up to his divilish tanthrums, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

HOW SHE'D RUN A CABLE CAR.

"War ye uver in love, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" the Widow asked.

"Yurra, fwat a nonsinsical an' ondaycint kusion fur ye to be afther axin," said the neighbor.

"Sure an' fwat's nonsinsical about it?" replied the Widow. "But thaats not fwat Oi mint to ax ye annyhow, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It's this, me frind: Did ye uver see such gerruls as are goin' nowadays, wid such hoighchooned airs an' pittin on more shtoyle than a Dago's monkey wid a red hat an' imbridered jacket on, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Their carryins-on ud make the rackyroinus up in Cinthril Parruk sick, an' th' way they howld up their heads an' shniff at the pratinshuns av iz poor common folks makes me often feel loike givin' thim a puck in the sowlar plixus wid a clothes pole. There's me own daughther Toozy, fur inshtance. A shtuck-upper hussy nuver dhrew the breath av loife here in Churry sthreet. She was discharraged from the box facth'ry th' other day fur writin' powthry to her beau fwthin she shud have bin attindin' to her worruk, an' fwthin Oi towld her lasht noight to go up to the Thurd Avnoo road an' ax fur a job as conducthor she lukt at me as aff Oi was a rotten apple and towlt me to go take a runnin' joomp an' chase meself. Th' oidaya av her talkin in that toon av vice to me, her only mother, Mrs. McGlaggerty! 'Never moind, me gay gerrul,' sez Oi,

'but Oi'll chase meself suner than'll soot ye ur yer Delancey shtreet jood, fur the nixt toime he shows his nose in this dure Oi'll chase him all the way up to Harlem wid a kittle av hot wather.' An' so help me Fin McCool aff Oi don't, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"But fur fwly shud ye ax her to be a conducthor an the cars, Mrs. Magoogin?" the neighbor inquired.

"An' fur fwly not, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" the Widow retorted. "Sure an' aren't gerruls worrukin as conducthors out in Oheeo, airnin' their noice little foor dollars a wake and makin' a great dale betther conducthors nor the min iz? To be coorse there's none av thim here, but there's nawthin' loike larnin', as my boy Tammy that won't go to school sez, an' it ud be a dang good thing aff there war some av thim an the Thurd Avnoo cable car's, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Aff me daughter Toozy had anny spoonk ur sinse she'd throw over her socociety manners an' throyin' to break into the Foor Hundhert and be the fusht gerrul in Noo Yorruck to conduct a shtreet car-r. It ud be the makins av her, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' talk about refarms, me frind, Docthor Packharse an' Teddy Roosevelt an' Captin Chapman wud the fwiskers wudn't be in id wid her, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But no, she cocks her fate an the shtove wid a buke av Tom Moore's powthry in her hand an tells her koind an daycint an harrud-wurrukin' mother to go chase herself. Nuver mind, though, Mrs. McGlaggerty; mebbe Oi'll go an' be a conducthor mesilf, an' aff Oi do woc be to the Dalancey street joods an' the purfeshnil byooties that roids in my car-r. Oi'll make the joods give up their sates to the washerwimmin an' Oi'll pit the purfeshnil byooties an the front platfawrm fwhere they'll get sand in their oyes an' the wind'll peel the paint aff their chakes. An' Oi'll let no man shtand an the back platfawrm an blyow shmoke into the ladies' faces unless it is a poor man

goin' home from worruk shmokin his dudheen, an' not aningin. An' Oi'll tell ye roight now, Mrs. McGlaggerty, no faymale passinger had betther pit an airs wud me ur thry to talk boick to me in haughty accints through her nose. Aff she diz she'll get the worst av it, me frind, fur Oi'll be lukin' the other way fwhin she wants to get aff an' Oi'll carry her tin blocks beyant her cawrner, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

THE FIN DE SIECLE IRISH WAKE.

"Af uver Oi was t'undherstruck in all me loife it was lasht noight," said the Widow, raising her hands and lowering them in a manner expressive of her aversion to going through the same experience again.

"Fwhot struck ye?" asked Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Well, me frind, fwhin ye hear it," said Mrs. Magoogin, "ye'll be t'undherstruck yerself, fur av all the quare sayin's an' doin's that have come to me andhersthandin' since me godmother held me in her arms, God bless her, an' the holy wather was fusht poored upan me timpls, there's nawthin' quarer or sthranger than this, an' ye'll say so yerself fwhin ye hear, so ye will, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi was over at Shanty Maguire's wake last noight—heaven bliss the poor owld man fwheruver his sowl is to-day—an' do yez know it loked no more loike a wake to me than my owld goat beyant there luks loike your Jurry. It was so quiet an' aisy an' over-dacint soort av, that the Lord forgive me, but Oi thought for a fwhoile it was a grave-robbin' inthertainmint we war at. The candles war burnin' at Shanty's head, an' there was fwhoite cloths an' the peekthurs an' a table wud a fwhoite cloth an it, belyow the coffin, but divil a poipe or bit av tobacky, or pinch av

shnuff was to be had annyfwhere, an' fwhat's worse, sorra the dhrop to dhrink passed annybody's lips durin' the whole noight.

"Well, that's not all. The worse is to come, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Sure an' about noine o'clock didn't Mrs. Moll'y that's known the Maguoires fur thurty-wan years walk in, an' fwhin Mrs. Maguoire see her an' she see Mrs. Maguoire, didn't the two av thim fall in aich ither's arms, an' in a twinklin' afore a sowl knowed fwhat was goin' on, didn't Mrs. Moll'y sthart up cryin' the keen, 'Och, ho! ho! ho! Shanty Maguoire! fwhy did yez doy! fwhy did yez doy?' She was goin' an, fwhin, wan, two, three, loike a sthraid av grazed loightnin' in rished wan av Shanty's daughters, an' takin' Mrs. Moll'y be the shoulder sez to her, sez she, wud her nose cocked in the air, an' a v'ice an her loike a shky tarrier fwhin he's barkin' fram a foorth sthory windy, 'Say, Mrs. Moll'y,' sez she, 'we don't want no Oirish cry here,' sez she, 'so plaize howld yer gob.'

"Ow, wow! but wasn't Mrs. Moll'y mad! She red-dened up as red as my hair, Mrs. McGlaggerty, and she shtopped the keenin' there an' thin. She sed nawthin' an account av the man that was lyin' dead afore thim, but she gev Miss Maguoire a luk that wint through an' through her, an' fwhat she's sayin' about her this mawrnin' is annything but gud or koind. Uvrybody prisint felt sorry an' insulted, an' who'd blame thim? Did yez uver hear the loike, Mrs. McGlaggerty? The little shnip! She didn't want the Oirish cry, an' Mrs. Moll'y's the finest keener that's to be had in this part av the counthry!

"Musha, bad look to thim, an' my mainest curse an their manners; but fwhat is the wurruld comin' to, anyway? It's a sin to be Oirish an' a croime to confess it.

Be heavens, they're taking away our wakes fram iz aiven, an' soon we'll have nawthin' left. Fwhat they diz do now, the little shrimpeens av gerls that arranges our wakes nowadays, but give out cigars, inshtead av the gud ould clay poipes an' tobacky, an' in place of sindin' round de decanther wud a little av the rale shtuff in it or some poort woine, or mebbe a glass av beer, fwhat diz they have but a supper shpread in the kitchen at twelve o'clock, wud cowld ham an' bread an' butther an' coffee an' tay or hot limonade, bad scran to it, for some av it nairly sthrangled me lasht noight! They won't let iz ould folks have no more foon, an' aff anybody dar's to roise the Oirish cry they quickly get the same thraitment that Mrs. Molloy got.

"Wurra! wurra! wurra! but fwhat quare ways there are in this wurruld! But as fur the wakes they diz have, they're nawthin' compared to the wakes we used to have afore tobacy-shtimmers and dhry goods clarks got too hoigh-chooned to be Oirish. Thim are the toimes that wakes was wakes, an' Oi remimber wan fwhin Oi fusht kem to this counthry fwhere the whole crowd got foightin', an' wan man bit another's nose aff. Ah, but there are no more wakes loike thim. Sure and wid the wakes they diz have now, divil a wan aff the corpse kin till fwether he's dead or no, or fwhat's thranspoirin' around him, an' they moight as well shtick a wisp av sthraw in an owld dhrygoods box an' give a tay party over it fur all the good their new-fangled way av wakin' thim diz the dead. Isn't that so, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Troth an' faix 'n you're roight it is, alanna!"

AN IRISHMAN DISCOVERED AMERICA.

“Fwhat do ye think av Christopher Columbius, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

“He musht be a great man, Mrs. Magoogin; they’ve been making such a hullaballo about him.”

“Sure an’ he’s dead, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“Is that so, now, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“Yis, an’ he’s dead a long toime, me frind,” said the Widow. “Sure an’ he’s the man who dishcovert this counthry. He was shipwrackt, ur sumthin’, an’ he wint ashore an’ saw the Injuns shootin’ buffalo an’ killin’ fwhoite payple, an’ fwhat did he do but go back to Shpain an’ tell the King an’ Queen about id, an’ they made him a Count, and gev him a eashtle, an’ uver afther that he wint through loife injyin’ himself loike a foine laddy-buck, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Me b’y Tammy sez Columbius is a great big fake. He sez that the counthry was here all the toime an’ anny wan wud half an eye in his head kud see id afore he’d get widin tin moile av the Sandy Huke loight. Oi come purty near thinkin’ so mesilf, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Upon me wurrud, Oi’d not be very long floatin’ about in the say off av Foire Oisland afore Oi’d raich out fur a loife presurver an’ shwim ashore.

“But the Oytalyans, bad rattle their garlicky breaths, think he did somethin’ great, an’ begorra they wor singin’ ‘Vivi Macaroni’ from mornin’ till noight all av lasht week. Thim that wurruks in the gas-house got that shtuck up, Pat Linnin tells me, that the gang had to dale thim a clout afore the 12th av the moonth to take the starch out av thim. Me daughter Toozy soides wud the Oytalyans, d’ye moind, an’ is wroitin’ a piece av poethry to be read at

Shecawgo fwhin the big Fair opens there. Oi towlt her Oi thought she ought to be in betther business than wroitin' songs about paynut peddlers an' organ groinders, an' that id was a very poor return fur the koindness that Shecawgo's done her fwhin id gev her a divorsht from Ditch Henery to be peltin' id wud poethry about th' durty Oytalyans. An' aren't Oi roight, Mrs. McGlaggerty? But fwhishper, woman, d'ye know that Oi'm av the same moind as the man that wrote to wan av the papers lasht waik. Oi think id was an Oirishman that dishcovered Ameriky. And d'ye know fwwhy, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Bekase the bukes sez so.

"Id was St. Brindin or St. Pathrick, Oi don't know exactly fwwhich now, that fusht sot fut on the shores av this counthry, an' th' mane owld Oytalyans shnaiked in aftherwards an' shtole his thunder. Sure an' who in the divil uver hurd av Columbius antil a few weeks ago, fwhin they began to get up the celebration in his hanner, an' Oi shuppose they're doin' id to make up fur th' Oytalyans that was lynched down in New Orleans, an' that th' King av Italy med such a ruction about. Fwhereas St. Pathrick—bliss an' praise his mim'ry!—we've hurd av him all th' coime, an' we had parades in hanner av him. Many's the year he was the cock of the walk in the Noo Noited Shtates afore Columbius an' his yally flags was uver dhrempt av, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'm an the soide av St. Pathrick annyhow, in this kustion, me frind. Aff he didn't dishcover Ameriky he kud have done id, an' aff he had a done id he'd done id a danged soight betther than Columbius, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

GUM CHEWING AND SLANG.

Mrs. McGlaggerty and the Irish Widow sat on the front stoop of the latter's house the other night, and watched Mrs. Magoogin's billy-goat trying to eat the leg off an old iron pot that was leaning against the hydrant.

"Do ye know, me frind," said Mrs. Magoogin, "that it's a great wandher to me fwhat makes all the gerruls be chewin' gum?"

"They all do it," said Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Faix'd they do," responded the Widow, "an' it's not the gerruls alone, but the min that does be afther chewin' the durty shtuff from mawrnin' till noight, like cows chawin' their cuds. Arrah musha my, but sstrange things is comin' to pass fwhin min an' wimmin that you'd think 'ould have betther sinse keep their jaws goin' foruver as hard as aff they wor gittin' a dollar an' a quarther a day fur their thrubble. Sure an' do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that my son Tommy, as ye calls the toof, towld me that chewin' gum is med out av naygurs' heels an' grasshappers' wings. Jisht do ye think av it, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhoite min an' fwhoite wimmin fillin' their clane mouths wid naygurs' heels an' grasshappers. Be all that's howly, aff Oi was a moskeety shtarvin' to death on the plains, an' had nawthin' to nibble on but a naygur's heel, Oi'd lave it alone.

"Fwhin Oi tell Arethoosy fwhat her chewin' gum is med out aff she laughs in me face an' sez Oi'm aff me chimp. Aff me chimp, indade! Faix an' Oi'll show her wan av these foine days that it's aff her feet an' shtandin' an her head she'll be in the alley beyant aff she tries any too much shlang an wid me. Oi'm an ould woman, Mrs.

McGlaggerty—that is, I’m oulder than Oi was afwhoile back—an’ be me hopes av heaven—an’ Oi’d not part wid thim for a grate dale, me frind—Oi nuver hurd sich talk or saw sich soights as there is in socoiety now-a-days. Wid their gum chewin’ an’ their shlang shlingin’ it’s hard tellin’ fwhither a Cherry shtreet belle or an Avenue A jood is man, woman or monkey. Divil resaive the bit av lie Oi’m tellin’ ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Bad dang thim! they makes gud honist payple mad to be lookin’ at thim. For my part, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi’m afther thinkin’ that in a few years it’s not min an’ wimmin that we’ll be afther having in this wurd, but doime mewseeum curassities.”

THE NEW SONGS.

“Hi there, Mrs. McGlaggerty!”

“Fwhat the divil is id now, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“Come over here. Oi want to shpake a wurrud to ye.”

“Very well, ma’am, here Oi am. Shpit id out.”

“Ye’ve hurc th’ noo songs that’s out, Oi shuppose, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

“How kud Oi help hearin’ thim, Mrs. Magoogin, wid your daughther Toozy singin’ coon songs, an’ ‘Two Little Gerruls in Biyue,’ an’ ‘Annie Rooney,’ an’ ‘Down Wint McGinty’ from mawrnin’ antil noight?”

“Yis, bad sesht to her,” said the Widow, vehemently, “she’s always liftin’ that chewin’ gum v’ice av hers in some av thim sinseless songs. Oh, my! but they’re nawthin’ at all compared wid th’ lovely songs they ushed to sing fwhin you an’ Oi war gerruls, Mrs. McGlaggerty. There was ‘Th’ Fwhoite Cockade,’ an’ ‘Th Campbells Ar’ Comin’, Hurroo, Hurraw!’ an’ ‘A Sailor Coorted a Farmer’s Daughter,’ an’ a thousan’ an’ wan other byootiful things

too numerosity to mintion, me frind. Oh! but thim war potes that wrote thim songs in those days, Mrs. McGlaggerty—Thomas Myoore an' Clarence Mangan an' Micky Davitt an' Owin Roe O'Naill. 'Pon me wurrud, it breaks my h'art to think fwhat we have come to. Me daughther Toozy jisht dhrove me out av th' house singin' a new piece av divilthry about love an' kisses that goes loike this, Mrs. McGlaggerty, only mebbe a little worse:

Shwate Katy Connor

Oi dotes upon her.

Oh, Kate, Kate,

As sure as fate

Ye'll have to marry me,

Ur Oi'll take a nochin

To doive into the oachin

'An' mash wan av the murmaids at the bottom av th' say!'

"Now, fwhat dang nonsinse that is, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Annie Rooney' was bad enoof wud ids beaus an' ids Joes, ids Annies an' ids tooty-frooty mushiniss, but here's a dang fool av a ninnyhammer that wants to dhrown himsel' on account av a red-headed piece called Katy O'Connor, an' Oi'll howld anny wan tin cints she doesn't care fwether he's an this himisphere ur not, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' Oi'll bet she's no betther nor anybody else an' her havin' songs wrote about her an' sung upon th' shtage. Nobody uver wrote a song about me, an' fwthin Oi was a shlip av a gerrul, Mrs. McGlaggerty, there isn't a Katy Connor in all Noo Yarrick nur in th' Fust Ward aither that kud howld a candle to me in th' way av bein' gud-lookin' an' attrhactive, Mrs. McGlaggerty. God forgive me, me frind, fur sayin' so, but thim 'Annie Rooney' an' 'Katy O'Connor' songs makes me sick. They makes my b'y Tammy very

toired, too. Upon me sowl Oi'm goin' to put up a sign sayin' that annybody that sings thim koind av songs in my house anny more diz so on their own responsibility, an' Oi'll not answer fur th' consekinces aff somebody shcalds thim. Throth 'n Oi'll keep the bilin' hot wather handy mesel', so Oi will, Mrs. McGlaggerty. They kin sing 'Th' Harp That Wanst Through Tarry Halls' ur 'Th' Exoile av Airyin' all they plaises, but thim rattle-brain rhoymes about 'Annie Rooney' an' 'Katy O'Connor,' nuver—no ma'am, nuver! Oi'll have thim andhersthand id that way, too! D'ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty?

"An' talkin' about singin', Mrs. McGlaggerty, mebber ye don't know that Oi had a v'ice meself wanst, me frind, an' that Oi kud put more h'art into 'Roise Up, Willie Reilly' an' 'Green Grows the Rushes, O!' than any gerrul that uver opin'd her shnout in th' County Roscommon, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Did ye uver hear thim singsther in th' Cathaydral up abow? No? Well, the besht av thim ar' tin fwhishtles compared to fwhat Berdie Magoogin ushed to be. Me father had an uncle that ushed to come twinty-noine moile twoict a year to hear me sing about th' sailor that coorted th' farmer's daughter, an' manny's the sixpince he gev me fur doin' id, too, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Uv'rybody said they thought Oi'd go on the shtage loik Pattie an' Maggie Cloine, an' be a great primmer donny, but th' divil had a howlt av me shkerts, fillin' id wid bad luck, an' inshtead av goin' on th' shtage Oi kept aff id, an' here Oi am to-day, sthruugglin' an' scrapin' fur a livin' fwhin Oi moight be rowlin' 'round in me carridge atin' cake an' dhrinkin' woine an' makin' mashs loike Lillian Russell an' th' resht av thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"But talkin' about sangs, me frind, that 'Afther the Ball' takes the cake. Be gorry id's th' worsht Oi uver herd. As my b'y Tammy sez, id's a loo-loo. D'ye know

id's nuver out av me ears? Mornin', noon an' noight id's goin', fusht an wan flyure an' thin an another, an' thin an' the sthreet, an' may th' oyes nuver laive me head aff the Ditch woman acrast the sthreet hasn't taught her owld parrot to sing id. The bands an' th' hand organs have id an' th' fwistlin' coon isn't a sarcumsthance alongsoid av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Sometoimes Oi think it'll dhrive iz all to dhrink, me frind. Me daughther Toozy sings id, too, an' she's taichin' id to th' baby that's only two years old, d'ye moind. Be gorry, Billy the goat 'll be bahahain' id next, but God help his long green an' yally fwishkers aff he diz, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi say all koinds av mane things to Toozy, but she won't give up th' sang; so Oi've hot an another expairimint, me frind. Oi have a sang av me own makin' up that Oi sing uvry toime Tammy or Toozy shtarts in to sing 'Afther th' Ball.' It's this. Lish-ten to id, Mrs. McGlaggerty:

“After th' ball is andher
 Tommy McGinness's vesht,
 Divil a hair need anny wan care
 For Tommy 'll do th' resht,
 Mary a ball 'll go afther the first,
 Oh, kud ye but count thim all,
 Thin ye'd a know'd how he got his load
 Afther th' ball!

“There, now, how is that, me frind? Tom Moore nuver wrote anythin' loike that. They'll be singin' ud in Tony Pashtor's nixt wake. Don't ye think id's as gud as th' rale 'Afther th' Ball,' or is id betther? Be gorry, aff id war as bad Oi'd go out an th' Bow'ry an' throw bokays at meself, Mrs. McGlaggerty!”

ARETHUSA AND HER BEAU.

ARETHUSA AND HER BEAU.

HER DAUGHTER'S PRIDE.

Mrs. McGlaggerty was having her shanty whitewashed.

"Fwhat are ye doin'?" asked Mrs. Magoogin of her neighbor, as the two stood in the back yard regarding the elderly darkey who was doing the calcimining.

"Paintin' the house," answered Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"So Oi see," the Irish Widow retorted. "Paintin' it wid fwhoitewash, an' id's very byootiful ye'll be afther makin' id, too, judgin' be fwhat Oi kin see av fwhat's already done. Let me ax ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, are ye goin' to put anny dado or freshco or fido on it, to set aff the resht av the bizniss? No? Faix 'n Oi'm glad av that. Ye'll have it plain fwhoite an' nothin' else? No yallow, sugar-cured-ham thrimmin's or doime novel nonsinse about it, but plain, pure, unadultherated fwhoite? That plaises me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' do ye know fwhy? Bekase the minnit me daughter Arethoosy kums home here an' sees the new paint on yer house she'll ate the hands an' head aff av me antil Oi consint to have our little place thraited to a coat av the same color, so the plainer you make yours, Mrs. McGlaggerty, the chaiper the expinse 'll be on me.

"Oh, but it's a terrible thing to have a daughter growin' up in a noice, quoiert, dacint neighborhud coortin' a little, bandy-legged Dootch grocery clerk wid notions as hoigh-

chuned as a mellionaire's, an' britches as toight an' short-waishted as a jood! There's nawthin' ye kin do that's gud enough, an' there's nawthin' goin' an in s'ciety but ye musht have. For an anosthinthatious widdy loike meself that has nawthin' but her good name an' a few palthry dollars shtandin' bechune hersilf an' heaven, it's enough to dhroive me crazy. Uv'ry toime Hinry comes to the house—Hinry is the little cross-eyed Dootchman's name—there's some new doido to inthertain him wid. Do you know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Oi'm foriver makin' tay an' bakin' bish-kits fur that hungry-faced divil. Be heavens, Oi'm comin' to belayve that he doesn't get a boite to ate at home at all, he's so starved and pinched lukin', the poor crayther.

“But no matther, bechune him an' Arethoosy Oi'm kept in hot wather, an' now fwhin she kums home she'll be afther raisin' the very divil on account av yer house havin' the fwhoitewash an it. Oi'll have to go out to-morry an' get some wan to fwhoitewash my place, so that Hinry's h'art won't be broke an' Arethoosy's sowl racked be seein' your risidince risin' be the soide av ours loike a ghost in a coalyard or a marble tombstone in a blackberry patch. Ain't it froightful, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Oi wish to heaven that Arethoosy was marri'd an' her husband in jail the way both av ihm 'ould be out av my soight, an' the worsht av it all is, me frind, that no sooner 'll Oi have the walls painted as fwhoite as the dhreven shnow but my son Tammy, that ye all calls the Toof to, 'll begin playin' hand-ball agin it an' speckle it all over wid black blotches antil it luks loike a clown with the shmalle pox.”

JONQUILS FOR THE TABLE.

"Do ye see thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" said the Widow Magoogin, showing a bunch of jonquils in her hand as she gracefully balanced herself upon the fence.

"Do ye see thim?" she said again.

"Oi do," answered the neighbor.

"Av coorse ye do," said Mrs. Magoogin. "Sure an' wudn't a bloind man see thim aff he had the use av his eyes. Oi know ye sees thim, but do yez know fwhat they are?"

"They're flowers," Mrs. McGlaggerty responded.

"To be coorse they're flyowers," said the Widow, half disgusted with her neighbor's obtuseness. "Anybody 'ould see they war flyowers, but fwhat koind of flyowers?"

"Divil a wan o' me knows or cares, aither," Mrs. McGlaggerty replied.

"Oi thawt ye didn't know," the Widow went on. "It 'ould take a shmarter woman nor you or me, aither, Mrs. McGlaggerty, to know fwhat they are, an' fwhin we did know the divil a bit betther aff we'd be. But lavin' the kustion av the charackther av the flyowers aside, me frind, Oi'll hold ye the price av a can av beer that ye can't guess fwhat they're for. Ye won't? Well, ye moight as well not, fur aff ye war guessin' from this out until the next flyud ye'd nuver wanst hit the mark; so Oi'll shpare ye yer toime be tellin' ye. Do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that fwhin Arethoosy kem home a few minnits ago fram her wurruk she handit me these an' sez to me: 'Be careful av thim, mother, fur Hinry is comin' over to supper to-noight an' Oi want to pit thim on the table.' 'Pit thim yally things an the table,' sez Oi, 'fwhat for?' sez Oi. 'To awrnamint

it,' sez she. 'An' fwat are they?' sez Oi. 'Filyowers,' sez she. 'Aye, but fwat koind av filyowers?' sez Oi. 'Johnny Keels,' sez she. 'An' who is Johnny Keels?' sez Oi, thinkin' mebbe it moight be a new smash she had med in the tobacky facthory. 'Oh, go an' throw mood at yourself,' sez she, gettin' soort av mad. 'Faix 'n Oi won't do anythin' av the koind,' sez Oi, 'but aff Oi throw mood at anny wan it'll be at you,' sez Oi, 'an don't you forget that, me foine lassie,' says Oi. 'Oi'd loike to see you thry it,' says she. 'Ye wud, wud ye?' sez Oi, an' wid that Oi hot her a blyow av the fryin' pan an' the forrud that kem near knockin' her into th' middle av next week.

"She shniffed an' cried a gud bit afther that, an' it was some toime afore Oi kud ax her anny more about Johnny Keels. Then she tould me that Johnny Keels was Frinch, an' that it was the name av the filyowers, an' it was the latest fashion in s'coiety to pit them an the table fur awnamint, so she brawt thim home from the markit as she was passin'. 'Well, Arethoosy,' sez Oi, 'it's a foine fool you do be makin' av yerself,' sez Oi, 'bringin' home ev'ry nonsinsical thing that s'coiety is ayjiots enough to rin afther,' sez Oi. 'Sure, an' phwat gud are filyowers an a table?' sez Oi; 'ye can't ate thim,' sez Oi; 'an it won't fill yer belly anny fuller to luk at thim,' sez Oi, 'fwhoile the shmell av thim,' sez Oi, 'reminds me av fat naygurs in a crowded shtreet car on a hot day in Augusht,' sez Oi. 'Oh, nia, how can you say so,' sez she, twishtin' her nick an' sherewin' up her mouth loike she diz fwthin she throys to pit on airs. 'Oi think they're very freagrant,' sez she. 'So is a goat's breath,' sez Oi, 'an' there the argymint kem to an ind, for no matter fwat Oi said she paid no attintion to it. She is gone to the groc'ry now to buy some sugar cakes an' a bit av a poy fur Hinry

fwhin he comes to supper, an' here are the Johnny Keels that'll be set afore him.

“Oi’ve half a notion, Mrs. McGlaggerty, to pit this at wan ind av the table, an’ a boonch av inyuns in a glass at the other ind. Hinry wouldn’t know the difference, an’ aff he did an’ dar’d to open his mouth Oi’d sheald him. Oi dor’t see annyhow fwhat the fwhoite-headed an’ bow-legged little monkey wants to be havin’ his shupper here for fwhin he has his mother’s boordin’ house to ait in; but God help him, I guess it’s little he gets to ait there, an’ fwhat there is av it isn’t much account. Well, there’s wan thing he’ll get here that he niver wud get at home, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ that’s Johnny Keels an the table. Th’oidaya! Filyowers in a garden or in a flyower pot an the windy aren’t good enough anny more fur the young shnips that are growin’ up nowadays, but they must have rosies an’ lillies an’ loilacs in their hair an’ an their breashts an’ Johnny Keels an the table they ate at. Bymebye they’ll be pittin’ daisies in their oice craim an’ Johnnie-joomp-oops in their garters, an’ mebbe it won’t be long afore they’ll be axin’ to wear soon-flyowers in their bushtles an’ to have noight-blyoomin’-soorooses over the bookles av their shoes. There’s no tellin’ fwhat quare things shtoyle may do, an’, be heavens, Mrs. McGlaggerty, it’s not at all impossible that you an’ me may live to see the day fwhin Johnny Keels an’ Jim Crows an’ flyowers av thim koind may rin preyaties an’ cabbage aff av the table an’ out av the markit intoirely.”

ARETHUSA IS A POET

"Well, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, after having borrowed a thimble from her neighbor, "it's very foine weather we're havin', ain't it now?"

The neighbor answered in the affirmative.

"It's fwat my daughter Arethoosy calls the gintle zeeephyrs av spring," Mrs. Magoogin continued. "An' be the same token do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Arethoosy has a new hobby horse av a skame that she's thryin' to roide now? Yis, indade, she wants to be a pooet, so she sez, an' wroite an' sing songs about all koinds av non-sinse that'll be goin' an. She sez that uv'ry springtime brings out new pooets wid its flow'rs an' cabbages, an' that this year she feels th' inspoiration takin' howld av her so hard that she can't resist the timptation to wroite poethry herself. I axed her fwat was the fusht thing she'd wroite about, an' she sed anythin' that kem into her head. 'Thin,' sez Oi, 'Arethoosy, it's divilish little ye'll wroite in the way av pooethry,' sez Oi, 'fur ye have a shkull an ye that an idaya couldn't inter through anless it had a crowbar to foorce its way,' sez Oi. Oi med her awful mad be sayin' fwat Oi did, but Oi couldn't help it, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' thin we had it up an' down an' in an' out all noight long. 'Arethoosy,' sez Oi, be way av a bit av advice, Oi'm thinkin' ye'd betther lave the pooethry alone an' shtick to yer wurk at the tobacky factory,' sez Oi. 'It'll pay ye betther in the long run,' sez Oi, 'an' 'll lave ye a dacinter an' betther reshpectid gerrul,' sez Oi; but me foine lady wudn't lishen to me anny longer. She got huffy, an' takin' out her goold pin and goold bordhered writin' paper she began makin' finces across it wid th' ink antil it loked

loike a purcession av shinned eels wrigglin' through a field av shnow.

"Oi aftherwards larnt that she was writin' some verses to her Hinry, the bandy-legged little Dootch beau, whose nick I come near breakin' the noight they gev the lasht party here, an' be me faith Oi'll break it yet an' ev'ry bone in his body wid it, too, before I get through wid the tow-headed imp av the divil. Oi sed no more to her, an' Oi suppose from this out Oi'm to have a pooet in the family. Wan av these days she'll be afther shtickin' up her nose at the tobacky facthory, an' come home to her poor mother to loaf around the house an' help us all to shtarve. Oi don't know very much about pooets, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but from fwhat little I've heard, Oi jidge them all to be a pretty bad set. They do nothin' but wroite an' read from maurnin' 'til noight, an' as fur a lick av dacint wurk, they wudn't lift a finger or raise a hand aff it was to shplit a cord av wood or carry in a ton av coal. Pooethry may be all very noice readin' fwhin wan comes home from a hard day's wurk, an' it may be very foine to see it in the papers an' an the toombshtones in the counthry, but the min an' wimmin that wroite it ought to be ashamed av the manner in fwhich they loiter away their toime fwhin they cud be doin' somethin' so much betther fur thimselves an' their counthry.

"Oi meself loike a good chune loike 'St Paathrick's Day' or the 'Wearin' av the Green,' but we haves no more good music av that soort nowadays, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' we niver will have thim agin. Thim koind av pooets is dead an' gone long ago, an' they'll niver make any more av thim, God bless thim. An' that's fwhy Oi'm forninst havin' a pooet in my family. About Arethoosy Oi don't moind so mooch, bekase afther Oi'm dead an' out av the way she can get a husband to take care av her, but do you know,

Mrs. McGlaggerty, that av my son Tammy, the toof, was to come in an' tell his mother that he was goin' to quit foightin' an' shtalin' an' turn himself into a pooet, Oi'd dhraꝑ roight down on the flure a corpse. 'Deed an' Oi wud, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' divil a wurd av a lie Oi'm tellin' ye fwhin Oi say so."

TOOZY WANTS TO BE CREMATED.

"Faix'n it's a quare tale I have to tell ye this mawrnin'," said the Widow Magoogin, after she had "passed the time of day" with her friend and neighbor.

"Well, it must be purty quare, Mrs. Magoogin," put in Mrs. McGlaggerty, "fwhin ye say it's so, for it's manny's a quare thing ye tould me that ye didn't seem to think was quare at all, at all."

"An' no more I didn't," said the Widow, wiping the perspiration from her face with the corner of her apron. "Somethin' has to be very kewrus wid me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, afore I think it anny way quare, fur Oi'm so ushed to supproises an' foony ould gags frum my Tammy, that ye all calls the toof, an' frum Arethoosy, me daughter, that divil a bit excoited diz Oi become at all, no matter fwhat they sez or diz, so long as they don't call aich other out av their name or pelt knives or shtove leds across the room. But lasht noight Arethoosy gev me a supproise that paralyzed me. She kem home as usual, an' pittin' down her dinner bashket she sez to me: 'Mother,' sez she, 'Oi've got a noo shkull oidaya.' 'An' fwhat's that?' sez Oi. 'A noo renkle,' sez she. 'Is it a shkoitin' renkle?' sez Oi. 'Oh, cheese it, you choomp,' sez she; 'ye doon't knoo enoof to kill a floy fwhin it boites ye,' sez she. 'Well, aff Oi don't,'

sez Oi, haulin' aff with the scrubbin' breesh that Oi was black'nin' the shtove wid an' givin' her a shwoipe across the forrud, 'aff Oi don't,' sez Oi, 'Oi know enoof to kill a fool fwhin she thries to make a moonkey av me.'

"She sot down an' cried a fwhoile. Her bladdher is very near her eyes, Arethoosy's is. She can make the dhrops flow down her nose aisier than anny gurl Oi uver saw, but she always come round aafter a little, an' thin she's all roight agin. Well, fwhin she got through shniffin' Oi axid her fwhat her shkulloidaya was, an' she tould me she wanted to be cremated—burnt up in a foire fwhin she was dead. Think av it, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhat wud the wurruld say aff a foine, dacint lady loike mesilf was to take her daughter to a brick kiln aafter she was dead an' shtick her corpse into the foire and let it shtay till there wasn't anythin' left but a handful av ashes? Fwhat would the wurruld say but that Oi wus as inhuman as a cannibal, an' hadn't the h'art av a grasshapper insoide av me?

"An' do ye think Oi'd do it, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Divil a do, wud Oi do such a thing. Aff it's craymation she wants let her wait till Oi'm dead an' gone, an' thin she can do wid her cawrpse fwhativer she wants to, but fwhoile Oi'm livin' she'll have to depind upon the divil fur her burnin' aafter she's dead. 'Fwhat is it, Arethoosy,' sez Oi, 'that pit such a notion in her head?' sez Oi. 'Kate Field sez it's the only rail way to bury payple,' sez she. 'An' who is Kate Field?' sez I. 'She's a litherary leady,' sez she. 'Oh, is that so?' sez Oi. 'Oi thought mebbe she was a grave digger's daughther, findin' she was talkin' about buryin' payple,' sez Oi. 'But fwhat's her raison,' sez Oi, 'fur wantin' to be craymated?' sez Oi. 'So that she won't do annybody anny harm aafter she's dead,' sez Arethoosy. 'Musha bad sesht to her,' sez Oi, 'but it's a hoigh opinigin she haves av herself,' sez Oi, 'to be afeert that

she'll do anny harm fwhin she's dead,' sez Oi; 'sure fwhat harm can she do?' sez Oi.

"Thin she wint on wid a big rigmarole about decayin' cawrpses an' disayse, until I cut her short an' tould her to sit down to her supper an' bother her head no more about craynation, as Oi wouldn't lishten to anny such nonsinse, an' no more I wouldn't, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur fwhin aither my Tammy or my Arethoosy dies Oi want to have a noice little fwhoite he'rse wid wreaths an' rosies about the coffin an' a verse in the paper sayin' as how she's a byootiful fwhoite-winged angel fwhether she was or not; an' so long as Oi kin have thim things the sorra bit I care fwhether the divil has houl't av her below or not, toastin' her on the ind av his big red-hot pitchfork. Oi don't want anny av my family's bones burnt in a bonefoire, Mrs. McGlaggerty, not fwhoile fwhoite hearses an' filyowers are th' shtoyle, annyhow."

ARETHUSA FIRES HER BEAU.

"Are ye there, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" the Widow shouted, as she threw her arms over the fence and made a soft cushion for her chin.

"Oi am, ma'am," answered the neighbor. "What's in th' wind this mawrnin'?"

"Divil a thing at all," said the Widow, "anny more'n Arethoosy's gev her fellow the shake an' says sorra 'nother thing she'll have to dew wid the mane, sthingy-hearted little bow-legged an' 'cross-eyed bollowawny Hinnery Dinkelspiel th' longes' day she lives and braithes, she sez, an' my blessin' to her, fur a more consaited an' oogly-mooged oansha nuver loked at himself in the lukin'glass, Mrs. McGlaggerty, than that same banty-legged an' yally-neckt little divil av a Ditchman."

"Is that so?" the neighbor asked, in surprise.

"Sure'n' ain't I tellin' ye it's so?" said Mrs. Magoogin. "An' divil a wurd of lie Oi'm uttherin', aither, me frind, fwhin Oi say it's meself's not sorry that the sawed-off little saur-kroust got the foire."

"Th' fwhat?"

"Th' foire—the jay bay—the gran' bounce. Fwhy, woman aloive, ye're gettin' so dull lately that yez don't seem to undherstand annythin'. My Tammy, that ye calls the toof to, uses that wurd all the toime, an' it's as common as th' dirt in th' sthreets."

"Oi thought," said Mrs. McGlaggerty, insinuatingly, "that Arethusy thought a grate dale o' Hinry, and was, in fact, infatuettid wud him; an' as she's not so vury young a gerl no mo-ar, I thought meaybe she wuz goin' to marry Hinry, she wuz goin' wud him so vury long, so she wuz—wuzn't she, now, Mrs. Magoogin, eh?"

While the neighbor was thus expressing herself Mrs. Magoogin straightened out her backbone, gave her nose and chin a hoist in the air and let lightning quietly play from under her eyelids.

"See here, Mrs. McGlaggerty," she began, very sternly, "do you mane to insinewate that my daughter's so owld an' oogly that she's depindint intoirely on a Ditchman no bigger'n a leprechaun, an' wid a face an him that 'ould knock the legs fram andher a Frog Hollow pig? You musht remimber, me honey-tongued frind, that fwhin you casht an ashpersion an my daughter—an' aff I do sez it meself', there's not a foiner ur ginteeler young leady wurkin' in the tobacky fac'thry belyow—fwhin ye casht yer ashpersions at her ye casht thim an' mesel'—fur Oi'm her mother—an' fwhin ye say she's owld an' oogly, though ye don't say it in so many wurds, ye mane that her mother's oulder an' ooglier than hersel', an' that's sayin'

a grait dale more'n aiven a poor worked-down an' worn-out but reshpectabil an' dacint widdy loike mesel' cares to shtan'. N-ya-a-ah, but it's a sorro'ful day it 'ould be to the Magoogins aff th' blessid Lord uver gev thim the red-fwhoite an' blew mugs that the McGlaggertys have, fur there's never a false face outside av a doime musee'm that's wan-half as froightful or foony as thim. The gud Lord bethuxt us an' harm, but aff Oi wur to meet your Jurry in th' dark av a shtarmy noight Oi'd lay down me loife in th' road, there an' then, fur Oi'd think th' ould by's gran'-father waz afore me in airnist.

"Oh, no, no, no! There's no use in ye're talkin', Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi know too well fwhat ye mint be the back-handed shlap ye offert mesel' an' me daughter wid that shmooth tongue av yers. Oi andhershtan' ye an' Oi'll hould ye tin dollars it'll be manny an' manny a long day afore ye give us anither such shlap. Th' oidaya! That my daughther musht be beholdin' to a hammer'd-down little wainy-wusht an' bologny-sausage-aitin' shrimp av a Ditchmin that I kud pick a jumpin' Jack aff a Christmas three that 'ould be han'somer an' purtier 'n 'im. Mebbe ye don't know that Arethoosy kud have had an Eyetalyun count fur a husban' fwhin she wazn't more'n sivinteen an' that she wud have had him, too, only me own Dinny—the Lawrd have marcy an the gud man—got full wan noight an' pizen'd the count's monkey an' smashed his hand organ into shmithereens. The count, fool that he was, got mad an' Dinny wud have shmashed him loikewise only he wint out an' braut in a peeler an' had Dinny arreshtid; an' as he dar'n't come near th' house aafter doin' that same, the coortin' was bushtid. Aw, it's manny's th' foine shance me daughther has had, but fur wan raison or anither she nuver tuk howld av anny av thim. Sure'n' she was only foolin' wid th' Ditchman, bad sesht to him,

an' it's manny's th' can av coal ile an' manny's th' grand shtick av foire-wud th' same foolin' has cosht me, agrah, an' may th' divil pull th' gud av it all out av him, fur he kem airly an' shtaid late seven noights out av th' six uv'ry waik. But he's gone, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' we'll say no more about the polthogue. Arethoosy war too gud fur him.

"Fwhy, do ye know fwhat he diz at Christmas toime fwhin me daughther had a noice shearf an' a byootiful silk han'kercher fur him—fwhat diz the shtingy little craythure do but sind Arethoosy a tin-cint box av candy wid a post-hole card full av peekthures av Santa Claus, fwhin she had med up her moind that he'd give her a phottygraft album ur a tin-dollar watch at laist. Oh, but wasn't Arethoosy mad! She was so mad she kudn't see the candy or the post-hole card aither. She flung thim from her into a cawrner an' sot down on the flure an' croied. Oi sez, 'Nuver moind, Alanna, Oi'll fix 'im.' An' Oi did. That noight fwhin he called, Arethoosy warn't at home to him, an' afther I shlammed th' dure in his face my Tammy wint around to th' mouth av th' ally an' bait him so bad that he didn't know fwether it waz the Foorth av July ur the twenty-foorth av December he was celebratin'. In the coorse av th' baitin' Ditchy losht two dollars an' twinty cints, fwch Tammy aftherwards found in th' alley an' divided wid Arethoosy, who be th' same token gev Tammy th' shearf an' sed she'd kaip the han'kercher fur a roller skoitin' per-fesser she was thryin' to make a mash on.

"An' that's how it kem about, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that me daughther gev th' Ditchman th' shake; an' wud anny woman ur gerl av shperrit do annythin' else undher th' serkumshtances? Av coorse they wudn't, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' ye know they wudn't, fur ye war a gerl yersel' wanst, though it's so long ago mebbe it's not very aisy fur ye to remimber it."

A SON-IN-LAW IN THE HOUSE.

A SON-IN-LAW IN THE HOUSE.

AN ANTE-NUPTIAL TRAGEDY.

“Oh, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Mrs. McGlaggerty! Mrs. McGlaggerty!” shouted the Widow Magoogin, at the top of her voice, last Tuesday night, about supper time. “Come here, agraph, till Oi spake to ye.”

“What is it, Mrs. Magoogin?” the neighbor asked, coming to her door. “Oi was jist gettin’ Jurry’s supper ready so’s to be able to be off to the church to see th’ weddin’.”

“Oh, thin, Mrs. McGlaggerty, ye’ll see no weddin’ this blissid noight,” said the Widow, “for it’s a murdher we’re jisht afther havin’ insoide in the kitchen inshtud av a marryin’, an’ Oi’m thinkin’ it’s kilt intoirely me poor Toozy is, an’ her throwsoo is that sp’ilt that the divil himsel’, let alone little Ditch Hinnery, id not care to be seen wud her at the althar. Who done it? Who diz ye thinks done it but that little sprig av mischief, my b’y Tammy. Oh, it’s well ye all named him phwin yez called him the toof, fur it’s a toof he is an’ a toof he’ll be all the days av his loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ he’ll be a lucky toof, too, this terrible noight aff he’s not hung for the killin’ av his sister. Did he kill her? No, but he moight as well a done it as do fwhat he did. He’s given her a cut an the forrud that a bloind man kud see at a half moile’s dishtance, an’

fwhat's worse than all else, he's left her throwsoo, or weddin' trowsers, Oi calls 'em, that worthless an' unfit fur wearin' that she's gone to bed sick, an' Oi'm to sind Hinnery an' the hackman home an' to tell uv'rybody that the weddin's poshponed antil nuxt Winsda', fwhin, wud the grace av God, we hope to have uv'rythin' all roight agin. How did it happen? Lish'en, an' Oi'll tell ye in moighty few wurruds. Tammy, ye know, was to be wan av the bridesmaids—no, no, fwhat 'm Oi talkin' about at all, at all?—Oi'm that dazed an' bewildhered that Oi don't know fwhether Oi'm shtandin' on me head or me heels, Mrs. McGlaggerty—well, anny way, Tammy was to shtand up wud Hinnery, an' Toozy wint to a tailor an' hoired him a shoot av clothes, an' Oi washred him a shirt an' bought him a shtandin' collar, loike the joods wears, an' got him a fwhoite nicktoie.

“Uv'rythin' seemed to be andhershtud bechuxt thim until to-noight, fwhin, lo an' behold ye, Toozy, who was dhressin' hersel' in the kitchen, gev Tammy the coat an' vest av th' shoot she borried, to pit an him. He had an the shurt an' pants an' collar an'—to tell ye the truth, Mrs. McGlaggerty—he was lukin' as purty as a chromeo. Very well, fwhat diz he do but pit an the vesht, an' savin' yer prisince, Mrs. McGlaggerty, wasn't it wan av thim dollyket veshts cut away down to here, d'ye moind. Tammy didn't want to wear it an' sed he'd have to toie his shirt down to keep it fram shlippin' over the top av the vesht, but Oi pacifoied him an' he kep' it an. Thin he throied an the coat. Meelia murther, but thin there was th' foon. It was a swally-tail—a rale out-an'out jood's coat. ‘Do ye want to make a monkey av me?’ sez Tammy. ‘It'll make a man av ye,’ sez Toozy, who had an her fwhoite dhress an' was gettin' ready as fasht as she kud. ‘Oi won't wear it,’ sez he. ‘You musht,’ said she. ‘Oi won't,’ sez he, an' wud that he peeled

it aff an' pelted it over in th' corner. Toozy got mad, an' pickin' up th' pitaty pounder sint it singin' agin the top av Tammy's nose. Ow, wow! But ye shud have seen thim. Tammy picked up a kippeen av wood, an' rishin' at Toozy hit her across th' furrud an' down she wint agin th' kitchin table. Her furrud was cut an' th' blud wint all over her fwhoite dhress an' th' blud from Tammy's nose dhropped down all over his byootiful shirt front, an' thin Oi sailed in mesel' fwhin Oi see fwhat was goin' an, an' takin' th' broom Oi chased them both into the parlor, fwhere they're locked in now. So plase an' do me th' favor, Mrs. McGlaggerty, to say that Toozy has the typhide fayver, an' there'll be no weddin' till next Wunsda'. Do that loike a good woman, an' Oi'll do as mooch for you anither toime, an' God bless you!"

COMMENTS BEFORE THE WEDDING.

"Did ye see my Tammy brawt into me be two blyue coats afwhoile ago, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" asked the Widow Magoogin, coming to the fence and leaning over it for a short talk.

"Oi was payin' no attintion, to tell ye the troot', Mrs. Magoogin," said the neighbor.

"I thought not, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow; "an' that's fwhy Oi kem out to uxplain it till ye, the way that ye'd not be afther misandhershtandin' th' cause av it. Ther' ar' some people, ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that always haves wan eye out av their windys moindin' ither people's bezniss, an' fwhoile Oi'm not sayin' annythin' agin you, Mrs. McGlaggerty—the Lord forbid that I shud say a wurrid agin a daycint an' frindly woman loike yersel', me

frind—Oi was afeert ye moight a seen Tammy comin' in, an' not andhershtandin' the fwby an' the fwwherefore av th' thing ye moight a' misheconshtrood it an' thawt Tammy was shtailin' somethin' or doin' somethin' agin the law; an' sure ye know yersel' that the poor gommah wudn't do the loikes av that, no more he wudn't, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhin they brawt th' poor b'y in wid a cut in his head big enough to dhroive a thruck through, upan me sowl Oi thawt Oi'd lose me loife, Oi did. 'Fwhat's the matther, me darlint?' sez Oi, takin' him in me arms and sthrokin' his poor little faytures. 'Did ye have a foight at base bawl an' did the impoire shlug ye?' 'No, mudder,' sez he; 'it was the Ditchman in the grocery belyow,' sez he. 'The Ditchman?' sez Oi; 'an' fwhat did he do it far, me doomp-lin'?' sez Oi. 'Dey sed we war goin' to have a tARRIER weddin', sez he. 'A tARRIER weddin'?' sez Oi. 'Yis,' sez he, 'an' Oi trew a breek at thim.' 'Ye did perfectly roight,' sez Oi. 'An' it broke the Ditchman's windy,' sez he. 'An' thin he shlugged ye,' sez Oi. 'Yis,' sez he, 'he hot me wid a beer mallet.' An' that's all the poor b'y kud say. 'Take him out av this an' put him to bed,' sez the blyue coats. 'Take yersel's out av here moighty quick,' says Oi to thim, 'or Oi'll pit a cut in yer polls twice as lang as Tammy's got,' sez Oi; an' Oi tuk howld av a led av th' thtove, but afore Oi kud say 'shkat!' ur get to thim, away they pit an' left mesel' an' Tammy all alone. Oi washed the poor crayther's head aff, gev him a dhrop av hot shtuff, an' pit him to bed, fwere's he's ashleep now as sound as a bar av oiron an' as shweet lukin' as an angel. Jisht think av it, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Hittin' me darlint little b'y wud a beer mallet simply bekase he throid to defind the family from a lot av dirty-faced little bla'guards who wanted to call iz tARRIERS. Do Oi luk loike a tARRIER, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Or diz Toozy? Or Tammy? Then aff there isn't a tARRIER

in the family, fwhere diz they get their tarrier's weddin'? Faix, there's no tarrier consarned in it anless it's Hinnery. Begorry, Oi nuver thawt av him. Oi musht take a gud luk at him fwhin he comes nuxt toime an' see aff he luks annythin' loike the dog-faced man at the doime muse'm. Aff he diz, gud bye to Toozy an' the weddin'—that's all Oi've got to say, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur Oi want no tarrier weddin' in my shanty—not aff Oi know it."

ARETHUSA MARRIES DUTCH HENRY.

Mrs. Birdie Magoogin's accomplished and charming daughter Arethusa was married last Wednesday night at the Church of the Holy Hammer, by Father Ginoccio, to Mr. Henry Dinkelspiel, a well-known swell of the Fourth Ward, who is employed by the wholesale tobacco firm of Plug, Chaw & Stump.

Mrs. Magoogin, who is a very quiet woman in her way, and never has any more to say on any subject than she can possibly help, had all the arrangements in hand and conducted them skillfully. She had sent word to all the neighbors that the festivities would begin at 6 o'clock at the Italian Church, to be followed by a reception at the Magoogin mansion, and she concluded her "inwite" always with the same expression:

"An' moind ye now fwhat Oi'm tellin' ye, we don't want no cards an' no flyowers, aither, an' don't ye dar' to sind anny."

The ceremony was performed according to contract. The church was crowded to the doors. Boys and girls stood on the backs of pews and old men and old women crushed to the front as if it were judgment day and they

were looking for a last chance to get into Heaven. The bridal couple came down the middle aisle looking like an Avenue B edition of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Toozy had her wreath of orange blossoms cocked over her left eye and Henry's dress coat was so large in the shoulders that it lay in corrugated and frilled abundance on the back of his neck.

Mrs. Magoogin, who, disregarding all the proprieties of the occasion, had arrayed herself in a bright-colored calico and walked behind the contracting parties, arm-in-arm with Tommy, the tough, who wore a short jacket, and looked like a rather hard little citizen with his skinned nose and white bandage over his head to conceal the mark of the spot where Toozy hit him with the potato masher the week before. Mrs. Magoogin, as I said, cuffed two or three little scapegraces who leaned out of the pews to shout: "Get on to the dude," as Tommy went by, and her face wore a smile as round as the end of a beer keg and as radiant as the moon, while she kept rhythmic step to the "Mulligan Wedding," which was played in the organ loft as the procession moved down the aisle. Behind the Magoogins came fat Mrs. Dinkelspiel and her favorite boarder, whose whiskers were cut in the shape of a shoe peg. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry McGlaggerty followed and behind them were the O'Hallorans, the McGintys, the Slatterys and a perfect rabble of shoeless, shock-headed and dirty-faced children. By special arrangement with Mrs. Magoogin, the funeral torches, two on each side of the altar, were ablaze.

Father Ginoccio had no easy time performing the ceremony. All the tobacco stemmers from Plug, Chaw & Stump's factory were there, and two or three of the girls who were in the front pews made loud and most unpleasant remarks about Toozy, and Tommy's mother had to take him in her arms and hold him tightly to prevent him from

slugging the unfriendly girls and perhaps breaking up the wedding. Two or three pews broke down, and a row in the gallery, where an inoffensive Italian, who shouted, "Chessanutta," when the priest asked Toozy the usual question, "Do you take this man for your lawful husband, etc.?" was nearly killed by several Fourth Warders, created quite a sensation. Mr. and Mrs. McGlaggerty "stood up" with the bride and groom and Mrs. Magoogin gave her daughter away. There was a stampede after the performance and the proceedings in the Magoogin mansion are best described in the Widow's own language.

"Fwhere did yersel' an' Jurry go to lash' noight, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" Mrs. Magoogin asked her neighbor the morning after the wedding.

"We wint home fwhin the foightin' begon, Mrs. Magoogin," was Mrs. McGlaggerty's reply.

"Faix 'n' it's well ye did, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow Magoogin, "fur it's purty near havin' a roide in the hoodlum cart that mesel' an' the resht av thim had afore we wint to bed, alanna. Ora my, but wasn't there the goin's an fwhin the p'lice kem in an iz. Oi thawt they'd make a morgew out av the house wud the murdherin' an' shtobbin' an' throwin' av things at wan another that they had; but sure ye war there yersel', Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' fwhat's th' ushe av tellin' ye fwhat ye knows yersel' already, avourneen. Ye was there av coorse fwhin Toozy an' Hinery shtud undher the horseshoe of flyowers an' resaved their gushts. Oh, my, but didn't Toozy luk byootiful in her fwhoite dhress an' wud the boonch av awrange blyossoms an the top av her head over her veil. Begorra, but didn't she make a shmash an' a noospaper repoarther who pramised to pit it in the paper that she wore di'minds in her airs an' had a nicklace av di'mings around her nick, an' who sed he'd also pit it in the paper that I gev the broide

a weddin' prisint av a noo brownstone front house on Fifth Avenoo? Tammy opened a kag av beer out in the yard here as ye know yersel', fur it was yer Jurry that opin'd it for him, an' be the same token, Mrs. McGlaggerty, it was yer Jurry that bravely helpt to dhrink the same. Tut, tut, tut, Mrs. McGlaggerty, no apologizin', aff ye please, fur Oi'm glad Jurry dhronk it, and Oi'd a moighty soight suner have him dhrink nor anny av thim other bla'guards that kept shtandin' around it wud him all noight. So there now, say no more about it, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but let it be forgotten.

"Well, as Oi sed before, me frind, ye war there yersel', so fwhat's the ushe av tellin' ye how noice an' shmooth uvrythin' wint an' how foine the shupper was that Oi caked mesel', antil Micky McLaughlin, bad look to his fat carkiss, got that dhrunk, savin' yer prisince, that he broke th' fiddler's fiddle an' put an ind to the dancin', affther fwhich he pulled a pack av graisy cards out av his pocket an' wanted to play Hinnery a game av h'arts fur twinty-foive cints a game. Musha, may the Lawd forgive me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but aff uver Oi wished harm to annybody in all my loife, Oi wished it to that man lash 'noight, an' aff anny av my pray'rs overtake him it's a sad toime he'll have av it fur the remaindher av his days, bad dang to 'im!

"Well, fwhin Oi seen fwhat he done Oi shtept up to him an' Oi sez, aisy an' paiceful, sez Oi, 'See here, now, Micky, darlint,' sez Oi, 'didn't I say that nobody was to bring anny cards to the weddin'?' sez Oi. 'Who sed so?' sez her. 'Oi sed so,' sez Oi. 'It's not the shtoyle,' sez Oi, 'to bring cards to weddin's anny more,' sez Oi; 'don't ye see it in the papers uv'ry day that there's no cards wanted?' sez Oi, 'an' it id be the daycint thing, annyhow,' sez Oi, 'fwhin ye was bringin' cards,' sez Oi, 'aff ye'd a brawt a noice clain pack inshtud av the durty, graisy articles ye

have there,' sez Oi. Divil an answer the lazy lob med me at all, at all, but he gev a hurroo loike a woild Injun an' threw the cards all over the room. The next thing herd was Tammy an' Toozy an' Hinnery thryin' to purwint Micky fram cloimbin' into the bed fwhere the weddin' prisints, most av them glass, as ye know yersel', was lyin' fwhere the folks kud see. The three av thim was shtrug-glin' wud 'im fwhin Oi med a shtart fur 'im, but afore Oi kud take howldt he got loose an' flung himsel' anto the bed roight into the midsht av the prisints. Ow, wow! but wasn't there melia murther thin! Toozy shraiked an' Tammy howld an' meself' pickt up a three-legged shtule an' med a rish fur Micky. Oi'll howld ye tin dollars it'll be manny a long day afore his head furgets th' acquaintance it med wud that shtule. You kud hear th' crack Oi gev him over in Hobokin beyant. He rowled over in the broken glass an' lay there loike wan that id be dead. Thin there was th' hullabaloo in airnisht, wud shraikin' an' sraichin' an' hollerin' an' foightin' fwhin in kem th' p'lice an iz an' tuk away all they kud get in th' waggin.

"The besht av the joke is, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that they tuk Hinnery an' his mother, an' mesel' an' Toozy are goin' down to the coort by'meby to get the poor b'y out. No, they didn't get Tammy. Him an' your Jurry rin out to save th' kag av beer fwhin th' foightin' begon, an' afther that Oi sh'pose Jurry wint home. Oh, but it wud have bin th' foine weddin', Mrs. McGlaggerty, aff it hadn't a bin fur Mick McLaughlin, bad dang to him!"

A FAMILY MISUNDERSTANDING.

"How ar' the McGlaggertys this mawrnin', me frind?"

"As well as the Magoogins, Oi'll howld ye."

"An' d'ye know how well that is, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"'Pon me sowl Oi do not, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Thin id's not well at all, at all, me frind," said the Widow Magoogin. "There's bin almosht a bluddy murdher in the shanty beyant, an' id all kem about in the aisiest an' simplest way in the wurruld. Fwhisper an' Oi'll tell id to you. Fwhin my daughter Toozy married Hinnery Dinkelshpiel, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' consinted to consail her own father's grand owld Oirish name behoid the sourkrout name av a Ditch boordin'-house keeper, she hadn't the shloightist intintion that Hinnery id uver ax her to change her nationality. As Oi towld her mesel' an the day av the weddin', 'Toozy, me daughther,' sez Oi, 'your hizband may be Ditch, an' all his frinds an' relatives may be Ditch,' sez Oi, 'but, Arethusy Magoogin, Ushquire, is Oirish as Billy-be-damned,' sez Oi, 'an' all the sourkrout and sausages bechuxt Sandy Hook an' Brislin 'll nuver be able to make her annythin' else,' sez Oi. 'Yis,' says my son Tammy; 'her face is a perfeck bokay of shamrocks,' sez he. 'Throth'n id is, Tammy, me darlint,' sez Oi, 'an' sure an' ye'll acknowledge yersel', Mrs. McGlaggerty, that anny wan kud almosht tell be lukin' at her in the dark that Toozy's Oirish to the backbone, an' Galway at that, God bless her! Well, lo an' behold ye, fwat diz Hinnery do lasht noight, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but thry to argy Toozy into belaivin' that Bismarck is a bigger an' betther man nor Parnell.' 'Bismarck is a joint,' sez he, an' Parnell is a midget.' 'You're a loir,' sez Toozy, gettin' rale angry an' losin' her

timper. 'Yis, you ar' a loir, an' a dang loir, too,' sez Oi. 'That's aisy enough to say,' sez he, 'but it's no argyment,' sez he. 'Oh, id's not,' sez Oi. 'Well, id's no argyment,' sez Oi, 'but fwat's more, id's the thruth,' sez Oi. 'Yis, it is th' thruth,' sez Toozy, boickin' me up. 'Bismarck kin ait Parnell up,' sez he. 'Oh, he kin, kin he?' sez Oi; 'mebbe he kin, thin, but he can't shpit him up agin, an' that's fwat Parnell kin do wud Mither Bismarck, me bouchal,' sez Oi; 'he kin ait your Bismarck up and shpit him out agin,' sez Oi. 'He kin do no such thing,' sez Hinnery. 'Thin uxshouse me, Ditchy, but Oi'll have to call ye a loir agin,' sez Oi.

"An' so an wan wurrud borried another until the little Ditch jackanapes wint too far intoirely wid his insinewations, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi up wud a blackin' brish that was lyin' an the parlor table an' pegged it at him. Glory be to gudness, but id hot him over th' eye an' down he dhropped, bleedin' loike a shtuck pig. An' thin mebbe there wasn't melia murther! Tammy wanted to kick him in th' nick, so he sed, but Toozy tuk howld av him, an' id was an hour an' tin minnits before uv'rythin' quoited down an' was goin' aisy agin. But Oi'll howld ye tin dollars id's many a day afore Ditch Hinnery'll thry to tell iz agin that Bismarck is a betther man nor Parnell. Id's foonny, Mrs. McGlaggerty, about the ways av young married couples nowadays, isn't id? Throth 'n Oi'm gettin' to think id sthronger an' sthronger uv'ry day that this three-card moonkey woman that's wroitin' so mooch fur th' papers is purty near about roight fwthin she sez marriage is a failure. Yis, an' she moight have added a wurrud or two to id, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' sed divorce is a success."

THERE MAY BE A DIVORCE.

"Muska bad luk to ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow Magoogin, peering over the fence, "but how ar' ye, annyhow, an' how is the weather over in yer yard there?"

"Oh, thin, we're all well, Mrs. Magoogin," the neighbor answered, "an' the weather's cold enough to make a conflaggeration comfertyble."

"Faix 'n ye nuver sed a throoer wurrid, Mrs. McGlaggerty," the Widow replied, "an' it's meself id be willin' to go into coort to back ye up anny minnit in the day. fwwhether id be in a boodle throil or a divoorce case. An', begorra, be the same tokin, it's not so vurry onloikely but fwwhat Oi'll be gittin' into a divoorce meself wan av these foine days. God help iz, but it's a turrible wurrid. Ye remim'r fwwhat a hoigh owld toime we had the noight av th' weddin' an' how Hinnery—the innocent gommah av a Ditch fool!—got taken away be the polaice. Well, as Oi towld ye an' as av coorse ye'd know annyways widout me tellin' ye—fur bad news always has the longest legs an' diz the fashtest rinnin'—Hinnery got a moonth on the oislan' beyant fur doin' nawthin' at all but bein' a gesht at his own weddin' faist. Sure an' didn't the polaicemin go into opin coort an' shwear that he was nothin' but a murderer, an' that they'd known him be gin'ral reputation fur tin years an' that reputation was the worsht that annybody uver had in Noo Yorrick. The joodge sed he had the cut av a bad charrackther, an' he sint him up fur a moonth, an' remarkt that he was sarry he kudn't make it twioct as long. Oh, but thim polaicemin are the villyins! They'd shwear away the loives av their gran'mothers to make a case. They're all perjooriers av the worst toype! But

coomin' back to the divorce an' lavin' thim spalpeens av blyue coats alone, bad scram to the whole dirty caboodle av thim—Hinnery got home this mornin', afther sarvin' his toime an' fwhin he wint to the tobacky facth'ry to go to wurrik, bless yer loife an' sowl, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but didn't they have anither man in his place. Now he's in-soide there sittin' on his coat tails, an' him an' Toozy's doin' nawthin' but talkin' about Christmas an' th' prisints they uxshpecs to resaiive, an' divil dang the red cint they owns bechuxt the two av thim. A sorry prashpect fur Berdie Magoogin, Esq., that's always bin ushed to plinty, ain't it? It was bad enoof afore wid Tammy an' Toozy, me own childher, to provoid fur, but now Oi have the little bow-legged Ditchman into the bargin, fur he dassent go back to his fat moother an' her boordin' house anny more, so he dassent, since he med Toozy his woife. Oi'm in hard howlt fur a way to begin, but I'm goin' to give thim a talkin' to. I'm goin' to tell thim that aither wan av thim 'll have to foind somethin' to do, or I'll go down to a l'yer to-morry mawrnin' an' see about gettin' a divorce fram thim. I don't loike to shkandaloize meself wud me neighbors, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but love is wan thing an' grub is anither, an' the grub ain't as aizy to get as th' other is—no, Mrs. McGlaggerty, not by a jug full. Wait a minnit, Mrs. McGlaggerty, till ye hear Toozy blubberin' out on the rair shtoop an' thin ye'll know that I've bin talkin' divorce to th' pair av turkle doves."

SOUP FOR THE SON-IN-LAW.

"D'ye ate soup, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Throth'n' Oi do, an' Oi loikes id, too, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Faix'n' Oi loikes id mesel', Mrs. McGlaggerty—but id's so Ditchy."

"Is that so, now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis, indade, it's so," said the Widow. "Uver since me daughtther Toozy married Hinnery Dinkilshpiel, tin months ago, he's bin talkin' av nawthin' but soup, soup, soup at uv'ry mail uver since. Bad sesht to him, but id's in th' soup Oi'd be afther pittin' him, aff Oi had my way about id. Fwhy doon't ye have soup soomtoimes, Mrs. Magoogin?" he sez to me wud a sickly smoile an th' ind av his shnout. 'Fwhy don't ye have th' maisles soomtoimes, ye owld sheoagh?' is th' answer Oi gives him boick. 'Bekase Oi doon't want to,' sez he. 'An' that's th' raison fwhy Oi doon't have soup, naither,' sez Oi. Divil's th' shmall satisfaction he uver gits out av me, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Th' other day, howuver, was his bert'day an' Oi sed to mesel' that Oi'd shupproise Hinnery wud a plate av soup, an' hopin' an' prayin' all along that it id p'ison th' little Ditch oansha, Oi wint to wurruk an' med it. 'Twas the fusht toime Oi uver throied me hand at id, an' Oi had to get Toozy to luke me up a rassepoy in a cuke buke. Consoom is fwhat Toozy calls id, an' Tammy pits a Frinch pucker an his mout' an' sez id's soupy de boolyon med wud wan unyong, but Oi pit no inguns in id—Oi wasn't goin' to shpile me breat' wud inguns fur no crazy Ditchman on airth. Oi have to go to church durin' Lint an' don't want to p'ison th' congregation wud me breat'. The cuke buke sed to make id out av soup mate an' regytables an' Oi did

id. Oi pit in pashnips an' cabbige an' peyraties, an' Oi biled th' divil out av all av thim fur two morthial hours; thin Oi tuk id up aff the foire, an' not knowin' fwhat else to do wud it Oi left it there till Hinnery kem in. Fwhin he did he sed Oi didn't make id roight. 'Me mother did so an' so,' he shtarted to tell me, but Oi nuver let him get to th' ind av th' sintence. 'Here now, me man,' sez Oi, 'say no more about yer mooter; she's an owld shlob,' sez Oi. 'But she knows how to make soup,' sez he. 'Ditch soup,' sez Oi. 'Annybody kin make that,' sez Oi. 'They can't make it loike me mother,' sez he. 'Oh, they can't, can't they?' sez Oi. 'Well, thin, aff they can't, kin yer mother do as well as that?' sez Oi, takin' howlt av th' pot an' heavin' it, mait an' soup an' all, at him. God save th' mark, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but it hot him in th' chesht an' down he wint wud th' soup an' cabbage an' mait thricklin' down all over him. Oi thawt he was shcalded. Toozy set up a hullybaloo, Tammy hollered foire an' Hinnery shcrambled to his feet an' rin out in th' sthreet, yellin' polaiice! We all dhragged him in an' Oi gev him a shtrong paice av my moind an' that was th' lasht av th' talk about soup in my house. Ye kin bet yer loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty, it'll be th' lasht av th' Ditchmon, too, aff he uver opens his head about his owld mooter to me agin, me frind. Moind that now, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

SUPPORTING A SON-IN-LAW.

“Do ye know aff Jurry has aiar a job down fwhere he wurruks, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” the Widow Magoogin inquired, as she was going out, after having borrowed a potato pounder.

“Oi do not, Mrs. Magoogin,” was the answer, “but Oi’ll ax him.”

“Oi wish ye wud, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow, “fur Oi’d loike ever so mooch to have Toozy’s husban’ out av the house doin’ somethin’ an’ airnin’ a little to-rds his own support at laist. Hasn’t he wurruked anny? Sorra the shtroke since the weddin’, an’ there’s no soign av him doin’ annythin’, nayther—not but that the little Ditch divil is willin’ enoof to wurruk, but he sez there isn’t a lick av annythin’ goin’ fur anny wan to get to do—an’ sure an’ hasn’t my poor b’y Tammy, that though he diz be called a toof, wudn’t tell his mother a lie fur all the wurrukd, hasn’t he towld me the same thing twinty hundhert toimes aff he towld it to me wanst. Begarry, it saims to me that the hard toimes is goin’ harder wid the widdies loike meself than wid anny wan else. Here Oi am, sherapin’ an’ shcourin’ frum mawrnin’ till noight, wud me wurruk always beginnin’, an’ nuver indin’, an’ fwhot am Oi doin’ it fur? Only to make me own childer an’ other payple’s childer, too, be the same token, happy an’ continted wud their lot.

’Pon me wurrud, Mrs. McGlaggerty, it’s jisht loike the throuble there is betwixt capital an’ labor—wan diz de wurruk an’ th’ other gets all th’ injoyment out av it. Divil a bit av injoyment Oi have at all at all, unless it’s wanst in a fwhoile meself an’ yerself has a bucket av beer

to dhrink, or Mrs. Hooligan comes in that dizn't dhrink anny beer an' Oi makes her a sup av hot shtuff. Oi'm th' lab orin' ind av our consarn over beyant, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Hinnery an' Toozy an' Tammy are th' Goulds an' Vanderbilks. Oi don't moind Tammy so mooch, ur Toozy, aither, fur that matther, as they're me own flesh an' blud, but that Ditch boordin' house woman's son—the bow-legged an' yally-nicked chromeo—the soight uv him around th' house makes me sick. There he is, day an' noight, him an' Toozy, cootchy-cootchyin' aitch other loike a pair av canary berds an' spoonin' an' sputterin' wud their disghustin' baby talk antil wan feels loike hittin' thim wud a sock full av soft moosh. Oi can't get no gud av thim—fur Hinnery's mother won't take him back, an' Toozy sez she'd die sooner than part wud him bekase the silly little goose sez she loves him an' can't live widout him. So there I am, Mrs. McGlaggerty, not knowin' fwwhich way to turn or fwwhat to do wud thim. Oi can't ax Hinnery to laive, fur it's too soon afther Chrish'mas an' foonds are foo low fur a fun'ril in the family—so Oi shuppose Oi must stand it. Oi'm thinkin' meself the fau't lies in the marriage laws av this counthry that lets yally-haired boys marry silly little gerls fur the sake av foindin' aisy toimes an' comfortable homes wid the poor widdy wimmin av this anfort'nit land. Am Oi roight or am Oi wrang, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Av course Oi'm roight, an' ye know it. Arrah, now, fwwhat pit that into yer head? Fwhy no, av course not. Is it no sich an onfrindly act as committin' murdher wud a neighbor's potaty poundher ye'd be sushpectin' me av. Oh, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi thawt bether of ye than that. Ye ought to know that Oi wudn't roise a hand to Hinnery, let alone to bait him wud yer potaty poundher. Nya, nah! Oi'm too human fur that, but aff it was his fat an' graisy Ditch mother Oi kem across Oi'd not be answerabil fur

fwhat Oi moight do—fur Oi think Oi'd be timptid to give her a clip av the poundher in the poll aivin at th' ixpinse av buyin' a noo poundher, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

ARETHUSA'S BABY.

"Fwhisper, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow Magoogin, after she had tip-toed up to the door of the neighbor's kitchen in a most mysterious way.

"What is it, Mrs. Magoogin?" the neighbor asked.

"Toozy's got a baby!"

"Ye doon't say so. Whin did it happin?"

"This blissid minnit."

"Aw, thin, is that so?"

"Yis, an' it have's black hair an' the nose av the Magoogins," said the Widow, rejoicing. "Oh, bit wasn't it mesel' was glad fwhin Oi seen it didn't luk loike a Ditchman! Oi was afraid av me loife all along, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that it id be a crass bechuxt a Choinyman an' a Ditchman in id't luks, bekase ids pippaw, as Toozy calls 'im, has a resim'lince that way; but thanks be to glory id's all roight an' ye'd nuver know in the wurrild that Hinnery Dinkelspiel was ids father. Tammy sez id have's a face an id loike a hammer, but that's only Tammy's toof shtoyle av sayin' things, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' d'ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, id's a gerl—yis, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' we're goin' to call it Honora or Winifred or Caylia. Toozy an' me jisht had a foight about ids name—sick an' all as she is, Mrs. McGlaggerty, she had the gall to begin argyin' wud me about givin' the baby ids name—me that knows somethin' about babies an' her that has id all to l'arn yet. 'Mimmaw!' sez she, wid a v'ice an her loike a dyin' canary.

burd. 'Fwhat is id, me darlint?' sez Oi. 'Thry an' foind a shwait name fur the baby,' sez she. 'Yis,' sez Oi; 'we'll call id Honora,' sez Oi. 'No, no, no,' sez she, quoit indig-nint loike. No, we'll call id Chryshantemumps ur Cardi-naylio,' sez she. 'Fwhat fur?' sez Oi. 'Bekase they're purty wurrids,' sez she. 'Purty wurrids be danged,' sez Oi. 'Honora was me own moother's name, an' id was purty enoof for her, begorry,' sez Oi; 'an' id ought to be purty enoof fur a Ditch-Oirish kid anny day in the waik,' sez Oi. Wid that she began to cry, an' Oi shkapt out an' kem over here to ye. Oi'll name id me own name, Mrs. McGlaggerty, ur divil the name at all id'll have. 'Fwhat's in a name?' sez owld Noo-Hampshire, the poit. Well, Oi think there's uv'rythin' in id fwhin it comes to namin' yer own baby, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Hinnery's mother, Oi shuppose, 'll want to call id Layna ur Kat-rayna ur Bologny ur Sour Krout ur somethin' av the kind, but, so help me Paddy Clancy, aff she uver sez a wurrid to me about anny av their names Oi'll hit her in the neck wud an' ingin'. Toozy's baby's an Oirish baby, Oi'll have her andhershtand, an' anny interfayrince av the Ditch 'll be resinted by uvry thre Oirishman an Churry Hill. Fwhat aff ids fayther is Ditch? Ids moother is Oirish, an' ids moother's moother is Oirish, an' all their payple afore thim wuz as Oirish as Billy be danged. D'ye think, now, that afther all these years we're going' to let a little yally-nikt an' bow-legged Ditchman kem in an' rob iz aff our national'ty? Fwhat aff he iz ids father—the baby had to have a father, didn't he? —an' a father's no great shakes annyway in a case av this kind—is he, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

TOMMY'S JOKE ON TOOZY'S BABY.

"Hurroo, there, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Fwhat is id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Do ye know anythin' about beabies?"

"Divil the thing, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Well, well, well!" said the Widow. "Id's a quare wurruld intoirely. Here we ar' growin' up an' gettin' owlder uv'ry day, an' the longer we live, as Jurry Donovan sez, the more we foind out. Oi thawt Oi knew somethin' about childher, Mrs. McGlaggerty, for Oi've raised a pair av the darlint craythures in Noo Yorrick meself, an' be the same token Oi had to pay a foive-dollar foine in the polaiice coort this mawrnin' fur me b'y Tammy, fur baitin' a Ditch wainy-wish man that had the gall to call 'im an Oirish Mick an a chaw-faced tarrier. Tammy tuk a piece out av the Ditchman's ear as big as a shlab av gooseburry poie, an', begorry, Oi'm afraid it'll p'ison him, as the danged little rascal swallied id. Annyways, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi ped the foine an' gev the coort me curse fur punishin' the b'y, an' d'ye know fwhat he towld me fwhin he got home? He'd no sooner nor got into the house than he began to make foon av Toozy's beaby's red hair. 'Laive the kid alone, Tammy,' sez Oi, 'fur it's not to blame fur the color av its hair,' sez Oi. 'No,' sez he, 'but it's the fau't av thim that don't change the color av id's hair. Aff some one id done somethin' fur me fwhin Oi was a goslin,' sez he, 'Oi'd not be goin' around now,' sez he, 'wud a nob an me loike a comejin's wig,' sez he. 'Arrah, fwhat kin we do wid it, Tammy?' sez Oi. 'Rub the top av ids head wud horse-radish,' sez he. 'Begorry, Oi'll thry id,' sez Oi; so off Oi sinds Tammy to the groc'ry an' back he brings a horse-

radish that soize, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' lo an' behold ye, me frind, fwhat diz Oi do but cuts the horseradish in two an' rubs the top av the choild's head wud id. Well, insoide av a minut the kid begin th' most unairthly bawlin'. 'Fwhat's the matther wud id?' sez Oi. 'The horseradish is burnin' id,' sez Tammy. 'Is that so?' sez Oi; 'fwhy didn't ye tell me id 'ud burn the child's head?' sez Oi. 'Because ye nuver axed me,' sez Tammy, an' aff he rin wid a shtove led flyin' at his heels. Oi haven't see him sence, an' Toozy's out returnin' some informal calls she has to make an her frinds, an' the kid's bawlin' loike a shtuck pig, and the tap av its shcalp is as red as a bait an' as tindher as a blisther; and now, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhat Oi want to know is this, was Tammy foolin' me about that horse-radish?"

HER DAUGHTER'S CHICAGO DIVORCE.

"An' d'ye know fwhat, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Fwhat, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Me daughther Toozy's jisht afther havin' a duck fit about her divorcee."

"An' sure an' fwhat's the matther wid her now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"She sez it's not the proper caper, Mrs. McGlaggerty—not comminly-fo, as they say in the Frinch language, me frind."

"Ow! wow! Thin she'll have to take the little Ditchman boick an' live wid him agin, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yarrah, fwhat ar' ye talkin' about, woman? Fur fwhy wud she take him boick?"

"Divil a wan av me knows, acushla, but Oi thought ye sed there was somethin' ailin' the divorce paper."

"It wasn't me sed it, Mrs. McGlaggerty," the Widow remarked, emphatically. "It wasn't me sed id. 'Twas me daughther Toozy, an' she didn't say the divoorce wasn't worth uviry cint av the two dollars that Oi ped fur it, ayther, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur she knows betther than to say thet same to my face, me frind. It's as laygal an' infloointial a divorce as aff she gev Hinnery a clip av the poker over the shkull an' sthretched him out dead there an the flyure beyant. But she have her shtoylish notions, d'ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' bekase the Foor Hundhred diz surtin things in surtin ways, she thinks, be the hokey, that she has to do thim in the same way, d'ye undhersthand? S'coiety payple now goes out to Dakoteo fur to be divoorced, an' Toozy sez that's the shwell loom-toom way to do the thing, an' that a Shecaggy divoorce, no matter aff id was written wud a doimond pin an' a sheet av gooldin paper, is thought no more av be the hoigh-chooned an' hoigh-falutin' set an Fifth avnoo abov than an Aist Broadway marriage certifiket or a Bow'ry handbill. An' dang me to the bloody nuvers, but she's mad enoof to ait me bekase Oi didn't go out to Dakoteo to get her divoorce, an' God knows Oi don't know fwhere id is, nor do Oi care nayther.

"Oi towld her she ought to be thankful fur gettin' anny at all, an' that only fur me own foresoight and prisince av moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhin Oi was in Shecaggy, divil the divoorce she'd have at all, at all, to bliss hersel' wud this day av our Lord, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But sorra the ha'p'orth she care fwat throuble she'd put her poor owld mother to, me frind, provided she kud go to the Pathriachs' an' big Frinch balls, an' see her name printed in the noospapers wud the Vandherbilks, an' Maggie Cline, th' Ashthors, an' the loikes av thim. She's dying to be a hoigh-choony, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' she's cryin' fit to

break her heart an' make hersel' crass-eyed fur loife bekase id's not a fashunable foive-hoondherd thousand dollar Dakoteo divoorce she has inshtud av a noice chape an' healthy Shecaggy divoorce that diz its wurruk in the twinklin' av a suckond, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Yo, he, ho, ho, ho! but id's a Dakoteo divoorce she won't want that Oi'll be affther givin' her aff she throies anny more av her bam-boozlin' an' bullyraggin' wud me, me frind. Oi've shtud enoof av id, an' I won't shtand anny more. She'll ayther be satisfoid wud the Shecaggy divoorce ur Oi'll take id away fram her, an' thin she'll not be divoorced at all, an' Ditch Hinnery kin have her an' welcome to her forever, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But d'ye moind fwhat she sez, me frind? 'Oh, mimmaw,' sez she, 'Oi wanted a hoigh-chooned Dakoteo divoorce,' she she, 'bekase Oi was goin' to be an acthress an the shtage, mimmaw,' sez she, 'an' my manager wanted to make a sic-family ur copy-loike av id,' sez she, 'to pashte up an the fineses the same as they diz wud serkus bills,' sez she. 'Well, the Shecaggy divoorce 'll make a good enoof sic-family fur you an' yer manager,' sez Oi. 'Oh, no, mimmaw,' sez she, 'not at all! Shecaggy divoorces ar' too common, mimmaw,' sez she. 'Common, an' coshtin' two dollars aich?' sez Oi. 'Yis, common as a D'yer sthreet bum, mimmaw,' sez she. 'Oi'm raily ashamed av id mesel',' sez she. 'Faix 'n thin Oi'm not,' sez Oi, 'an' shtage ur no shtage, it's all the divoorce ye'll uver get,' sez Oi, 'so there's an ind to the argymint, me gay gazella,' sez Oi. She's kickin' shtill about id, but as the man sed to the mule fwhin id got conthrairy an' was thryin' to poonch holes in the clouds wud its heels, she kin take id out in kickin', Mrs. McGlaggerty!

"Th' oidaya av her talkin' av goin' on the shtage fwhin Oi ped me foine two dollars fur thet divoorce fur an in-toirely deffrint purpose, me frind. Id was me intintion to

thry to make a lady out av Toozy, an' a great lady, too, at that, d'ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi was goin' to have her intherdooced to Sinytur Hill an' tell her to make a mash on him. Who knows but fwhat the wedding moight come aff in the Fwhoite House, as President Claiveland's did, an' mebbe that wudn't make Hinnery Dinkinshpiel an' his owld fat boordin'-house Ditch moother sick, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi was goin' to have her set her cap fur Mare Van Wyck, but fwthin Oi come to think that id's laip year an' that me frind the Mare's somefwhat saft on mesel', Oi changed me moind; an' upon me wurrud do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Oi'm that foolish an' crazy in me owld age that Oi've begun to use blyoom av yout' an me face an' colony wather an me hair, an' uvry day Oi titivate mesel' up an' think av puttin' an me new winther bonnit an' shtartin' across fur the City Hall to ax His 'Anner aff he's ready an' willin' yet to make me his blishing broide. He come near app'intin' me City Chambermaid wanst, inshted av the mane crayther he guv the place to, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' he wud a done id, too, only he toul't me it id be betther fur me to git married agin an' make some daycint man happy. Oi gev his remarruks little attintion at the toime, but lately Oi've been thinkin' that id was sayin' wan wurrud fur me an' two fur himsel' that he was doin'. So faix 'n Oi think Oi'll brace him wan av these foine days an' ax him fwwhether ur no he'll have me an' make me Mrs. Mare Van Wyck, Ushquoire. Fwhat do ye think av that, now, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

ARETHUSA'S HUSBAND FIRED.

"Did ye hear annythin' dhrop lasht noight, Mrs. Maglaggerty?"

"Oi hurd a little n'ise, but not enoof to attrract me attention very mooch, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Oh, but we had the divil's own roection in the shanty beyant. We foired Hinnery, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Is it yer daughther Toozy's husban', Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis, an' bad look to him but he fought loike Owney, Hinnesy fwihin he's resisthin' arresht be a copper. Murther an' turf, bit ye ought to have seen him, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"It musht a bin ruther intherestin', Mrs. Magoogin."

"Troth'n id was. The Shecaggy divorce did id, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Oi'll howld ye, it did. Thim Shecaggy shkallywags ar' worse than th' owld b'y himsel' fur doin' things. Bud tell me all about id, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Oi will, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Wait till Oi ketch me breath," and the Widow rested herself a moment on the fence before she began her recital. "Oi towlt ye Oi had the divorce put away noice an' shnug, ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' all we was waitin' fur was Hinnery to bring in his month's pay, sixty dollars, an' a foine nate lump of spondulix it would have bin, too, to get down in yer hand at wanst, me frind. Well, save iz an' guard iz, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but didn't we all sit around the kitchin table waitin' fur the Ditch omadhaun until id was very near tin o'clock lasht noight, an' me wid th' Shecaggy divorce in me buzzom ready to plunk id at him th' minnit he'd counted out his wages, an' Tammy shtayin' in from his

play to shlug the weeny-wish, as he calls him, aff he dar'd so mooch as to opin his mouth to say boo. So there we sot keepin' our eyes an the dure an' talkin' about the thing until th' alarrum clock behoint the shtove was all a mosht ready to shtroike. Toozy was jisht sayin' that fwhin she had a loose leg agin she'd marry nawthin' less than a Rooshian jook ur a Frinch count, fwhin in kum th' door wid a shlam an' a bang, an' in a blissid minnit Hinnery was sprawlin' an the kitchen flyure. 'He's murdhered an' robbed, mim-maw,' sez Toozy. 'He has his dog wid him,' sez Tammy. 'Fwhat dog? Oi see no dog,' sez Oi. 'His load; don't ye see he's dead to th' wurruld, mudder?' sez Tammy. 'Wurra! wurra! wurra! but fwhat diz id all mane?' sez Oi. 'He's intaxicated, mim-maw,' sez Toozy. 'He's dhrunk as a biled owl,' sez Tammy.

"Wud that Hinnery gev a groan an' rowled over, an' begorry the beer was runnin' out av his eyes an' nose, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi tuk howld av him an' shuck him, an' axed fwhere was his money, but he marely grunted an' rowled over agin. Thin Oi wint through his pockets, an' wud ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, sorra the divil a cint he had but fifteen cints, me frind. 'Fwhat's thim, Tammy, me darlint?' sez Oi to him, showin' him a handfil av red, fwhoite an' blyue tickets. He lukt at thim a suckend, gev a long fwistle, an dthin he sez to me, sez he: 'Mudder, he's been Gootinburged.' 'An' fwhat's that, Tammy?' sez Oi. 'He's losht all his money an the races,' sez he. 'Here ar' the tickits, an' they're all fur shkoites,' sez he.

"Well, Mrs. McGlaggerty, me blud began to bile that quick Oi thought Oi had a sunsthroike in me brain. Tare an' 'ounds, but Oi was mad enough to boite a piece out av the shtove poipe. Th' hot timper av the Maggoogins wint coorsin' through me veins loike a foive-cint dhrink av fwisky through a Bow'ry bum, an' aff id hadn't bin fur me

prisince av moind an' me fear av the law Oi furmly belaive Oi'd have kilt the little Ditch blackguard. As it was, Oi gev him a kick in the ribs that ye kud hear up above an the Brukeloine Bridge. It sobered him up quick as a wink, an' he riz to his feet an' throied to pelt me over the head wud his dinner-can. But Tammy an' Toozy was onto him in a howly minnit, an' fwthin we doompd him out in the back yard there wasn't a piece av his clothes left big enough to make a quilt fur a mishkitty.

"He howled an' raved an' carried an loike a cracked man fur a fwhoile, an' thin Oi showed him the divorce paper, an' towlt him to go home to his big fat bologny sassidge mother an' have her shtop up his mouth wud sour krout. Well, wud you belaive id, Mrs. McGlaggerty, he changed his chune immajitly, an' grinnin' loike a sick hoyainya, he sed he knew all about the divorce an' our little game in connection wud id. 'Ye can't come Paddy over me,' sez he. 'Oi guess not, sez Con,' sez he agin, imitatin' me way av shpakin', Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' wud that, howly mother av Moses an' Mark Antiny, fwthat diz he do but put a big rowl av mooney out av th' insoide av his hat and shake it roight undher me nose. Thin he began to sing 'Oi had sixty dollars in me insoide pockid, don't ye see?' Well, Oi med a lep at him, an' so did Tammy an' Toozy, but he was off like a shot, an' got into his mother's boordin' house afore we kud ketch him. This mornin' he sint around wurrud that he was goin' to shue me an' have me arreshtid fur peelin' an' aitin' his woife's affections, fwwhatever in th' name av common sinse he manes be that.

"But id's cur'ous to me who towld him about the Shecaggy divorce, isn't id, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Now, Oi nuver breathed a wurrud about id to annybody but yersel', an' Oi shuppose you towlt nobody but yer owld man Jurry, so fwwhere in the wurruld kud id come fram? Don't for a

minnit think that Oi wud go so far as to say that you towlt him, Mrs. McGlaggerty, because ye see Oi don't know for sure that ye did; but there was only wan way that it kud laik out, an' divil dang the neighbor av moine Oi'll thrust agin, my frind, not aff her tongue was hangin' out a yard long an' tellin' her a saicrit id save her fram the pit av purgythory.

"Mebbe 'twas in the *Murkerry* paper he saw id, Mrs. Magoogin? My man Jurry tells me he hears that a man named Jinkins, or Jinnings, wroites some quare things about iz, Mrs. Magoogin; loike as not id's that way the little Ditch haythen got the hint about the divorce matther."

"Perhaps so, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but wasn't id a mane thrick fur Hinnery to run away fram iz wud his month's wages, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Oi hope that id's little gud himsel' an' his owld shlob av a mother'll git out av id, me frind."

THE HUSBAND WAS IN THE WAY.

"D'ye know what they're sayin' down on the Hill, Mrs. Magoogin?" said Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Dade an' Oi don't, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow Magoogin, "an' the divil a ha'p'orth Oi care fwhat they sez ur fwhat they diz, aither."

"No more diz Oi, Mrs. Magoogin," the frightened neighbor replied; "but they're sayin' it jist as hard, an' mebbe, the Lord bechune iz an' harm, thet their talk id raich th' airs o' th' polaiice an' who knows but somebody might be arrested for it, Mrs. Magoogin."

"An' sure, an' fwhat's id they're sayin' that's so awfully alarmin', Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

“They sez—they sez,” answered the neighbor, looking all around the room to be sure nobody was near to hear what she said. “They sez, an’ may God forgi’ me fur ever repaitin’ the wurds, but they sez ye’ve murther’d Hinnery an’ kilt him an’ put him out o’ th’ way, Mrs. Magoogin. Oh, Oi hope it isn’t throe, me frind; Oi hope it isn’t throe.”

“Well thin, ye can bet yer boots it isn’t throe, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow, in a most reassuring voice. “Fwhat! Iz it murdher, Hinnery? Fwhy, the little yally-nickt an’ cruked-legged Ditch sour-krount aiter, he isn’t worth murdherin’! Oh, that’s it, is id? They don’t see him aroun’ anny more? An’ bekase they don’t see him aroun’ they think we’ve kilt him? So that’s id, is id? Well, well, well, well! Who uver hurd the loikes! An’ Oi shuppose now that they wants to know fwhere he is an’ fwhat’s bekem av him. Tell thim, thin, to lick their fingers an’ foind out! Wurra, wurra, wurra, but that’s the ways av the wurrild! Uv’rybody thryin’ to moind uv’rybody else’s bezness an’ nobody’s moindin’ his own. Oi’ll howld ye tin dollars ag’in’ a rotten ingun, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that there’s not a mother’s soon av a wan av thim an the Hill belyow that id not buy a ticket to the show, an’ buy id gladly, too, aff Oi was to be hung—hanged in the mawrnin’ fur the murdher av little Ditch Hinnery. To be coorse they wud! But, thanks be to God, they’ll niver see the rope around my neck, an’ sertainly not fur th’ killin’ av a worthless little shnoipe av a Ditchman. Fwhere is he thin? Aye, that the saycrit. Fwhat id ye give to know, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Nawthin’. Well, then Oi’ll tell ye, an’ mebbe it’ll do yer h’art good. Hinnery’s in Yurrup inj’yin’ himself, Oi shuppose, but Oi doon’t know fwhere he is, an’ I care less. Oi gev him two hundherd dollars an’ towld him to make a tower av the wurrild wud id. He was in the way here, ye know. It id niver do to take him into s’coi’ty,

he was sooch a nath'ril born gawk wid not an ounce av sinse in his shkull; so we bawt him aff, as they buys aff hoosbands in s'soi'ty, an' that's all mesel' ur me daughther Toozy has to do wid him. The lasht we hurd from him he was shleepin' in Thrafalgar Square in London, an' he wrote iz to sind him enoof mooney to bring him home, but divil a cint we sint him, an' aff he waits till we bring him back he'll be afther waitin' a long fwhoile. Nuxt Siptimber Toozy's goin' to get a divorce. An' fwhin she gets the divorce she'll be in th' rale shtoyle fur s'soi'ty, so she will. Won't she, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Ye kin bet yer eyebrows she will!"

BARNUM'S OFFER FOR THE FAMILY.

"D'ye know fwhat, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Fwhat? Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oi've jisht resaved a letther f'm Barrrn'm."

"F'm Barrrn'm, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oy, f'm Barrrn'm, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"An' fwhat is he afther now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Fwhat is he afther?" said the Widow, growing red in the face, and very loud in her tones; "Oi know fwhat he's afther, an' be gorry aff Oi had a howlt av him the divil another letther he'd wroite, ur serkiss he'd uxhibit his monkeys in aither, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'm that mad thinkin' about himsel' an' his letther than aff anny wan was to crass me path this blessid minnit an' say a wurrud to me that Oi kud take offinse at, the divil blow me head aff but Oi'd biff thim in th' ogo as quick as a wink, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Now fwhat in the wurruld d'ye think th' murdherin' owld thaif wrote to me about? Ye'll be shupprois'd fwhin ye hear id. Thunder an' mud, but wasn't

Oi mad fwihin Toozy red it to me, an' say, Mrs. McGlaggerty, mebbe Toozy hersel' wasn't mad. Her face got as red as her hair—axin' her pardin fur mintionin' id—an' Oi t'ought she'd have a fit av appleshexy, an' doie roight down dead an th' flure. Well, to cut a long shtory short, an' a short shtory shorther, Misthur Barrn'm, havin' hurd av Toozy's baby, had the gall to wroite in to iz afferin' to hoire hersel' and mesel' an' the baby an' pit iz in th' Zulu cage at tin dollars a waik aich. Now fwat in th' land av the livin' kud have pit th' oiday' into Barrn's's head that the Magoogins war Zulus? Oi'll bet a buckit av beer that id's some wan that's jealous av Toozy ur mesel' that's pled this thrick an iz an' towld Barrn'm that we war naygurs. Oi wish Oi kud put me hand an th' robbers, an' divil's bad shkure to thim but Oi'd be afther makin' Zulus av thim in airnist. Tell me now, Mrs. McGlaggerty, do Oi luk loike a Zulu? Ur diz Toozy luk loike a Zulu? Ur the baby aither? To be coorse not. Nobody in the wurruld that had half an eye in his head id shtand up an' say that we wor Zulus. They doon't grow Zulus in th' part uv Oireland that the Magoogins kem from, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Aff they diz, thin Berdie Magoogin dizn't know it, an' she's the very woman that wud aff it war so. An' Zulus don't talk th' Oirish languidge, aither, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Ye moight say 'nobocklish' or 'thanamondhioul' to thim an' they'd no more know fwat ye war talkin' about than a yally cat knows about Christmas toime. Zulus are Zulus, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' 'they cuke an' ait aich other, an' they're as black as th' ace of spades. Well, thin, Oi'm not black, am Oi now, me frind, an' ye don't fur a minnit think Oi kud sit down to a mail av b'iled naygur, do ye? An' uv'rythin' bein' thus an' so, how in the name av glory kud anny man av common sinse wroite to me ur me childher ur gran'childher axin' to hoire iz to be Zulus? But

mebbe, sez you, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Barrrn'm's ar'n't
rale Zulus intoirely, sez you. Well, mebbe they ain't, but
that's no raison fwwhy Oi shud be insultid be a prap'sition
av this koind, Mrs. McGlaggerty—is id now, me frind?
Thry to think av id, aff ye kin—me coverin' mesel' all over
wud shtove polish an' sittin up in a cage widout anny
clothes an, wid a feather shtickin' in me head loike Yankee
Doodle fwhin he kem to town, an' a big club wid warts an
id in me hand, playin' mesel' aff an the public fur a Zulu
queen an' goin' all day long widout a dhrop av beer to
wet me fw whistle, jisht to laive the ninnies that goes to
Barrrn'm's serkus have fun wid me. D'ye think Oi'd uver
to a hing loike that? Not mooch, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

IN PROSPERITY.

IN PROSPERITY.

SHE MOVES IN SOCIETY.

“Arrah, my Mrs. McGlaggerty, is that yersel’, an’ how ar’ ye, anyway?” exclaimed the Widow Magoogin, as she stepped out of a victoria in front of Mrs. McGlaggerty’s humble home the other morning, and astonished her former neighbor with the rustling of her voluminous silk dress, and the capaciousness of her millinery.

“Ow, wow,” said the neighbor, “but fwhat foine shtoyle ye diz be afther pittin’ an, Mrs. Magoogin! Sure I didn’t know ye at all, at all.”

“An’ fwhat’s the raison fwhy?” asked Mrs. Magoogin, assuming a semi-bellicose attitude as she gave Mrs. McGlaggerty a look that was fraught with the direst suspicion.

[It may be well to state that Mrs. Magoogin got in on the ground floor with some friends in the Robert Emmet mine, a recent gold discovery out in Arizona. The stock which she bought for ten cents a share went up to \$50, and the one hundred shares that the widow had made her comparatively wealthy. She sold out at the highest market price, and when the stock went down again, which it did—to twenty-five cents—she bought in ten thousand shares, which are now worth \$110 a share; so that the Widow Magoogin is at the present writing a millionaire,

which accounts for her fine clothes, and the air of superiority that she manifested toward her old neighbor.]

"Oh, no raison at all, Mrs. Magoogin," answered Mrs. McGlaggerty, rallying her scattered senses. "Only ye have such a grand air about ye that it almost tuk me breath away."

"Is that so, now?" said the Widow, with a sumptuous sort of sneer. "An' do ye think ye kin be aafter makin' foon av me, Mrs. McGlaggerty bekase Oi'm betther dressed than ye ar' an' have big di'mongs in me airs an' own me own house an' lot an' kin pay a naygur wud brass buttons on his coat an' a noice feather in his shtove-poipe hat farty dollars a moonth to dhroive me victowry an' howld up the thrain av me dhress fwhoile Oi'm gittin' into me carri'ge ur dawg cart? Shame an ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, to be as invious as ye ar' av an owld frind that lowers her dignity an' condescin's her condescinsions to come all the way down here from Lexin'ton avenoo abow to pay ye a visit—an' a formal visit at that, too, fwlich the bukes av ettikait sez is diffrunt from anny other call in the cattylogue, me frind, not barrin' the dinner call an' callin' fur yer partner's han' at euchre.

"But, God help ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty! ye're loike all the poor, indignant Oirish that hasn't a cint or a sup. They're niver satisfioied anless they're makin' mouths at thim that has more'n thimsel's. Bad dang to thim, but they sit an their boomps av self-consait all day long nursin' their dirty thawts, an' they have nawthin' but the very wursht wurrid in their cheeks fur people loike mesel' that buys their tickets fwthin they raffles aff their shtoves an' linds thim quarters an' half dhollars fwthin they sind their barefooted gossoons up to the house wud shtories av hunger an' sufferin' that id move a hart of shtone to tears. But niver moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi churish no hard

feelin's agin yoursel' an' Jurry, an' as Oi sed afore Oi kem to pay ye a call unbeknownst to Toozy ur Hinnery ur any av our gang—pardin the mishtake, Mrs. McGlaggerty—I main the mim'ers av our set an' not our gang. To tell the throoth, me frind, Oi thawt Oi'd like to submerge mysel' out fram the brelliance av the hoigh s'soiety in fwlich we now move, an' take a rin down to the owld place to see how a can av beer id go together. Do ye know that uv'rythin' up our way is got to be so sarkumspeck that Oi can't get so mooch as a thim'leful av annythin' to wet me lips wid, widout concurrin' the inimity an' hostility av aivin me own sarvint gerruls.

“Wud ye moind, alanna, goin' to the corner beyant an' tellin' the Ditchman to fill up the booket, as Oi'm exthry-ordhinariraly dhry, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'd ax the naygur out in the victowry, but he'd go to Mrs. Paran Stevens' coachman an' tell him about id, an' Mrs. Stevens' coachman id tell Mrs. James Bog Throtther's butler, an' both av thim id shpread the eppydimic an Murry Hill, an' insoide av twenty-foive hours there id be a shkandal an' a sinsation that id shake s'ciety to its very einther an' cumsumption-rince. Oh, my, but s'ciety's a turrible thing, Mrs. McGlaggerty. A rale s'ciety woman has a harder toime av it than a washerwoman. Fwhin Oi ushed to shcrub—arrah my! but fwat 'm Oi sayin' now? Aff Toozy was only to hear me she'd murther me shtan'in' up. Oi was goin' to say, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that afore Oi inther'd s'soiety—med me debutt, as they sez in Frinch—Oi thawt the upper tins had a sawft thing av it, but Oi've found out me mishtake, me frind. Jisht now Oi'm preparin' mesel' fur the saison, an' in a waik ur two Oi'll be flitthin' about loike a buttherfloi in a glass case. An' fur fwat and fur fwat, d'ye know? Fur nawthin', jusht mairly, simply nawthin'. An' divil a tint av beer they haves

in s'oiety, me frind; not as much as id wet the tail feathers of a floy. Oh, my, but it's nonsinse, Mrs. McGlaggerty, poundin' brass an' sinklin' tmybals, as the play acthors sez, an' not a ha'p'orth more. Faix 'n Oi'm toired av it, bechuxt oursel's, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but bein' in the shwim there's nawthin' to do but floundher around ur get dhrownded. An' at the prisint toime Oi'm in the throes of havin' me twoilites prepared. But say, Mrs. McGlaggerty, don't furgit the lager, an' go out the back alley, the way me black Jayhu, Periclays, won't see you."

RAFFLE FOR A GOAT AT THE VANDERBILT'S.

"Ah, ha! but ye missed id, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Fwhat's that, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Th' raffle at the Vandherbilts'."

"Yis, Jury was sick, as ye know, an' Oi kudn't laive him. He dhrank somethin' at th' dago's, bad look to him fur a yally-nickt Oytalyan, an' th' poor man had a taste of the horrors, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Ora, my, but id's too bad intoirely, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Oi was sarry—"

"Yis, an' ye'll be sarricr, mavourneen, fwhin ye hear th' foon we han, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "Oi sint ye a ticket, so ye have nobody to blame but yersel', me frind. Oh, but id was th' very hoigh-chunedest raffle Oi was uver at in me loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Talk about th' O'Toole's party an' the red toidies an th' chairs, an' th' lace curtains an th' windies, an' th' flyowry carpits, an' th' cinther table, an' th' photygraft albums an id, jisht loike th' parlors ye see in thim great plays in the Bow'ry belyow, Mrs. McGlaggerty, 'twasn't in id at all, fwhin id come to th' shplindiferousness av th' raffle th'

Vandherbilks gev in hanner av th' coomin' out in polly-ticks av their son-in-law, Kurnel Shepard—Kurnel Sheep's-eyes, Oi calls him. Don't ax me to desheroibe it, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Wurruds is too synominous to express id. Wan av th' Mail an' Express waggins kudn't do it, me frind.

“May th' divil pull th' liver out av me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, aff id wasn't th' foineest house Oi've uver bin in, an' Oi've been in suv'ril very noice houses in me loifetoime, aff Oi do say it meself, me frind. There was goold an' silver an' velvet an' laces an' rubies an' doimongs, an' God only knows fwhat else, an' wow, wow!—but ye ought to see th' s'soiety ladies wud their powdher an' paint an— an' their dhresses opin down to here”—indicating a line along the lower ribs. “By gorries, Oi thawt they ought to bin ashamed av thimsel's, but divil a wan av thim thawt anny more about id than Oi did av th' little red shawl Oi had around me nick, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Aff Oi was to dhress mesel' that way, me frind, Oi'd be afther blishin' all over, an' upan me wurrud Oi belave Oi'd sink through the flure. None av the Churry Hillers uver dhresht that way. There was me an' Mrs. Malown, an' Mrs. Gooldin, an' Mrs. Gollogher, an' Mrs. Brady, an' Mrs. Hammershtein, an' Mrs. Shannigin, an' Mrs. Brady, an' Mrs. Lacy, an'—an' uv'rybody else, Mrs. McGlaggerty. We were all inwoitid reg'larly be posht-hole cards that the letther carriers brung iz, an' fwhin we got there they gev iz a grand rayception, so they did, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

“Th' Kurnel knoo'd me roight away, an' sez he to me, sez he, afther Oi had a foight wud a floonkey in short pants at th' dure that didn't want to let me in bekase he sed Oi had a roight to get shaved afore Oi come. ‘Walk roight in, Mrs. Magoogin,’ sez he, ‘Mrs. Vandherbilt 'll be glad to see ye,’ sez he. ‘Thank ye, Kurnel,’ sez Oi, taking him

be the lily-fwhoite hand, 'but laive me give that joompin Jack at the dure a tashte av me fut an' Oi'll feel better fur id,' sez Oi. 'Oh, nuver moind him,' sez he, 'Oi'll discharge him in th' mawrnin',' sez he. 'All roight,' sez Oi, an' wud that in Oi wint. Be all that's great an' holy, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but id was a soight to see th' way thim rooms shoined. Oh, gorries! but id was that bright Oi towld th' Kurnel Oi was afreed Oi'd be sun-shtrook be th' electhric loights. Oi towld ye who was there, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi didn't tell ye that me daughther Toozy shted at home bekase she has a shpoite agin th' Vandherbilts fur somethin' ur other an' won't talk to thim, an' Tommy wudn't go bekase he said sossoi'ty payple don't get enoof to ait. But Oi was there, don't ye furget id, an' aitin' ur no aitin', ye kin bet ye're loife Oi inj'yed mesel'. We all sot round in a row lukin' at aich other fur a long fwhoile an' Oi hurd wan av thim dollykit-wearin' gerruls sayin' koind av toired an' soighin' loike, 'Oh, my, but Oi wish they'd begin talkin' Oirish. Oi wud so love to hear thim talk Oirish,' sez she. 'Fwhat's th' matther wud talkin' a little Ditch, ma'am?' sez Oi. 'Oh, no,' sez she, shruggin' her shouldhers. 'Oi loike Oirish,' sez she. 'All right, thin,' sez Oi. 'Thaw shay thiggin thu, the wallaga th' onamondhiaoul, fag a ballah, nabockalish shin! An' how diz that shoot ye, ma'am?' sez Oi. 'An' is that Oirish?' sez she. 'Troth 'n id is, ma'am,' sez Oi. 'Oi wudn't a know'd id,' sez she, an' she seemed so sarry.

"Tim Shaughnissy was th' only man fram the Hill that wint to th' raffle. He had his fwiskers naitly thrimmed an' a blyue shpeckled nick-toie an, an' oh, but maybe the gerruls didn't take a shoine to him. They shuck th' joods, so they did, an' med up to Tim loike he was th' only man an th' primises. Be gorry, but Tim

was in clover. 'About tin o'clock th' Kurnel's jumpin' jack kem in an' axed iz fwhat we'd have to wet our fwhistles. 'Bring me a little poort woine aff ye please,' sez Oi. 'Moind out, Mrs. Magoogin,' the Kurnel sez, sez he, 'that ye doont get a shkoite an,' sez he. 'Sure'n Oi have no shkoites to pit an, sor,' sez Oi. 'Don't get full,' sez he. 'Oh, Oi see,' sez Oi, an' Oi tipt him a wink that he undhersttud very well. The Kurnel sot by me all noight. He sed that fwhin he was med Mare av Noo Yarrick that he'd make me th' janithor av th' City Hall. 'An' fwhin 'll that me, Kurnel, acushla?' sez Oi. 'Sune, Berdie, sune,' sez he, an' thin we talked pollyticks, an' he towld me how he loved Oireland an' hoped th' Oirish id all wote fur him fwhin th' time comes. He talked that way, Mrs. McGlagerty, antil id was hoigh toime fur th' raffle. Oi had noine shlugs av poort woine in me an' was feelin' loike a burd fwhin they ax'd me fur a song an' Oi gev them wan av me own to th' chune av 'Annie Rooney.' This is th' way id wint:

Fwhere's my cough dhraps,
 Oi've a cowl'd—
 Oi'll be dead
 Afore Oi'm owld,
 Wurra! wurra!
 Oi'm disthresht,
 Fur Oi've th' pneumooney,
 An me chesht!

That's part av id. The resht Oi left at th' Vandherbilts' house up an Fift' avenyoo abow. Oi'd a brung id wud me, but Tim Shaughnissy axed Kurnel Sheep's-eyes to see th' eight-day goat that wuz to be raffled. Bein' as id wasn't to be seen annyfwhere in the parlor Tom thawt mebbe id was a shtiff the Vandherbilts war givin' iz, an'

he ax'd to see th' goat. Kurnel Sheep's-eyes sed th' goat wuz grazin' up in Harlim, an' th' lady ur gintlemin that won him id be givin' a paice av wroitin' to get him wud. That didn't satisfoy Tim, but fwat kud he do? Bate th' man in his own house? To be course not, Mrs. McGlaggerty. So we thrun fur th' goat. Oi garry, Oi be-laive the doices war loaded, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur didn't Oi throw forty-foives, an' sure an' didn't Mrs. Ogdin, ur Salt Lake, Goolet, fwativer her name iz—but she's Kurnel Sheep's-eye's sither-in-law anny way—go an' throw forty-eights. 'Who gets the goat?' sez Oi. 'Oi diz,' sez Mrs. Goolet. 'Thin bad look to th' doices, but somebody must have bewitched thim,' sez Oi—Oi didn't want to say they war loaded, d'ye see, Mrs. McGlaggerty, ur there moight have bin a foight about id, an' that id dishgrace Churry Hill, d'ye moind. So Oi sed no more, but tellin' the Kurnel that Oi wisht him j'y wud his goat, Oi tuk another pull at the poort woine an' we all wint home.

"Av coorse Mrs. Goolet gev back th' goat, an' bechuxt you an' me an' the gateposht, Mrs. McGlaggerty, divil th' goat at all there was in id. Sure 'n haven't Oi manny and manny's the toime raffled off things Oi didn't have mesel' in the same way, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' sorra th' wan wuz th' worser av id. Kurnel Sheep's-eyes jisht wanted to give iz some fun an' he gev id to iz. We had a good toime at his uxpinse an' fwthin he runs fur Mare Churry Hill 'll be up an' fur him to a man. He thirated th' widdies moighty nice, now, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' he desarves to be elected, goat ur no goat, raffle ur no raffle. His poort woine is as foine as anny ye'd get in th' grocery beyant, an' Oi'll howld ye annythin' ye want id coshts him as mooch as a dollar a gallon. Oh, but thim big bugs has th' foine toimes intoirely, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

'A LOOK AT MRS. McGLAGGERTY'S GOAT.

"Ora, my, Mrs. McGlaggerty!" said the Widow, heaving a heavy sigh as she lifted her velvet skirt from the floor and took a seat in her former neighbor's kitchen; "ora, my, but Oi don't undhershtan' how ye kin live in such a place, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Oh, ye don't, don't ye?" said the neighbor; "an' mebbe ye didn't live in the same kind o' a place yerself—an' a worse place it war, too, be gorry—over in the goat pin beyant."

"Tut, tut, tut, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow; "don't let anny wan uver hear ye sayin' Oi lived in a goat pin, me frind."

"An' fwhy not?"

"Bekase Oi'm in s'soi'ty now, Mrs. McGlaggerty," was the response. "An fwhin ye're wanst in s'coi'ty, alanna, the rules av aitikait requoire that ye musht furget that ye war wanst poor. So don't moind me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, aff me tongue shlips now an' thin an' Oi say a wurrid or two that may offind ye, fur whinuver Oi diz, me frind, ye kin make up yer moind that it's only forgetfulness, an' that it's thinkin' Oi am that it's talkin' to Mrs. Vandherbilt or Mrs. Ashtor or Mrs. Goelet that Oi diz be, wid Toozy at me elbow nidgin' and pinchin' me fwhinuver Oi comes near puttin' me fut in id. An' it's manny's the nidge an' pinch Oi gets, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Wan noight Oi wint to a swarray chantant at Mrs. Ponsonby de Goose-nick's, an' wud ye belave id, but fwhin the hoshtleress—"

"Who's that?" the neighbor inquired.

"The hoshtleress? Fwhy, that's the lady that gev the shindy—the dance, I mane, Mrs. McGlaggerty—fwhin she

tuk me be the hand to interjooce me to a gintleman, wud ye belave it, she ron me shlap bang up agin a Foorth av'noo shoe shtore clark who ushed to see me shcrubbin' the flure av the shtore uv'ry Winsda' mawrnin'. 'Misthur Waxnose,' sez she, 'Madame Meguginne; an' fwhat diz the brown-fwhisker'd jood do but up an' sez, as he shmoiled like an eight-day corpse, 'Aw, pawdon me, Madame Meguginne,' sez he, 'but hawven't Oi had the pleashaw av maitin' ye afo'aw?' 'Poorkwaw,' sez Oi, usin' me Frinch wid him—'poorkwaw' is Frinch fur p'raps, Mrs. McGlaggerty—an' as the divil a wurrid av Frinch the poor shoe clark knowed his poipes was froze, as my Tammy sez, an' sorra the nother thing he had to say. But, tell me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhat's become av the goat?"

"There it is out in the yard."

"Faix 'n so it is," said the Widow, going to the window and peeping out; "Poor Billy—his fwhiskers luks as natural as uver, an' he's aitin' a piece av b'iler iron wud as gud an appetoite as Oi uver saw. Diz he miss me, at all, at all, Oi don't know? I suppose not, but it's the way of the wurrild. We're forgotten as soon as we're out av soight. Oi'd loike to take me poor goat up to Mat'son avenue wud me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but loike Mary's lamb it's agin the rools. S'soi'ty hasn't med goats fashionable yet, but mebbe it will some av these foine days, an' aff uver it diz Oi'll be affther thrublin' ye to give me back Billy, an' Oi'll put a brass collar an' a goold chain about his nick an' a plish crazy quilt on his back, an' aff there's a foiner goat in all New Yorruck city Oi'll ait corned beef an' cabbage agin, so Oi will, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But fwhisper, me frind, is there annythin' ailin' the crayther? Oi wuz afeard there moight be somethin' the matther wud him, for Toozy dhruv round this way in her tay cart, the other day, an' she towld me she saw the goat. 'The wind wuz

blowin' through his fwiskers,' sez she, an' that's all Oi kud get out av her. It's to foind out about the goat as mooch as annythin' ilse, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that brought me down here to see ye, me frind, an' tell me the trooth, now, did ye uver see anny wind blowin' through his fwishkers? Av coorse not. Oi thawt that gerrul wuz lyin' to me. Poor Billy! Oi'd go out in the yard an' kiss him, but me black coachman, Perkilays, id see me an' give me the razoo all over Mat'son avenoo."

AFTER THE FRECH BALL.

"Toozy, me daughter," said the Widow Magoogin, lifting her distended head from her damask couch.

"Well, mimmau," responded the daughter.

"Is there a dhrap av wather in the house, Toozy?"

"Yes, mimmau."

"An' anny floppooed oice, Toozy?"

"Frapped, mimmau."

"Frapped ur frappooed, me darlint, aff id's an the primises gimme a bowl av id, fur me head is bushtin'."

"I told you so, mimmau," said Arethusa, laughing.

"Ye towld me fwhat, Toozy?"

"That you'd be sorry when you were sober, mimmau."

"Troth 'n ye towld me the throoth, me daughther," said the Widow, with a groan; "yurra, wurra my, but fwhy didn't Mare Van Wyck pit a shtop to that Frinch ball an' pervint it fram evintuating' at all, at all, as Mrs. Goalets wud say. How did Oi get home, Toozy? Who brung me to the dure an' foired me in? Was id in me own coop, me daughter, or was id in a han' cart Oi kem to me dom-

mysoil this mawrnin' b'ilin', an' wid me byootiful pheasant dhress fluttherin' in the blizzard?"

"You came home in your own coupe, mimma," answered the daughter.

"Oh, Oi did, did Oi," said the Widow, with a new-fashioned moan; "well, Oi'm glad av that, Toozy, fur it'll save iz a grait dail av shecandaloizin' intoirely. Oh, but Oi'm glad Oi'm aloive this blessid mawrnin' afther the shlathers of shampagny mesel' an' Hair Wienybowwowshky desthr'yed at the ball lash' noight. 'Who was that was in the box wid iz, Toozy? Divil a wan av me knows anny wan av thim savin' his fwhishkers Hair Wienybowwowshky. Ow, wow, but fwhat a toime we had—me head's the soize av a wather bucket this mawrnin'—an' me throat—oh, me throat's that hot an' burnin' that id makes me feel as aff Oi niver seen a dhrap av wather in me loife. Oh, aff Oi only had me mout' undher the hoydrint, Oi'm thinkin' Oi'd dhrink uv'ry dhrop in th' aqueduck afore Oi'd laive off. Shampagny's a turrible head bushter, so id is, Toozy! An' id's a pockit bushter, too, me daughter! Be gorry, d'ye know that Hair Wienybowwowshky forgot to pay fur the woine, an' dang his Roosian buttons but Oi had to fork over the money mesel'. But Hair Wieny towld me Oi lukt so noice in me coshtoom. Oi shuppose Oi did, Toozy. Oi wish the McGlaggertys kud have seen me! Ow, but Oi musht have med the b'ys h'arts lep fwhin they clapt their eyes an me! But oh, my—me head's bushtin' wud the hait an' me throat's crackin wud the drooth. Hurry, Toozy, wud the flappoed oice wather! Give me enoof av it to dhrown mesel' in id. Urra wurra! wurra! wurra! but id's a long toime agin afore Oi'll be found at a Frinch ball dhrinkin' shampagny wud a hairy Roosian, an' layin' up a shtore av sarry fur messel' loike that Oi'm nursin' this blessid mawrnin'."

THE NEW WALK.

“Ora my, but id’s me that’s toired out, this blessid day, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“Faix ’n ye luk toired, Mrs. Magoogin. Fwhat toired ye?”

“Oi was out shoppin’ wud Mrs. Vanderbilt,” said the Widow, tossing her Titianesque head nonchalantly, “an’ bad sesht to me but we wint uv’ryfwhere an’ saw uv’rythin’, and bowt nothin’ an’ had the divil’s own toime av id in-toirely. D’ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, id’s not the dish-tance we walked or the guff we gev the dhry goods clerks that gev iz the dose av latitood, as my Toozy sez, fwhin she wants to express wariness be usin’ a big noo wurrud that nobody knoos the mainin’ av, but id’s th’ shtoylish shtoyle av walkin’ that the ladies do be afther havin’, that pit me roight hip out av j’int an’ wrinch’d the muscles av me boick, antil O’im achin’ all over loike a purson that’s bin thrun down tin floights av shtairs an’ never missed a wan av thim in comin’ down.. Be the tail av Paddy Hara’s goat, but Oi’m thinkin’ that that noo walk ’ll be the death av me av id lashts mooch longer. Did ye uver see id, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Well, this is id: Ye shwing yer roight leg around as aff ye war goin’ to turn suddintly into wan av thim coffee shanties they have in Paris fur a shmall mug av beer fwhin nobody’s lukin’ at ye, an’ thin ye shrug up yer roight showldher an’ shtick up yer shnout, an’ poke out yer roight elbow, an’ jisht fwhin uv’rybody thinks ye’re goin’ to fwhishk yer shkurts around an’ give thim a gintail razzle-dazzle, ye kum up short-legged loike wud th’ other fut an’ go roight straight along. Id’s the foinest walk ye uver saw, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ only Oi shprained

the muscles av me boick Oi'd show id to ye an' let ye have a laugh at id. Oi calls it the hoigh-chuned wiggie waggie, but my Tammy sez id's th' chippy fits an' that the gerruis down in the Bow'ry belyow have had the same soort av shpasmus fur th' lasht six moonths. Id's all the shtoyle now an Fifth av'noo an' Broadway; but, be gorra, id's too much shtoyle fur Birdie Magoogin, fur Oi'm afeert id'll bring an the sunburnt shpoiril maginnities. Mrs. Vanderbilt wanted me to go callin' wud her to-morry, but me leg's that lame Oi had to sind her a silver plate card, as they calls it in Frinch, axing her to ushuse me an' Oi'd be uver so mooch abloiged to her; an' she did so, tooty-frooty, which is also Frinch, me frind, an' mains imma-jitly aff not suner. Oh, yes, Oi'm flyin' very hoigh at prisint, so Oi am, Mrs. Magoogin, an' Oi shuppose Oi'll soon be havin' me name in th' noospapers wudout gettin' arreshtid to have it done. Don't ye think so now, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

THE FRENCH PROFESSOR.

"Musha, an' my sweet bad luk to him!" said the Widow Magoogin with a good deal of feeling in her words.

"Who are you talking about now, mimma?" asked her daughter, Arethusa.

"Who'm Oi talkin' about is id?" said the Madam. "Who d'ye shuppose Oi'm talkin' about? Who but that curly mushtached divil av a purfeshor that purtinds to be taichin' Frinch, but who raily comes here, Oi've not the laist bit av doubt, to be cuttin' up his doidoes an' makin' love to yer mother bekase she's rich an' well aff. Fwhat diz the consaited bolly-booin' monkey do to-day but tell

me that Oi ought to shtudy Vollypewk, so that he'd be able to andershtand me fwhin he kem to shpark me. Moind, he didn't say shpark; fwhat he sed was to give me me lessins, but he meant shparkin' all the same, the cute rashkil, an' he can't desaive Berdie Magoogin, aff he was tin toimes the Frinchman that he is, Toozy. 'An' fwhat's Vollypewk, Longtongs?' sez Oi. 'Oh, id's the universal langwidge,' sez he. 'An' how d'ye shpake id?' sez Oi. 'Wiz ze mout,' sez he, throyin' to be foonny. 'Aw, but,' sez Oi, 'fwhat diz id sound loike?' sez Oi. An' thin he gev me a spaycimint, rattlin' aff a yard av horse talk that id make a mule sick. 'Say no more,' sez Oi, puttin' the koibosh an to 'im; 'say no more,' sez Oi, bein' as Oi was an to id, 'Id's Ditch, an' we've had enoof av Ditch in the fam'ly widout yer jawbreakin' Vollypewk,' sez Oi. 'Naw, no Ditch,' sez he. 'Get out,' sez Oi, 'or Oi'll hit ye a rap in the jaw that'll lave yer whole fam'ly toothless,' sez Oi. 'D'ye think Oi don't knoo Ditch fwhin Oi sees id? Didn't we have a Ditchman in the fam'ly wanst?'" sez Oi.

"Mimmaw!" says Arethusa, interrupting her mother.

"Oh, don't be afeert, Toozy. Oi'll nuver mintion Hinery to any wan. Oi'm uv'ry bit as mooch ashamed av him meself as ye are, ur as uver the Morriscenys wur av their Ditch son-in-law, who turned conductor, an' fwhin anybody axes me fwhat's become av me daughter's bow-legged hisband Oi tells thim not to mintion his name in my presence or Oi'll have them arreshted. Never moind me, Toozy, Oi'm sharp enoof to know fwhat Oi'd ought to know an' to kape me mout' shut about the resht, an' id's bekase Oi was afeert that annythin' soundin' Ditchy in the house moight soort av give the shnap away that Oi got so mad wid Frinchy for thryin' to mislaid me into shpakin' the Vollypewk. Wasn't Oi roight, me daughter? Ye bet yer socks Oi was."

IT WAS ALL A DREAM.

“Ar’ ye there, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” shouted the Widow Magoogin, as she leaned across the back yard fence and waited for a response from the shanty opposite.

“Faix ’n’ Oi am, Mrs. Magoogin,” answered the neighbor, appearing in her own kitchen door.

“Thin id’s mesel’s glad to see ye, me frind,” said the Widow, “fur do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, th’ quare dhraim intoirely that Oi was afther havin’ lasht noight. Th’ Lord bechuxt iz an’ harrum, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but d’ye know, Oi dhraimed a dhraim that be the concatty-nashin av some unandhershtandable sarcumshtances, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Oi suddintly bekem a millinaress an’ was rowlin’ in wealth an’ ’dazzlin’ s’soi’ty wud th’ slathers av goold an’ doimins that Oi bawt wud me mooney. Ow, wow! but id’s th’ grand toimes Oi was havin’ wud me cooch an’ foor an’ me nagur dhroiver, an’ me fotoiles an’ passimintairies an’ dollykets an’ bing-bongs an’ sore eyes; an’ Oi thawt Toozy was a widdy wud her hizban’, Hinnery’ aff in Yurruup ur some other say-poort; an’ poor Tammy—th’ noice little b’y thet uv’rybody calls the toof to—was a rale out-an’-out jood, an’ as fur mesel’, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi was sosaciatin’ wud the Vanderbilks an’ th’ Golettys an’ th’ Montmorintcies an’ all th’ big-boogs an’ hoigh-chuned boodlers av Noo Yarrick. Oh, my! but id’s me was ashamed av mesel’ fwhin Oi woke up this mawrnin’, an’ Oi didn’t know fwhether Oi kud luk yersel’ in th’ face this mawrnin’, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur fear av th’ mortification that id overcome me, fur didn’t Oi dhraim that ye called an me in me mansion in Luxin’ton Avenoo, me frind, an’ that Oi axed ye not to bring Jurry wud ye, afeert that he’d

shpit an the carpits ur woipe his nose in me red curtains. Oh, musha, now, doon't get mad at a little thing loike that, me frind. Sure an' doon't Oi know that Jurry wudn't do the loikes, an', woman aloive, wasn't Oi only dhramin', an' anny way, doon't dhraims always go be conthraroieties? But Oi was all in a thrimble fwhoile Oi was in s'soi'ty lest 'n some av the payple fram the Hill id dhrap in an' ketch me at me doidoes. Thanks be to goodness, though, none av th' McGowans or Gilligans saw me an' id was only yersel' that Oi was ashamed av; but now that I've towld ye how it was, av coorse there'll be no hard feelin's bechuxt you an' me an' Jurry an' the goat. Bad sesht to the gang av s'soi'ty ducks annyway, but Oi wish Dochter Dix id sind fur me to give him a few p'inthers about thim—begorry, he'd have plinty to say about thim thin, fur Oi kud fill him up wud uxpariences that id' make his eyebrows fall out av their sockits. Av coorse fwhat Oi saw an' hurd Oi saw an' hurd in me dhraim, but say, Mrs. McGlaggerty, s'soi'ty, aiven in dhraims, is enoof to make a yally cat sick. No more s'soi'ty in moine, Mrs. McGlaggerty, not aff th' owld gerl knows hersel', an' be jinges, she think she do."

POLITICS.

POLITICS.

THE LEXOW COMMITTEE.

"They're always pokin' foon at th' Oirish, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"So id seems, Mrs. Magoogin."

"They think id hurts th' Oirish, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"That's fwat they do, Mrs. Magoogin."

"But ye kin tell thim this fram me, thet th' Oirish kin laugh at all ov thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Thrue for ye, thrue for ye, Mrs. Magoogin!"

"Ye kin bet yer loife id's thrue for me, me frind," said the Widow, getting very hot around the place where other ladies wear their decolletes. "See how the papers an' all av thim med game of that owld lady thet was before th' Lectionow (Lexow) Committey. Th' Lectionow fellows throied to make her say thet she tuk money out av bank to pay fur gettin' her three sons an th' polaiice foorce, but they found out thet she was uvry bit as schmart as they thought thimsel's to be, Mrs. McGlaggerty. They kudn't poozle her, or bamboozle her ayther, an' fwthin they sed foony things to her, she gev thim boick uvry bit as gud as they sint, me frind. She had answer for answer ready fur thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' my blessin's an her fur bein' so cute. They got nawthin' out av her, but she got

th' proice av a kag av lager out av thim, an', begorry, but she musht have a great toime at home winkin' at her neighbors an' laughin' at owld Lectionow as she inj'ys th' beer he ped for, Mrs. McGlaggerty. That's wan toime fwhin they didn't get th' besht av th' Oirish, me frind.

"But fwhat in the wurruld, Oi doon't know, ar' thim Lectionow min afther anyway, will ye tell me, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Do they want to 'bolish th' intoire polaiice foorce av Noo Yarruk, Oi wondher? That's fwhat they saims to be throyin' to do, Mrs. McGlaggerty. They're axin' this kustion an' that kustion, baitin' round th' boosh, an' intimatin' an' insinivatin' that min pays mooney to be med polaicemin' an' that's how th' commissuners gets rich so quick, but divil th' ha'p'orth av evidince do they get, Mrs. McGlaggerty. No, ma'am, not so mooch as ye kud put in yer oye. Upon me sowl, do ye know that Oi belave they're here to inj'y themsel's, an' nothin' more? Aff they wanted to foind out fwhether or no peelers paid to get an th' foorce fwhy don't they ax thimself's. There's nearly four thousan' polaicemin in th' city, an' it'd be aisly fur Lectionow an' his committay to ax uv'ry wan av thim th' kustion aff they raily an thruly wanted to know. An' th' polaiice ar' th' b'ys that know aff onnybody knows, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'm afeert, though, that thim Lectionow fellows ain't as mooch in airnist as they throy to make id appear, me frind. Oi'd loik to have Dinnis O'Grady get hould av thim. Fwhat, don't ye know, Dinnis? He's playin' in a play call'd 'Tabash'co' at th' Broadway Theayther, an' murdherin' thundher! bud he's th' fooniest Oirishman Oi uver clapt me opticalities an, Mrs. McGlaggerty. He's th' b'y thet makes thim shtand around, mavourneen. Divil rattle me, but Oi'd giv tin dollars this blissid minnit to see him afore th' Lectionow Committay answerin' id boick in his own shmart way. Mebbe there wudn't be

winkin' an' blinkin' fwhin he sung this song at thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty:

“Oi thought Oi'd jine th' Foinest
 An' put an a uniform,
 So thet all th' sarvint gerruls' h'arts
 Oi thin kud take be storm.
 Two hundherd an' fifty dollars
 Some wan sed Oi'd have to pay;
 So Oi tuk id to Headquarters,
 But this is fwat the Boord did say:

“Shwim out, O'Grady! Take yer two an' a half away!
 How dar' ye throy to broibe iz? We aren't an that lay!
 But fwishper! Come agin fwhin there's no Lixow
 Committay!
 Shwim out, O'Grady! Shwim out!”

“Id's an owld sayin' that ye can't fool th' Germans, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but id's a betther wan that id takes th' divil's own cuteniss to ketch an Oirishman in a loie, an' there'll be 'ysthersickles an' Mither Lectionow's fwishkers an' shnowballs in his hair fwhin he foinds out in trooth an' airnist fwether ur no a Noo Yorrुक polaiceman pays a cint to get on th' foorce, Mrs. McGlaggerty!”

CLOSING THE SALOONS ON SUNDAY.

“Musha bad luk to that Docthor Poicrust, Mrs. McGlaggerty!”

“An' bad luk to him again, Mrs. Magoogin!”

“May th' divil nuver have an aisy minnit antil he gets howld av him, Mrs. McGlaggerty!”

"Ahmin! an' ahmin agin, sez Oi, Mrs. Magoogin!"

"Th' oidaya av closin' up th' salyunes an th' very day that we wants thim the mosht," said the Widow, with a great deal of feeling. "Sure an' fwhat else have we to do afther goin' to church an' aitin' our dinners an Sunda's but to sit down besaide a can av beer an' mellow our hearts, fwhoile we're takin' a glass av id now an' thin', Mrs. McGlaggerty. It isn't all av iz that kin kape a kag av id in the cellar loike Docthor Poicrust, ur woine ur champagny wather in the soideboord loike me frind Ward McAllisther, an' id isn't manny av iz nayther that kin affoord to go to Dellamonkeyos an' pay him th' proice av a month's rint fur a turkey sangwich in ordher that they may sell iz a mug av ale ur a noggin av fwiskey fur a dollar an' a half, Mrs. McGlaggerty. No, indade, mam, we're not in id, as th' man sed fwihin th' goat ate his doeskin pants aff av the loine. We're poor, honest, daycint, harrud wurkin' payple that nawthin' but thrubbles comes to, id saims to me, an' begorry, fwihin we do begin to foind a little playsure in loife some son av a saycuke loike Superintinder Byrnes ur Docthor Poicrust comes along an' snatches id out av our mout's an' sez, 'Get aff th' yairth—ye're havin' too shporty a toime intoirely an this himmyspere!' An' get aff we musht, Mrs. McGlaggerty, ur begorry they'll pit iz aff, bad sesh to thim!

"Now fwhat harrum, tell me, is there in a glass av beer an Sunda' anny more than anny other day in th' week, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Fwhy, woman aloive, didn't Docthur Poicrust dhrink id himsel' th' noight he wint out inj'yin' himsel' playin' moomblety-peg wud th' gerruls? Thin fwhat in th' divil is he kickin' about, Oi dunno? Let him praich an' rowl his eyes an' play moomblety-peg all he loikes, but fur Heaven's sake, fwwhy can't he laive you an' me an' th' resht av iz alone, that diz him no harrum?"

Oi'll howld ye tin dollars, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Berdie Magoogin's can av beer an a Sunda', ur a Monda', ur an anny day, shkandaloizes th' wurruld less than th' dhrinkin's an' carryin's an av th' payple av Doctor Poicrust's parish. Oi'll hould ye that they ate less an' dhrink more an Sunda' than we do, an' wud more ayvil results to th' kimmunity, too; fur, fwhoile they have th' dusht to do it wid, we poor owld shlobs have nothin' an' musht be contint to do our sinnin' an' connivin' at home.

"Oi'll howld ye they hunt more soide dures an Sunda' than all the soakers in the Foort Ward put together diz, an' id wudn't shupproise me a bit av th' owld Doctor himsel' shtuck his nose into wan av thim wanst in a fwhoile, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Aha! but be all accounts he's a purty shpry owld coon, me frind, an' Oi guess he loikes to wet his fwistle as affen as th' resht av iz. So far as mesel' is consarned, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi've got nawthin' agin Super Byrnes nur Docthor Poicrust, nur they agin me naythur, Oi shuppose, but Oi want to tell thim they're interfarin' wud the Conshtitushin av th' Noo-Noited Shtates an' Tammany Hall fwhin they cut aff our Sunda' beer, an' th' sooner they quit id th' betther fur thimsel's."

"Be Heavens, some av iz'll doie av the droot some Sunda', Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' thin who'll be responson- siple for id? Super Byrnes an' Docthor Poicrust, to be coorse, an' may th' Lord have marcy an their sowls! But Oi'll not be wan av thim az'll doie av th' droot, Mrs. McGlaggerty. No ma'am! Me daughther Toozy's mud a shmash an Hoolihin's bartinder an' we haven't to go fur th' beer at all, at all—he sinds iz around a fresh pint uv'ry half hour, so that ye kin tell Super Byrnes fwhin ye see him ur Misthur Docthor Poicrust that long afore foor o'clock uv'ry Sunda' uv'rybody in Berdie Magoogin's home is singin' 'Thararara-tum-tiddlee.'"

A HALO FOR DR. PARKHURST.

"Do ye know fwhat, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Fwhat is id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Do ye know that Oi'm thinkin' av sendin' Docthor Poicrust a Christmes prisint?"

"Yurro, now, is that so, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis, ma'am, id is," said the Widow, seriously. "Oi'm thinkin' av sindin' him wan av thim stoivepoipe holes that ye see th' saints, Heaven bliss thim, wearin' in th' peckthurs in th' pray'r-bukes. Helloes, they diz be afther callin' thim, so me daughther Toozy towlt me, Mrs. McGlaggerty. He's sooch a good, noice, poiou man, me frind, that Oi think he wud look foine wud a shtove-poipe hole all an foire loike an th' tap av his head. He's intoirely too gud fur Noo Yorruk, Mrs. McGlaggerty; his home ought to be in Gar-r-din City ur in Heaven, me frind. But Oi hope he'll rayform the polaiice foorce. Thim ar' th' buckos that need rayformin'. Did ye uver see a copper in the Salvashin A-army ur takin' up a collection in church Sunda' mawr-nin', Mrs. McGlaggerty? Oi'll warrant ye that ye nuver did, me frind. No, nor anny wan else. They're too fond of spoort. Fwhisper, Mrs. McGlaggerty! There's my brother-in-law, Moike Magoogin, that's been on th' foorce fur tin year come nuxt August. He's th' very divil among th' gerruls, an' is breakin their h'arts an' pullin' their legs all the toime. Now who th' divil d'ye shuppose id ever rayform him? Fwhy, aff he didn't have a noo gerrul uv'ry week or two his friends id think there was somethin' wrang an' th' wurruld wus comin' to an ind.

"Oi'll howld ye anythin' that Moike is wan av th' laddy bucks thet Poicrust wants to ketch howld av. Take my

wurrud fur id, Mrs. McGlaggerty, there's none av thim young fellows that knocks around th' Tindherline disthruct that kin howld a candle wud Moike. He's a smasher fram Smasherville, an' fwhin he twishts up that blond moosthach av his an' casts a connoivin' oye at a faymale id's all day wud her. Oi'll howld ye that id's him that's roisin' up all th' divilmint bechuxt Poicrust an' thim wimmin in th' Tindherline. Poicrust sez the polaiice have intoirely too mooch to do wud th' ladies' an' so th' Shuperinthinder has to sind thim all away. More powir to that same Poicrust, but Oi'm afeert he has a purty harrud row to hoe, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi'll tell ye fwhy, acushla; he's too gud fur this moondane speer, as me daughther Toozy sez, fwhin she wants to make belaiive she's shpakin' poickry. Noo Yarruk is an owld place an' a settled place an' id got along purty well wudout Poicrust afore he cum along an' id'll be here an' get along wudout him fwhin he's dead an' gone, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"But Oi pity th' gud Lord himsel' fwhin Poicrust pits an his wings an' begins to wear his shtove-poipe hole in airnist. Won't he shtick his nose into uv'rybody's bezniss in th' Noo Jayroosalam an' thry to rayform th' archangils thimsel's, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Ow wow, but there'll be howly murther in Heaven above! They'll have to be sindin' down for Shuperinthinder Byrons to kape th' paice. An' he's th' b'y to do id. He's bin thurty years an th' Noo Yarruk foorce an' may he nuver know a day's harrum ur worrimint until he's thurty more an id, an' thurty more afther that agin! Poicrusts ar' plinty in this wurruld, but there's only wan Shuperinthinder Byrons, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Slaintha walla, Tom, agrah!"

SHE GETS HER SUNDAY BEER.

"Bad sesh to me, but isn't this weather, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Now, ye're shoutin', Mrs. Magoogin!"

"A dhrop av beer id go well now, wudn't id, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Oy, or two dhrops, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Well, begorry, we'll have id, me frind," said the Widow, and she called her son Tommy and sent him for a pint. "Be sure an' tell him to fill it up to th' brim, an' no nan-since about id, aither!" was her parting injunction to the boy.

"Oh, but id's to-morry that there'll be th' h'istin' an' shcramblin' for th' beer," the Widow went on; "for Oi shsuppose id'll be th' same as th' other Soonda's wud th' soide doors closed up an' th' Paddy-take-care-there-b'ys an' th' lukout an' the soidewalks an' in th' hallways. Oh, no, sorra th' bit av throubble have we had wud gettin' beer an' Soonda' anny more than anny other day, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi simply take th' can an' rowl id up in a pilly shlip an' pit id into th' markit baskkit an' my Tammy pits it on his arrum an' goes out an' comes back wid id full av lager. Oi never axes him pwhere or how he gets id bekase Oi might be called up afore th' Lixow Cummittay an' be axt about id, d'ye moind, an' Oi doon't want to know, d'ye see, Mrs. McGlaggerty? But Oi have a shnaikin' soirt av an intinse suspeeshun that he goes oop to th' Hoffyman House Caif ur Delmonkeyo's an' gets id from wan av thim hoigh-chuned bartindhers that he knows so well up there," and the Widow nearly sprained her left eye with the wink she gave her neighbor. "Oh, there ar' uver so many

Churry Hillers that gets their Soonda' beer in th' same way, Mrs. McGlaggerty—ur at least they say they diz, an' God help iz, fwhat raisin have they to loi about id. Begories, but th' Hoffyman Caif an' Delmonkeyo's musht be doin' a great can thrade there Sunda's, Mrs. McGlaggerty!

“Howly St. Pathrick, but did ye hear fwhat happint to th' Jerolymin's belyou? They had no bashkit an' no box nur nawthin' to put th' growler in, so fwhat dez they do but take a Saratogy thrunk an' put th' can into id an' little Murty Joryliman thet's not three years old yet in wid id to howld th' can an' kape id from shpillin'. Well, lo an' behowld ye, two av thim carried th' thrunk out wud thim an' got th' can uv beer an' gev id to th' kid to howld an' thin marched back wid th' thrunk bechune thim agin. Now, fwhat d'ye think, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Fwhin they got into th' house an' opin'd th' thrunk divil th' sup av beer was in th' can. 'Fwhare's th' lager, Murty, dear?' his father axt. But divil the wurrud kud Murty say; he jisht keeled over an' wint to shleep. 'Ye'll have to tap him aff ye want id,' sez bloind Hanrahan, an' thin they all set to bad-dangin' Lixow and Poicrust an' they had to sind out th' thrunk an' th' can agin. But this toime they tuk care that there was no Murty insoide av th' thrunk, an' they got their lager all roight. But here's Tammy back. Nuver moind a glass! Put th' can an th' top av yer head, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

LOOKING FOR A POLITICIAN'S JOB.

"D'ye know fwhere Oi was this mawrnin', Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Deed 'n' I do not, Mrs. Magoogin."

"To be coorse ye doon't," said the Widow. "How kud ye, asthore, fwhin Oi didn't tell ye fwhere Oi was goin'? But nuver moind, Oi'll tell ye now, an' it'll do ye uv'ry bit as mooch good, me frind, as aff ye hurd it a waik ago. Well thin, to come to th' pint, Oi was down at the City Hall to bid Mayor Van Wyck th' top av th' mawrnin' an' godshpeed an his new position, an' Oi presinted me petition to make me th' janithor av th' City Hall. An' d'ye know fwhat he sed to me, Mrs. McGlaggerty? He sed he was glad to see me an' wud be rail sorry to see annybody else howldin' th' job av janithor av th' Hall, but he was afeerd that Oi was too young an' purty to be trun in th' way av a daycint owld bachelor loike himsel' an' a lot av giddy young clarks that war doin' nawthin' the livelong day durin' the wurrkin' hours but thryin' to make smashes an' tellin' aich other loies about thim. 'Ye're too attractive a widdy, Mrs. Magoogin,' sez he, 'an' Oi'm afeert it id be afther makin' a clain swaip, av all th' young jood's hearts in th' Hall ye'd be,' sez he. 'Aw, get out! ye doon't mane id,' sez Oi. 'Ye're flattherin' me, yer hanner,' sez Oi. 'Divil a flatther,' sez he.

"Oh, my! Mrs. McGlaggerty, but he was that noice an' shwate wud me that Oi felt the blud coorsin' warrum in me veins an' Oi koind av dhraimt Oi was a mare shlip av a gerl agin shtandin' in the sun in the meadows beyant me father's cabin—God be gud to his sowl this blessid day!—watchin' me own Dinny comin' across th' fields to ketch me

in his arrums an' clashp me to his breasht an' call me his own darlint Bidy. Fur Bidy was me name in thim days, Mrs. McGlaggerty, plain Bridget ma'am—but me daughtther Toozy changed id to Berdie bekase she said Berdie sounded purtier an' s'soi'ty id think betther uv me fur id.

“But comin' back to his hanner, th' Mare, agin, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi raily and thruly belave Oi med a shmash an him. He wuz awful sorry that he kudn't 'p'int me janithur av th' Hall, but bear in moind fwat Oi say, me frind, Oi'll hear from his hanner, the Mare, yit. He tipt me a wink as Oi wint out th' dure an' shuk' his hand afther me that way, as mooch as to say, 'Oi'll see ye sooner; come agin an' don't shtay away so long the nuxt toime?' Oi towlt him that Oi'd kape me oye an the flagshtaff fur him an' nuver let anythin' but th' Shtars an' Shtroipes an' th' A. O. H. banner float to th' breezies over th' City Hall. He laughed an' towlt me he'd see about id, an' fwthin Oi left him he wuz in rale gud humor, fur as Oi wint out Oi hurd him fwistlin' 'Fwthin the Robbers Nesht Agin,' an' all the clarks in th' office war breakin' their hearts laughin' at him.

“Oi wudn't be shupproised, me frind, aff his hanner id sind fur me anny day an' make me his janithor, an' aff he diz Oi promise ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that id'll not be long afore Oi have him at me feet axin' me to be Mrs. Mare Van Wyck an' wantin' me to take a weddin' towr to Europe ur Oirelan' wud him. Bad sesht to him but fwat diz he want to be an owld bachelor fur anny way, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Isn't id betther fur him to have a noice daycint woife that'll have th' supper ready fur him fwthin he comes home at noights than to be aitin' cowld tongue an' hot mince poie in reshtaurongs an' baineries, an' chasin' 'around from wan boordin' house to another in search av paice an' quiet

thaat kin only be found in a nate little home wid a noice little widdy woman loike mesel' fur a woife? Isn't id throe fur me, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Ye bet yer loife it is."

TOMMY TO BE A POLICEMAN.

"Bad luck to ye, but how ar' ye this mawrnin', Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"To tell ye th' thruth, Oi'm not feelin' very well. An' how ar' ye yersel', aff Oi moight ax, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Foiner an' frishkier nor never, me frind."

"Oh, ho, thin, id musht be th' very gud news ye're afther havin', Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Throth 'n' id is—th' besht of news, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, resting her arms on the top of the fence. "Fwhishper! Oi was down to see me partecklir frind, his hanner, the Mare, this mawrnin', Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' fwhat do ye think—fwhat in th' wurruld do ye think he sint fur me for? Divil shoot me aff id wasn't to tell that he wantid to do me as great a favor as it id lay in his pow'r to do me. 'Oh, thank ye, sor, yer hanner,' sez Oi, shmoilin' an' givin' him wan av thim sasshay-all bows that they diz fwhin dancin' th' lancers, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'An' fwhat fur koind av favor is id ye'd be afther doin' me, yer hanner?' sez Oi, agin, waitin' fur him to shpake an' me howldin' me breath fwhoile me heart flutter'd up in me mouth loike a burrud baitin' id's cage wud joy; fur ye musht know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that his hanner is an owld bachelor—no, ma'am, uxcuse me, id's a young an' han'some bachelor Oi mint to say, an' aff Oi do say id myself he's thrun more than wan unbeknowin' oye in th' direction av yoors throoly; so how did Oi know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but fwhat he was goin' to say was that he wud give me his heart an' hand an'

make me th' Maress av Noo Yarrick an' th' mistress av th' City Hall?

"That's fwat Oi thawt at firsht, but all av a suddint id flasht upon me loike a dhraim that th' election was comin' an an' wotes was wantid, so Oi let go av me breath agin an' towlt me foolish owld heart not be takin' an so mooch, an' wud that, sez Oi, to mysel', sez Oi, 'Don't be a big owld shlob av a moodhabowl, Berdie Magoogin,' sez Oi; 'id's yer inflooince in th' Fusht Ward an' not yer love an' affection they're afther,' sez Oi. An' sure enoof, id was so, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Oi'll tell ye fwat Oi'm goin' to do,' sez his hanner, cowldly. 'Oi'm goin' to git yer b'y Tammy in th' sthreet clainin' departmint,' sez he. 'Fwath doin', yer hanner, sor?' sez Oi. 'Clainin' th' shtreets,' sez he. 'Is it my b'y go out and clain th' shtreets fur ye, sor?' sez Oi, gettin' all to wanst as mad as hop. 'No, sor,' sez Oi, wud indignation, 'divil a shtreet in th' city'll uver be clain aff ye wait fur my Tammy to clain thim,' sez Oi. 'An' fwwhy not?' sez he. 'Bekase, sor, id's benaith th' con-stitutionality av his family, that's th' fwwhy,' sez Oi. Thin we had it up an' down fur afwhoile wud his saicretary lukin' an an' grinnin' all th' toime.

"At lasht he sez to me, sez he, 'How wud ye loike to make a polaiceman av him?' 'Oh, there, now yer hanner, that's jusht th' 'very thing,' sez Oi; 'he'll make as foine a polaiceman, yer hanner, as there is on th' foorce, sir,' sez Oi. 'All roight thin,' sez he; 'sind him down next Monda' an' Oi'll have a talk wud him.' He towlt me that aff Tammy was two fut taller he'd have him put on th' Broadway shquad. Oh, my, but id med me feel gud. Oi towlt his hanner Oi'd get him uv'ry wote in th' ward fur himsel' an' Tammany Hall, aff Oi had to kiss uv'ry lasht blessed woter in id. Tammy was tickled to death fwthin he hurd it, an' he's bin shwingin' a club uver since an' pretindin' to

hammer his sither Toozy an' me over th' head wud id. An' ye ought to hear him sing 'Oi'm a dandy copper.' Begorry, wud all the practoisin' he has Oi'm afther thinkin' he'll be th' greatest clubber on th' polaiice foorce. Oh, but mebbe Oi won't be th' proud woman, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhin Oi see him in his hilmit an' blyue clothes an' brass buttons; an' mebbe Oi won't make a few av me Ditch neighbors walk th' chalk fwhin my b'y is an officer! Oi'll have thim run in aff they dar' to so mooch as luk cras at me, so Oi will. 'Pon me sowl, but Oi'm beginnin' to think Tammy'll soon be as great a man as John L. Soolivan, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

SPORTS AND FADS.



SPORTS AND FADS.

A GAME OF GOLF.

“Did ye see me daughter Toozy’s new beau, Dilmonicky Gaysoondheit, fwhin he kem to th’ house yishtherday, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” the Widow asked.

“No, Mrs. Magoogin, I mist him yistherday,” said the neighbor.

“Yis, an ye mist a grand soight, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” the Widow replied. “Talk about Bar-r-num’s serkus. Fwhy, it’s torchlought payrades war nuver in id wid Dilmonicky in his gawr-*rf* shoot.”

“In his fwat, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“In his gawr-*rf* shoot,” said the Widow, trying to be indifferent about the matter.

“An’ fwat in the divil koind av a shoot is that, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“A gawr-*rf* shoot!” said the Widow, half indignant. “Fwhy, Mrs. McGlaggerty, is id possible that ye’re so ignororious that ye don’t know fwat a gawr-*rf* shoot is? Well, well, well, Oi’d a-nuver thought it av ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhisper, an’ don’t let annybody uver hear ye axin such a kustion agin, me frind. Fwhy, a gawr-*rf* shoot, Mrs. McGlaggerty, is a shoot av clothes that they wears fwhen they’re playin’ gawr-*rf*s.”

“An’ fwhat in the name of common sinse is gawr-rfs, as ye call it, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“Yurra, yurra, but it’s har-rd ye ar’ to taich annything to, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow, dejectedly. “Fwhy, gawr-rfs is a game thet ye’ve got to belong to fashnibil s’soi’ty to play it, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An’ so, whin Oi come to think about it, it’s no great wondher that ye don’t know fwhat it is, me frind. But howld a minnit an’ Oi’ll tell ye all about it, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Well, ye see gawr-rfs is a game something loike crowkee, only it’s a gud dail deffrunt, dy’ye see? It’s spelt G-L-O-P-H-Q-Y, but it’s proper Fift’ Avnoo pronoonsheasheashun is gawr-rfs, d’ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

“Yurra, but it’s turrible to be in s’sci’ty an’ have to say thim things, me frind. Ye play id an the ground wid a lot av belliard balls, an’ the fusht thing ye have to do is buy a foor-dollar shoot av checker-boord bally-dancin’ clothes to play it in. The shoot must be too short fur ye in th’ legs an’ too big fur ye in the showlders, an’ it musht be as loud as a brass band at a naygur’s funeril, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It’s intinded principlly to show aff yer legs, me frind, an’ th’ flyowrier th’ pair av shtockins ye pits an yer shanks the gawr-rfier ye ar’, an’ the more gaylopshus.

“That brings me down to Dilmonicky’s legs, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhin he walkt in the dure yistherday wid his poipe-shtims lukin shlimmer than uver in red, fwhoite an blyue shtockin’s an’ a little pickle av a cap an the top av his head an a lot av axhandles an’ things wrapt up in a broshay shawl, Oi thought it was a play achtor frum the Bow’ry that was dhruvven fram his boardin’ house afore he had toime to pit his clothes an. ‘Howly mother av horrors, an’ fwhat has happint to ye, Delly?’ sez Oi, fwhin Oi reconnoized him. ‘Nawthin’, ma’am,’ sez he. ‘An’ who tuk yer clothes fram ye an’ gev ye thim disgraceful things?’ sez

Oi. 'Thim's my gawr-rfs,' sez he, very sheep-loike, an' thryin' to hoide wan leg behoind th' other, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Thin he up an' confessed all, sayin' as how he had to play gawr-rf three ur four toimes a wake to kape up appearances in the fashnibil serkles he serkelates in, fur Dilmonicky is very blyuc-bludded, Mrs. McGlaggerty, aff de duz live in Delancy sthreet—but they pays tin dollars a month rint, fwch makes all the deffrince in the wurruld fwthin it comes to a kustion av who is who in rale s'sci'ty, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Well, it didn't take long fur Delly to uxplain th' game av gawr-rfs to me, me frind; he towlt me the names av th' things that luk loike axe handles in th' bag, callin' thim tays and coffees an' blinky-blinks, an' clinkity-clinks, an' sooch-loike—but he wouldn't give me air a wan av thim, an' me jisht dyin' to have the blinkety-dink wid the brass hammer an the ind. Oi'd howld it behoind me boick till the nuxt toime that red-headed huzzy across th' hall called me a Far-r-Down, fwthin Oi'd give her a clip av id in the poll that she'd not forget in manny a long day, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"But naver moind, me frind, he's goin' to take mesel' an' me daughther Toozy up to the grassy rinks fwere they play gawr-rfs, above Harlim some av these foine days, an' taich iz the game. He sez Oi'll have to get me a gawr-rf suit an' that Oi kin be a tay-caddy ur a tay-cannisther ur somethin' uv that soort. But Oi'll naver dhress up loike him, me frind, nur let me daughther disgrace her sex be doin' it, ayther. A foine soight Oi'd be shtep-pin' down Churry shtreet in a gawr-rfs shoot wid th' floies fram Kornshstein's butcher shop nibblin at the calfs av me legs, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Well, bad luck to th' man ur th' moonkey ur fwhatuver

else he was that invinted th' game av gawr-rfs, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, a few days afterwards, as she tenderly rubbed one shoulder that seemed to be paining her.

"Did ye thry id?" the neighbor asked.

"Faix 'n' Oi did, an' it's the sarry woman Oi am to-day from that same thryin', me frind," the Widow replied, dolefully.

"An' fwhin did ye go? Sure 'n' I niver seen ye laive th' house, an' I was watchin' to see ye in th' plaid shtock-in's an' short skirt," said the neighbor.

"Aha! that's fwhere Oi got th' besht av ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, triumphantly. "Mesel' an' me daughther Toozy, shtole out afore daylight an' spint th' mawrnin' in th' Grand Cinthril Station waitin' fur Dilmonicky Gaysoondheit to come an' take iz to the rinks. Delmonicky sint around a uniform that belongt to his sither, who is a champeen gawr-rfs play'r, an' Oi was up all noight puttin it an an' takin' it aff, an' pullin' at th' shkirt to make it longer afore Oi kud make up me moind to go out in th' sthreet in id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Doon't be a silly Willie, mimma,' sez Toozy, 'thet shkirt's only eight inches fram th' ground an' it's not a bit too short,' sez she. 'Begorry, it feels as aff it was eight feet fram th' ground,' sez Oi. 'An' aff anny wan goes to shquintin' at me through a spoy-glass fwhin Oi'm at the rinks,' sez Oi, 'Oi'll die av shame an' disthraction anless ye purvoide a hogshead ur a blankit ur somethin' else to put around me,' sez Oi. 'Oh, mimma, ye'd niver do to join th' Rainy-Day Club,' sez she. 'Throth'n Oi'd not,' sez Oi, 'fur though Oi've uv'ry bit as foine a pair av shanks to show as anny av thim Rainy Daisies,' sez Oi, 'Oi doon't belave in puttin' thim an exhibition,' sez Oi. 'An' fwhin Oi think diffrint,' sez Oi, 'Oi'll go into th' bally,' sez Oi, 'an' show thim fur all they're worth,' sez Oi. That's th' way Oi feel about id,

Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi thought Oi'd let her know me moind an that p'int roight thin an' there.

"But afther lettin' down a tuck in th' gawr-rfs skirt Oi consintid to wear id, an' aff we shtartid afore daybreak, as Oi towlt ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It was noine o'clock afore Dilmonicky kem along with his gawr-rfs shoot an an' th' clubs an' shticks in a bag in his hand. Uv'rybody in th' daypot was lookin' at iz an' wanst ur twice Oi thought thet the red-fwhiskered polaiceman an jooty there an' that was furuver givin' me an oye was goin' to arrist iz fur bein' dhrest as we war. But we got aff to the rinks all roight, an' Oi felt aisier in me dhress an' conscience fwhin we put th' dishtance between th' city an' ourselves.

"Ye'll nuver hear av me playin' gawr-rfs agin, Mrs. McGlaggerty—nuver, nuver, nuver! Bad sesh to th' game, but uv'ry bone in me body seems broke an' uv'ry muscle is toied into foorteen sailor knots. Fust I was th' tay-caddy an' carried th' shticks fur Dilmonicky an' Toozy fwhoile they played. Meelia murther, but Oi thought Oi was walkin' tin thousand moiles follyin' thim here, there an' uv'ryfwhere wid th' bundle av shticks. Thin Oi thought id was about toime to have a little foon mesel', so Toozy did th' tay-caddyin' fwhoile Dilmonicky an' me gawr-rf'd. Ye takes a small thrawneen an' a ball, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' pittin it an tap av a little poile av mud ye hit it a welt an' knock id as far as ye kin, d'ye see. Thin ye folly it up an' takin' another shtick ye hit id another welt an' so an until ye've hit id wud uv'ry shtick in th' bag. There ar' holes in th' ground that ye have to rowl th' ball into an' hedges an' ditches ye have to knock id across, an' all th' toime ye haves to be careful to use th' roight shtick ur ye lose th' game. Sure, an' wan av th' shticks id be enoof fur me, but it ud not be gawr-rf etiquette to jesht use wan shtick, so ye lose a lot av toime an' get yer brain twishted

wandherin' fwether ye'll hit th' ball this toime wid a brassy ur a nibbledylick ur a dhroiver ur God knows fwat. An' id's not so danged aisy to hit th' ball wud anny av thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty—not nearly so aisy as it luks. Oi med twenty-noine or thirty passes at th' ball th' fusht toime wudout uver stirrin' id. Oi'd swing th' shtiek around me head three ur foor toimes an' bring id down kerwhack agin th' ground a fut ur more away fram th' tay—that's th' little mud hill th' ball reshts upon, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But fwthin Oi did hit it, me frind, mebbe th' ball didn't thtravel. 'That's a cafoozle,' sez Dilmonicky. 'No, it's a pig-shtymie,' sez Toozy. 'It's a loo-loo, that's fwat id is,' sez Oi, an' thin we had an argymint thet kem near breakin' up th' game. But Oi wint along playin' antil me score was up to noine hundherd an' sivinty-noine, fwthin Oi sed Oi'd have to have a can av beer afore Oi'd go anny further. Dilmonicky an' Toozy sed there wasn't a dhrap av beer an th' rinks, an' wid thet Oi gev th' ball a kick, threw down me shtick an' sed Oi was goin' home. 'Oi see through th' whole thing now,' sez Oi. 'This gawr-rfs is a Dubblyew-Tay-Say-U. (W. C. T. U.) game to invaigl payple out into th' counthry fwere they can't get no beer, an' 'll have to dhrink sassparilly ur oice wather,' sez Oi. 'Oh, no, not at all, Madame Magoogin,' sez Dilmonicky. He called me Madam, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' I thought I'd fall in a fit. 'Oh, yis,' sez Oi, 'An' yis, an' yis agin,' sez Oi, 'an Oi'm goin' roight back to Churry shtreet fwere th' beer flows loike milk an' honey, an' th' game av gawr-rfs ur the Dubblyew-Tay-Say-U.'s got no more show than a cat without claws in th' Owld B'y's place,' sez Oi. So home we kem, an' Oi had me beer—two cans av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty—an' Ai was happy an' satisfoied.

"But thet wasn't th' ind av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwthin Oi got up th' nuxt mawrnin' uv'ry bone in me

body was achin' an' Oi felt as aff Oi had bin thrampled an be tin million billy goats ur run over be a cable caar. Divil rattle me, me frind, aff Oi didn't feel worse than Lanty Maguire fwhin they tuk him fram undher twinty-noine ton av coal that was dumped down an top av him. Oi was sore in uv'ry sinew an' j'int, an' God furgive me, but th' pray'rs Oi sed fur Toozy an' Dilmonicky war annythin' but th' soort thet ud do thim anny gud. Oi rubbed mesel' wud arnicky an' goose graise an' turpintoine an' chlory-formy linimint, but to no purpose, fur Oi'm sore an' achin' all over yet, an' begorry Oi didn't think Oi'd uver get th' roight use av me moind an' limbs agin, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"But fwat puzzles me about this gawr-rfs bezniss, me frind, is how thim young joods an' s'sci'ty gerruls plays id noight an' day an' nuver seems to be anny th' worse aff fur id. They purtind to be so tinder an' ristycratic that wan id think they'd not be able to carry a bushel av coal home from th' grocer's, an' yet they foind nothin' but spoort in th' game av gawr-rfs, fwlich ud wear a longshoreman down to a shady insoide av a waik. Upon me sowl, so far as me-sel' is consarned, Oi'd sooner do tin days' scrubbin' an' washin' than to play another game av gawr-rfs, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

SHE "CAME OVER" ON A YACHT.

"Faix 'n' id's manny's th' long day sence Oi rode in a yotch, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Sure, an' fwhin did ye uver roide in wan, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Sure, an' didn't Oi come over to this counthry in wan, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Musha, bad rattle ye, that wasn't no yotch; that was a sailin' vessel, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Well, fwhat's a yotch but a sailin' vessel?" said the Widow, getting ready to defend herself against any argument her neighbor might advance. "Fwhat's th' deffrince, Oi'd loike to know, bechuxt th' boat that Oi kem over in an' wan that luks th' dead peckthur av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty? No deffrince, ma'am, uxcept in th' names. We called ours a ship; they calls their a yotch, but that dizn't make thim anny deffrint, me frind. There's manny a thing that has a deffrint name to-day that's no deffrint fram fwhat id ushed to be tin or twinty years ago, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Uv'rybody ushed to have a kitchin in th' house twinty years ago; now mosht av thim have fwhat they call kewzeens, partecklarly aff they have moonney. Fwhat we always called our bed rooms th' gerruls nowadays refer to as their boodywaur. Fwhy, aiven their dhresses they must dizzignate as robes an' coshtooms an' they Frinchifoy corn bafe an' cabbidge so that begorry we dasn't ate id fur fear av makin' a mishtake.

"An' that's th' way wud th' yotches. Fwhin Oi towlt me daughther Toozy that Oi rode in a yotch afore she was born, she up an' sez to me, sez she: 'Oh, mimmaw! how kud you say sooch a thing? Yotches warn't invinted thin, mimmaw!' 'Oh, they warn't, warn't they?' sez Oi. 'No, they warn't,' sez she. 'Thin Oi know betther,' sez Oi, fur didn't Oi come over to this counthry in wan twinty-noine year ago?' sez Oi. 'Oh, that was a tub!' sez she. There's for ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Th' ship that Mrs. Berdie Magoogin, Esq., kem over in an' that she was forty-noine days an the wather was only a tub. It's a wondher she didn't call id a wather buckit. She moight as well, Mrs. McGlaggerty! That's the way av id, howsomuver; some calls id a tub, an' some a yotch; but id's a sailin' vessel all

th' same, frind. Sure an' wasn't Oi down to the Rockaway Baich th' other day an' didn't Oi see th' Columbia bate th' other boats an' didn't they all have fwhoite sails an' shpars an' Jack tars jisht th' same as th' ship that carried me over from th' Owld Dart?

"High-chooned names don't make things anny better. Peyaters tashte the same, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwether ye call them plain uv'ry-day 'Murphies' or ax fur boom-te-raras in a Frinch reshtorong. Toozy towlt me Oi ought to ware a yochting coshtoom fwthin Oi wint down to Rockaway, but to tell ye th' trooth Oi don't loike to wear thim blyue flannin' shurts wud anchors an' th' collars av thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty! But Oi'm very fond av th' wather, me frind. Some av me admoirers at Cooney's Oisland this summer sed Oi was a reg'lar say nymph, a purfaick murrymaid.

"Th' shkipper av th' Columbia wants me to be th' mashcot aboard his yotch fwthin id races agin th' English yotch, an', begorry, Oi haven't med up me moind yet that Oi won't. But Oi was turribly saysick fwthin Oi come over an th' other yotch, an' haven't Oi yet forgotten th' retchin' an' chokin' Oi had thryin' to get red av th' faist av shpare ribs Oi had afoore th' ship sailed from Queenstown. Fwhiniver Oi think av id Oi don't want to be no mashcot fur th' Columbia ur anny other yotch, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

THE IRISH IN THE PRIZE RING.

"Aha! They can't bate the Oirish, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Throth 'n' they can't, Mrs. Magoogin."

"There's no ushe talkin', me frind, but th' Oirish ar' born foighters."

"Thrue fur ye, Mrs. Magoogin."

"There's no gainsayin' id, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "Manny's th' toime they've throied to do thim, but nobody has done thim yet. Id's very foolish th' man is that goes up agin an Oirish foighter. Begorry, he's takin' his loife in his hands fwhin he diz id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. See th' min that John L. Soolivan knocht out; they warn't no more than reeds in th' wind afore him; they kem up an' he soaked thim in th' nick, an' they wint down an' divil th' nother worrud was uver hurd fram thim agin, me frind. Faix 'n' John was a gud man, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' a great pugilishtarian, but he kudn't let th' black bottle alone, alanna, an' id soon lowered his colors in th' dusht, as id will anny man's that fools wud id, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Yurra wisha, but rum'll get th' besht av annybody. There's manny av iz that id be rich an livin' in lizghery to-day but fur that same curse, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' id's not the Oirish that diz all th' dhrinkin' av id, nayther, me frind. Th' Ditch an' th' Oytalyuns an' th' 'Frinch an' Shkandilooivians all do their share av id, Mavourneen. But id left John L. Soolivin fwhere he is anyways, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' nobody knows id betther nor John. Fwhin he was baiten, though, id was be an Oirishman loike himsel'; there was that mooch anner in his defeat. Him an' Corbett purtends to be Americans, but id's th' Oirish

blud in their veins that towlt th' shtory fwhin they wint into th' ring to foight, an' that gev thim th' vich'try, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But that's all poppy talk about thim bein' Americans; id's only done to save thim fram bein' arreshted for foightin', that's all. Ye moight as well say that a Ditchman born in this counthry isn't a Ditchman.

"Fwhy, there's Dinkenspiel's b'y that was born in Forsythe sthreet abow, he can't talk nawthin' but brokin Ditch, an' ye don't mane to tell me that he's American, do ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Yis he is, Oi don't think. An' no more is Soolivin an' Corbett. They're Oirish, an' be th' piper that play'd afore Moses afore he was born, id ought to be th' proudist feather in their caps, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Hurroo for Tuam an' th' County Galway! fur that's fwhere Jim Corbett's father had his bringin' up, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' that's fwhere th' bone an' mooscle an' kane joodgment was growed that med Jim knock th' sivin sineses out av that beef-aitin' shpalpeen, Charley Mitchell, at Jacksonville th' other day. An' id's goin' to make him kill th' naygur fwhin they come together, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Marruk my wurrud, me frind, he'll do th' naygur up thrim an' aisy. He'll go through him loike a philalyoo through a counthry. Oi don't care to see an Oirishman foight a naygur an' gud owld John L. Soolivin wudn't do id, but fwhin he's goin' to do id at all he moight jisht as well do id accordin' to H'yle. There's no doubt he'll do id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. The naygur wus nuver born that kud bate an Oirishman wud his fishts or give him th' fut, aither. Aff he dizn't kill the naygur Oi'll jine th' Cohinses' synagogue in Baxther sthreet, an' go boick an pigshead an' cab-bidge an' ate nawthin' but motzes an' ganzgreeben all th' resht av me loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Yis, an' Oi'll be surkimsheroibed into th' bargain, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

THE BROOKLYN HANDICAP.

“Wud ye uver think Oi had anny spoortin’ blud in me, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

“How shud Oi know? Sure, an’ Oi’m no docthor, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“Oh, pshaw, that’s not fwhat Oi mane, woman. Oi doon’t want ye to see my blud. Oi’m only afther axin’ ye wud ye uver take me fur a spoort, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

“Faix ’n’ ye’re spoorty enoof at toimes, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“Oi know id, Oi know id, me frind,” said the Widow, heartily concurring in the statement, “but Oi nuver thought Oi was a rale thoroughbred antil th’ other day—last Choosday, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhin my b’y Tammy that’s bin down to Cooney Oisland helpin’ th’ refawrmers to refawrm id, so he sez, kem home an’ towlt me he had a lead-poipe stinch an th’ Brukeline Handicap. Don’t ye know fwhat a lead-poipe stinch is, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Fwhy, id’s fwhat th’ spoorts calls a sure thing, a dead sthraight tip, Mrs. McGlaggerty; id’s something ye can’t lose yer mooney an antil ye lose id, me frind, an’ thin ye don’t lose id an the stinch nayther, for the raison that id wasn’t no stinch ur ye wouldn’t have losht annything an id, do you see, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Well, my Tammy had th’ stinch, an’ he gev id to me, do ye moind, an’ Oi gev him a byootiful foine dollar—wan av th’ very few Oi had—to put on id, d’ye undershtand? An’ he put id an id, Mrs. McGlaggerty—he put id an id, an’ id’s an id yet’ begorry, an’ Oi shuppose id’ll shtay an id, bad look to him. Bannisthaar (Banastar) is th’ harse that’ll ate th’ others up, mother, sez he. ‘Bannisthaar’ll win in a walk,’ sez he, ‘an Oi’ll bring ye home tin dollars fur yer wan, mother,’ sez

he. 'Musha, God bless ye, Tammy, an' here's th' dollar, me bouchal,' sez Oi, an' Oi up an' gev him me foine mooney, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Now moind me, Tammy,' sez Oi to him, sez Oi, as he wint out, 'now moind me, aff yer stinch loses me dollar, sez Oi, 'ye moight as well not come boick,' sez Oi, 'fur Oi'll lay ye out fur dead,' sez Oi. Well, fwhat do ye think, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Tammy's stinch was nuver in id. Begorry, Bannisthaar, thet was goin' to win in a walk, nuver showed up at all at th' ind of th' race. He may have doied an th' thrack fur annything that Oi know to th' conthrairy, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi axed me daughther Toozy about id fwhin she was readin' th' paper nuxt day, an' she towlt me Bannisthaar wasn't one, two, six—which manes that his name was Dennis Mud, Mrs. McGlaggerty. So Oi was out of me byootiful dollar, Mavourneen. As fur Tammy, Oi've nuver laid oyes on him since he gev me th' stinch, an' Oi'll give him a p'inther that uff he knows fwhat's gud fur him he'll sthop away until Oi furget about himsel' an' th' stinch. But Oi'm through wud harse racin', me frind. Stinch ur no stinch, hereafter thim race track fellows 'll get no more av my foine mooney, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

HER BOY CUT OUT FOR A BALL PLAYER.

"Are ye there, Mrs. McGalggerty?" the Widow shouted over the fence to her neighbor.

"Faix 'n' Oi am, Mrs. Magoogin," was the other lady's response, as she came out of the house into the yard.

"Thin did ye see anythin' av me Tammy's base ball bat, Oi dunno?" the Widow asked. "He left it around here in the yard fwhin the sayson closed lasht fall, and he sez he's inclined to think your husband, Jurry, schnaiked it away

to make an axe handle or a clothes shtick out av it. Troth 'n' aff he did that, an' Tammy knew fully that it was throe, he'd break your Jurry's nick in th' thwinklin' av an oye, an' not laive him able to do a day's work fur six waiks. Fur that base ball bat was as dear to me Tammy as his poor owld father, the Lord have marcy an his sowl, now that he's dead, was to mesel' fwhoile he was livin'. Tammy, do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, is as foine a base ball player as there is in the counthry, an' wan av these days fwhin he gets a littel oulder an' toofer, he'll jine th' Goiants an, be shmokin' tin-cint cigars, wearin' his hat an the soide av his head loike a proize foighter, callin' uv'rybody cully, an' dhrawin' more mooney than an Italian opery singer.

"Tammy is jusht cut out fur the purfession av ball playin'. He kudn't be a clark, bekase he don't know how to wroite; he darsn't be a jood, fur the b'ys 'ud pelt mud at him, tear his clothes, an' mebbe kill him into the bargain, an' he can't be a hod-carrier, loike his fayther was, bekase he's too lazy, so Oi think Oi'll just laive him run the sthreet, an' aff he kin kape out av jail antil thin, be the toime he's two yeers owlder he'll be able to be afther makin' a conthraht to pitch, or bat, or shtale bases wid wan club, get his thousand dollars advance mooney, an' thin go over an' hoire out to some other club regardless of his fusht conthraht. He'll be a great shpoort, wearin' toight pants an' hoigh collars, an' durin' th' winther, fwhin there's no ball playin' he kin put in his toime aither in playin' poker or mashin' the gerls. Ah, moind fwhat Oi tell ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, my Tammy may be a toof, but he's the makin' av a vury foine ball player aff the polaiice 'll only laive him alone afwhoile."

"But aff he misses bein' a ball player, Mrs. McGlaggerty, there's somethin' betther may befall him. D'ye know fwhat Aldherman McGuff sez about Tammy?"

“No, Oi don’t, unless he sez he ought to be in the jail below, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“Well, thin, as smart as ye are, Mrs. McGlaggerty, he sez no sooch thing,” said the Widow, with more equanimity than she usually possesses when her darling is assailed; “on th’ con’thry, Mrs. McGlaggerty, he shpakes very noicely av th’ gorsoon, an’ id was only this mawrnin’ he pit his han’ an the lad’s head an’ he sez, sez he: ‘Tammy,’ sez he, ‘ye’re a foine broth av a b’y, an’ wan av these byootiful days,’ sez he, shtrokin’ Tammy’s noice black head, ‘p’raps ye’ll prab’ly be th’ Prisidint av th’ Noo-Noited Shtates,’ sez he. An’ begorry, mebbe he moight be—who knows, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Worser b’ys nur Tammy have bin Prisidint. Luk at Misthur McKinley, God bless him, an’ may th’ sun nuver set on the noight that’ll bring bad look to himsel’ an’ his good woife—luk at McKinley; who’d uver say fwhin he was a b’y that he’d be th’ Prisidint av th’ Noo-Noited Shtates, fwhich he is, an’ there’s no gainsayin’ id, naither, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Av coorse there’s no shance av Tammy’s bein’ med Prisidint fur some toime to come, fur the b’y’s too young yet aiven to casht his wote, but Oi think his head is takin’ a turn fur pollyticks, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ d’ye know he’s axin’ to go to the nuxt convintion to be th’ mashcot fur the Tammany Hall delegates, so he is. Now fwhat d’ye think av that fur a b’y hardly owld enoof to woipe his own nose? He’ll go to that convintion an’ l’arn how Misther McKinley gets to be Prisidint, an’ thin mebbe he’ll go to another convintion later an’ l’arn how somebody else diz it, an’ be the toime that id comes around to his turn to be Prisidint he’ll know how to do id himsel’, an’ be Heavens aff he doon’t his moother ’ll foind out an’ tell ’im. Mark my wurruds, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Aldherman McGuff’s langwidge ’ll come home some day, an’ be the tail av Paddy O’Hara’s goat fwhin the Ma-

googins takes possession av the Fwhoite House there'll be laws pasht that'll incraise the wurrikin'man's pay an' at th' same toime free owld Oireland. Ditch Hinnery says he'll wote fur Tammy when he runs, an' id's as well that he's med up his moind to id, for fwhin the wotin's goin' an he'd have to do id annyway ur we'd put himsel' an' Toozy an' the baby out in the alley an' tell thim divil th' nother boite they'd ait in my house. By the way, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Toozy's baby is doin' roight well. It haves hair at the back av id's nick now. Galway shluggers, Tammy calls thim, bad sesht to 'im."

THE BICYCLE.

"Wurra, wurra, but it's mesel's the anfortnit woman in-toirely," said the Widow Magoogin, wiping a "dhrap av wather" out of the corner of the eye with the hem of her apron.

"What's the matther now, me frind?" asked Mrs. McGlaggerty, coming to the fence and thrusting her chin over into the Widow's yard.

"Matther?" said the Widow; "no matther at all, but fwhat's the matther wid me all the toime, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Bad luk seems to have markt me for its own, an' bechuxt fwhat Oi foind av it fur mesel' an' fwhat's brung into me be uv'rybody that begs or borries it, be Heavens, it seems that Oi'm always in throuble. Sure an' wasn't my son Tammy carried into me this mawrnin' out av an ambylance, an' isn't he now lyin' in bed wid a cut an th' tap av his head that ye kud dhroive a sthreet car into widout much anconvanience? It's jisht his luk, too, fur aff his shkull wasn't shplit open thet polaiice 'ould have a houl't av him, an' it's in the bowels av the cooler belyow.

he'd be reshtin' now inshtud av in his comfortable bed. Faix 'n' Oi'm thinkin' it was a sore day to me fwhin Tammy was born, fur he's gettin' to be a turrible little toof, an' Oi'm affeerd that aff he dizn't die a natteral death purty sune he'll be afther breakin 'his nick an the gallows wan av these foine days; an' bechuxt ourselves, Mrs. McGlagerty, it's no more nor less than he desarves. But to come to the p'int, as the man sed, fwhin he swallyed the darnin' needle, Oi was in the parlor this mawrnin' dishtin' aff th' Kinzintin' foire scrane an' th' Shatshumy vases fwhin a knock kem to th' dure, an' I shouted 'Come in.' Lo an' behold ye, the word was no suner out av me mouth than in walked two big polaicemin an' they carryin' my Tammy in their arms bechuxt thim. Well, upon my wurrud, I musht have got as fwhoite as your Jurry's fwiskers, an' me knees rattled together loike I had the agy. 'Is he dead?' sez Oi. 'No,' sez they, 'but he's not far fram it.' 'Who did he bate?' sez Oi. 'Nobody,' sez they. 'He tuk a header fram aff a boicycle.' 'Did he shtale it?' sez Oi. 'No,' sez they, 'he jisht tuk it.' 'An fwat was it?' sez Oi. 'A header,' sez they; 'he fell an his forrud,' sez they. 'Thin divil mind him,' sez Oi, 'an' it's my wish that it's broke his forrud, he'd done,' sez Oi. 'Ahmin,' sez they, an' wud that they pit Tammy an the bed in th' parlor, an' there he lay wud his mouth open gashpin' away loike as aff he was in the lasht ixthrimities.

"But divil the wun bit did Oi pity him, fwhin Oi hurd th' shtory th' pelaicemin towlt about him thryin' to roide a boicycle that he found shtandin' an the paymint outsoide av a shtore—tryin' to ride it, the gintleman said, but it's tryin' to shtale it, he was. He got up an th' ma-sheen, they towld me, an' he was no suner up than he was down agin goin' head fusht over the fwheel into a sthove on the top av his head. Oi thanked the min fur

bringin' him home an' sint out a little b'y that was passin' fur a can av beer fur thim, fur they war very dhry as Oi kud see be the way they dhrank it all up, and thin aff they wint. But, arrah, wurrah, to think that my Tammy, not satisfied with bein' a toof and a base ball crank, an' a foor-round foighter, musht go an' casht suspicions an his common sinse be thryin' to roide or shtale a boicycle. Sure an' we nuver saw annybody roid in thim things fwhin we war gerls; the young min av our days had more respect for thimselves an' for iz. May th' divil pull the liver out av th' man or min that invinted the boicycle, an' that's the shweetest pray'r Oi have fur thim, an' fur the spoider-legged judes that diz be thryin' to shpoort thimselves around on them. They're anlucky conthrivances, an' aff my Tammy uver agin intinds to cloimb anto th' back av wan av thim Oi hope the owld b'y'll come around an' shpit him an the ind av his teats in' fork; an' fwhin he's dancin' around on the red-hot coals, Mrs. McGlaggerty, it's moighty little toime he'll have to be thinkin' about boicycles or bah-cycles aither."

THE "GIANTS" WANT HER FOR A MASCOT.

"Bad sesh to me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but id's the great news Oi have fur ye."

"An' fwhat news is id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oi'm goin' to j'in the base ball club."

"Arrah is that so? An' fwhat ar' ye goin' to j'in the base ball club fur, Oi doon't know?"

"To be their mashcot, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, smiling her sweetest. "Well, upon me sowl, id made me laugh mesel' fwhin Oi was towld about id, for id

was an hanner that kem as onexpectid as Mickey Flannery's broken leg, an' sorra the wan av Mickey knew id was comin' till id come an' he had id, an' that was th' ind av id. But this is how id was, Mrs. McGlaggerty: Oi was down in Finnerty's grocery belyow proicin' a mack'ril, fwhin up walks Lanty Shlatthery an' he sez to me, sez he: 'Mrs. Magoogin,' sez he, 'there's a great dail av luck in your fam'ly,' sez he. 'Troth 'n there is, Lanty,' sez Oi, 'an' barrin' me mother bein' kilt be a jaunтин' car an' me father bein' dhrownded at say,' sez Oi, 'an' two av me sisthers catchin' the cholery an' doyin' wid id,' sez Oi, 'there nuver was a luckier fam'ly uver throd th' ground,' sez Oi. 'Yis,' sez Lanty, sez he, 'God is always gud to th' Oirish!' 'Begorry, ye're roight he is, Lanty, avic,' sez Oi. 'An' now,' sez he, 'Oi'll tell yer fwhat Oi'd loike to know,' sez he. 'An' fwhat is id, Lanty, avourneen?' sez Oi. 'Oi'd loike to know,' sez he, 'aff ye'd have anny objection,' sez he, 'to hoirin' out to the Goi'nts,' sez he, 'to sit an the binch fwhin they're playin' a game av base ball an' give thim gud luck,' sez he. 'Is id me?' sez Oi. 'Yis, you,' sez he. 'Will ye be the Goi'nts' mashcot nuxt season?' sez he. 'Is there anny mooney in id?' sez Oi. 'Ooodles av id,' says he. 'Thin Oi'm th' Goi'nts' mashcot,' sez Oi. 'All roight,' sez Lanty; 'Oi'll sind th' manager a tellygraft about id,' sez he, an' wid that he borried twinty-foive cints fram me to pay the tellygraft wid, an' now Oi'm waitin' to get a letther wid a shoot av clothes an' some advance money in id from th' manager av th' Goi'nts, an' Oi'm loi'ble to get id anny minnit in th' day, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"My b'y Tammy dizn't belave a wurrud av th' shtory. He sez Lanty Shlatthery is a mug, fwhativer that is, an' that he simply shtud me up for beer mooney. But Tammy is a dang little bla'guard, an' nawthin' else. D'ye know fwhat he sed to me fwhin Oi towld him av id? 'See here,

mudder,' sez he, 'th' only ushe you'd be to a base ball club,' sez he, 'id be to lind thim yer face fur a mashk'—he nuver finished fwativer he had to say, fur Oi hot him a blyow behoind the poll with a saucepan that sint him shpinnin' beyant the shtove. But nuver moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Wait till the base ball saison opins, an' ye'll see Mrs. Berdie Magoogin, Esq., the mashcot av the Noo Yarrick Goi'nts.'" And the Widow moved majestically towards her shanty, singing:

Nya-ha-ha, my love Nell
Is a divil out av—well,
From the coasht av Cork kem she;
An' she weep'd an' she wailed
Fwhin th' big ship sailed
For the shores av Ameroi-i-i-key.

HER DAUGHTER'S FOOTBALL PLAYER.

"Wasn't his hair lovely, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Sure 'n' whose hair ar' ye talkin' about, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Sure 'n' whose id it be but Toozy's young man, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Oi didn't get a gud luk at him, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Faix 'n Oi didn't get a very gud luk at him mesel'," said the Widow, "fur didn't Oi have to sit in th' kitchin all th' toime, wud th' dure closed bechuxt me an' th' parlor fur fear that Oi'd opin me mout' an' give th' shnap away, as me daughter sed. She towlt him, do ye moind, that she's th' daughter av a millinyaire an' that her moother had furbid her uver to marry a man that played futball, an' as he's fram Yell College an' is a futball play'r into th'

barg'n, she'd nuver, no nuver, consint fur her to be his woife, so she purtinds to meet him clamdishtantly loike, as th' lovers diz in th' shtory bukes, Mrs. McGlaggerty. She'd interjooiced me to him as her moother's washerwoman, an' divil th' wurrud av loie she was tellin' aither, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhin she sed so, fur aff Oi ain't her mother's washerwoman, who in the name av blissid Pether is, me frind? 'Misther DeCourcy de Collywob, this is me mimmaw's washerwoman,' sez Toozy, bowin' low an' grand loike th' ladies an th' shtage. 'Aw, Misther DeCourcy de Collywob,' sez Oi, 'Madam Bedeliowski Magooginincey, Esquoir, is deloighted to see ye. How ar' ye?' sez Oi. An' wud that in he walkt, an' Toozy towlt him that she had to bring him here, as her millinyaire parints had detectives an her thrack, an' th' polaiice was an th' lukout for cranks an' smashers that moight give her anny ann'yance. Thin Oi had to shkoite into th' kitchin an' kape an oye out for Tammy, lessen he moight roon in an' shpoile uvrythin'.

"Oi wanted to ax DeCoorey, fwhy he twolt Toozy in his letther that he wrote her, fwhin she axed him to meet her at th' cawrner av th' Bow'ry an' Delancey Shtreet, to take her to th' Harse Show, to go chase herself, because Oi thought id wasn't very noice av him, but me daughter Toozy id not let me mintion id to him. She towlt me later though that id was all roight, as 'go chase yerself' was a playful way they had in Noo Haven s'sci'ty av refusin' invoites to go to places loike balls, parties an' peck-nics. Well, afther a few minnits, Toozy an' De Coorey wint out to the futball game an' that's th' lasht that Oi saw av him, although he sed that he moight be boick an' Oi caked a foine lot av corn bafe an' cabbidge an' bought a tin-cint mince poie fur th' supper. But Oi was purfeckly shtruck be his hair, fwhich was loike a watherfall th' way id fell down aff av his head. Upon me wurrud id was as long as

me billy goat's fwiskers an' purty near as fwhoite. Oi hope that he'll marry Toozy, because he seems to be a purty noice soort av a b'y. Oi koind av loike him, an' my Tammy loikes him, too, because he's a spoort.

"Oh, my, but ye ought to hear th' v'ice an him fwthin he yelled out 'Hullaballoo an' fag a ballagh, Yell!' Oi thought he'd roise th' roof, so Oi did, Mrs. McGlaggerty! That's th' way they holler in the futball game, he sez, an' it's his bezniss to do most av th' hollerin'. But his father has wagon loads av mooney, so he kin affoord to holler, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi don't know how id'll be fwthin Toozy marries him, fwchich she may niver do, do ye moind, my frind—but Oi think spoortin' loife won't interfere anny wid me savin' me sowl. There's plinty av Oirish spoorts, mavourneen. Sure'n there's me frind, Dick Croker es gud an' foine a gintleman as uver lived, he's a Jim Dandy spoort, now, an' he's goin' to christen a race harse afther me, so he sez. Now, fwat do you think of that, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

ON ROLLER SKATES.

"The curse av Crum'll an the man that fusht invinted rowler shkoits, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Fwhy fwat have they got to do wid you, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Nothin' at all, but Oi've had a great deal to do wid thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Is that so, now? Who'd have uver belaved id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Troth'n Oi'd hardly belave id meself, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, half penitently, "war id not that

Oi had such a painful expairiance wid thim, me frind. Do ye moind, alanna, the thrip Oi towld ye about that Oi was goin' to take to Cooney's Oisland belyow. Well, bad luk to the boat that tuk me down the bay; but Oi tuk the thrip an' fwhat do ye think Oi wint an' did the momint Oi put me fut an the sandy sile av the place, but med the biggest fool av meself that anny wan uver saw. Fwhy, aff Oi had a cap an' bells an, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' me face painted red an' fwhoite, loike the clowns in Barnim's Circus, the divil the bigger fool Oi kud be.

"An' this is how id was, me frind: Me daughter Toosey, that's always inthermeddlin' wid the affairs av hoigh-chooned socoiety, is dead shtuck an rowler shkoitin', an' nothin' else id plaise her fwhin she raiched the oisland but she musht go to the shkoitin' rink an' shkoite. So we wint an' Toozy shkoited. They rowled about the flyure as gracefully as the archangel Gabri'l, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' th' way they gloided an' shloided was purty enoof to make annybody soigh an' poine fur a pair av rowler shkoites. Afther two or three turns upon the flyure, Toozy kem up to me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' she sez to me, sez she, 'Fwhy doon't you shkoite, mimma?' 'Arrah, go 'way out av that an' don't be afther makin' a fool av me,' sez Oi. 'See how aisy an' noice id is, mimma,' sez she, twurlin' herself about, an' cuttin' a figure noine an the flyure. 'Oi see,' sez Oi, 'but id's not so aisy to thim that dizn't know how,' sez Oi. 'You can't fall,' sez she. 'Oi know Oi can't,' sez Oi, 'an' that's fwhy Oi'll keep me feet as they ar', sez Oi.

"But she wint an bantherin' me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' all the shkoiters gothered about me, an' be gorry afore Oi knew id Oi had an a pair av the rowler shkoits an' a young man wid a fwhoite cap an was pilotin' me tow'rd the middle av th' flyure. 'Don't be frecken'd,' sez he,

fwhin Oi was thrimblin' all over, expectin' to have wan av th' shkoites go from andher me anny minnit, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Oi'm not,' sez Oi, 'but aff ye laive me fall,' sez Oi, 'Oi'll brain ye fwhere ye shtand,' sez Oi. 'Nuver fear,' sez he. 'Let her go, Gallagher!' Some wan in th' crowd shouted at this minnit, an', bad dang to him, fwwhether his name was Gallagher or Grady or fwwhat not, he let me go. And, ow, wow! but fwwhat a losin' av me sineses Oi had there an' thin! Aff an ox was to shtab me wid his horns Oi kudn't have bin more bewildhered, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Thim little fwheels an th' shkoites ar' frinds av th' divil himsel', Oi furmly belave. Oi kudn't howld thim shtill. Wan fut wanted to go wan way, an' th' other wanted to go th' other way, an' bechuxt them both Oi didn't know fwwhat in th' wuruld to do. Uvrybody was lukin' at me an' uv'rybody was laughin' at me. Upon me sowl id musht have bin a picnic fur thim fram the way they seemed to be inj'yin' themsel's.

"Well, as regards poor me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, there Oi was thrimblin' an' tottherin', not knowin' fwwhich way to turn fur Sunday, fwthin all uv a suddint it occurred to me that aff Oi was wanst sittin' down Oi'd be all roight. No sooner sed then done, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi put out wan fut to take a sait an' the flyure an' wud ye belave me that minnit the other fut wint fram undher me, an' up flyed both legs in the air an' down Oi sot an th' broad av me boick. Me dhress was up about me head, all the shkoiters was roarin' an' Oi thaught Oi was kilt intoirely. Oh, the morthification av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Oi blished roight up to the roots av me eyebrows. An' mebbe Oi wasn't mad, too. Whin foive or six av thim carried me into a corner an' tuk the rowler shkoites aff av me Oi was goin' to clane out the whole place, an' off Oi kud only have laid me hands that minnit an me Toozy, her loife id not

be worth as mooch as a miskitty's shpit. Oi have id in fur her yet, niver moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur me boick is nearly brokened, so id is. But fw hisper, me frind, niver pit rowler shkoites an yer feet! They'll make a fool av ye. Upon me wurrud they will, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

HORSEBACK RIDING.

"Fwhishper, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Arrah, fwhat is id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"How do you think Oi'd be afther lukin' an horseboick?"

"Faix 'n Oi don't know. Oi never saw ye an top av a horse, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Well, then, ye'll not be long so, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, "fur, do ye moind, a purfessher av ridin' was here to see me to-day an' Oi pramist him Oi'd go up to his acadaimy nuxt week an' take a few lessons fram him an th' inshtalmint plan—that is to say, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that aff he doon't make me the purtiest roider that uver rode along the bullyards in Cinthral Parruk divil th' cint he'll charge me at all, at all, fur taichin' me, he sez, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Fwhat's that ye say? Aff he kills me? How in the name of common sinse, woman, is he goin' to kill me? Sure an' amn't Oi ridin' in the Third av'noo cars uvery day, an' fw hin Oi eshcape thim wud me loife, how in the bluddy nuvers is wan little horse goin' to kill me, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Moind ye, Oi'm not goin' to roide anny race horses, me frind, ur locymotyives ur coiclyones, but a noice, paiceable, asiy-goin', dacint-moinded horse that'll go along about its own business an' not thry to bate graised

lightnin' ur dash through the shtreets loike a philalyoo through a counthry.

"The purfessher sez Oi have a foine figger fur horse-boick ridin', an' he sez Oi'll attrract a great dail av attention fwhin Oi roide out in th' parruk afther Oi get me lessons all l'arned. It's me intintion, Mrs. McGlaggerty, to sit bowlt uproight in me saddle an' not to be jigglety-joggetin' up an' down loike some av the sassoiety heifers that Oi sees roidin' an the bullyard. Begorry, but id makes me saysick to luk at thim hoity-toityin' an' bouncin' out av the saddle loike they diz. Fwhin Oi roides they'll be none av that nonsinse, an' Oi'll have a foine fwoite horse, too, an' a roidin' habit that'll knock th' town silly.

"There's a pair av my Dinnis's owld pants—God resht his sowl—Oi'll have thim med over for mesel' an' a long black welwet gownd atop av id, an' a ploog hat, an' oh, my, but mebbe Oi woon't be shwell! How's that, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Is id me roide shtraddle-legged loike a man? No, ma'am! Nuver! Ella Fwheeler Pillbox an' Mrs. Frank Lislee an' the mimbers av the S'soi'ty Club may roide saw-book fashion, but Berdie Magoogin's not in fur shtoyle at th' uxpınse av her shpoinal maginnis, Mrs. McGlaggerty. My b'y Tammy sez Oi'll break the horse's boick fwhin Oi gets an him, but all Oi have to say to that is that Oi'll break Tammy's boick aff Oi hear anny more remarruks fram him dogarogatherry to his mother's charachther, ur her corporossithy, aither. D'ye moind that, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

ARETHUSA AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

“Well, well, well, do ye know fwhat news Oi have fur ye this foine mawrnin’, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

“Faix ’n’ Oi do not, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“Thin lain over here, acushla, an’ Oi’ll tell id to ye in a pig’s fwhishper.”

The neighbor bends a willing ear across the fence and the Widow continues to talk.

“My daughther, Toozy, bad scran to her, has med up her moind to be an ammychewer photyograffer, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“God bless iz woman, an’ fwhat’s that?”

“An ammychewer photyograffer,” said the Widow, “is wan that dizn’t know the fusht divil’s ha’p’orth about makin’ photyografts, but makes thim anny how, an’ thinks their pecthures knocks th’ spots aff av Sur Rooney ur Misthur Dana av th’ Sun, an’ all th’ other photyograffers wud big riputation that takes payple’s pecthurs in Noo Yarrick city. Oi doon’t know fwhat uver pit th’ oidaya into Toozy’s head, but Oi shuppose id was that little bow-legged an’ yally-nickt Ditch husban’ av hers, that’s always talkin’ av music an’ art an’ that knows no more about aither than Paddy Hacken’s goat that’s bin dead these tin years knows about fwhat’s goin’ on in Roosevelt shtreet this blissid minnit, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

“Well, howsumuver id kem about, Toozy bought hersel’ a hog’s oye camery, an’ brought id home wud her in hoigh feather. ‘Now, mimmaw,’ sez she—she calls me mimmaw. shtill jusht th’ same as aff we wus goin’ in s’soi’ty an’ shpint th’ summer at Saratogy an’ Cooney Oislan’ loike the resht av th’ big bugs. ‘Now, mimmaw,’ sez she, ‘Oi’ll take yer

peckthur.' 'An' how'll ye take id, Toozy, darlint?' sez Oi. 'Wud me hog's oye camery,' sez she. 'Wud that little black box, is id?' sez Oi. 'Yis,' sez she; 'come out in th' yard, fwhere it's loight an' broight, mimmax,' sez she. 'Very well, Toozy dear,' sez Oi, an' out we wint into th' yard. 'Sit down there on that rock,' sez she, an' down Oi sot fwhoile she wint as far as from here to th' goat over there beyant an' began p'intin' the box at me. 'Shmoile, mimmax,' sez she. 'Very well,' sez Oi, an' Oi shmoiled me very shmoiled-est. Clickedy-click wint somethin' insoide av th' box, an' 'There, mimmax,' sez Toozy, 'yer peckthur's tookened.' 'Already,' sez Oi. 'Yis, already, mimmax,' sez she; 'but ye'll have to wait until to-morry to see id,' sez she.

"Oi waitid, an' fwhin Oi saw id do ye know fwhat it luked loike, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Oi'll howld ye tin dollars ye don't an' nobody else, naither. Begorry, Oi was that mad Oi kud cry, Mrs. McGlaggerty. There Oi was, wud wan oye out intoirely, half av me head bald as Tammy Crass's, me hands was th' soize av Fourth Av'noo harse caars, an' there was a craise across me chesht as aff a thruck had run over me. 'Saints aloive, Toozy! an' is this me?' sez Oi. 'Yis, mimmax, it's you,' sez she. 'Howly mother av Moses, an' do Oi luk loike that?' sez Oi. 'Well, mimmax, ye'd have luk'd a little betther in th' peckthur only ye moved fwhin Oi was takin' th' peckthur,' sez she. 'Divil th' move Oi moved,' sez Oi; 'id musht have been yersil' that moved, an' be th' same token,' sez Oi, 'aff ye doon't move that hog's oye camery out av my house this murtherin' minnit,' sez Oi, 'Oi'll shmask yersel' an' idsel' into a thousan' pieces,' sez Oi. 'Oh, mimmax,' sez she. 'Doon't oh, mimmax, me,' sez Oi, 'but take id away before Oi hit id a rap av th' Tammyax,' sez Oi. She pouted an' croied an' sed she'd make me a betther peckthur by-'n'-by, but Oi med her h'ist th' camery over to th' Hoolihans

across th' way, fwhere they have id now, bad luk to id an' thim that inwinted id, too.

"Me daughther sez she's bound to be an ammychewer photyograffer fwether Oi loike id ur no, an' Oi shuppose she will, but Oi'll nuver forgive her th' thrick she pled upon me until she goes over to Hinnery's Ditch mother an' takes a peckthur av her. Aff she only makes her luk one-half as hayjeous as she med me luk Oi'll ax her pardon for foirin' th' hog's oye camery out av th' house, an' Oi'll consint that she's th' foinest ammychewer photyograffer in th' Noo-Noited Shtates, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Jisht let her make Hinnery's mother luk loike a bologny sassige shtrick be a railroad thrain an' Oi'll give her me blessin' an' a tin-cints bokay av th' besht flyowers Oi can foind an th' Bow'ry, 'pon me wurrud an' hanner, so Oi will, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

"Hurroo, there, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Fwhat is id now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Do ye know fwhat me daughther Toozy's head's turnin' an now, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Throth 'n' Oi doon't, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Thin Oi'll till ye," said the Widow, fixing her mouth to enunciate the words. "Id's physicky counthry, ur culthry, ur somethin' av that koind that a woman named McGinniss Miller invinted; an' fwhatuver id's name is id's th' divil's own goin's an, anny ways, an' Oi can't see how anny sinsible woman kin throuble her brains about id. Toozy goes up to th' gymnazeem an Fift' Av'noo uv'ry day an' has a lesson in bindin' hersel' this way an' that an' t'other way 'till wan id think she'd break uv'ry bone in her carciss. My son, Tammy, calls id 'bindin' the crab' an'

'shkinnin' th' cat,' an' tells her she ought to use shsnake oil to rub an her shpoine th' way th' boneless min diz in th' serkus. 'Posin',' Toozy calls id. She sez id makes her graceful an' soople an' that bimeby she'll be as foine a figure an' as byootiful a craythur as Paddy Miles's Vaynus, that was th' purtiest woman th' wurruld uver hild. Oh, my! but Oi wish ye kud see her wanst, Mrs. McGlaggerty, shwingin' her arrums an' cranin' her nick loike a crazy woman. 'Id's so noice, mimmaw!' she sez to me as she flings hersil' around an' nearly dishlockits her showldher. 'Oi'm glad ye loike id,' sez Oi, 'fur dang th' bit av fun Oi see in id,' sez Oi. 'Id's Greek, mimmaw,' sez she. 'Oi wudn't care a rap aff id was Schandinovian,' sez Oi. 'You're not poethick, mimmaw,' says she. 'No, nur Oi'm not crazy, naither,' sez Oi. 'Id develops th' limbs,' sez she. 'So diz carryin' coal an' shcrubbin' the flure, Toozy, agrah,' sez Oi. 'But, oh, mimmaw, that's so vulgar,' says she. Oh, id is, is id?' sez Oi. 'Thin Oi'll let ye know me gay burrud,' sez Oi, 'that a betther woman than you'll nuver be has shcrubbed the flure, and that's yer mother,' sez Oi; 'an' she doon't think id's a dang bit vulgar,' sez Oi, 'though id may be harder than wroitin' poethry ur aitin' oice craim,' sez Oi. She shtuck up her nose at me an' Oi gev her a shwoipe av the broom handle that nearly broke her poll for her, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhat nonsinse! Physicky culthry is the latest play t'y that s'soi'ty has tuk howld av. They loie an their backs an' kick up their heels an' luk loike a moonkey wud the jim-jams. But fwhishper, Mrs. McGlaggerty, they wears two-legged shkirts. Ye ought to see thim. Begorry, Oi'd suner pit an pants to wanst an' be done wud id, Mrs. McGlaggerty—pants is daycint along-soide av th' things they wears. Oi say physicky culthry to ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

PURELY PERSONAL.

PURELY PERSONAL.

SHE GETS VACCINATED.

“War ye vaccinated yet, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

“No, ma’am, Oi war not, Mrs. Magoogin!”

“Faix, thin, Oi war, an’ Oi come purty near bein’ guilty av murdher in consequence av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“How in th’ wurruld was that, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“Fwhisper a minnit an’ Oi’ll tell ye,” said the Widow, in a quite confidential tone. “Ye musht know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that th’ Boord av Health is vaccinatin’ uv’ry-body so that they kin purvint the shmallepox fram breakin’ out in th’ city, an’ docthors ar’ goin’ ’round knockin’ at dures an’ shtabbin’ payple in th’ arrums wud pinknoives as purmishkous as aff we war so many buttherfloies that they war playin’ mumblypegs an, Mrs. McGlaggerty. They shtick moicrobies an’ sillybuses into payples’ systems to wandher around an’ grow up an’ get shtrong, so that fwhin th’ shmallepox moicrobies fwlich they calls th’ jims of th’ disaise tackles ye, th’ vaccineated moicroibes jumps up an’ gives thim fwat Paddy gev th’ dhrum, a roight gud baitin’, an’ dhroives thim aff wud a warnin’ not to come boick aff they doon’t want to get th’ reg’lar owld goss th’ nuxt toime. In that way th’ shmallepox is purvinted an’

yer fam'ly is saved a very expinsive Sunda' funeril, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Oh, id's a very gud thing as far as id goes, this vaccin-eatin' bizniss, me frind, but sometoimes id goes intoirely too far—yis, ma'am, intoirely too danged far, Mrs. McGlaggerty. That's fwhat Oi towld th' little shnip av a docthor that vaccineated me yishterda', me frind. He kem to th' house wid a schmoile an him loike wan av thim long shticks av red, fwhoite an' blyue candy an' towlt me his buzniss an' sed wud id be convaynient to me to be vaccineated there an' thin upon th' shpot. Oi towlt him that Oi had been vaccineated on the same shpot tin diffrint toimes an' id had nuver tuk. 'Fwhere's th' shpot?' sez he. 'On me arrum, sir,' sez Oi. 'Oh, thin we'll fix that,' sez he, wid a toss av his head, as mooch as to say, nuver moind, Oi'm th' b'y to fix annythin', d'ye see, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'An' how'll ye fix id, docthor?' sez Oi. 'Oi'll vaccineate ye an th' leg,' sez he. 'An whose leg?' sez Oi, bleshin' up to th' roots av me hair. 'An your leg, to be coorse,' sez he.

"Well, Mrs. McGlaggerty, upon me sowl ye nuver seen a man so badly shkairt in all yer loife. Oi pickt up th' foire shovel an' Oi med a lep at him. 'How dar' ye insoolt me?' sez Oi, makin' a shwoipe at him wud th' waypon. But he ron into th' parlor, wud me afther him, an' round an' round an' up an' down th' house Oi chased him, givin' him a welt now an' thin av th' shovel, an' throwin' in a big piece av me moind wud ev'ry blyow. He axed me pardin twinty toimes, but id wasn't antil Oi got toired an' had to sit down to dhraw me breath that Oi let up an th' poor divil. Thin he towlt me that he meant no harrum be fwhat he sed, but that all th' bong-tons on Fift' Av'noo was gettin' thimselves vaccineated on th' leg an' id was a very fash'nible an' fastayjeous practice. Oi accepted his 'apologies an' eshcused him, but, 'see here, sir,' sez Oi, 'ye

ought to be more carefuller in the way ye talk to daycint payple about their legs,' sez Oi. Oi'm not ashamed av me legs,' sez Oi, 'but they're not on exhibition, an' fwhat's more they nuver will be,' sez Oi.

"So he vaccineated me on th' left arrum, as ye see, an' wint away bowin' an' shcrapin' loike a Philamedelphia l'yer, Mrs. McGlaggerty? But fwhat d'ye think av th' Fift' Av'noo ladies an' their legs, me frind? Fwhy should they have their legs vaccineated? Who th' divil kin they be showin' thim to all th' toime? Who'll see their vaccineates anny more than they see th' doimonds they wear in their garters? Oi'm sure Oi can't andhershtand their oidaya av bein' vaccineated an' th' legs. But it musht be very injoyable work fur th' docthors, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

SUPERFLUOUS FLESH.

"How mooch d'ye weigh, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Sorra the wan av me knows, Mrs. Magoogin."

"How mooch d'ye think?"

"Oi doon't know that, naither, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Well, give a guess, thin, at how mooch diz Oi be afther weighin', d'ye think?"

"Two hoondhert an' tin poun's."

"Well, ye kem purty near id, me frind," said Mrs. Magoogin. "Oi wint onto th' shkales at the Bohaymian's groc'ry jisht belyow the Ditchman's this mawrnin' an' had mesel' weighed, an' d'ye know Oi nearly broke th' masheen? Oi socked id to 'im fur two hoondhert an' sixty poun's, an' begorry, Oi'm thinkin' that aff Oi'd had me bruckkish Oi'd a med id tin poun's more, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Two hoondhert an' sixty poun's is quoitie a loomp av a woman, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Id's the pitaytees Oi ates that pits the fat

an me. Luk at that choonk av flesh, me frind," pinching up and exhibiting the red skin on one of her arms. "There's oleoparishgreen fur ye," as me daughter Toozy sez, fwthin she throies to be hoigh-chuned an' Bostonaised in her languidge. 'Bloat' Tammy calls id. 'Mudder,' he sez to me, sez he, fwthinuver he sees me takin' a cup av beer, 'mudder,' sez he, 'ye're makin' a beer bloat av yersel,' sez he, 'an aff ye doon't let up an th' growler,' sez he, 'th' Ditch'll be comin' aroun' here to get ye to play th' queen fur thim an their book beer day,' sez he. Th' lasht toime he gev me this koind av shlack Oi boxed his ears, an' he wint out av th' house threatenin' to become a long Dinnis player an' make a shmash an some Hobokin heiress that id marry him fur his figger an' his red, fwhte an' blyue flannel shoot. 'Go an my shwate, bad look go wid ye!' sez Oi, an' he rin as fasht as he kud to get out av th' way av th' carvin' knoife that Oi flung afther 'im. Th' oidaya av tellin' me that Oi was bloated, an' that Oi'd make a gud queen av th' book beer day fur th' Ditch! But Toozy's uv'ry bit as bad as him. Fwhat diz Toozy do, the mud aiter that she is, but up an' tells me that Oi ought to go to a docthor to get some av the fat aff av me. 'Fwhat fur?' sez Oi. 'To make yersel' thin,' sez she; 'so's ye'll not be in fear av shmotherin' to death fwthin ye go to bed,' sez she. 'An' fwat'll the docthor do fur me?' sez Oi; 'make me dhrink vinegar Oi shuppose?' 'No,' sez she, 'he'll pit ye through th' banty proshesh,' sez she. 'An' fwat's that?' sez Oi. 'Loike Fanny Divvinpoort,' sez she. 'Th' acthress?' sez Oi. 'Yis,' sez she. That had th' divoasht?' sez Oi. 'Th' same,' sez she. 'An is id me to get a divoasht?' sez Oi. 'No,' sez she, 'but ye kin bant loike Fanny Divvinpoort.' 'Oh, Oi kin, kin Oi?' sez Oi, goin' to give her a clout undher the lug, but Oi thawt Oi'd laive her explain hersel'. 'An' fwat's th' bantyin' ye do be talkin' about?'

sez Oi. 'He'll say not to ait any mait ur peetayties,' sez she. 'There now,' sez Oi, shtoppin' her, 'that'll do,' sez Oi; 'say no more about id, fur aff id gev me th' figger av th' Vanus dee medicine,' sez Oi, 'Oi'd not go back an me peetayties!' sez Oi. There was plenty more sed, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but that was th' sinse an' subshtince av th' dishkushin', an' there we shtand to-day. Toozy's in fur bantyin' me an' Oi'm not in fer bantyin', so ye see, the shtoyles is goin' to th' divil, but peetayties, God bless thim, is thrumps, an' Berdie Magoogin, Esq., is fat, fair an' O'Fay, as they sez in Frinch, an' whouever don't loike th' way she luks kin kiss her fut, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

AN EXPERIENCE IN TABLE ETIQUETTE.

"Did ye uver see me ate, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" the Widow Magoogin asked, as she tried to pry out an eyetooth with a one-pronged fork.

"Oi nuver did, Mrs. Magoogin; that is, nuver to take notice av it," the neighbor answered.

"Well, now, Oi wish," said the Widow, "that some toime fwhin ye are annyfwhere around, Mrs. McGlaggerty, yez'd pay particklar attintion to fwhat Oi diz be doin' at th' table, an' aff there's annythin' quare in me way av aitin' do me a frindly koindness an' come roight out an' tell me fwhat it is. Oi'm not a bit proud, an' no more do I think mesel' a bit purty, Mrs. McGlaggerty; but fwhat happened to me at Nellie Tooley's wake, lasht Choosd'y noight, med me feel loike me mother was a moonkey an' me father was th' brother of Joo-Joo, th' dawg-face man. They had a supper at twelve o'clock wud oice cream an' tay an' shtrawberries an' the loike, wud sody wather fur the min an' limmynade

fur th' leadies, an' Oi was sittin' at th' table besoider Arethoosy, wud Tammy woipin' his toof little snout on th' bottom av a pleat that he'd emptied av shtrawberries at th' ind of the table belyow, whin Danny Mann pasht me up a bit av b'iled ham an' a shpoon av shmasht peetayties that Oi sot down in froont av me, an' be th' same token, was soon makin' the laist av. 'There's nawthin',' sez Oi to Mary Coolahan, that sot beyant me, 'there's nawthin' in th' wurruld that aquils the peetayty in bottanny, thayology, maytherology or annyfwere else,' sez Oi, 'an' Heaven's blessin' on the man that fusht invinted thim,' sez Oi. 'Ahmin,' sez Mary, bowltin' the wan she was howldin' in her hand.

"There was no more than this sed bethune annybody at our ind av th' table fwhin th' fust thing we knew Danny Mann sez, 'Git on to th' soord swallyer!' an' uv'rybody laught. 'Fwhat soord swallyer?' sez Oi, turnin' to see. Oi thawt mebbe somebody was standin' behoint me swallyin' a soord; but there was nobody there, so I lookt at Danny an' he purtinded to be talkin' to Dalie Magee. Oi thawt no more av it, but was goin' an' aitin' me peetayties fwhin Danny hollert agin, 'Luk at th' soord swallyer!' jisht as Oi wuz takin' a mouthful. Oi lukt at Arethoosy an' her face was as red as a bait or a lobster. 'Fwhat diz he main?' sez Oi. 'He mains you,' sez Arethoosy. 'Me?' sez Oi. 'Yis, you,' sez she. 'An' sure an' Oi'm not shwallyin' any soord,' sez Oi. 'Ye're shtickin' yer knoife down yer throat,' says she. 'An' is that anny av his bizniss?' sez Oi, 'an' see here, Danny Mann,' sez Oi, turnin' on him, 'fwhat diz ye main?' sez Oi, 'be makin' foon av dacint payple that has nuver bin pit out av their house fur not payin' the rint loike yer mother has?' sez Oi. 'Oi sed nawthin,' sez he. 'Thin doon't say it,' sez Oi, 'fur aff Oi hear another wurrud fram ye about soord swallyin' Oi'll sind Tammy fur the p'laice,'

sez Oi, 'an' Oi'll dishgrace ye roight here afore uv'ry wan that's at the wake,' sez Oi.

"That shut him up. Divil another wurrud he sed th' resht av the noight. But, howsomever it was, Oi kudn't furet th' matther, an' this mawrnin' Oi was wandherin' that mebbe there's somethin' quare or kewrus about me aitin', though upon me wurrud Oi can't see fwhat in th' wurrud it is. Mebbe it's a bit too greedy Oi was, an' loaded me knoife up too mooch wud th' peetaryties; but they war gud, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' it ud niver satisfoy me to be pickin' at them loike the young gerls war wud a little bit an the ind av their forks that ud not bloind a mishkitty. You'd think to see thim they war feedin' canary berds. Me an' Mary Coolahan nearly bushtid our soides laughin' at thim. No, Mary didn't ait hers wud a knoife; she tuk a table spoon."

SHE HAS A DREAM.

"Do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, coming to the kitchen door with a stove lifter clutched in the folds of a yellow-covered almanac, "Do ye know that Oi had the offulest dhraim about yersel' an' mesel' lasht noight that Oi uver had in me loife?"

"What was it?" the neighbor asked.

"Well, upon me wurrud it was a terrible dhraim, me frind," said Mrs. Magoogin; "an' fwhin Oi awoke this mawrnin' an' tuk howlt av me daughther Arethoosy's hand an' loked beyant at the little cribbeen that Tammy shleeps in to see aff we wur all there an' none av us dead ur missin', Oi was the shkairtist an' most narvous an' ixoited woman, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that uver dhrew the breath av loife.

Thanks be to the Lord, we war all safe an' sound, though, an' nawthin' has happin'd up to the prisint toime to cause us any thrubble. It's no knowin', though, fwhat minnit there'll be news brawt into me that Arethoosy's discharged from the tobacky facthory, or that Tammy's runned over be a shtreet caar or taken up be th' polaice for baitin' a Ditchman ur a naygur, fur, as ye knows, he's death down an both av thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But th' dhraim? Aw, yis, Oi kem near forgettin' about that. Well, now, let me see fwhere did it begin? Aw, yis, now Oi have it. Oi thawt we were all back in th' owld dart agin an' my Dinny—the Lord be marcifal to his sowl—was aloive agin an' yersil' an' yer hushband Jurry was payin' iz a visit at th' home av my father—bless his mimory; an' sure an' fwhat do yez think waz goin' an but my Arethoosy was gettin' married to her little bow-legged Ditch beau that she gev the sack to lasht Chrishtmas.

“You remim'er Hinnery, the little yally-nickt an' tow-headed fellow that ushed to be comin' here to see Arethoosy? Oh, but it was a quare dhraim intoirely, fur Oi thawt Hinnery bein' so terribly Ditchy, ye know, waz a reg'lar doime musee'm curassity in Oireland, an' me father—God bless him—ushed to have to take his pitchfork an' dhroive th' crowds away frum th' dure that gathered there to shtale a luke at th' little moonkey. Well, be all the nuvers, fwhatuver in the wurruld med me do it, didn't Oi give me consint to th' weddin', an' wasn't th' pair married, an' wasn't we in th' middle av th' injoymint aitin' cake an' dancin' to the poipes av Murty Murrin, the blind poiper that's dead an' gone long ago—the Lord presarve him—fwhin in th' midsht av all th' foon didn't yersel' rin bechuxt Hinnery an' Arethoosy, an' cotchin' up th' little bow-legged gommah, didn't the twa av yez lep an a fwhoite hawrse that waz shtandin' at th' dure, an' without further

wurrud or raison away ye rode loike th' wind. Oi pickt up me shawl an' bonnit, an' was makin' affther ye as hard as Oi kud, fwhin—bad sesh to a twig in th' road—didn't Oi go headlong into a ditch, fwhere I shtaid until Oi woke up in me froight.

“Now wasn't that an offul dhraim, Mrs. McGlaggerty? An' do yez know it mains somethin' terrible? Fwhat's that? Ye doon't belave in dhraims? Ye doon't, ay? Well, Oi'll not thry to make ye, but moind me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi nuver yet dhraimed a dhraim loike that that it wasn't to some purpose. Dhraims are nawthin', sez you; pay no attention to thim. Well, nuver you moind, me frind, Oi'm not shtupershtious an' Oi'm not crazy nayther, but fwhin Oi dhraim a dhraim wid a weddin' in it, it mains that somebody's goin to die or somethin' else is goin' to happen. Aff it's yersilf ur yer Jurry that goes, shmall loss, but aff it's my goat the dog catchers takes or my Tammy, as ye calls the toof to, that gets himsel' lockt up in th' shtation house, or Arethoosy that brings home a new smash that wants to rin the house as sune as he pits his nose insoide av it, an' doesn't loike th' way Oi talks bekase Oi'm not Oshcar Woilde's sishter or the Jersey Lily that shpakes Frinch through her noshtriils, thin God help me fur a poor, widdy an' give me the stringth to bear up andher me afflictions, fur as uv'ry wan knows Oi have tin toimes as manny av thim as anny other woman in this wurrud wud care to shtand.”

THE IRISHNESS OF HER NAME.

Mrs. McGlaggerty was cutting up one of Jerry's overalls to put into a crazy quilt when Mrs. Magoogin walked up to the kitchen door, and, after properly greeting her neighbor, took a seat on the stoop, whence she could watch the antics of her goat, who was chewing a leg off an old iron pot.

"Do ye think there's any danger o' us havin' th' cholery here this saison?" Mrs. McGlaggerty asked.

"Divil a wan av me knows," the Widow answered; "but, th' Lord bechune us an' harm, Oi hope that aff it has to come at all that it'll shun our duers, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' bring naither av us sorrow that already has throuble enoof, God only knows."

"But th' docthors tell us that it's comin' sure, Mrs. Magoogin," the neighbor interposed.

"An' who tells the docthors, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" the Widow retorted. "Sure an' they can't be an very frindly terms wid the disaise fwhin they dont' know how to thrait it, an' not knowin' annythin' about it fwhin it is here, it's divilish shtrange that they shud know annythin' about it fwhin it's not here at all, at all. But it's jisht loike th' owld fools av pill rowlers, bad nuvers to thim; they're always invintin' somethin' to kill payple, or they thries to shkare thim to death wid hoigh-soundin' medicines an' quare ailments. Aff it isn't the cholery it's th' yally faver, an' aff that won't frecken saffayciently, be Heavens! they'll give you th' shpoinal McGinniss or the appizoothic. All they naids is a gud saison av colic, uv'rybody gets shkared, th' docthors clap a new name on th' groipes, an' afore th' wurruld's anny woiser or th' sick patient has toime to take enoof av th' mixthur given him to lay him in his grave, th'

new disease crapes into th' noospapers an' there's a hulla-baloo about it uv'ryfwhere. That's th' way, Mrs. McGlaggerty—a new disaise is as good as a goold mine to a docthor, partecklarly fwhin toimes an' graveyards ar' losin' their popularity.

"They can't come up an' tell me there's nothin' in a name, as Oi wanst heard a crazy play acthor say. There's uv'rythin' in it, an' be th' same token, Mrs. McGlaggerty, do ye know that me only daughther Arethoosy had th' monumintal gall to tell me lasht noight that she was ashamed av her name. 'Av fwhat name, me darlint?' sez Oi. 'Magoogin,' sez she. 'An' fwhat's th' matther wid it?' sez Oi. 'Oh, it's a reg'lar choomp av a name,' sez she. 'It is?' sez Oi. 'Yis, it is,' sez she. 'It's woild Oirish,' sez she. 'Aha,' sez Oi; 'an' ye don't loike it bekase it's Oirish?' sez Oi. 'No, Oi don't,' sez she, shtickin' up her shnout at me. 'An' fwhat wud ye loike to be called, mavourneen?' sez Oi, sartastically. 'Is it Montmorincy, or Vandherbilt, or Asthor, or some av thim other hoigh-chuned names?' sez Oi. 'Oh,' sez she, takin' an loike a fool, 'Oi wudn't care fwhat it was so that it wasn't Magoogin.' 'An' did ye uver hear anny wan say annythin' agin it?' sez Oi. 'Hinnery is all th' toime makin' fun av it,' sez she. 'Hinnery?' sez Oi, wid that losin' me timper intoirely. 'Is it the loikes av that bandy-legged little Ditch tobacky shtimmer that has th' impurdince to make foon av th' name av Magoogin?' sez Oi; 'faith, 'n' Oi'll make foon av him fwhin Oi ketch howld av him,' sez Oi. 'An' be Heavins, av he uver dar's to darken my dures agin Oi'll throw a pot av bilin' wather over him,' sez Oi, 'an' sind him home to his muther coked enoof to sarve up wid the wainerwushts an' sour krout an her boordin' house table,' sez Oi.

"Oh, but Oi was mad, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi gev thet gerl a tongue-lashin' that made th' tears shtand out

that big in her oyes. She was sarry that she had uver opened her mouth; but her sarry kem too late, an' Oi towld her so. The oidea! Ashamed av her name bekase a little Ditch loafer wid a name av his own that th' crows ud laugh at doon't loike it, an' bekase it's Oirish, too. Wurra, wurra, but the wurruld is gettin' to be a quare place wid childher becomin' ashamed av their parints an' av their parints' nay-tionality. 'See here,' sez Oi to me daughther, 'do you go an' tell yer cross-oyed Ditch beau that th' man thet gev you that name is a betther man than he is,' sez Oi, 'or than he ever dar' de,' sez Oi. An' so he was, Mrs. McGlaggerty. My Dinny, as you well know, was as foine a man as there lived in the parish, th' Lord be marciful to his sowl, an' he wasn't ashamed av it. No, sirree! He hild his head up as hoigh as annybody, an' there wasn't wan, saint or sinner, that kud say Dinny Magoogin wasn't an ornamint to his church an' the counthry he belonged to. Thru it is, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that th' name is Oirish, an' so is yours; but that's th' proudest feather in our cap, an' be Heavins, as long as a dhrop av Kilkinny blud runs in our veins we'll not be ashamed av thim, aither, will we, Mrs. McGlaggerty? No, indade, we'll not, an' thim that doesn't loike our names can kiss our fut, an' they can have my schwate bad luck to thim into th' barg'in."

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

THE SOCIAL WHIRL.

THE HORSE SHOW.

“Begorries, but Oi was in s’soi’ty in airnist last noight, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow.

“An’ sure, an’ fwhere war ye, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“Fwhere do ye think?” said the Widow, with a toss of her head, as much as to say that anybody but an idiot should know where society had gathered the evening before. “Fwhere else wud Oi be but at the Harse Show, fwhere all th’ eloite an’ reshurshay an’ pommy-de-terre payple av Noo Yarrick war gather’d together last noight to purtind that they war lukin’ at thruck harses an’ serkus harses an’ ponies fwhin in rayality they ar soizin’ up aich other’s clothes an’ sayin’ th’ mainest koind av things about wan another, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Yis, ma’am, Oi was there, roight in th’ thick av thim—roight in th’ shwim wid th’ Vandherbilks an’ th’ Astors an’ th’ Goolds’ an’ th’ Shaughnessies, an’ th’ Van Rintsilliers, an’ th’ O’Hooligins an’ th’ Montmorincies an’ th’ Ryans—an’ fwhin Oi say that th’ Harse Show is only a clothes harse show, an’ thet Maudie S. an’ Imp an His Hoighness an’ the resht av th’ crackerjacks that runs in th’ races at Cooney Oisland an’ Broughton in th’ summer ain’t wan, two, three in th’ game wid our s’soi’ty laiders, Oi know fwhat Oi’m talkin’ about, Mrs.

McGlaggerty, an' ye can bet yer tintoype an it thet Oi am roight.

"Upon me sowl, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but noine-tinths av th' wimmin there wudn't know a gud ash caart harse from a setter dog, an' yet they sot up in their boxes wid op'ry cloaks an an' doimonds th' soize av hins' eggs all over thim, an' squinted fur wan minnit through their long-nittes at th' ring fwhere th' harses war goin' round, an' thin fur twinty minnits at aich other. An' little as they knew about th' harses, they cared less, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhat th' divil deffrince did it make to thim fwwhether this harse was a Poland Choiny or that a Chester Fwhoite or a Dachshund, sure an' haven't they plinty av money to roide all day long in th' elevated caars aff they want to an' aff they're too lazy to walk up th' L shteps sure an' can't they roide around in their hot-to-molly-billies to their hearts' contint, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Thin fwwhy shud they bother their heads about harses or go to th' Madison Square Gaarden to see thim, anny more than they go to Micky Flannery's blacksmith shop to see him makin' harse shoes, or to Jakie Roopert's brewery to see him bottling beer. But, fwhisper, an Oi'll tell ye, me frind, they doon't go there fur th' harses at all; the harses is a bluff, Mrs. McGlaggerty—a reg'lar Omaha an' Councils bluff—an' all they do is lind their name to th' ayvint—they're th' pathronesses, as th' bill av fare sez, fwthin somebody gets up a swell raffle or a shin-dig at Delmonkeyo's or Sherry's an' a long list av names is put down as th' payple that ar' soort av backin' th' thing up, do ye see? So th' harses ar' in that way th' pathronesses av th' Harse Show an' s'soi'ty snaiks in wid its folderols an' foine clothes an' big doimonds an' diz th' resht, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Sorra th' sowl did Oi see there, me frind, that hed annything to do wid harses. Nather Terry McGowan

nor his woife war there, an' begorry aff there's annybody in Noo Yarrick betther entoitled to be there Oi don't know thim, fur Terry has wan av th' foinest liv'ry shtables in th' Foorth Ward. Naither was Miss Dooley there, that makes harse blankets for a livin'; nor Dinnis O'Hare that keeps th' hay and feed shtore; nor Shanty O'Brien' th' horse-shoer. Sorra th' wan stim av anny av thim kud Oi see, Mrs. McGlaggerty; but for all that the place was so crowded that there wasn't room to dhraw yer breath an' uv'rybody sed it was a lovely an' successful ayvint. All thim big things s'sci'ty gives ar' called ayvints. Oi shuppose th' nuxt intertainmint me daughther Toozy gives— an' she's talkin' av howldin' a pinochle party purty soon— she'll have it oidayaloized into an ayvint, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

“But talkin' av Toozy, remoinds me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that she got very mad at wan av th' things Oi sed to her at th' show lasht noight. We sot in saits jisht behoind th' Day Poysther Maginnisses, an' there was nawthin' but Wall shtreet joods hangin' round Miss Bedelia Day Poysther Maginniss all th' noight long. Miss Bedelia is a tooty-frooty blond wid purple freckles an her nick an' red wans all over her face. Oi tuk partecklar notice that fwhin wan set av joods got through chewin' th' rag wid Bedelia, another set come along an' chewed it some more. An' so it was all noight long. Oi shtud it as long as Oi kud an' thin Oi sed out loud to Toozy so that uv'rybody kud hear me: ‘Oi thought,’ sez Oi, ‘thet ye towlt me this was a harse show?’ sez Oi. ‘An' so it is, mimmaw,’ sez she. ‘An' so it is not,’ sez Oi. ‘Fwhy, fwhat do ye mane, mimmaw?’ sez she. ‘Oi mane,’ sez Oi, lukin' haard at a pair av Willy b'ys, in hoigh hats an' full dhress shoots, that was tellin' th' shtory av their loives to Miss Day Poysther Maginniss, ‘Oi mane,’ sez Oi, raisin' me v'ice a fut or two, ‘that judgin’

be th' animals that have bin neighin' an' brayin' around this box, to-noight,' sez Oi, 'it's not a harse show at all, at all, but a jackass show,' sez Oi. Well, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi thought Toozy id dhrop dead, she was that mooch mortified. As fur the Day Paysther Maginnisses, they gev me a luk av haughty scorn, an' th' min wid th' hoigh hats blished an' shtammered an' sed day-day quick as they kud, an' med a snaik. Oh, but it was a hot wan Oi gev thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi laughed mesel' sick over it, so Oi did.

"It did me more gud than a can av beer, me frind, to let thim know fwhat Oi thought av thim. An' be me sowkins, aff Oi only had th' lingth av lungs, Oi'd have towlt th' whole caboodle av thim the same thing—that they war there makin jackasses av thimselves—jackasses in thousand-dollar harnisses, wid im'ralds an' doimonds an' rubies sprinkled all over thim, an' faces an' nicks powdered an' lips an' oye-lids painted—but jackasses all th' same, an uv'rybody uxcept thimselves knew it. Yis, indade, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi'd have towlt thim all that, fur it's th' burnin' truth, me frind. It takes a woman av sinse an' andherstandin' loike mesel' to see through such doidoes, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An aff annybody uver axes ye th' kustion, alanna, ye can take my wurrud fur it an' tell thim that all th' harse show that goes an in Madison Square Gaarden ye kin put in yer oye—that inshtud av s'soi'ty goin' to th' gaarden to see th' harses, they go there so that th' harses kin see fwhat a lot av hoigh-chuned an' fat-pockit-buked jackasses there ar' in th' city av Noo Yarrick, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

HER DAUGHTER AT DANCING SCHOOL.

Mrs. McGlaggerty was hanging her husband, Jerry's flannel shirt on the fence when the Widow Magoogin came out into the yard and engaged her in conversation.

"Do ye know fwhere Oi wint fwhin Oi was down town lasht Winsday?"

"No," said Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Well, upon my wurrud, you'd hardly belave it," the Widow said, "but Oi wint wid me daughter Arethoosy to her dancin' school at the Lyric Hall. Arethoosy, Mrs. McGlaggerty, is as foine a shteppe as there is in the whole school, an' fwhin she leps out on th' flure, an' afther makin' a bow that ud break the Queen av England's back, turns out her toes an' sets her arrums akimbo, wid her two bootiful fishts reshtin' an her thoighs, it's a soight fit to make a photygraffer's oyes dance in his head. Musha, bad sesht to me aff she didn't supproise mesel', Mrs. McGlaggerty, wid her grace an' th' ellygance av her movemints. But th' Lord bethune us an' harrum, fwhat foony didoes do they be cuttin' up in thim dancin' schools. Sure 'n' Oi niver saw such quare shteps, an' bowin', an' sherapin', an' paradin' around as they does have, wid their two-steps an' three-steps an' their Eugany Throt, an' other s'soi'ty nonsince.

"Here's fwhat they does," said the Widow, suiting the action to the words, as Mrs. McGlaggerty craned her neck over the fence to see the show. "Wan av thim dudes ketches a gerl about th' nick an' thin grabs howld av her waisht loike as aff he war goin' to shquaize th' dinner out av her—but do ye know be th' same token, th' gerls saim to loike it—an' thin here they comes wid four little throts, an'

thin back they goes agin, an' thin they whurl around a few toimes, an' throt an' hop agin, an' that's all there is to it—th' Eugany Throt, as they calls it. Sez Oi to th' dancin' mather, as foine a little gintleman as ye nuver saw in a whole day's walk, sez Oi, 'Misther Tippytoes, sure'n is that th' only koind av dancin' ye're taichin' me Arethoosy?' sez Oi. 'Yis,' sez he, 'that's th' latest fashionable dance, Mrs. Magoogin.' 'Well,' sez Oi, 'it's nawthin' loike th' dancin' we had in th' owld counthry,' sez Oi, 'fwhere th' b'ys an' gerls weltid th' flure till ye'd think their clothes ud fall aff av thim an' th' roof ud thumble in an thim,' sez Oi. 'It's th' Irish jig ye're talkin' about,' sez he. 'You're roight it is,' sez Oi, 'an' nawthin' short av it,' sez Oi. 'Somethin' loike this,' sez he, an' he shteps out an' cuts a few capers an th' flure, at the same toime fwhistlin "Th' Rocky Road to Dublin.'

"Oh, but he was a nate an' clane dancer, Mrs. McGlagerty! Divil a foiner uver shuk a fut in th' owld dart. It wint to me heart roight away, an' afore Oi knew it Oi'd thrun aff my owld shawl an' bonnit an' was shoinin' up to him an the middle av th' flure. Oi'm gettin' a little owld, me frind, but Oi tuk th' breath out av th' dancin' mather, who gev in afore Oi got fairly shtarted. Th' shkollars shouted meelia murther, an' war teckled to death. 'There,' sed Oi to him, as Oi put an me shawl an' bonnit, 'there's dancin' fur ye that ye needn't be ashamed av,' sez Oi. 'Fwhere's yer two-shteps an' three-shteps now?' Oi axes him. 'Nofwhere,' sez Oi, 'an' see here, Misther,' sez Oi, to him, 'do you advise me Arethoosy to laive aff her pull-backs an' Gracian binds an' wain her over to larn th' Oirish jig so that fwhin hersel' an' her brether, Tommy the Toof, as they calls him, goes to a christenin' or a weddin' in th' Patch they can come out an th' flure an' give th' folks a tasht av their quality in th' same manner their father

ushed to do fwhin he was aloive, and he was th' foinest dancer that ever left Kilkenny.' Wid that Oi come home, an' now do ye know fwhat, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Arethoosy sez she won't go to th' shkool anny more for fear th' s'sci'ty gerls 'll be afther pokin' foon at her about the Oirish jig. Divil bad shkure to me aff wan wouldn't think, from th' way they talks, that it's worse than havin' th' yallow fever to be Oirish."

PREPARING FOR A FUNCTION.

"Come over," shouted the Widow, to her neighbor, Mrs. McGlaggerty. "Tammy's gone to the cawrner fur a can av beer, an' we'll have a sup together afore Arethoosy comes home."

"All roight," said Mrs. McGlaggerty, and she went around the alley humming, "The Heart Bowed Down," and mixing in the bars of "The Rocky Road to Dublin" with the majestic measure of the statelier strain.

"Do ye know," said Mrs. Magoogin, when the neighbor was seated at the kitchen table, "do ye know fwhat's ailin' my daughter now?"

"No," said Mrs. McGlaggerty, "anless it's a new mash she's got."

"A new smash, is it?" said the Widow, straightening up; "a new smash, sez ye. Faix 'n' it musht be a moighty poor opinion ye have av my Arethoosy, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhin that's the besht word ye howld in yer jaw fur her. A new smash, indade! Well, Oi'll have ye undhershtand, me frind, that my daughther's not an the smash half as mooch as ye think she is. She's noan av yer giddy floy-aways that diz be thraip'sin' th' shtreets lukin' fur gray-headed young

min an' poipe-sthim-legged joods to pick up wud. No, mam, my gerl's a daycint an' innocint little craythur, an' Oi won't shtand to have her charrackther impaiched by annybody, not aiven yersel', Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' ye are th' lasht woman in th' wurruld that Oi'd have anny hard wurruds wud. No, indade, it's not a new smash that's botherin' Arethoosy now."

"Thin mebbe it's an owld wan," suggested the neighbor, half in mockery of the Widow's speech.

"No, it's not an owld wan, aither," said Mrs. Magoogin, "nor a suckond-hand wan, naither; but it's somethin' else; it's somethin' that the ayloites, or the dayloights, or the shkoy-loights av s'soi'ty diz be afther givin' at their risidinces av an evenin'. There, now, th' name av th' crazy thing was an the tip av me tongue a minnit ago, an' it shlippid away fram me. It's a—fwhat in th' divil is it, annyhow? Oh, Oi have it. It's a Kaffay Kladdherdash—some Ditch nonsinse av th' koind, an' a Yoom-Yoom Tay. That's th' name av it. It's no wondher Oi kudn't remimber it, fur there's a sour krout twisht to it that ud shplit a hole down th' middle av a Connemara tongue. An' that's fwhat she wants to howld at th' house Choosday noight nuxt waik—a Kaffay Kladdherydash an' a Yoom-Yoom Tay. 'Fwhat is it, me darlint?' sez Oi to her, fwhin she mintioned th' matther yestherday mawrnin', as she was goin' to work. 'It's a tay party, wud coffee an' cakes,' sez she. 'An' fwhat diz Oi want to be feedin' coffee an' cakes to a lot av half-shtarved divils that can't get enoof to ait at home?' sez Oi. 'Oh, mother,' sez she, 'ye can nuver undhershtand,' sez she. 'Troth 'n' it's too well Oi undhershtand it,' sez Oi; 'an' it's moighty badly we can affoord to spind the pinnies for it,' sez Oi. 'It don't cost very mooch,' sez she, 'an' it's tongs, too,' sez she. 'Tongs, the divil,' sez Oi; 'fwhat diz Oi care fwhether it's poker an' tongs or kittle an' pans,' sez

Oi. 'Coffee an' tay coshts mooney an' it's not mooch av aither that we have to spare, mavourneen,' sez Oi. 'Oi mane that it's O'Fay,' sez Arethoosy. 'Thin let O'Fay give it,' sez Oi, 'an' bad look to him fur not givin' it in th' fush place,' sez Oi. 'O'Fay is Frinch,' sez she. 'Well, in my part of Oireland the O'Fays war a long way fram bein' Frinch,' sez Oi; 'they war bog throtters.' Thin she uxplained that O'Fay was Frinch for O. K., an' wan ward borried anither antil she bushted out into cryin', an' there she had me. Oi can't shtand tears, so Oi had to give in, an' we'll have th' Kladderdydhash wud Yoom-Yoom an' all th' resht av th' buzniss thrun in nuxt Choosday noight. Fwhat will Oi do? Divil a thing Oi have to do wud it, at all, at all, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but to bile me foine coffee an' tay for the gang, an' my besht pray'r is that it may shkald or pizen thim. Oi'd inwoite ye over, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi'm afeert ye'd laugh at thim, an' thin Arethoosy'd be foirin' mad; but diz ye kem over annyhow an' we'll have a doime or two av beer here in th' kitchen fwhoile th' youngsther's ar' injyin' their Klattherclash in th' front room. Whisht, not a wurrud; here's Tammy, an' he have th' can full."

A DOG RECEPTION.

"Oi wish to gudness ye war over at th' house lasht noight, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Throoth 'n' Oi hurd th' n'ise fram fwhere Oi was, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Oh, but we had th' lashin's av foon, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Begorry, Oi have no doubt av id, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Me daughter Toozy got id into her head that she'd

thry an' keep shtep wid th' Vandherbilks an' Asthors in another new wrinkle that s'soi'ty has taken up wid," said the Widow, "an' be the sowl av me gran'mother, daycint owld woman that she was, an' she's been dead this twenty-sivin year comin' next January, fwhat diz she do but sind out invoites to the McNulties, the Kehoes, the Hooligans, th' O'Bryennes, as they calls thimsel's, to make payple belave thim Frinch, the Shaughnessies an' O'Sheas, th' Galvins an' Coshtigins, axin' th' pardin av their presince at a grand pet dog reception an' sore-oye to be hild in th' house beyant lasht noight, do ye moind. Th' big bugs has thim same things at wan another's houses uv'ry week. Th' gersl brings their poog dogs an' shky tarriers an' decks thim out wid ribbons an' sez to aich other how purty an' cute an' cunnin' they ar'. Thin they give th' dogs cakes an' candies, an' kiss an' caress thim regardless av th' diffrint koind av flays they haves an thim, an' fwhin afther a fwhoile they get through back-boitin' th' gerruls that ain't there an' sayin' all manner av mane things about th' dogs that didn't come to the sore-oye, they take their koyudles undher their oxthers an' march home.

"Well, howsumever, Toozy gev her dog party lasht noight, an' meelia murdher, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but ye shud have seen th' baists they brought wid them. 'Upon me wurrud,' sez Oi to Toozy, at one toime, 'but Oi think that divil Tim Mooney picked up that yally-lukin' mangy dog av his in th' shtreet an' brought id here to make foon av our party.' 'Oh, mimmaw,' sez she, 'how can you say so? That's a rale Oirish setter,' sez she. 'Oirish setter?' sez Oi, wid a curl av contimpt on me upper lip. 'Well, dang th' egg av moine he'd uver take a sait an,' sez Oi, 'for Oi think he's as rank a cur as Oi ever clapt me two eyes upon,' sez Oi. She sed no more, but wint to another part av th' room wud her nose shtuck up. Mike Brannigin an' Johnnie

Ryan brought two av th' ugliest lukin' foightin' dogs ye uver saw, an' thinkin' it' ud kape thim from aitin' aich other they toied wan to th' fut av th' little bed in th' kitchin an' th' other to th' leg av th' shtove, an' lo an' behold ye! th' two hadn't bin in th' house tin minnits fwhin down kem th' shtove an' away wint the bed an' th' pair av bulldogs were chawin' aich other up loike they was born cannibals. They had uv'rybody in th' house shkared an' fwhin they got through foightin' naither av thim was fit'lookin' to have his photoggraph taken.

"James Clancey brought a dog that had hydhphebeo, an' id wint into a fit roight an th' flyure. 'Shoot id! shoot id!' shouted Mickey McNulty. 'Shoot id aff ye dar' an' shpile my noice rag carpit,' sez Oi. Sev'ril av th' by's had pishtils out an' was goin' to shoot id, but Oi picked up a broken old chair an' said Oi'd brain th' fusht person that throied to kill th' dog in my house. Oi med Jamesy Clancy take th' animal out in th' shtreet an' laive id there, an' bad dang me aff id isn't lyin' dead out there in front av th' dure now. An' wan av th' O'Bryenne b'ys had a huntin' dog an' id got out in th' yard an' was boitin' at th' fwiskers av me goat. Oi hurd Billy bah-bahin' an' aff Oi didn't pelt that huntin' dog for two morthial blocks it's a caution. But, oh my, Mrs. McGlaggerty, the rale fun kem fwhin my b'y Tammy an' some av th' lads up th' shtreet walked in wid a bag full av cats an' let thim loose in th' house. Fwhoile you'd be winkin' th' dogs were up an' affther thim.

"Mother av Moses, but id was a soight. Such scramblin' an' scratchin' an screechin' an' yellin' Oi nuver hurd afore in me loife. Over th' table an' beds, an' up an' down th' pwhatnots an' th' soideboard; over th' mantel an' up into th' foireplace wint th' cats wud twinty dogs at their heels, tearin', scrapin' an' desthr'yin' things, an' divil a wan

had th' sinse to opin th' dure to let thim out. Th' gerls were an top av th' furniture, too, an' th' boys war throwin' annythin' they kud lay their hands on at th' cats an' dogs. All me bricky-bracky over th' kitchin mantel was smasht to smithereens, an' uv'ry toime somethin' new wint down wid a crash Tammy id shout out, 'Hurroo, there, Flannigin, set thim up in another alley!' At lasht wan av th' gerls flew to th' dure to get out, fwhin afther her loike a shtraik av fwhoite an' black an' yally loightnin' wint th' scraichin' cats an' barkin' dogs. Th' lasht we saw av thim they war goin 'over th' top av Churry Hill, an' they must be up to th' head av Long Oisland be this toime, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Begorry, but id was a coshtly party to me, me frind. Nearly uv'rything in th' house is broke an' th' place shmells loike a dog pound. S'soi'ty an' 'th' Vandherbilks an' Ashtors may loike thim koind av things an' have thim to their hearts' contint, but no more dog parties fur Berdie Magoogin. They'll put no flays on me, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

SHE GIVES A COBWEB PARTY.

"Ye warn't over to th' party, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"No, but Oi hurd th' ruction ye riz at id, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Fwhy didn't ye come over, yersel' an' Jurry, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Sure, 'n' we warn't inwoited, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Is that so, now? Well, well, isn't that funny? Oi thought Oi sint ye an inwite, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi musht 'a' forgotten id. Upon me wurrud, now, that's very shtrange."

"Fwhat for koind av a party was id, anyways, Mrs. Ma-

googin? Oi thawt ye had a lot av proize foighters over there killin' aich other, so Oi did, fram th' n'ise ye med."

"Don't say that now, Mrs. McGlaggerty," the Widow interposed. "Id was as noice an' daycint a party as war uver given in Noo Yarrick, me frind, up to a certin p'int, me frind. Oi'll tell ye about id. Id was a cobweb party, Mrs. McGlaggerty, th' very latest an' shwellest thing that's known in s'soi'ty serkles. Me daughther Toozy, as ye know, goes into s'soi'ty a great dail, Mrs. McGlaggerty—id was only lasht Sathurda' noight she was at th' Nuversweat Club's ball in Doodburg's Hall in Essex shtreet abow, an' fwhinuver any new doido comes up she's an to id loike a thousand av breek, as my b'y Tammy sez, an' afore id grows cowld we have id in th' house injyin' oursel's wid id in th' hoight av shtoye. So fwhin th' cobweb party got id's certifikit av charackther fram Ward McAllishter an' the Ashtorbilks Toozy brought id home, an' id was id ye hurd th' other noight, an' not proize foightin' or dog killin', as ye thawt it was, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Bliss yer sowl, woman, but id was fun.

"Pon me wurrud, me soides ache yet fram th' laughin' Oi done. But, tut! tut! fwhat's th' ushe av rinnin' an in this way afore Oi tell ye fwhat it is. To be coorse ye never was at a cobweb party, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Well, thin, let me tell ye fwhat we did. We got all th' clothes loine in th' house an' all th' twoine an' shtring we kud gather up, an' tyin' thim to th' hangin' lamp in th' front room we ran a dozen loines or more all over th' place, andher th' bed, behoind th' shtove, out in th' yard, down in th' cellar, an' twishted thim around th' furniture in a way that id give th' divil himsel' a hard task to find an' untangle them. At noight fwhin th' gueshts kem an' id was toime to begin th' game they tuk howld av th' shtrings an' throied to folly thim to their destination, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Well, well,

well! It id do yer heart gud to see th' turnin's an' thwish-tin's av thim. Mother av Moses, but wasn't id fun? Big Moike Canavan crept undher th' bed follyin' his rope, and, busht my buttons, aff id didn't come roight down an top av him. Such laughin' an' shoutin' ye nuver hurd since th' day ye war born, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Katie O'Rourke ran up against the goat out in th' yard an' kem runnin' into th' house scramin' melia murther an' sayin' that a big ghosht wud fwhoite fwhishkers was afther her.

"Oh my, oh my! but we had th' toime! An' a moighty pleasant noight it would have been all round, but fur that schapegrace av a divil Terence McGowan. Fwhat did he do, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but pull down th' hangin' lamp an' fwhin uv'rythin' was dark he ups an' shtales two av th' besht hats in th' house, Mike Canavan's darby that he bought at Knox's, so he said, an' a hoigh shtove-poipe that ushed to belong to Dinnis Hooley's father, an' that Oi saw th' owld man—God be gud to his sowl!—wear in many a St. Pathrick's Day parade, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhin th' gang found th' hats an' Terrence McGowan was gone, they riz a cry fur the polaiice an' mosht av thim rin afther him. But they didn't catch him. Fwhin they come back there was more scramblin' fur hats an' the min fell to foightin' among thimsel's an' Oi had to put thim all out. Tammy laughed and Toozy croied, an' Oi was laughin' an' cryin' an' fumin' an' b'ilin' mesel', not knowin' fwhat minnit th' coppers id be down upon iz all an' get me name dishgraced in th' papers.

"But, thank God, uv'rythin' blyew over noice an' aisy an' nobody was kilt. Only fur that bla'guard, McGowan, we'd 'a' had a rale good toime, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But there's always somethin' to go wrang, even at a cobweb party. They shtole me clothesloine, too, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Wait till they come to my house again; Oi'll keep id in me

noddle fur thim, an' th' minnit Oi lay hands an thim, Oi'll clane some av th' cobwebs out av their shkulls wud th' soft ind av a shtove lifther ur broomshtick. Oi'll show thim th' koind av a shpoider Berdie Magoogin is, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

CONVERSATION MATINEES.

"Oi say, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"An' fwhat is id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oi have noos fur ye—s'soi'ty news, ashtore."

"Ye have, have ye?"

"Throth 'n' Oi have, an' this is id, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, puckering her mouth and waving her head to give an air of importance to her speech. "Up abow an Murray Hill an' as far an' as hoigh up as Haarlim, th' bong-tongs an' th' hot tongs av upper tindim do be howldin' uv'ry day fwhat they calls conversation mateens. Divil th' wan bit av me id belave id, but me daughter Toozy read id three diffrint toimes in th' paper an' uv'ry blessed toime id was the same thing. 'Fash'nable s'soi'ty gerruls have another way av gettin' fat be givin' aich conversation matteens. God save th' mark but fwhat'll they be doin' nuxt. Sure an' Oi thought mesel' that they gev mateens only at the theayters in th' Bow'ry beyant, but Toozy sez id dizn't mane mateens at all, but parties loike conversashiony sasshays, as they calls thim in th' Frinch ur Latin, Mrs. McGlaggerty. They meets at wan another's houses, she tells me, an' talks about th' weather an' about th' other gerruls that aren't there, an' boick-boites aich other in th' naitest an' 'foinest shtoyle av th' back-boiter's art, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' they calls that shtoyle! Oi say shtoyle to

thim, me frind! Sure an' woman agrah, you an' me did be afther howldin' thim koind av conversation mateens roight here over this fince, manny an' manny an' manny a day afore th' Murray Hillers ur th' pork packers' daughters av Essex shtreet thought av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. You an' me has met here day in an' day out, in gud weather an' bad, in sickness ur health, ur sorrow ur j'y, an' held our little conversashoiny sasshays widout thinkin' oursel's any betther than our neighbors ur shtickin' up our noses at thim that's jisht as gud as oursel's aff not any worse. We don't call our conversation mateens shtoyle an' we don't claim to be laiders av th' bong-tong aither. Not mooch, Mrs. McGlaggerty! We're plain uv'ry-day payple wud oidayas av our own, an' though we may not dhress in silks an' satins an' get our hair curled by a Frinch mounseer or dhroive out in our dog caarts an' carriages, we're jisht as mooch roight as any other in th' land to wag our tongues an' wurruk our jaws, an' begorry fwether s'soi'ty loikes id ur no, we'll howld our conversation mateens at th' owld shtand an' give nobody any thanks ayther. Hurroo! We're in id, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

HER DAUGHTER'S KITCHEN RECITAL.

"Was there buglers in yer house lasht noight, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"No, nur robbers, naither," said the Widow. "For fw why diz ye ax such a kustion, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Oh, bekase I thought I heard somebody thryin' to kill somebody in yer house about tin o'clock lasht noight, Mrs. Magoogin," the neighbor explained.

"Oh, Oi see, sez the blind man. Id was th' n'ise ye

hurd, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "Me daughter Toozy was givin' a parlor resoitol fur the binifit av th' churrich an' id's prob'ly th' toime she wur hollerin' out 'The Battle av Fonten'y,' shprainin' her v'ice an' rashpin' th' bluddy nuvers out av th' tinder part of her troat, that aither yersel' ur Jurry had yer airs to th' kayhole thryin' to foind out fwat we war doin'. Oh, there, now, don't ye go an' get mad about a dushcushin that ye shtarted yersel', Mrs. McGlaggerty. Moind now, Oi didn't mane annythin' be fwat Oi sed, an' Oi'm sarry Oi sed id—be th' pow'rs abuv Oi am, Mrs. McGlaggerty; so let id dhrap an' say no more about id. Aff ye're satisfoid so'm Oi, so there's an ind av th' argymint fur be all that's holy Oi've no harrud feelin's in the matther. But talkin' about n'ise an' buglers an' murdher, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi doon't shuppose Oi uver pit in sooch a noight in all me loife. Ye see, Mrs. McGlaggerty, id's all th' shtoyle to inwoite a lot av payple into yer house to hear some wan read to thim, an' thin ye sharge thim tin cints ur somethin' av tthat koind, an' give th' resaits to charity ur somethin' ur ruther.

"Well, Toozy got this oiday into her head, an' nawthin' id do her bit she musht give a parlor resoitol fur the church belyow. 'Fwhat'll ye resoite?' sez Oi. 'Uv'rythin', sez she. 'Fwhat's wan av th' uv'rythin's?' sez Oi. 'Well,' sez she, 'Oi kin resoite 'The b'y shtud an th' b'iler deck,' fur wan,' sez she. 'Yis, an' aff ye do,' sez Oi, 'ye'll nuver resoite another,' sez Oi, 'fur they'll kill ye fwhere ye shtand.' 'Is that so?' sez she. 'Faix 'n' it is,' sez Oi, an' begorry that's uv'ry wurrud av conversation we had about th' resoital antil it kem aff lasht noight. Toozy med a sharge av tin cints an' Hinnery tuk tickets at the dure wud me kapin' me oye an him to see that he didn't shpind any av id fur beer. Uv'rybody ped uxcept big Mick Flannery. 'Fwhere's yer tickid?' sez Hinnery to him. 'Me face is me tickid,' sez Mick.

'This isn't a shindig,' sez Hinnery, 'id's a resoitol.' 'A wha-whoit'il?' sez Mick. 'A resoitol,' sez Hinnery. 'Well, fwhat aff id is?' sez Mick, 'Oi've not got the shmallowpox, an' Oi guess nobody'll be ashkeert av me.' 'Ye can't go in,' sez Hinnery, pushin' him be the showldher. 'Oh, Oi can't, oy?' sez Mick, an' wid that he gev Hinnery a puck up in th' forrud—God savin' the mark—that riz a loomp th' soize av an Aisther egg, an' fwhoile Hinnery was lyin' hollerin' melia murther an the flure in walked Mr. Mick an' tuk his sait in the front row av chairs up agin the cookin' shtove.

"No more was sed about id, an' Mick had th' resoitol all fur nawthin'. Th' gueshts, as Toozy calls thim, war all saited an shtools an' shairs in th' kitchin, fur Oi sed that since th' way they upsot me bed room at the lasht donkey party the divil another party ur annythin' else they'd howld in id as long as Oi had th' sayso. An' th' resoitol id 'a' bin a great success socialishtically an' artishtically, Mrs. McGlagerty, aff it warn't fur that shcoundrel, Mick Flannery. He fell ashleep at the fusht part av th' noight an' gev no further throuble than his shnorin' out loud an' threatenin' to break his neck be fallin' over an the shtove, but to'rds th' ind av th' aiv'nin'—an' mebbe id was about tin o'clock, as ye suggests yersel', Mrs. McGlagerty—he woke up as Toozy was resoitin' Shcotty's poem:

'Braithes there a man wud sowl so dead
Who lov'd a gerl whose head is red'—

an' so fort' an' settery, an' she'd no more'n got a few loines out av her mout' fwhin Mick ruz his head an' sed out loud enoof fur the payple an the nuxt block to hear him, 'R-r-r-rats!' 'Ye ought to be ashamed av yersel'!' said Miss McGyown. 'Who pit him up to that?' sez Toozy, 'R-r-r-rats!'

sez Mick agin, rowlin' the 'r' an the ind av his tongue as aff id war a paice av poie. Wud that my b'y Tammy, who'd bin sittin' quoi't as a lamb lisht'nin' to th' resoitils, up wud th' long poker an' hot Mick a blyow in th' head that shtretched him an the flure, an' thin all the wimmin begun to scraich. Some av the b'ys carried Mick to th' dure an' flung him an the paymint, afther fwich th' resoitil was andhertookin' agin an' wint an all roight. But there wasn't anny great throuble, Mrs. McGlaggerty—an' no n'ise to amount to annythin'. Ye musht a hurd thim fwihin they war throwin' Micky out th' dure, but av coorse ye kudn't moind a little thing loike that—kud ye now, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Mrs. McGlaggerty was humming the "White Cockade" in her back yard, when the Widow Magoogin put her head across the fence and bade her the top o' the mornin'.

"Do yez know," the Widow continued, "that lasht night was me berthday, and that sarra the miser'bler a noight Oi uver sphint in all me loife. Oi was that sick an' dis-threst, wid me head bushtin' an' all av me other organs out av ordher that aff ye kud have felt as Oi felt ye'd not give a pinny for me chances av livin' until the flow'rs begon to blyoom in the shpring, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"What wuz the matther?" the neighbor asked.

"Matther?" echoed the Widow; "nawthin' at all, God savin' yer prisince, but I wint over to Mrs. Daly's in the maurnin'—the poor woman is lyin' pow'rless an her back wid a new borned babe be her side—an' noine other little wans und three goats an' the biggest divil av a little red-

headed husband ye uver laid yer eyes an wandherin' aroun' the primises widout a boite to ait or a sowl to do annythin' fur thim but to call thim hard names an' wish thim bad look—so as Oi wuz tellin' yez Oi wint over there, an' Mrs. O'Hare and Lanty McShannigan war there fwhin I wint in, an' nawthin' wud do thim but they shoud sind out fur soom beer fwhin I towld thim it was me berthday. They sint for it, an' in coorse av toime we dhrank it up, fwhin Oi, thinkin' it was no more nor less than roight, bein' as Oi had dhrank their purvoidin's, an' an me own berthday, too, be the same token, that I shud sind out the growler mesel', an' so, alanna, I did; an' fwhin it kem in, we dhrank that up, too. Thin red-head himsel'—ould Daly—med his appearance, an' we had a glass to the mim'ry av the baby, an' fwhether yez 'll belayve me or not, an' yez kin do as ye plaze about it, Oi was that waik an' sick wid the shtuff roisin' to me head, that Oi thawt Oi'd nuver raich home, but Lanty eshcorted me an' lef' me safe at the dure, bekase he was afeert to come in an account of some remarks he med wan noight forninst Arethoosy's little Ditch beau that caused some hard feelin's bechuxt them.

“Oh, me! oh, my! Mrs. McGlaggerty, but didn't Oi pay well fur me foolishniss, Oi was raitehin' an' gashpin' an' turnin' mesel' insoide out all the noight long. Oi tuk two Sedletz powdhers an' a bottle av sody wather this mawrnin' to take the bad taste out av me mouth an' the pain out av me head, an' be the ghost av me gran'mother, divil another berthday Oi'll be afther celebratin' aff Oi lived to be a hundhert years ould an' had two berthdays a week from this out. Eh! pwhat's that? How ould am Oi now? That's tellin', me frind. But wishper! Oi'm not a shpring chicken, Mrs. McGlaggerty, nor am Oi a boordin'-house-table hin, aither, an' bein' as Oi'm pasht the toime

fwhin it does a young gerrul any gud to keep her age a say-crit—an' bad sesh to thim, they'd suner tell yez a lie about their age than ait a plate av oice cream wid yez, so some av thim wud, Oi belayve—bein' as Oi'm no longer giddy an' an the shmash, as me daughter Arethoosy is, Oi don't moind tellin' yez, Mrs. McGlaggerty, inasmooch as ye pit persel' to the throuble av axing me, that Oi'm jisht twice as ould to-day as Oi waz fwhin Oi was half as ould as Oi am now, me leady. Whoo-up, hoo-roo! There yez goes gittin' mad about nawthtin'. Yarra, but it's aisily touched aff yez are, to go gettin' yer dandher up at an innocint bit av a joke, fwhin Oi moight have med matthers worse be sayin', as Oi kud have sed, hadn't me intintions bin frindly, that aff Oi waz annywhere at all near bein' as ould as yersel', I'd paint me face black an' thry an pass aff for wan av thim naygers that purtinds to be George Washin'ton's body sarvints. There now, me frind, mix that up wid yer corn baif an' cabbage an' ait it."

ARETHUSA'S KAFFEE KLATSCH.

"Oh, thin, Oi'm so sarry ye didn't come ower lasht noight," said the Widow, after she had greeted her neighbor with a whole-souled "gud mawrnin'."

"Faith an' it's sarry Oi am meself, but Jurry had a wee dhrop too much taken," Mrs. McGlaggerty answered, "an' Oi had to shtay home an' quiet him, for he wanted to go around the corner an' bate a hump-backed Oitalyan woman that sowld him sour bananies."

"Be gonnies, aff Oi'd a known that," said the Widow Magoogin, "Oi'd a kem ower an' inwoited him to Arethoosy's Kaffy Klashershmash an' Yoom-Yoom tay, as they

called it. Fwhy in the wurruld didn't ye rin in an' tell me, an' ye'd see how quick Oi'd be afther him. Fwhat's that? Divil a hair Oi care fwwhether he was full or not. Faix 'n the fuller he war the better. Murther in Oirish, but wudn't there be the foon aff Oi only had Jurry an hand to taich two or three av the shnips av tobacky shtimmin' joods a bit av gud manners. Did we have any throuble? Throth an' we did. Slashin's of it, asthore—an' it wasn't throuble at all, it war proize-foight-in' toords the ind, an' divil another Kaffay Shmash, Oi'm thinkin', they'll thry to howld in Berdie Magoogin's residence; fur it's not soon they'll be able to forget the ontoimely ind that the lasht wan kem to.

"Well, do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi wint to wurk an' spint fifty cints fur tay, twinty cints fur coffee, an' Oi got the vury besht they had at the Ditchman's belyow; thirty-foive cints fur limons an' poys an' cakes, an Oi pit a noo fwhoite cloth an the table, an' gev them me silver shpoons an' the chainy set av dishes that Oi got fwhin Oi was married, an' uv'rythin' was goin' vury noicely, wud me settin' out in the kitchen lookin' at the top av the shtove an' list'nin' to the foon an' nonsince an' all the socioiety lugs they wur puttin' an, fwhin, the Lawrd save an' guard iz, fwwhat shud Oi hear but Kikero Maguire's v'ice, as he shouted acrass the table to me daughter: 'Say, Thudie,' sez he—they calls her Thudie fur shart; 'say, Thudie, tell th' ould hin to bring iz in anither plate av cakes.' 'Whisht,' sez Arethoosy, 'me mimmax 'll hear ye.' 'An' fwwhat diz Oi care fur the hammer-faced pelikin?' sez Maguire; 'tell her to bring in the cakes roight quick,' sez he, 'ur there 'll be throuble.' 'Whisht,' sez Arethoosy, warnin' him to keep shtill. 'Nuver moind yer whishtin',' sez Oi, comin' out av the kitchen into the parlor fwwhere they war aitin', an' walkin'

up alongsoide av Misther Kikero Maguire, an' luckin' him sthstraight in the eye. 'Nuver moind, me darlin',' sez Oi agin to Arethoosy, 'Oi'll attind to Misther Maguire. An' now,' sez Oo, turnin' to him, 'fwhat is it, avic, that Oi can be afther doin' fur ye?' 'Nawthin,' sez he, puttin' an awful oogly twisht an his moog as he sed it. 'Nawthin!' sez Oi. 'Well,' sez Oi, 'that's aisily had; Oi have it here,' sez Oi, 'in the heel av me fisht, an' here it is fur ye,' sez Oi, givin' him a welt andher the air that sint him sprawlin' on the flure. 'Oi done nawthin',' sez he, lukin' up wud a shquint an his face that 'ould shtop a clock. 'Naither did Oi,' sez Oi, shtandin' ower him, shmoilin' loike a May mawrnin'. 'Thin fwwhy did ye sthrick me?' sez he. 'Oi was jisht prisintin' the compliments av the owld hammer-faced hin,' sez Oi; 'an' there's her regards, too,' sez Oi, an' wud that Oi hot him a blyow an the chin that landed him agin the dure. 'Ye seem to be in a hurry to go,' sez Oi to him, an' upan me wurrud he was, fur he gothered himself up as fasht as he kud, an' shwingin' the dure open, away he put loike a mad cat up an alley.

"Well, Mrs. McGlaggerty, you'd a bushted yer soides laughin', uff ye kud have seen the peckthur that room presinted at that momint. Arethoosy was bawlin' at the top av her voice, th' other gerruls wur thrimblin' loike laives in a shtorm, an' about a dozen av the joods war breakin' their nicks poilin' ower wan anither through the kitchen dure makin' their way out into the alley. Tammy was shtandin' an the table, bless yer sowl, hollerin': 'Shlug thim, mammie! Rap thim hard!' an' at the hought av the excoitement two polaicemin kem to the front dure havin' howlt av Kikero Maguire, an' axin' fwwhat was the matther? I towld thim that me daughter was givin' her frinds a Kaffay Klatthershslash un' Yoom-Yoom tay.

fwhin this young shkamp shtarted in to make throuble be callin' meself a hammer-faced hin an' pelikin, fwhin Oi up an' hot him bechuxt his nick an' head, an' only fur his rinnin' aff Oi'd a given him a grate dale more. They axed me aff I wanted him arrhested, an' I sed aff they war hard up fur a case to cart him aff, an' be heavens, they did.

"That was the ind av the party, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Arethoosy wint to bed cryin', an' this maurnin' shtarted to wurruk widout her breakfasht. Oi suppose she's broken hearted; but fwhat do Oi care fwwhether she is or no. All Oi'm sarry about is that Oi didn't break two or three noses an' laive thim memintoes av the Kaffay Klathersplash that they'd not sune forget. The oidaya av callin' me, Mrs. Berdie Magoogin, Esq., a hammer-faced owld pelikin! Ph—fut!"

A DONKEY PARTY AT BIRDIE MALONEY'S.

"Orah my, but ye mist the foon, Mrs. McGlaggerty!" said the Widow Magoogin.

"What foon?" Mrs. McGlaggerty asked.

"At the party."

"An' whose party is it that it was now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Breed Malowny's."

"Is that so?"

"Yis, Mrs. McGlaggerty. She gave a doonkey party lasht noight; an' ye'd a broke yer nick laughin' aff ye war there, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"A doonkey party? Is it asses ye mane—jackasses, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Fwhy, woman av the wurrild, fwhat else do ye think I mane?" said the Widow, placing her arms akimbo, and

giving her head a consequential toss. "We ushed to call thim asses in th' owld counthry, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but we're not in th' owld counthry now, me frind, an' mooch as Oi disloike s'soity an' detesht it, as ye know yersel', Mrs. McGlaggerty—fur it's full often enoof Oi've towld ye av it—Oi belave wud the Romans, as th' sayin' goes, that fwhin yer in s'soity ye musht do as s'soity diz, an' that's fwhy Oi calls thim doonkeys now inshtud av asses as we ushed to do in th' owld dart, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' may God bless that same ould dart, an' be wud it, me frind, is the pray'r av Berdie Magoogin, fur it's often Oi think av the foine simple toimes we did be havin' in it, an' the honest, dacint payple that we kud associate wud, to'rds the quare craythers that we rin acrass in this counthry. Since meself an' Toozy has bin goin' in s'soity, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi'm that mooch dragged down an' worri'd out, wid pittin' an an' aff me red shawl an' green bonnit, that Oi'm afeert Oi'll be taken wud the noo fash-nubble disaise, narvious prastration.

"But nuver moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi'll not throuble ye wud me pains an' aches. We s'soity folk musht pay the poiper fwhin we dances, an' we've no wan but oursel's to blame, so Oi'll say no more, but tell ye about the doonkey party. Uv'rybody av anny kinsequence fram the Hill an' the half acre was there, dhressed in their besht an' ready for annything from a foight to a raffle, Mrs. McGlaggerty. There musht have bin a hundhert av iz, more or less, an' Breed Maloney had a big peekthur av a doonkey painted in fwhoite an' black an' a bed sheet hong up at one ind av her parlor. The doonkey, savin' yer presence, Mrs. McGlaggerty, hadn't divil a soign av a tail an him at all, at all, an' Breed gev iz all bits av ribbons and pins shtickin' out av thim to shtick an the doonkey's peekthur. There war two proizes, Mrs. Mc-

Glaggerty, wan av thim an illigant fwhoite glass decanter that Oi thawt wud luk scroomptious an me soideboard in the kitchin beyant, so Oi med up me moind to win it or busht; so fwhin they bloindfowlded me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi kep' wan eye opin an' sstraight up to the peek-thur Oi walked an' shtuck the ribbon an th' ind av the doonkey's nose.

“Gimme the decanther,” sez Oi. ‘Fwhat fur,’ sez Breed. ‘Didn’t Oi do the thrick?’ sez Oi. ‘Thin it’s a quare way ye done it,’ sez Breed. ‘How?’ sez Oi. ‘Shtick-in’ it on his nose,’ sez Breed. ‘An’ fwhere else shud Oi shtick it?’ sez Oi. ‘An the shtoomp av his tail,’ sez Breed. ‘Thin fw hy did ye say an the ind av his nose?’ sez Oi. ‘That was fur the booby proize,’ sez she. ‘An’ fwhat’s the booby proize?’ sez Oi. ‘A mule’s tail,’ sez she, an’ she med an offer to give me somethin’ loike a horse’s tail. Ow, wow, but Oi was mad, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Divil a wan av thim kud howld me. They’d towld me a loie in the fusht place, an’ tried to wrang me in the next, so Oi up wud a shtove led an’ smasht the decanther into forty bits. ‘There’s yer booby proize an’ yer doonkey party fur ye,’ sez Oi, an’ shnappin’ up me shawl an’ bunnit Oi waltzed out widout as mooch as sayin’ good-bye. Toozy croied an’ they all cut up, an’ some wan sed somethin’ about the peeler; but they kudn’t shkar’ Berdie Magoogin. Oi knew it wasn’t s’soiety, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but dang it, fwhat’s a dacint woman to do fwhin the lowest throibes av th’ Oirish thries t’ impose upan her?”

RECREATION.

RECREATION.

A GOOD TIME AT CONEY ISLAND.

"Have ye bin to Cooney's Oislan' this year yet, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"No, but Oi'm thinkin' av goin,' Mrs. Magoogin."

"Oi was there lasht Soonda' an' had the divil's own time, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Oi hurd ye war there. Did ye go in the wather, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Did Oi go in the wather? To be coorse Oi did. Woman aloive, fwhat d'ye shuppose id take me to Cooney's Oislan' aff it wasn't to go in the wather?" said the Widow, in a tone that did not conceal her contempt for the ignorance of her neighbor. "Sure id isn't the beer id take me there, is id, d'ye think? No, ma'am. There's betther beer at Grogan's over an Churry sthreet, than Cooney's Oislan' uver saw in it's loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Th' Oislan' beer is intoirely too Penobshcot fur yours thruly, me frind, though, God knows, Oi punish me share av id fwhenever Oi have to. But fwhere's the ushe av talkin' about beer—ye kin get id anywhere, an' id's parched me tongue is this blessid minnit fur a mouthful av id, so aff ye'll come around into the kitchin, Oi'll call Tammy an' sind him to Grogan's fur a pint, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

“Yis, Oi wint down to Cooney’s Oislan’ fur me reg’lar cintinnial bat’, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Id’s too cowld to go into the wather in winther, so ivery summer two or three toimes durin’ the hot saison, Oi hoy me down to the say-soide an’ have fwhat me daughter Toozy calls me cintinnial bat’, ur simitinnial ur somethin’ av that soort—annyhow, there’s a ’tinnial in id, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwchich manes twoicet or three toimes uv’ry year. Well, annyways, Oi had th’ bat’, an’, ow, wow! but mebbe Oi didn’t have a shplindid toime in the wather. Oi was wearin’ red shtockin’s that Oi ped tin cints a pair fur up in Grand sthreet abow, an’ the color kem aff av thim onto me legs an’ as loock id have id, the man in the bat’-house gev me a shkimpy pair av panties, an’ fwthin Oi wint down to the baich uv’ry wan av the wimmin laught, an’ the min hollered at me, sayin’, ‘Hullo, here comes the tattoo lady from the doime musee’m!’ Id didn’t take me long to give thim a piece av me moind, an’ fwthin Oi towlt thim to go home an’ luk at their own legs an’ see aff they war dirthy they shut up their mouths purty quick, so they did. But fur the loife av me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi kudn’t get the red sthraits aff av me legs, an’ to say that Oi was morthyeefoid beyant discription is puttin’ id very moildly, me frind.

“A big man wid a red mushtache sed he’d taich me how to shwim, an’ he tuk me away out, an’ thrippin’ me up wid his fut towld me to fling out me arrums an’ kick wid me legs, fwchile he hild a howlt av the boick av me shkirt an’ purtinded to be taichin’ me. Oi hollered melia murdher, but he wudn’t let me go. ‘Shwim!’ sez he. ‘Troth ’n Oi’ll shwim you fwthin Oi get up out av this,’ sez Oi. The say wather was chokin’ me an’ Oi was all amosht uxhausted fwthin he gev me a shove an’ sint me andher a big wave. Upon me sowl, Oi don’t know fwhat saved me, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi moight as well ’a’ bin

dhrowndid as not, but the gud Lord was havin' his eye an me, an' be the greatest av merackles Oi schrambled to me feet an' was saved. Oi shputthered the wathter out av me mout', an' thin Oi lukt around fur me red-fwhiskered bucko, but he was gone. It's a gud thing fur him that he was ur Oi'd a given him a puck up in the forehead that he'd not sune disremimber. Oi shtud in the wather two hours, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' me boick an' arrums ar' blishtered like as aff Oi had the shmallpox. Oh, but id was shpoort. Some goes too Cooney's Oislan' an' Long Branch an' Noopoort to show aff their shapes, but Oi goes fur me healt'. An id's more foon than a barrel av moon-keys sometoimes, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

AT THE ARION BALL—BY MISTAKE.

"The Ditch ar' divils, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"So ye say, Mrs. Magoogin."

"An so ar' th' Frinch, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Troth 'n Oi don't doubt ye, Mrs. Magoogin."

"The Oirish, it seems to me, is th' only respectable people in th' counthry, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Thrue for ye, Mrs. Magoogin."

"An' Oi'll tell ye fwhy, me frind," said the lady, assuming a low, dulcet, argumentative tone. "Ye hear av th' Frinch ball uv'ry year, wud id's shameless hussies and disgraceful doidoes, an' ye hear av th' Ditch ball wud id's goin's an that ar' all amosht as bad as th' Frinch, but ye niver hear av anny Oirish ball that there's annythin' wrong wud, do ye? No, ma'am, niver! An' fwhat's more, Mrs. McGlaggerty, ye niver will. Oi nearly had th' breath taken roight out av me h'art be fwhat Oi saw

at the O’Ryan’s ball at th’ Mat’son Shquare Gardin lasht noight, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi wint there intoirely be mistake. The Lord knows Oi’d niver go there anny other way, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur th’ tickits war tin dollars apiece; an’ divil spill the soign av an O’Ryan was there ayther. God held me sinses, but Oi thought mebbe id was a rale hoigh-chooned Oirish affair, that id remoid me av some av th’ dances we used to have in th’ owld dart, an’ Oi wint wud me daughther Toozy, who was dhrest up as th’ Queen av th’ Fairies, wud a shlash an wan soide av her dhress, so as to show about a fut an’ a half av her green stockin’s.

“Faix ’n Oi thought that was bad enoof, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ Oi fairly blished loike a gerrul uv’ry toime Oi saw a man lukin’ at that soide av me daughther Toozy’s dhress, but oh, my! ow, wow! an’ wirra sthrue! Toozy’s green stockin’s warn’t a rap to fwhat Oi saw in th’ Gardin. An’ sorra th’ bit av Oirish th’ dance was at all, at all, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It was full-bluded Ditch. Sour krout an’ pritzils an’ bologny sassidge shtuck out all over id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. There was plenty av beer, but there was more champagny wather, an’ d’ye know thim Ditchmin that had th’ shuperfloose gall an’ inshtantayneese cheek to call thimself’s O’Ryans begon to get rale gay an’ to act loike crazy Frinchmin afore th’ clock shtruck twelve. Oi niver saw so many Ditchmin makin’ ring-tailed moonkeys av themself’s afore in all me loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An’ th’ women! Oh, th’ women, Mrs. McGlaggerty! They war tin thousan’ toimes worse nor th’ min. Divil a wan av me knows fwhether they war Frinch, ur Ditch, ur Hungarians, but th’ way they dhrest an’ carried an’ me frind, was shecandayleous beyant comparisin, so id was. Fwhy some av the craythures didn’t have a dhress at all an, but was rigged out loike bally

gerruls, an' thim that did have clothes on them had no ushe fur them, fur they war furuver kickin' up their heels and knockin' min's hats aff wid their toes, and throyin' to tangle their legs up in th' shangeliers.

“Upon me wurrud, Mrs. McGlaggerty, ye kud see uv'ry shtitch they had an, an' more, too, an' id's a wondher to my moind that th' polaiçe didn't raid thim fwhere they shtud an' run thim in fur conduct anbecoomin' th' sex they belongt to, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Heaven furgive me, me frind, fur bein' there at all, at all and particypatin' in th' wickidness—but Oi thought id was an O'Ryan ball, as Oi sed afore, an' wint there be mishtake, an' shted there longer than Oi expected to bekase raily Oi was ashamed to be seen goin' out. No, indade, ma'am, ye see no sooch goin's an at an Oirish ball. There may be a little sherappin' an' some av thim that come wud gud faytures may go away wud brokin noses an' brokin heads, but ye'll see no shkurt dancin' there, an' no hoigh-kickin' hussies, nor no shampagny, nayther. Begorry, Oi belave id's th' shampagny that puts th' divil into thim, me frind. Oi had a glass ur two, ur three, ur four av id meself at th' O'Ryan's ball, an' it med me feel loike pickin' up me shkurts an' puttin' me fut through th' shkoyloight. Upan me sowl Oi did. But Oi niver forget me daycincy, me frind. No, ma'am, no matter how mooch Oi dhrink, Oi niver furget me daycincy, Mrs. McGlaggerty!”

ON AN EXCURSION BOAT.

“We sails the ocean bloo,
Our sossy shep’s a byooty.’

Do yez hear that, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” the Widow shouted across the fence, lapsing from song into a subdued sort of shriek that did not fail to attract the neighbor’s attention.

“To be sure Oi he’rd it,” Mrs. McGlaggerty answered, “but what’s the matther wud yer w’ice this mornin’? It seems to be hint a little—there’s a thwist in it, or some-thin’.”

“Faix ’n ye’re roight there is, agrah,” said Mrs. Magoogin. “An’ it’s the reckless woman Oi am intoirely, Mrs. McGlaggerty, to be makin’ a mockin’ berd av meself this blessed day, fur me throat feels loike a section av foire hose, an’ it’s that thick, savin’ yer prisince, that wan wud think there was a fog in it. But the bit av a song kem to me soort av nather’l loike fwhoile Oi was thinkin’ av a sail Oi had down the bay an’ out beyant Sandy Huke to the Fishin’ Banks belyow, yistherdy. Mesilf an’ me daughter Arethoosy wint, an’ sorra a foiner day th’ Almoighty God uver turned out av his khnapsack, fwch is sayin’ a grait dale fur it, isn’t it, now, me frind? An’ the thrip? Oh, the thrip was deloightful. Deloightful, did Oi say? Well, to tell the thruth Oi didn’t mane to say as mooch, fur though there war plinty an boord that inj’yed thimselves, divil dang the owld say aff it didn’t come very near bein’ the death av me afoore the day wuz done. An’ this is the way it all kem about, alanna. Goin’ down to the banks the wather was as day-

cint an' well behaved as a bloind praicher at a camp meet-in', but coomin' home the ravin' haythin av a monsther had his back up purty hoigh an' he was shakin' all over wud fwhoite brishtles av foam. He had the haives an', begorra, it didn't take long to give thim to the resht av iz. The say rowled an' tost an' thruw itself about till wan 'ould think it was goin' to open up its big dhrippin' jowls an' swally uv'ry mother's son av iz afoore we kud as mooch as crass our breashts an' ax the Lord to have marcy an iz.

"An' the boat? Ora my, but didn't it rowl. Wud uv'ry shwell it gev a lurch an' a toss that, thanks be to God, Oi thought 'ould be its lasht. But it's naither the say nur the boat that bother'd me, fur Oi was the sickest an' sorest, an' sorriest woman ye uver saw in the fusht foive minnits av the throuble, though it didn't as mooch as turn a hair an Arethoosy. An the way out Oi ate pound cake, an' paich poy an' ham sangwiches an' doughnits—an' we had a dhrop av brandy wud iz to settle the shtomach, an' sure Oi had a wee shnifter av that, too; but it all wint down well an' aisy enoof, an' as I washed out me throat wud a toddy that Oi med out av oice wather an' limmins, Oi was that continted an' happy, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that aff Presidint Claivelan' kem up an' axed me to alope wud him that minnit, Oi'd tell him to be aff about his bezniss an' laive me alone. Yis, indade, it wint down shmoodly, but howly Mother av Moses! fwhat a turrible toime it had comin' up agin. Divil a wurd av loy Oi'm tellin' ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty—it was the sufferinest toime Oi uver pit in in all me born loife, an' it's some daisy owld sufferin' Berdie Magoogin has had in her toime, as ye knows. Oi' was sittin' in the bow av the boat lukin' at the soights—fwhin the Lord bechune iz an' harm—all to wanst me head began to go around an' Oi kudn't keep me bonnit fram goin' away undher wan ear, fwhoile me shtomach—

axin' yer pardin' fur minshinin' id—felt as aff there was a can av dinnymoite insoide av it, an' somebody was thryin' to touch it aff. In a holy minnit, an' widout a word av warnin', aff it wint itself—into the say—an' may the rattleshnaik ait me an' the divil use me fur a walkin' shtick aff Oi wudn't a gev tin cints to be pitched into the say affther id.

“Oh, but Oi was sick! Oi'll nuver be as sick agin till Oi'm dead! Oh, my, but Oi was aferd Oi'd busht me nick in two—it was that mane an' mis'rabil in comin' up. Faix 'n Oi sed 'Noo Yorruck' in airnist and manny a toime Oi sed it, too, fur the resht av that thrip. A fat owld divil av a man sot alongsoide av me an' talked about soup an' pork an' molasses antil me eyes war shtandin' out av me head an' Oi thought Oi'd gashp me lasht. 'Ate a bit av fwahle's blubber,' sez he to me; 'it's gud fur say-sickniss.' The suckond toime he sed fwahle's blubber Oi thought Oi'd lose me loife. Oh, but Oi kud have killed him; but Oi hadn't toime—Oi was too busy shrowin' me foine dinner to the say. Oi don't know how Oi uver got over it, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It's worse nor cholery ur yally faver; yis, indade, a thousan' toimes worse. All Oi know is they laid me out an a binch an the boat, an' a foine young man, that was some soort av a docthor on boord, had a howlt av me pulse an' was talkin' noicely to me fwihin up pops the fat shcoundhrel an' sez somethin' about gettin' a shtommick poomp. That settled me. Oi rowled over an' med up me moind to die; but Oi didn't die, though Oi kem moighty near it; an' fwihin Oi kem to me sinses, who shud be there laughin' an' skittin at me misfortin but me foine leady, Arethoosy, neshlin' an the vesht patthern av the fat divil that wanted to kill me wud the shtommick poomp. Fwhat did Oi say? Nuver moind, I sed enoof; an' fwhat Oi want to say to you now,

Mrs. McGlaggerty, is to nuver ait yer mails an the ocean antil ye kin ait thim an dhry land; thin ye'll not be afeert av shtomick poomps. Say-sickniss taiches iz wisdom, me frind, an' don't yez furgit id."

'A "BAT" AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

"Oh, but id's mesel' had the foine bat' yistherda', Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Had ye id up yer shnout agin, d'ye tell me, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Up me shnout? No, nur down me shnout, nayther, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Id's not that koind av a bat' Oi mane, at all, at all, me frind, but a bat' in the salt say wather—the fusht bat' Oi've had in foive years, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Is that so, Mrs. Magoogin? An' fwere did ye go fur yer bat'?"

"To Rockaway."

"Wud the hoigh chunies?"

"Oy, wud th' hoigh chunies, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow Magoogin; "an' divil the so hoigh do Oi be afther thinkin' some av thim ar' fwthin ye come to foind thim out, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Pon me wurrud, me frind, there's some av thim that Oi met down there, an' d'ye know id, Oi think that little av thim that Oi'd not shpit in their eye aiven aff they war to ax me to do it. There's the Hinnessies, fur instance—the gerruls ar' there, wud their low-cut dhresses an' their hoigh-cut capers, wud yally shoes an' fwwhoite lace parrysoles thrapessin' up an' down th' baich loike they owned the land an' the say, an' hadn't a ha'porth to think av but clothes, an' joods, an' chewin' gum. Wan id imagine, to see thim, that they war

brought up in a king's palace an' had lived on poies an' pashties all their loives. Sure an' Oi ushed to know thim fwhin they hadn't a shtich to their boicks an' fwhin they war glad enoof to get corn mail bread an' corn beef hash to put in their gullets, an' be gorries id was plinty gud enoof fur thim, too. God help me! Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi wus parryloized fwhin owld Hinnessy himsel' that was sittin' at the nuxt table to me in the doinin'-room, passed his daughter a plate av soup, sayin' to her at the same toime as he did so, 'Uxcuse me, Gertie, but may Oi have the pleasure av servin' you with a little consommay?' Oh, my, but ye ought to have seen the pucker an his mout' fwhin he was shpakin'. 'Silver plate, pippaw,' sez Gertie, as she grabbed the dish an' put a curl an her nick that id make a Frinch cuke sick.

"Bad sesht to me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but aff Oi had a bladdher handy Oi'd shmash the two av thim over the head wud it. Silver plate, indade! Bad dang to their buttons, but Oi knew thim fwhin they had nuver a plate at all an' nawthin' to ait aff av id at that; an' only that owld Hinnessy robbed his mother's brether av all he had divil the dhrap av consommay they'd be silver platin' at Rockaway or anyfwhere else to-day, me frind. Ow, wow! but the lugs they pits an. Phew! but fwhat a long tail our cat's got, Mrs. McGlaggerty! An' th' Hinnessies ar' not the only wans! There's plinty av th' same soort—wan av thim worse than th' other an' all av thim thryin' to belong to the bong-tong. But talkin' about the bat', Mrs. McGlaggerty, id was the foinest Oi uver had in me loife, an' id was in the bat' that Oi laid thim all out. They nuver saw a pair av purtier legs an Rockaway Baich than Oi showed thim yisterda'. The Hinnessies an' th' resht av thim wore shtockin's an' war ashamed av their legs, but Oi had nawthin to be ashamed av an, Oi

let thim know so be me actions. Uv'rybody sed Oi had the grandest figger they uver saw, an' wan young man towld me Oi ought to jine the Casino ballet. Oi thanked him fur the complimint an' gev him a back-handed woipe av me hand in th' eye that nearly knockt the breath out av him. The Hinnessy gerruls have the quairest pair uv crubeens an thim that anny wan uver saw, an' they throid to give me th' laugh, but Oi towld thim a thing ur two thet caused thim to pull in their horns moighty quick, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi wus in the wather half an hour, an' d'ye know fwhin Oi kem home an towld Tammy about id he sed thet a half hour was too long intoirely—that anythin' over tin minnits id pizen all the fish in the say bechuxt here an' Foundnewland. Oi thawt id was quare that he shud say such a thing, but the thawt nuver crast me antil this minnit that purhaps Tammy was givin' me the razoo. Oi wondher now aff he was, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

AT THE PATRIARCHS' BALL.

"Oi wint to th' ball, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Arrah, fwhat ball, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Th' Paddy Racks' ball, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"An' sure an fwhin was th' Paddy Racks' ball, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Th' other noight at Dilmoonkeyo's—that big rosharonk that all th' hoigh-chunes aits poies an' pashtries in fwhin they're hungry," said the Widow.

"Mimmaw means th' Patriarchs' ball at Delmonico's Monday night, Mrs. McGlaggerty," Arethusa explained, poking her head out of th' kitchen window.

"Yis, that's fwhat Oi sed—th' Paddy Racks' ball," the

Widow continued. "Oi received an inwoite from Misthur Ward McAllishter, whose fater was as thick a frind av my fater's in th' owld dart as—well, they wudn't have thawt more av aich other aff they war brothers, me frind. Mack was awful sarry fur not inwoitin' me lasht year, fwthin they had th' ball, an' he sint me his furget-me-nots—ur fwthatever ye calls that thing they sez fwthin they're turrible put out about not bein' able to do somethin'—he sint me his furget-me-nots an' sed, sez he: 'Aff there's a shindig nuxt year ye'll be there, in th' middle av th' flyure, ur Oi'll know fwthoy,' sez he, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"An' be Heavins he kept his wurrud. Inshtud av havin' foor hoondhert at th' ball, loike lasht year, he med it foor hoondhert an' fifty, fur th' uxpress purpose av lettin' me in. Oi got me ticket an' wint to th' ball O. K. Oi had me red jursey that Toozy med me a prinist av lasht Chrishmas, cut low in th' nick—Oi cut id mesel' wud th' scissors an' thin Oi tuk a big shloice out av th' nick av me red flannel shurt an' shprinklin' a little flour an' craim av tartar an me chesht Oi was as foine a lukin' dollyketter as anny av th' big bugs from Murry Hill abow. Toozy lint me her airrings—thim big glass wans that shoines loike doimonds—an' Oi shtuck a few artefeecial flyowers in my chignong, an' wud me unbroidered green shkurt, an' me mushkitty gloves raichin' up to me oxsheters—regular twinty-buttiners, they war, an' make no mushtake—Oi was th' belle av th' Paddy Racks' ball in airnisht, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Ye ought to see th' way th' young min wud red fwshish-kers come dancin' around me. Mack himsel' walked me up an' down th' hall an id' med th' Murry Hillers awful jealyous, so id did. Oi hurd lots av thim axin' wan another who id was, an' fwthin they war towld id was me they opin'd their oyes an' loked very kerflummixed. There's only wan thing Oi'm sarry fur, Mrs. McGlaggerty. At th' supper

th' waithers kep' fillin' up me glass wid red, fwhoite an' blyue woine so fasht that Oi hadn't mooch toime to ait, an' begorry th' lasht Oi remimber Oi was shluggin' th' loife out av an owld heifer that sed Oi was low Oirish. Oi doon't knew how badly Oi bet her, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur th' nuxt thing Oi knew Oi woke up in th' house beyant wud Toozy bathin' me head wud oice wather, an' she sed id took six joods to bring me home. Oi shuppose Oi broke up th' Paddy Racks' ball, but God knows Oi didn't mane to do id. The Paddy Racks'll have to uxcuse me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, partecklarly as id's so near to Chrishmas toime."

IN THE SURF AT ASBURY PARK.

"Did ye have air a bat' this year, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Divil a bat', Mrs. Magoogin."

"Oh, thin id's Oi had wan th' other day, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Is that so, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis," said the Widow, "an' aff Oi live to be a hundherd year owld Oi'll niver forget id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Howld an a bit an' Oi'll tell ye about id. Meself an' Toozy thought we'd loike to take a thrip to Ras'berry Parruk, so lasht Chuesda' we up an' dhressed oursel's an' wint. An' not a bit sarry was Oi for id aither, though th' uxpaiience we had wid throyin' to take a bat' was annythin' but agrayable, Mrs. McGlaggerty. We had a foine day. The weather over head and undher fut was jisht th' noicest ye uver saw, an' upon me sowl Oi furmly belaiive th' thrip id add tin years to me loife aff id wasn't for the mainness av th' copper that tuk howld av iz fwhin we was goin' in bat'ing. On to'rds three o'clock in th' afthernooun mesilf an' Toozy med up our moinds to go into th' wather, so

we ped thinty-foive cints aich for bat'ing shoots an' pit thim an. Divil th' wurrud av loie Oi'm tellin' ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but aff th' shkurt av my shoot didn't come down belyow me knees Oi hope Oi may nuver see th' back av me nick. Thin Oi had britches an an' long black shtock-in's, an' uv'ry bit av me was covered from head to fut. Toozy's shoot was too big fur her, an' id shpoilt her shape intoirely, so id did, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Well, lo an' behold ye, me frind, fwhin we war walkin' down to th' wather, who shud shtep up to iz but a polaiceman. 'Get back into yer cage,' sez he. 'Who are ye exposhtillatin' yersel' to, sir?' sez Oi. 'To you,' sez he. 'An' id's ashamed av yerself yez ought to be,' saz he, 'to be seen in public in thim immoral dhresses,' sez se. 'Troth 'n Oi'd not be ashamed to walk on Broadway in Noo Yarrick in this shoot,' sez Oi. 'Oi shuppose not,' sez he, 'ye're brazin-lukin' enoof to go to church in thim, too,' sez he. 'Is that so?' sez Oi, shtickin' up me nose at him. 'Yis, id's so,' sez he, 'an' aff ye doon't be quick an' rowl a blankit ur somethin' about ye Oi'll be afther runnin' ye in,' sez he. Shure an' fwhat else kud we do but go home an' take aff our shoots an' do widout our bat'. But fwhat in th' bloody nuvers kin they mane, Mrs. McGlaggerty, be sayin' that bat'in' shoots is immoral? Fwhat do they want iz to wear—ulshters is id?—fwhin we go into th' wather, Oi doon't know? Sure an' id's no bat' at all that ye get fwhin ye go in shwimmin' wid all yer clothes an. Oi loike th' gud owld toimes fwhin we wus gerruls an' fwhin a lot av iz id go down to th' Liffy at nightfall an' shtrip oursel's to th' pelt an' go into th' wather wudout a blessid ha'p'orth an iz. Oh, but thim wor th' days! Con Cloman crept up to th' bank wan noight an' shtole our clothes an' kept iz cryin' there in th' shtrain fur three mortuial hours, while he sot an an' owld log an' med fun av iz. Great goin's an we had, an' mebbe we didn't

bate th' loife out av Connie fwhin we caught howld av him. That was bat'in' in rale airnist. There's as mooch deffrince bechuxt that an' Rasberry Parruk as there is bechuxt a batther cake an' limon meringue poie, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Immoral,' sez they. How diz they know fwhat's moral an' fwhat's immoral? Fwhat diz a cop know about day-cincy annyhow, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

IN THE COUNTRY.

"Did yez notisht me goin' away lasht Soonda'?" the Widow Magoogin asked, as she exposed her tanned arms to the atmosphere.

"Yis, Oi did," said Mrs. McGlaggerty. "But Oi thought it was goin' up to th' Oisland ye was to take Tammy soom pie an' cake, so Oi ped no more attintion to ye."

"Coom aff now," responded the Widow. "There's enoof av Tammy an' th' Oislan' fur yez. Diz ye want all Noo Yarrick to know that Tammy's an th' Oislan' fur breakin' an oice craim peddhlr's nose. Isn't it bad enoof look fur th' poor little darlint that nuver done a day's harrum to anny wan in his loife to be sint up fur t'irty days, wudout havin' a frind loike yersel', Mrs. McGlaggerty, bally-shkat-therin' th' anfoortnit noos over th' face av th' airth? But laivin' Tammy fwhere he is—an' may th' roaches (an' they tells me they're as big up there as a fiddler's curse) ait th' nose aff av him afore he cooms out, fur he desarves all he got an' more, too—lavin' th' little moodhabowl roominatin' an' graivin' an th' Oislan' fwhere he belongs, an' coomin' back to mesel', Mrs. McGlaggerty, doon't yez know that Oi wint out in th' counthry an' shted there a waik lasht Soonda'?"

“Me daughtther Arethoosy purvailt an me to go up into Conneckticoot belyow fur spoort an’ recerenashin’, as she sed—an’ faix ’n’ ye may belaiue me ur no as ye loikes, but aff Oi had her andher me fisht afther Oi’d got up there, divil a more shpoort an’ recerenashin’ she’d want agin th’ langesht day that she dhrew breath in her body. Fwhat waz in it to do but to ait mails that ud make a canary burrud sick, an’ afther that to sit around an’ make oyes an’ faces at wan another, an’ fwhin th’ mishkitties warn’t aitin’ ye up aloive—an’ be me sowl, Mrs. McGlaggerty, they have bills an thim as lang as yer arrum an’ as sharp as a soord—to be roashtin’ wud th’ hait ur dyin’ fur a can av beer. At noight they haves ye into bed th’ fusht thing to make ye furet that ye haven’t had anny supper, an’ out av it they pulls ye agin th’ fusht thing in th’ mawrnin’, so that th’ hoired gerrul ’ll be through wud her day’s wurruk airy. Musha, divil shoot th’ laddybook that brought out th’ shtoyle av makin’ payple put aff into th’ counthry fwhin there’s nawthin’ in it but boogs an’ grasshoppers an’ mishkitties an’ wet grass. Faix ’n’ aff it’s bong-tong to do that koind av thing, Berdie Magoogin doon’t want to be a bong-tong anny longer.

“Th’ hoigh-chooned folkse kin kape their owld weeds an’ shraikin’ bullfrogs to thimsilves an’ Oi’ll shtick to me little back yard here an’ me buck billygoat. There war only wan or two more min besoides mesel’ at th’ boordin’ house, an’ Oi got along noicely wudout a wurrud av argy-mint antil lasht Choosday—ur wuz it Saturda’?—divil a bit av me knows fwhich—wan av th’ gentlemin kem up over to me an the poiazzy, fwhere th’ poorch is, an’ sez to me, sez he, wud his hat in his han’ an’ him bowin’ an’ shkrapin’ loike he waz dancin’ th’ Sucond Av’noo lancers, ‘Mrs. Magoogin,’ sez he, ‘wull yez be so koind an’ condescindin’,’ sez he, ‘as to obloige an owld frind that’s glad to

make yer acquaintance,' sez he, 'be playin' a game av long Dinnis?' sez he. 'No, sir, sez Oi. 'Oi'm very sorry to disoblige yez, sir,' sez Oi, 'but my Dinny waz a shmall man an' he nuver taitched me anny game,' sez Oi, 'so Oi know nawthin' about long Dinnis or short Dinnis aither,' sez Oi, 'so yez'll have to 'shkyuse me,' sez Oi. 'Th' poor man got red in th' face an' wint away laughin', an' th' colored cook towld me nuxt mawrnin' that they plays long Dinnis out an th' grass wud base balls an' big shnow shoes to ketch thim in. Uver afther that th' man laught fwhin Oi pasht him by, but we didn't shpaik. It didn't take me lang afther that to clane me shkerts away from thim grangers, an' be Heavins aff annybody uver foinds me shpendin' me toime in th' counthry they kin feed me fur bait to th' mullet heads."

SUNDAY IN CENTRAL PARK.

"Oi wint out to Centhril Parruk lasht Soonda', Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"An' a foine toime Oi shsuppose ye had, too, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oh, not so very foine, aither, me frind."

"An' fwhy, tell me?"

"Uv'ry fwhy. D'ye see," said the Widow, "Oi wint out walkin' wud Barney Thurlogash, th' foinesht shtrip av a man ye kud laive yer oyes an in Noo Yarrick city, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' as nate an' arthishtic a hod carrier as there is in Union No. Tin—an' be th' same token, me frind, they doon't call th' hod carriers hod carriers anny more, but breek thranslathors, fwchich manes th' same thing, only id's more hoigh-chooney an' in wan av th' dead langwidges, d'ye moind. Well, Barney is a shplindid shpecimin av th'

homo jaynius, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' he uxpects to be med a polaiceman av afore manny moons passes uver his rosy red head, me frind; but oh, my! he's th' jailyous craythur—he dizn't laive me luk cruked at annythin' in an overcoat ur that wears 'shpinders.

"Oi wanted to walk around near th' bully yard fwhere th' 'rishtycrats droives out in their tay an' coffee carts an' their landywows an' Queen Victori's, but d'ye know fwhat Barney sed? He sed id was to make shmashes an th' min that Oi was afther an' he'd be keelhauled by th' divil an' dhropped tin shtories into Hail Columby afore he'd permit anny woman to make a moonkey av him in that way, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Thim war his very wurruds, me frind, an' no amount av purshwasion kud make him purmit me to go near th' bullyyard. An' d'ye know fwhat he done? He kep' me lukin' at th' bears an' moonkeys all afthernoan. Oi shuppose he nuver wud have left th' moonkey house, but Oi p'inted out a little brown-fwhiskered otang-ourang or somethin' av that soort, that loked fur all th wurruld loike Barney fwhin he's clain-shaved av Soonda's. Some payple that war shtandin' there laughed at th' oidaya, but Barney got mad as a March hare an' pulled me out av th' place afore Oi kud uxplain that Oi didn't mane no harrum be fwhat Oi sed.

"We loked at th' bears for a fwhoile an' fwhin they wint up an' down th' oiron ladder Barney sez, sez he, 'Begorry, th' soon's av goons 'll be carryin' th' hod nuxt.' Yurra-ho-ho, but we had th' great toimes seein' uv'rythin', an' Barney tuk me into a rushtorong. 'Fwhat'll ye have to ait, Berdie?' sez he. 'Have they anny fresh pigs' feet, Oi wondher, darlint,' sez Oi. 'Oi think they have,' sez he. 'Thin give me some,' sez Oi. 'An' fwhat'll ye take to dhrink?' hez he. 'Well, Barney, acushla,' sez Oi, 'Oi guess Oi'll have some shampagny wather; id's so long since

Oi dhrank anny afore in my loife that Oi doon't know fwhat id tastes loike,' sez Oi. 'Ye guess ye'll have some shampagny wather?' sez he. 'Yis,' sez Oi. 'Well, Berdie, mavourneen, ye'll have to guess agin,' sez he. An' this toime, to make sure av id, Oi guessed beer. But Oi thawt it so mane av him, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

THE CHARITY BALL.

"Av coorse, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi needn't ax ye aff ye war there," said the Irish Widow to her neighbor, as both sat in the latter's kitchen looking into the glow that filled the open front of the cooking stove.

"Fwhere?" asked Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"At th' charity ball, at the Methrolipan Op'ry House lasht Choosda' noight."

"Well, thin, ye may be sure that Oi was not," said the neighbor, somewhat crustily.

"Oi thought as mooch," said Mrs. Magoogin, "but Oi axed th' kustion to be civil an' loikewise be way av inthroducin' th' subject, do ye see? Oi had no oidaya av makin' game av ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, or av insiniwatin' that ye warn't uv'ry bit as gud as anny wan was there. Bless your heart, Oi wasn't widin a moile av it mesil', so ye see that's how it is, an' me only intintion was to say to ye, bechune ourselves, that it's a quare koind av charity that kin parade about in doimonds an' swally-tailed coats wan noight in th' year, an' th' resht av the 365 days cut down th' poor min's an' gerruls' wages, widout sayin' anythin' av th' beggars that's dhrivin' from their dures an' left to shtarve in th' shtreet.

"Let me tell ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that th' charity that is dispinsed at foive an' tin dollars a tecket goes a very

short ways. It's th' serkus shtoyle av givin', a wan-ring show undher a three-ring tint. There's a great dale av hooray an paper, but divil th' mooch av it anyfwhere else. Oi read a great dale about th' charity ball an' th' foine ladies an' grand gintlemin that was there. Oi read about th' doimonds an' th' silks an' th' satins, an' fwhin Oi did so Oi bethought mesil' av a poor family in th' big Ashley buildin' down an Forsyth shtreet belyow, that's near death's dure from hunger an' sickniss, an' sez Oi to mesil', 'mebbe aff Oi'd take this paper down there to thim poor crathures an' read thim all this foine wroitin', that mebbe it ud fill their stomachs an' cure their disayses!' Av coorse Oi wasn't fool enoof to do annythin' loike that, me frind, Oi only thought it, be way av commint, an' thin Oi laughed to mesil' to think fwhat fools th' wurruld was med up av. A lot av s'soi'ty ducks an' darlints makes up their moinds to have a noight's injoymint. They know they'll have to pay for it, annyhow, so fwhat does they do but impose an a lot av poor musicians an' others, an' give foive an tin dollars a tecket—a few hundhert av thim—to'rds feedin' 50,000 shtarvin' sows!

"Let me tell you, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that it's not th' min that wears swally-tails or th' wimmin that has their doiminds that helps th' poor. No, indade, it's thim that's poor thimself an' that knows th' pangs av disthress an' poverty as helps th' craythers that are more anfortnit. All that th' poor 'll uver get out av hoigh-chooned charity balls they kin put in their oye. Oi'm poor mesil', an' Oi nuver upect anny help from such a quarther.

"No, nor divil a wan av me ud accept it, aither. Aff th' worsht comes to the worsht wid me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, as it's loible to do wid anny wan, Oi'll jisht take that owld shteamboat clock av moine down from th' kitchen wall an' raffle it aff fur fifty cints a chance. Oi've done it foive

toimes already. Th' lasht toime it was raffled Arethoosy's beau won id an' wanted to take it away wid him home to his moother's boordin' house, but Oi towld the bandy-legged little Ditch divil that aff he dar'd to do as mooch as lay his hands an it Oi'd brain him an th' shpot, so he towld me Oi kud kape it. Nuver moind, me frind, we'll have a foine toime wid that same clock yet afore it goes."

THE ANIMALS IN THE ZOO.

"There's some moighty quare Oirishmin in this wurruld, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Yis, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Moighty mane Oirishmin, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Yis, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Polthogues an' ballywannies av Oirishmin, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Yis, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Oy, an' turribly ugly Oirishmin, me frind," said the Widow, shaking her head. "Oi shuppose ye doon't know fwat Oi'm dhroivin' at, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi know, an id's mesil' that's shpakin' id, too, d'ye moind. Oi'm shpakin' about th' ondaycint way that some Oirishmin up in Cinthril Parruk put Oirish names an to th' moonkeys an' babboons an' hippynotaymuses, an' th' eejiotic way thet some other Oirishmin roise a hully-balloo about id an' set th' whole counthry laughin' at thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty! A moonkey is a moonkey an' callin' him 'Moike' ur 'Biddy' ur 'Misther Crowley' ur 'Miss Murphy' didn't make an Oirishmin av him anny more than my daughter Toozy's marryin' a Ditchman makes a sour krout out av her mother ur Katie Clancy's hittin' th' poipe in Wan Lung's laundhry

makes a Choinyman out av her. An' id dizn't hurt th' names anny, nayther, Mrs. McGlaggerty. They call dogs an' harses an' burruuds be all soorts av names—Oirish, Frinch an' Shecandiloovian—an' nobody kicks about id. Oi've seen shtumpy two-tailed dogs that ud give ye a fit to luk at called 'Beyooty;' d'ye moind that—'Bee-yoo-ooty,' Mrs. McGlaggerty! An' Oi've seen crass-oyed brindle-haired cats that ye'd not washte a bootjack an called 'Christybell,' an' shkinny crobates av harses thet lukt as aff they'd ddrop dead in their thracks called Bonyparte an' divil th' wurrud av dissintion uver Oi hurd, ur contintion ayther about their names, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Fur me own part, Oi doon't see no particklar harrum callin' th' hippynotaymus at Cinthril Parruk be th' name av Miss Murphy. There's nothin' so heejious about a hippynotaymus, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi'm sure there's manny a Miss Murphy in Noo Yarrick thet ud be glad to be half as gud lukin' as her. But av coorse moonkeys ar' another thing, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi felt a little put out about it mesel' fwhin they called wan av thim Mither Crowley some toime ago, bekase Oi had a shweeth'art wanst be thet name, an' th' Lord save iz an' guard iz, but uv'ry toime Oi wint to the parruk an' saw th' moonk Oi kudn't help thinkin' about me own poor darlint Crowley, resht his sowl! He war a han'some man, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but there was somethin' in th' moonkey's faychures that remimbered me av him, an' bad sesht to this soft heart uv moine but id's manny an manny's the toime Oi bushted out a cryin' as Oi loked into th' cage. Oi was awful mad at fusht about his name bein' Crowley, but afther a fwhoile Oi didn't moind id, an' d'ye know that fwhin he doied—th' moonkey, Oi mane, Mrs. McGlaggerty—Oi purty near had th' intintion av sendin' him a wraith av rosies, but Oi was afeert that Crowley—th' other Crowley, me sweetheart,

Mrs. McGlaggerty—wouldn't loike it, so Oi didn't sind none, but only wint up to see him an' say bong-joor fur th' lasht toime, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Now, Oi wudn't care aff they had foive hundhert Crowleys in th' Parruk, bekase Oi know thet none av thim kud be my dead an' 'gone Crowley—not th' moonkey Crowley, but th' other wan, av coorse—so thet they'd be no worry to me, me frind. To be coorse, id isn't noice to be thryin' to make Oirishmin out av moonkeys—but they can't do id anny more than they kin make moonkeys out av Oirishmin, an' th' sooner the shmart Alicks up in Cinthril Parruk abud foind out about id th' betther for thimself's. Id's thim thet's puttin' th' Oirish names an to th' moonkeys—bad look to thim!—an' id's thim thet ought to be in th' cages hangin' be their tails, inshtud av th' moonkeys, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

AT THE LIEDERKRANZ BALL.

"D'ye moind that, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" said the Widow Magoogin, holding up a fancy costume so that her neighbor could see it across the fence.

"Sure an' fwhat is id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"It's th' dhress Oi wore at th' Ladykranks' ball lasht noight!"

"At th' Ladykranks' is id?" said the neighbor, in open-mouthed astonishment. "An' war ye at th' Ladykranks' ball wud a mishkitty-bar an ye, Mrs. Magoogin? Is id takin' laive av yer sinses, woman, that ye ar'."

[The costume was of diaphanous material such as a Circassian beauty might wear or a fairy clothe her lithe limbs in. It was a Cleopatra costume which the Widow Magoogin had worn at the Liederkrantz masquerade.]

"Musha, but id's th' ignerint crayther ye ar' intoirely,

Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "Th' oidaya av callin' a foine Clayepathria coshtoom loike that a mishkitty-bar! Urra, wurra, but isn'd id awful to be towlt be a human bein' that have two oyes in her head that a grand two-loight loike this is only a common mishkitty-bar. Begorry, but id's moighty gud fur ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Oi have somethin' in me hand ur Oi'd throw a head av cabbage at ye, so Oi wud. Mishkitty-bar, indade! Aff ye'd only seen me wud th' coshtoom an an' two fwhoite feathers shtuck up out av me head loike th' cockades that they wears in th' A. O. H. on St. Pathrick's Day, an' a shtring av doimonds around me nick as big as goose eggs, an' braselits an me ankles, an' lockits an me arrums, an' doidoes an' gewgaws all over me till Oi lucked loike fwhat Oi railyly was—a jimpnezee princess—that bein' th' char-aether Oi had tukened fur th' ball, Mrs. McGlaggerty!

"Ow wow! but mebbe Oi didn't make a shmash an th' bryewery min. They sed Oi was purfekly lovely, an' ye kud see me shtockin's abow me knees, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oh, but they war the foineest silk ye uver laid yer two oyes an. Wan Ditchman said Oi was purtier than Patti, an' that owld divil av a milkman Dinkelshpiel said that me legs war that round an' bewtiful that Oi ought to go to th' Cassino an' get a job in th' bally. To tell th' trooth, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi was that nakid in me jimpnezee coshtoom that Oi was afeert uv'ry minnit Ant'ny Comshtock ud dhrap in an' arresht me for laivin' my clothes at home.

"But ora my, Mrs. McGlaggerty, ye shud see th' other charackthers. 'Pon me sowl, aff it didn't luk to me that divil a stitch at all some av th' min had an thim an' they were th' very bla'guards that kep folly'in' me around th' ball all th' toime. There was wan fellow in partecklur, wud a red shoot av undherclothes an' two horns shtickin' up out av his forrud—Mickey Stuffedwudfloys, Oi think they

called him—he folled me round an' round an' was throwin' his shkwints over me way antil Oi walked up to him, an', shtickin' me finger andher his nose, Oi sez to him, sez Oi: 'See here now, owld Sour krout,' sez Oi, 'aff ye take me fur a Ditch wainer-wusht aiter ye're mushtaken,' sez Oi. 'So shinny an yer own soide from this out,' sez Oi, an' wid that Oi turned me boick to him an' walked aff. Oi thought he was goin' to shoot me at fusht, bekase he said sumthin' about his shots, but Hinnery towlt me that shots warn't bullets in Ditch at all, but that it maint a beau, an' fwhin he was callin' me his shots, acushla, he was only callin' me his shweetheart. D'ye moind that fur gall, Mrs. McGlaggerty?

"Toozy was dhressed an' painted up to luk loike Mrs. Langthry, an' Tammy sed she loked very much loike the Jursey Lily, only she was so diffrunt. Hinnery, the little Ditch moiser, an whose account we wint to th' ball, was coshtoomed to luk loike Adonis, an' he was very purty, too, Mrs. McGlaggerty, only his not havin' any pants an his bow-legs sthuck out all th' crukeder. Well, fwhat wud th' shmashin' an' beer dhrinkin' an' dancin', we had more foon than ye'd foind in a Mulberry Shtreet funerial. Oi dhrunk twinty-noine glasses av beer, an' divil a wan av me knows how Oi got home. The lasht thing Oi remimber is thryin' to boite a polaiceman's thumb aff out an Broadway an' gettin' a clout av a club on th' top av th' timple that pit me to shleep. Hinnery's down in jail belyow uver since, an' Toozy 'll not taalk to me bekase she sez Oi was th' cause of Hinnery's bein' arreshted. My blessin's on th' peeler that arreshted th' little yally-nicked anfortnit, an' may he be hung yet fur laidin' a noice dacint, aisy-goin' widdy woman into makin' sivin koinds av a fool av hersel' in dhressin' up as Clayepathria an' goin' to th' Ladykranks' ball!"

DAYS WE CELEBRATE.

DAYS WE CELEBRATE.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

"Oi'm dustin' off me velvet shamarogue to have it readdy fur Monda', Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"That's so, id's Paathrick's Day, isn'd id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis, id's Paathrick's Day," said the Widow, "an' Oi hope id'll be a foine day undher fut annyhow, fur they tell me tin thousan' min 'll walk an' there'll be as foine a turnout as th' town uver saw. My Tammy talks uv j'inin' th' Ah-Oh-Eich (A. O. H.) nuxt year himsel', Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi hope he will, fur he's th' makin's av an illigint sojer, an' he'll luk purtier wud his fwhoite feather an' green sash than uver th' Prince av Wales dar'd to luk in his loife. But talkin' av Paathrick's Day, Mrs. McGlaggerty, wud ye moind, but didn't Oi come near givin' a young jood an th' Bow'ry a clout in th' lug that ud knock him into th' middle av nuxt waik? Min was clainin' th' shtreets an' he up an' sez, sez he: 'Id's aisy to know that Oireland isn't free yet,' sez he, shpakin' to himsel'-loike, but Oi hurrud him an' axed him how was that? 'Bekase,' sez he, 'they always clain th' shtreets fur th' St. Paathrick's Day parade,' sez he. 'Ah-ha,' sez Oi, 'an' is that so?' 'Yis,' sez he, in th' sickly way thim joods shpakes to a

purson. 'Indade,' sez Oi. 'Well, now, me owld pithogue, as flip an' as flop as ye think yersil' to be,' sez Oi, 'ye're not flooy enoof to be afther makin' foon av yer betthers, sor,' sez Oi. 'Ye're nothin' but a worthless boosthooon, an' Oi'll have ye undhershtand, me laddybuck, that th' faist av St. Paathrick is a naytional holiday loike th' Foorth av Juloy or Aisther, an' be Heavins,' sez Oi, 'there's no harrum in th' min that walks th' shtreets clainin' thim wanst a year, is there?' sez Oi. He shmoiled agin an' tuk aff his hat an' cut a number av doidoes, but Oi dhrew back an' towlt him to get out av that ur Oi'd take th' shape out av his panties fur him. You kin bet yer loife he flew, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Id's astonishin' to me th' ignorance av so manny payple, me frind. They think th' Oirish is woild baists ur chimpanzoos an' that they have no roight to cellybrate Paathrick's Day at all, at all. Oi always loike to have th' shance to answer thim back, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Id takes me to tell thim who an' fwhat th' Oirish ar'. Oh, my! but Oi'd loike to be a man, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Aff Oi was, you'd see me proudly marchin' behoind th' band wud me hat an' feather an St. Paathrick's Day. An' pur'aps Oi'd get b'ilin', too, afore th' noight was over, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Fwhere war ye Paathrick's Day?" the Widow asked, when she met her neighbor yesterday morning.

"Faith 'n' Oi was in th' house restin' me bones," said Mrs. McGlaggerty; "for Oi was too tired with workin' to be out galavantin' around. Where was yersel'?"

"Fwhere diz ye think Oi'd be?" asked the Widow, indignantly, "but out along th' loine av march, fwhere uv'ry dacint Oirishman an' woman shud be, honorin' th' mimory av St. Paathrick. God bless 'im! Yes, indade, Oi was out an the av'noo lukin' at th' purcession, an' it's th' grand purcession it was, too, an' as foine a body of min an' as

byootiful a lot av foifes an' dhrums as ye'd upect to foind bechuxt this an' Ballinasloe. Begorry, Oi was glad Oi wint, fur th' soight did me oyes gud. It med me feel as young an' loight h'arted as Oi was th' mawrnin' Oi landed in Cash'le Gardin belyow, twinty-noine year ago lasht Saturda', fwhin me cheeks war red an' me face round an' me faytures han'some, an' there wasn't a lad bechuxt th' Bathery an' th' Bullywards that ud not give wan av his hands aff his arrum to be able to call me his own little baby. We had bin thurty-wan days an' th' say, an' naither th' roughness av the wather, nor the toughness av the grub that we got aboard ship had desthr'y'd th' mim'ry av darlint owld Oirland as Oi last saw it, wud its clear skoys an' its green hills sinkin' into th' say, as we sailed out av Queenstown. Oi thought av that picthur uv Paathrick's Day agin, an' the Lord bless yer sowl, fwhoile Oi was thinkin' av it, didn't Oi imagine that Oi saw me own poor Dinny, God have marcy an him, sittin' an a prancin' fwhoite harse in th' procession, wud a bokay in his hand an' wraiths av flyowers, as round as a wagon fweel, rowled about his own an' the harse's neck. But it wasn't Dinny at all—fur Dinny's dead an' gone, poor fellow, this noine year—but it war wan av th' gran' marshals, jisht as my Dinny ushed to be fwhin he was th' prisidint av th' Sham-arocks S'cie'ty an' borried Pat O'Hara's fwhoite harse fram th' caart that th' harse hauled fwhin he wasn't carryin' Dinny in th' purcessions, to roide him at th' head av th' s'sci'ty. Oh, but thim war the gay days fur Oireland an' th' resht av iz. There's no more Paathrick's Days loike thim. Bad look to fwhatever it is that med th' change, an' may th' divil make his nesht in th' heart av th' man that fusht invinted th' wurrud Oirish-Amerikins, fur wud that wurrud kem misforchin an' disgrace to thim that didn't deserve it. Fwhat diz it mane, annyhow? An' fwhat is it

mint to mane? Nawthin' but a shlur' upon a naytunality that ought to be proud av their name, an' grateful to thim that gev thim their name. Oirish-Amerikin, indade, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Who uver heard av Ditch-Amerikins, or Frinch-Amerikins, or Scotch-Amerikins, or Choinaise-Amerikins? A Ditchman's son is jisht as Ditch as he is himsel'. A Frinchman's kids are Johnnie Crappows or Parlee-voo-Frongsaises, loike himsel'. But an Oirishman's son is an Oirish-Amerikin, an' aff he lives long enoof, be Heavins, there's no more Oirish left av him than there is av blue left in a pig fwheh he's painted red. Musha, bad sesht to thim, is it ashamed they are av their fathers, or fwat, that they don't want to be known as Oirishmin? Faix 'n' th' fact that they ar' Oirish ought to be th' proud-esht feather in their cap. That's fwat Oi towlt Arethoosy yistherdy, fwheh she was makin' foon av red-headed gerruls wearin' green ribbons. 'See here, me foine lady,' sez Oi to her, 'thim gerruls ar' a credit to th' mothers that bore thim,' sez Oi, 'an' fwhehther it's th' red hair or th' green ribbon,' sez Oi, 'that ye're makin' game av,' sez Oi, 'take care an' remimber, me shnouty little daisy,' sez Oi, 'that yer own mother's hair is red, an' that she's Oirish, too, to th' back bone,' sez Oi, 'an' Galway at that.' Me daughter med some shloightin' remark about th' Oirish makin' moonkeys av thimselves an' Pathrick's Day, an' thin Oi up an' towlt her that th' vury wusht av thim was betther nor she dar' be, an' that Oi was glad she was laivin' thim an' goin' into a Ditch family, fur thin she'd have to ait sour krout an' dhrink kimmel, an' fur my part sour krout an' wainey-wushes an' kimmel was worse nor green ribbons an' red hair anny day. Th'anam an' Dhiaoul, woman, but ye ought to see th' way she cocked up her nose fwheh Oi med this remark about her Ditch beau. Begorra, Oi thought she'd break th' bridge av it, she twishted it so hoigh, an' Oi med

a clip at it wud me hand that ud have taken a kink or two out av it, but she dodged aff, an' that was th' lasht Oi see av her till she kem home nuxt mawrnin' fram th' ball av th' Brian Boru Shocial Club. Th' nuxt mawrnin', Mrs. McGlaggerty! Fwhat dez ye think av that fur a gerl? She's ashamed av Oireland in th' dayloight, but afther dark, whack-fal-loo-ral, aff she goes an' dances th' shoes she ped two dollar fur aff her feet in honor av St. Paathrick, an' divil th' shtep she comes near th' house antil th' sun's ready to roise th' nuxt mawrnin'. There's a gerl fur ye—not an Oirish gerl, though, but an Oirish-Amerikin, aff ye please. Remimber that, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

SHE RECEIVES A VALENTINE.

"Tell me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, wud fwhich hand do ye do yer wroitin'?"

"Wud naither, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Is that so?"

"Yis, id's so, Mrs. Magoogin. Fur fwhy d'ye ax me?"

"Oh, fur no fwhy. Oi jusht thawt Oi'd ax ye, that's all, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Is id th' thruth ye're shpakin', Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Divil a wurrud av loie, me frind. Th' kustion happint into me moind, an' Oi axt ye—nuthin' else."

"Fwhishper, ashtore—isn't id a wallintoine some wan sint ye, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Ah-ha! me foine lady, Oi thawt so!" said the Widow, shaking her finger across the fence at her neighbor. "Oi thawt ye know'd somethin' about id an' Oi wasn't far wrong in me surmoisin'. Doon't shake yer mane owld red head, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' rowl yer oyes like a Prasbytairyan

praicher, fur all that ye moight say fram now to doomsday id not make me belaive ye didn't sind id. Fwhat's that? Ye didn't, eh? Well, thin, ye know who did sind it, at laist, an', be all that's gud an' blissid, aff Oi know'd her Oi'd not laive an oye in her head but fwhat Oi'd pluck out an' give to me goat beyant to ait. Th' oidaya av sindin' me a wallintoine—makin' me out as heejous as a hoyaina—wud red crass-oyes an' green hair an' a nose loike a b'iled bait, an' a yard av red flannin shtraimin' out av me mout', an' thin' a bit av printin' undher th' pecthur callin' me a flannin-mout'ed Mick-faced Toork, an' a song benaith id all that sed:

'Fwhin spayciments loike this id sinds
 Acrass th' broiny sea,
 Do ye think id's anny wandher
 That owld Oireland isn't free?'

"Isn't that a purty thing to sind to a lady that's tindin' to her own bizness an' raisin' her family dacintly? Oi was nuver so turribly insulted in all me loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Bad sesh to thim that sint th' wallintoine an' may they nuver live to sind another, but fwhy in th' name av all that's holy shud they pick me out to make foon av me? Sure 'n' Oi've no flannin an me mout, have Oi, Mrs. McGlaggerty? An' me hair's not green ur me eyes red, though there may be the sloightesht little bit av a casht in wan av thim that nobody id uver notice? There's nawthin' about th' pecthur, howsomuver ye considher id, that resimble me, an' yet they sind id, to me. Divil pull th' liver out av thim, but Oi'll get aivin wud thim yet. Oi'll make thim dance! Mark my wurrud, they'll be sarry fur fwhat they done this day, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Do ye know, me frind, Oi've an oidaya that id was that big fat shlobber av a Ditch woman, Hinnery's mother, that sint me that wal-

linoine. My Tammy sez somebody wrote me name an id wud their lift hand. That's jisht fwhat th' Ditch id do. They'd ait bologny sossidge ur sour krout wud wan hand fwhoile they'd be wroitin' wud th' other. But nuver moind, Oi'll foind her out an' fwhin Oi do, God help her! There'll be a dead Ditch woman in th' morgue, an' th' coort'll be throyin' a 'flannin-mouthed, Mick-faced Toork' fur murder, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

APRIL FOOL.

"They kudn't April fool this chicken, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Fwhy, who throied to April fool ye, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oh, nuver moind. Somebody throied id, that's all. But they got beyootifully left, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Sure 'n' fwhat did they do to ye, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Fwhat did they do?" said the Widow, craftily. "Oy, there's the rub! Fwhat did they do? Ha-ha! They didn't do nothin', so they didn't. Oi was too cute fur thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But Oi'll tell fwhat they throied to do. They thought they had an aisy wan to dale wid, Oi shuppose, but they found out deffrunt, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhisper, me frind, an' Oi'll tell ye, but doon't breathe a wurrud av id to single solitary livin' sowl, ur be all that's blissid an' howly divil th' 'nother wurrud Oi'll say to ye th' longesht day ye're an top av th' airth, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Do ye moind fwhat Oi'm afther tellin' ye now? Well, this is th' way they throied to April fool me: Yistherda' mornin' fwhin Oi kem home from church there was a letther waitin' fur me. It was written an blyue paper wud fwhoite ink an' rowl'd up in a large square inweloape.

'Who is id fram, Toozy, alanna?' sez Oi to me caughther, sez Oi. 'How shud Oi know, mimmax?' sez she. 'Well, Oi'm sure aff ye doon't wud yer edgicashin, mavourneen,' sez Oi, 'how do ye shuppose yer poor owld mother id know?' sez Oi. 'Id haves a crest an' 'crass-bones an id, mimmax,' sez she. 'Thin id musht be fram a dhrug shtore, Toozy, me darlint,' sez Oi. 'No, mimmax, id's fram a s'sci'ty man; mebbe it's Ward McAllister,' sez she. Wud that she tore id opin an' there was the blyue letther writtin in fwhte ink insoide av id. Toozy reads wroitin' as aisy as aff id was printin', an' this is somethin' loike fwht she found in id:

"'Me own Dear H'arts blud av a Burdie—Shwait craythure an' shoinin' gim av me sowl, Oi saw ye in church lasht Sunda' lukin' loike a rosy-cheeked Coopid in a bowl av oice craim an' Oi fell dead in love wud ye. Oi'm crazy fur ye to be moine. All th' jewelry in th' wurruld is nothin' to me compared wud th' shmoile an' yer oye. Oi'm wurth a thousan' million dollars an'" Oi have harses an' carridges an' sarvints an' slaves, but Oi can't live widout ye. Will you grant me th' condesinshin av an interview. Aff so, meet me Sathurda' afthernune at three pay im at th' cawner av a Hundherd an' Twinty-fifth sthreet an' Linnox Av'noo. Wear your green shawl an' carry a red radish in yer roight hand, so that ye'll be able to rayoccognoize me. Antil thin wud a thoompin' heart full av th' mushmelons av love, yours, very thruly, TAYLIMACHUS O'DOOLEY.'

"'Oh, isn't id grand, mimmax?' sez she. 'Fwht?' sez Oi. 'Fwhy, ye've med a shmash an a milliyonaire,' sez she. Upon me wurrud the letther at fust tuk me breath away, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi didn't know fwwhether Oi was shtandin' an me head or me heels for foive minnits, but Oi kept me sinses about me an' Oi didn't purtind that Oi was in the laist frushtrated. 'Gimme that letter, Toozy,' sez Oi. 'Fwhy, fwht ar' ye goin' to do wud id, mimmax?'

sez she. 'Give id to Shuperinthinder Byrnes,' sez Oi, 'an' have th' man that wrote id arreshtid fur blackmail an' arson,' sez Oi. 'But, mimmaw,' sez she, an' she wint an to tell me fwhat an hanner it id be fur me to marry a milliyonaire an' make her an heiress an' all that, but Oi was insoolted, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi had dayturmined an my coorses. Oi didn't go near Byrnes at all, but Oi pit an me green shawl this afthernune an' bought a bocnch av red radishes at th' grocer's beyant, for fear wan av thim id make Mr. O'Dooley sick an' up Oi wint to a Hundherd an' Twinty-fifth sthreet.

"Oi shtud on th' cawrner fully three hours antil th' polaiceman towld me to go home an' quit makin' a fool av mesel', an' divil th' hoide nor hair av a yours throoly, Telimachus O'Dooley did Oi see, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' id's a moighty good thing fur him that Oi didn't, me frind, ur Oi'd a let him know purty quick that he had no roight to be wroitin' letthers to a daycint an' hannerabil widdy woman loike me. Oi wint up to ketch a howlt av him an' give him a piece av me moind, that's all. Fwhin Oi kem boick, Toozy an' Tammy begon to p'int their fingers at me an' to say 'April fool,' but they didn't fool me. Oi was thryin' to fool yours throoly Telimachus O'Dooley. Fwhat's that? Mebbe Toozy an' Tammy sint me th' letther? Begorries, Oi niver thought about that. Well, wait till Oi lay howlt av thim. Mebbe Oi won't April fool thim wud a cut in th' poll that'll purvint thim fram laughin' fur a six moonth, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

A BOCK BEER DAY EXPERIENCE.

"Tell me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, did ye have anny book beer to dhrink yeshterda', Oi doon't know?" the Widow Magoogin asked, as she appeared at the fence with one hand tenderly patting the top of her bandaged head.

"That's so," said the neighbor, taking the question as a cue for a remark instead of answering it. "That's so; yeshterda' was book beer day, wasn't it?"

"Troth, 'n' that's fwhat it was, alanna," Mrs. Magoogin replied, with a tone of sorrow in her voice. "An' it's my head's payin' up fur it this same mawrnin', too, bad sesht to it an' th' divil's left oye an' thim that med it fwhat it is. Sure an' poor innocint me had no more notion av its bein' book beer day than Oi have now that it's Chrishtmas Eve or th' Foorth av Juloy; but Mrs. McKeyone kem over in th' afthernoont to tell me about Peg Hoolagin's daughter bein' arreshted an' taken to th' coort fur kickin' her owld father in th' jaw—an' it's th' h'art-shkaldin' toimes they diz be havin' in that fam'ly, be the same token' baitin, an' killin' th' owld man uv'ry noight. Well, thin, Mrs. McKeyone washt in th' house many minnits fwhin Oi sint Tammy out fur a can av beer, an' th' two av iz dhranked it down bechuxt the talkin', an' fwhin it was gone nawthin' ud do Mrs. McKeyone but she musht sind out fur a can, an' fwhat wid talkin' an' not thinkin', afore it was toime fur Arethoosy to come home fram wurruk we had mebbe three or foor cans taken, an' our tongues war flyin' loike th' clappers av a bell.

"Nayther av iz notisht anny effect av th' beer, fur it's many's th' afthernoont Oi've had fifteen or twinty glasses an' felt it no more'n' aff it war that mooch wather; but

fwin Arethoosy kem in an' saw th' cans an' glasses shtandin' an the table she opened her oyes as big as church windies an' sez to me, sez she: 'Fwhy, mother, fwhat's that ye're dhrinkin?' 'It's book beer—doon't ye know—an' it'll make ye dhrunk, mother.' Thin she lukt hard at Mrs. McKeyone, who dizn't loike a bone in her body—an' no more diz she loike Mrs. McKeyone ayther—an' up she cockt her nose, an' tossin' back her head she shwept hersel' out into th' kitchen. Mrs. McKeyone was so mad that she lukt cross-oyed afther her an' mutthered somethin' about her bein' shtuck up. Arethoosy thrusht in her head an' called Mrs. McKeyone a beer-shluggin' owld thramp. Thin up lept Mrs. McKeyone, blaytin' loike a nanny-goat, wud her n-yah-ha-ha-ha! an' sed Arethoosy was a red-headed an' shkint-oyed shnip av an upshtart that didn't know how to woipe her own nose, an' she had no bezniss callin' names to thim that war betther than anny av hers dar ever be. 'Fwhishper, there, Mrs. McKeyone,' sez Oi, 'take care fwhat ye say.' 'Oi'll take care nawthin',' sez she, as mad as a bull wud a red rag toied to her tail. 'Oi'll take care av naythin',' sez she. 'The McKeyones had their own houses an' manshuns an' palaces in Oireland fwhin th' Magoogins war aither beggin' or shtailin'.' 'They had, had they?' sez Oi. 'Yis, they had,' sez she. 'An' they knew more in wan minnit than the Magoogins could l'arn in tin thousan' years,' sez she. 'An' fwhin did they forgit it?' sez Oi. 'They nuver forgot it,' sez she. 'No,' sez Oi; 'it was so shmall they losht it.' 'Say, mommy,' sez Tammy, who had jisht kem in to see fwhat th' row was all about, 'say, mommy,' sez he, 'they hocked it an' bought beer wud th' boodle.' Mrs. McKeyone pickt up the can to throw it at him an' Tammy sez to her, sez he: 'Get out, ye owld shtrawberry-faced wallintoine; go an', pizen rattle shnakes wud yer shmoile.'

"Well, wud ye belave it, Mrs. McGlaggerty, she let fly th' can at Tammy's head an' broke a plashter parish statchoo av Bayathrice day Chinchinnati that Arethoosy ped twinty cints fur. Thin Arethoosy flew at her an' Oi saailed in mesil', an' 'Tammy hot her a blyow av th' ironin' boord acress th' back. Than am an dhiaoul! but ye ought to have heard th' howls she let out av her. Wan ud think she was bein' murdhered in cowld blood. Faix 'n' we got shkairt fwhin we heard her an' bundied her out av doors, fwhere she got a crowd around her an' kem near bein' carted away to th' shtation house. Oi shuppose now that's th' lasht we'll see av Mrs. McKeyone; an' it's a shmall loss it'll be to iz fwhether we uver see her er no. She has her-sel' an' her book beer to blame fur it all, fur divil a wan av me knew she was around celebratin' Gambroinus day or sorra's tint Oi'd have let into th' house. Ora, my, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but book beer is a terror, isn't it; an' it laives such an awful headache, too, dizn't it? Oh, me head, me head! Oi'll have to go in an' pit it andher th' hoydrant agin."

PUSS SUNDAY.

"Isn't nuxt Sunda' Puss Sunda?" the Widow Magoogin asked her neighbor.

"Faith 'n'Oi doon't know fwhether it is or not," answered Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Well, that's fwhat we diz call it in our part av th' counthry, annyway," said th' Widow; "an' it diz be a great day fur th' b'ys an' gerruls. It always falls an the fusht Sunda' afther Ash Winsda, an' id's called Puss Sund'y becase an that day all th' gerruls that haven't got husban's have pusses an thim that ud make a crass-eyed cat laugh.

Their shnouts ar' that long," measuring the length of her arm, "an' th' bully-raggin' an' foonin' they gets fwhoile th' day lashts is almost enoof to dhroive thim crazy. Th' b'ys goes about wud handsful av flour an' shlaps th' gerls that aren't married an the back, so that they'll be markt, an' uv'rybody kin tell thim, an' th' gerls themselves are so turribly mad that they smashes all the pots an' kittles an' pans in the house.

"Puss Sunda' breaks many a poor gerl's heart, an' it's no wondher she hates th' soight av it. Fwhat worse praspsect kin there be for a poor craythure av a daycint gerrul that has had eight or tin years' coortin' than to see th' Lint sayson begin, fur it manes to her that her chance has gone by fur another six months at laist. Lint is bad enoof, Mrs. McGlaggerty, in cuttin' aff our mate an' cuttin' down our custhard poie, but fwhin it laives an imbargo an the say-crimint av mathrimony, thin it wurruks a hardship upon many a noice little colleen that she doesn't foind it aisy to withshtand. Oi'm shpakin' now out av th' depths av me heart, me frind, an' Oi'll bet me bottom dollar, which is only fifty cints, that th' sintimints Oi am uttherin' are th' sintimints av uv'ry gud-lukin' young gerrul that'll have a long puss an her nuxt Sunda'; an' troth an' there'll be more'n wan av thim, too, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"There's very little uxshkuse, though, fur a gerl to be widout a husban' in this counthry, partick'larly aff she's over twinty-wan, an' 'is annyway han'some. Sure'n there's th' makin's av more husban's goin' to the dogs uv'ry day in Noo Yarrick than ud make uv'ry gerl in Oireland happy, an' it's as aisy to get a man to marry as it is to get a dog to bark or a naygur to shtale. There's nawthin' this soide av Pat Clancy's place in th' other wurruuld, fwhere th' divil has him roashtin' on coals av foire, that's half so plintiful in Ameriky as husban's, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an'

no well-regulated gerrul shud be widout wan. Lint shud have no terrors fur thim here; but Oi'm afra'id it will though, fur some av thim.

"Do ye know, me frind, that fwhin Oi was younger than Oi am now, an' afore Oi met my Dinny—the Lord be gud to his mimory an' to his sowl alsho—Oi had more young min rinnin' afther me than ye'd see childher follyin' a band av music; an' they war none av yer riff-raff naither, but well-to-do reshpektible farmers' sons that kud take th' shoine in shtackin' fwhait or cuttin' turf out av anny av th' hollow-chester joods that th' gerls Oi see nowadays diz be runnin' 'around wud. Oi kud a had me pick av air a wan av thim—divil a wurrud av lie Oi'm tellin' ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' ye may belave me or not, jisht as ye loike, but Oi was considdered th' foineest gerl in th' village an' there wasn't a naiter dancer or a shwaiter singer to be found in a tin-days' walk. Begorries they war all afther me, an' it's a dozen husban's inshtud av wan Oi kud have had aff Oi'd wanted thim fwhin Oi tuk Dinny. There was no Puss Sunda' fur me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi hope there'll be none for anny young gerrul that desarves to be betther off than she is."

"How about yer daughter Arethoosa?" inquired Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Oh, bad dang to her," said the Widow; "Arethoosy, Oi'm afraid, 'll niver be worth a day's gud as long as she has th' hoigh-chuned notions she has' an' fwhoile she hangs an to that little Ditch midget av a beau av hers. She's in-j'yin' hersel' greatly fur the prisint, givin' parties an' cuttin up s'sci'ty doidoes wud th' other youngsther from th' tobacky facthory, but wait till wan av these foine evenin's fwhin little Ditch Hinnery 'll bid her 'Taw-taw' fur th' lasht toime, an' she'll have to be an th' lukeout fur somebody else, then ye'll see a long puss an her, an uv'ry

day'll be Puss Sunda' fur her boimeby, maybe; an' that it may! fur then it'll taich her a lesson that she'll be all th' better fur l'arnin."

CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS.

"Did Jay Gould laive ye annythin', Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Divil blasht th' thing, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Nur me nayther, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"But mooch as he had, he had to laive id all behoind him annyways, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Thrue fur ye, woman, thrue fur ye," said the Widow, shaking her head "He nuver sed a sensibler wurrud, Mrs. McGlaggerty, than fwhin he sed that he brought nothin' wud him into th' wurruld an' he'd take nothin' out av id wud him fwhin he left id. God be gud to his sowl, an' may id pass through peggathory wudout burn ur harrum loike a brishk fwhishk av wind through a Tinth Av'noo tinimint, Mrs. McGlaggerty. He was a great man an' gud to his own and there's manny av thim that's flingin' mane insinuations at his corpse that id be willin' to have his repytation—oye, an' a blacker repytation, too—aff they only had his dusht, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Bad sesht to iz, annyhow, fur human bayin's, bud id makes a great deffrince in the way we luk at wealth an' shtoyle an' fashion. Aff we're in id an' have th' shpondulix we think id's all roight, but aff we haven't a tin-cint piece to bless oursel's wud we regarrud thim that roides in their carriages as criminals an' Arnicists, an' we luk upon uv'ry rich man an' woman as an inimy an' offinder agin th' Constootion an' by-laws av th' Noo-Noited Shtates, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

“Throth ’n’ id’s mesel’ id give a gud many dollars to be rich, me frind; divil a ha’p’orth Oi’d care fwhat annybody sed ur thought av me, ayther. But fwhishper, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Didn’t ye know Oi’d rich cousins up in Westchishter abow—the Connelys? Yis, Oi have; they owns a coal yarrud an’ Mrs. Connely has all a mosht a thousan’ dollars in bank. D’ye moind that, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Well, Oi’m knittin’ owld man Connely a pair av socks for Chrish’mus an’ Oi’ll give Mrs. Connely a red leather pockit buke an’ id’s th’ very laisht they kin do in return is to sind me daughther Toozy th’ makin’s av a silk Impoire dhress an’ mesel’ a sailkshkin cape to wear an me showldhers fwhin Oi’m goin’ to choorch av Sunda’ mawrnin’s. Fwhat’s that ye say? Id’s puttin’ up a job an thim, is id? No, ma’am; id’s no such thing—a fair ux-change is no robbery, Mrs. McGlaggerty—and fwhin Oi give them a pair av hand-knit socks, a pocket buke that’ll cosht me uv’ry bit av twinty-foive cints, an’ Oi show thim that Oi remember thim at Chrish’mus, as cousins shud, Oi think id’s no more nor roight an’ ’annist that they shud give me somethin’ in’ return, an’ a sailshkin cape is th’ very thing Oi want to keep out th’ cowl, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

“Put up job, indade! Sure an’ isn’d id fwhat uv’rybody diz at Chrish’mus toime—gives somethin’ an’ uxpects to get tin toimes th’ value av id boick? Fwhat was Chrish’mus med fur, annyway, aff it wasn’t to do somebody gud, Mrs. McGlaggerty? An’ do ye think Oi’d lave Santy Claws ur anny other Claws, get th’ besht av me in Chrish’mus gifts? Not mooch, Honora! Oi’d not be nacheril aff Oi did, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“An’ fwhat ar’ ye goin’ to give Jurry, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” she asked.

“Sorra th’ wan av me knows, Mrs. Magoogin. Oi was

knittin' him a pair av shtockins, but he broke me all up be sayin' he wanted a shmokin' jackit an' wan av thim red hats loike the Turks over an Greenwich Shtreet wears, d'ye moind?"?

"Oh, th' min ar' th' divils, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said th' Widow, with a wicked smile. "They always wants somethin' crazy an' nonsinsickle an' aff id wasn't fur sinsible wimmin loike yersel' an' mesel' they'd be thricked out loike moonkeys an' id be th' laughin' shtocks av all th' wurruld, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Th' oidaya av yer Jurry wantin' a shmokin' jacket an' a Turk's hat. He'd be out av soight in thim, as my b'y Tammy id say. Shure'n there'd be more fun in his dudheen fur him to sit out an th' dure shtep in his blyue shurrut an' do his puffin' comfurable-loike there. But talkin' about Tammy, Mrs. McGlaggerty, d'ye know fwhat that consaited little son av a say cuke av moine wants fur his Chrish'mus prisint? Nothin' short av a McIntoyre coat, moind ye! A McIntoyre coat to come down to his heels an' wid a cape an id loike th' b'ys at Ballyporeen ushed to wear in th' owld dart. 'An' fwhat d'ye want id fur, Tammy?' sez Oi. 'To wear id fwhin it rains,' sez he. 'An' to lave id hangin' an th' peg all th' resht av th' year is id, Tammy, agrah?' sez Oi. 'Oh, no,' sez he; 'Oi'll wear id all th' toime.' 'An' make a Broadway jood out av yersel'?' sez Oi. 'Yis,' sez he. 'D'ye know, mudder,' sez he—he always calls me mudder, Mrs. McGlaggerty, bekase he can't shpake plain—'d'ye know, mudder,' sez he, 'Oi'm goin' in fur shtoyle,' sez he. 'Aff ye doon't do as uv'rybody else diz in this wurruld ye're loike th' man that fell out av th' balloon—ye're not in id,' sez he. 'An' fwhat gud 'll id do ye to be in shtoyle, Tammy, mavourneen?' sez Oi. 'Thin th' coppers won't chase ye fwhin ye shtand an th' corner,' sez he. 'Ah-ha! Oi see,' sez Oi to mesel'. 'Tammy wants a McIntoyre th' way he'll be a reg'lar out-an'-out bum an'

go shmashin' the gerruls an' mebbe runnin' away wid some coochman's daughther,' sez Oi, 'but, nuver fear, he'll get no McIntoyle fram me, Chrish'mus ur no Chrish'mus,' sez Oi. An' Oi'll keep me wurrud, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Oi'll nuver consint to seein' a b'y av moine make a fool out av himsel' wid wan av thim cape coats. Oi'd sooner see him in Sing-Song abow wid th' Shtars an' Shtroipes upon him. Oi'll give him a noice fwchoite shurrut an' red nicktoie, an' aff he's not satisfied wid that he kin fwshistle up th' chimney an' see aff Sandy Claws 'll sind him a McIntoyre, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

"Say, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

The Irish Widow was at the dividing fence looking over into her neighbor's back yard.

"Say, Mrs. McGlaggerty!" she cried again.

This brought the neighbor out of the house.

"Do you know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Chrish'mus is a terrible toime av year for me?" the Widow asked.

"No," the neighbor replied.

"Well," said Mrs. Magoogin, "that's fwwhat it is, an' doon't you laive me forget it, aither. Sure an' here Oi am a poor lone widdy wid two big choonks av a b'y an' a gerrul an me hands that ought to be able to be afther givin' me plinty av prisints, an' fwwhat does they do but come to me loike a pair av beggars axin' me fur all Oi've got, an' more, too, be th' same token, an' divil recaive th' wan salitary thing—not so mooch as ud wet yer lips or break yer heart, does aither av the bla-guards give me. 'Fwhat are ye goin' to give me, Arethoosy?' Oi sez to her th' other day,

sez Oi. 'A shtand off,' sez she. 'An' fwhat's thats' sez Oi. 'Doon't you know what's a shtand off?' sez she. 'Divil a wan av me knows,' sez Oi, 'anless it's somethin' loike a buke-kase or a jardannyaire,' sez Oi. 'Well, it ain't naythin' av th 'koind,' sez she. 'Thin, fur Heavin's sake, fwhat is it?' sez Oi. 'It's a shtiff,' sez she. 'A shtiff,' sez Oi to her. 'Yis,' sez she, 'a shtiff,' sez she, 'an' aff ye doon't know,' sez she, 'fwhat that is allow me to inloightin ye,' sez she, 'be tellin' ye that it manes that ye get left this Chrish'mus, mimma,' sez she, wid a whurl av her toes that ud have med Nailson or Patti sick. 'So that's it?' sez Oi. 'Well, me foine leady,' sez Oi, 'ye'll give me no shtiff or shtand aff aither,' sez Oi, so divil a Chrish'mus gift Oi gev her but a dhress an' hat an' shoes, fwchich ar' things she was absolutely in need av, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Me son, Tammy the Toof, that hasn't done a shtroke av wurruk now in th' pasht tin waiks, fwhat does that little jackeen do but thry to give me another shtand aff, an' Oi thraited him in purty mooch th' same way as Oi thraited his sisher. Bethune the pair they got their \$40 worth out av me, but divil a cint more. An' fwhat did Oi get? Nawthin'. Divil as mooch as the bloind av yer oye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' faix 'n' though Oi sez it mesel', me frind, there's no wan that has anny sorer naid av it than mesel'. But it's always th' way, Oi've noticet. Th' worse aff ye are at Chrish'mus toime th' less ye get. Luk at th' poor; they get nawthin', loike mesel'; but the big bugs that has lashin's an' laivins av uv'rythin', they're fairly peltid wid prisints, fwwhoile those that wants thim worse ar' takin' no notice av at all, at all. Oi wish Oi was rich, Mrs. McGlaggerty, thin mebbe Santa Claws ud be gud to me; but as it is now, bad luk to him, Oi'm afraid the gray-fwhiskered owld divil will nuver foind out me address or l'arn that Oi'm annywhere in th' land av th' livin'."

“Oh, but Oi almosht forgot to tell ye, me frind, Oi got a foine new mannishkewer set to clane th’ teeth an’ nails wid fram Mrs. McGowin an’ a box av canned paiches fram th’ Ditch groc’ryman an th’ cawrner belyow, bad look to him fur his mainness, an’—an’ Oi guess that’s all, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It’s th’ fusht toime in me loife Oi uver got a mannishkewer set, an’ upon me wurrud Oi doon’t know very well fwhat to do wid id. Oi ushed to boite aff me nails an’ they ushed to kape themsel’s clane, so they did, Oi done so mooch washin’ an’ shcrubbin’, wid me hands always in th’ hot wather, Mrs. McGlaggerty; an’ now, to till you th’ thruth, though th’ set is all pure oiv’ry, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ cosht as hoigh as thurty cints, Oi’d sooner have th’ money. Toozy axed me to give id to her, but throth’n’ Oi’ll do no such thing. Oi’ll sell id to her, but Oi’ll give nothin’ away to nobody that’s gev to me at Chrish’mus toime, wud you, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

SHE GIVES MRS. M’GLAGGERTY A PRESENT.

“Sence Oi’ve bin in s’soi’ty, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow Magoogin, who was entertaining in her sumptuous sitting-room her former neighbor on Cherry Hill; “nobody knows th’ worry an’ ixcoitemint Oi haves to go t’ro’. Fwhat wud dhressin’ an’ doinin’ an’ goin’ to parties an’ takin’ bat’s an’ shkurtin’ cologne wather all over mesel’ Oi have more to do than Oi had fwhin Oi was so poor that Oi didn’t knoo fwhere th’ nuxt bucket av beer was comin’ fram, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“An’ how often do ye take the bat’ ye’re afther talkin’ about, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” the neighbor asked.

“Uv’ry day,” was the answer.

“Uv’ry day! Fwhy Oi doon’t taake wan only uv’ry,

month," said Mrs. McGlaggerty, with a great deal of surprise in the exclamation.

"An' no more did Oi," said the Widow, "afore Oi wint into s'soi'ty. A bat' a month is enoof fur anny person that's raisonably clain, an' it's manny's the wan Oi ushed to know an the Hill belyow that wudn't take a bat' wanst in a year anless they happint to get cot out in th' rain, an' faix they tuk moighty gud care that they warn't, too. But here Oi am bat'tin' mesel' uv'ry day an' scintin' mesel' wud wather av rosies an' Pittsburg's exshtracts of cologne antil Oi'm shmellin' tin toimes wurser nor an Agyptian mummy."

"How manny dhresses have ye now, Mrs. Magoogin?" the neighbor inquired, rather slyly.

"Divil a wan av me knoos, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Toozy has a modhistry up here uv'ry day a'mosht, takin' me measure an' pinnin' all koinds av shtoof an me showldhers an' shkurts thryin' to foind fwhat'll shoot me complexion, fur it isn't all koinds av colors an' desoigns that harmonizes wud me freckles an' Ellen Turry hair. Do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that that's th' great throuble wud me—at laist me daughtther Toozy sezs so—to make a dhress fur me that woon't antaggynoise me oyes an' hair, but soort av koind av blind wid thim, as it were. She's throied uver so hard to harmonize all th' iliments, she sez, an' sometoimes she come purty near doin' id, but she doon't, an' there ye ar', th' dhress is shp'ilt an' up comes th' modhistry an' throies another fwhack at id. She's makin' me a dhress now wud paycock blyue thrimmins, an' shirs an' pompydoors that they say'll knock th' oye out av Mat'son Av'noo s'soi'ty, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oh, but it'll be a rail byooty. Oi wish ye kud see it, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'm goin' to wear it to th' Delmoniky ball. But talkin' av dhresses, me frind, Oi'm thinkin' Oi'll have to be afther

giv'n' ye wan av thim fur a Chrish'mus gefit. How wud ye loike an olive-green thrimmed wud oiridiscint baid's an' shplit down th' boick allamosht to th' waishtband? Yis, a reg'lar dollyket av th' fusht wather. But fwhat'm Oi talkin 'about at all, at all, to be off'rin' ye a dollyket dhress fwhin ye kin niver go into s'soi'ty anless yer Jurry happins to foind a goold moine fwhoile he's diggin' an th' aquay-duck, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhy, av coorse ye doon't want anny dollyket in yer prisint sarkimshtances, me frind; but coome up shtairs into me budwar, as th' shpoider sed to th' floy, an' Oi'll gev ye yer pick av anny av th' dhresses in th' bureau dhrawers."

"Oh, but ain't that noice," said Mrs. McGlaggerty, as the two ladies went up stairs. "How kin Oi uver thank ye."

"Tut, tut, tut!" the Widow responded, with a queenly wave of her large red hand. "Doon't mintion id."

NO MORE NEW YEAR'S CALLERS.

"Oi say, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Fwhat is id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Do ye know the noo rackit fur Noo Year's?"

"Faix 'n' Oi doon't."

"Thin, fwhishper, an' Oi'll tell ye," said the Widow. "This mawrnin' bright an' airly Oi resaived a poshthole card from th' edithur av a noospaper axin' me to sind him me pinnygin av kaipin' opint' house an Noo Year's Day. Oi was niver more supprised in all me loife afore, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi sint th' edithur wurrud so, be Tammy, so Oi did. Fwhat diffrence diz id make to annybody fwhether a lone widdy loike mesel' wants to kape her house opint an Noo Year's Day ur no. Sure 'n id don't make no diffrence wud me daughter, Toozy, Oi know, an' aff me

own pinnygin has no weight in me own shebang fwhat's the use av peddlin' id around in the colyums av the noos-papers, fwhere nobody 'll see id that cares a ha'p'orth fur id.

"Bad sesht to me luck, but didn't Oi express me pinnigin very forcibly to Toozy lasht Noo Year, fwhin Oi up an' towld in front av the McGouns an' thim shtuck-up froights the O'Flannerys that Oi didn't take no shtock in bringin' the b'ys sivin moiles in th cowld, many av thim wid no overcoats an thim, an' givin' thim nothin' but limmynade an' jilly cake to appaise their thurst an' hunger wid.

"'Fwhy doon't ye have a drap av th' rail owld shtuff an th' parlor table fur thim?' sez Oi. 'Oh, mimma!' sez Toozy, 'oh, no; intosticatin' dhrinks is out av the kusion,' sez she, 'bekase they're all out av shtoyle,' sez she. 'Is that so?' sez Oi. 'Yis id is,' sez she. 'Well, thin, divil th' opin house Oi'll kape opint an Noo Year's Day,' sez Oi, 'fur Oi'll bring nobody here an' insult thim be offerin' thim limmynade an' oice wather,' sez Oi. Thin we had id up an' down, an' Toozy she croid an' pow-wowed antil Oi towld her Oi'd say nayther aye, yes, or no, but she kud do as she plaised in the matther. So Toozy kep' opin house, an' who in th' divil shud blyow in about half past tin o'clock in the mawrnin' but big Tim Rafferty, the con-thractor's son, an' fwhat diz he do but refuse th' limmynade an' set up th' awfulest koind av a yowl fur egg-nogg. 'Sure an' we have no egg-nogg, Timmy dear,' sez Oi. 'Then fwhere's yer poort woine?' sez he. 'We haven't poort woine, naither,' sez Oi. 'Thin gimme beer,' sez he, callin' out as bravely fur id as aff he war in Micky Maloney's barroom. 'Sorra th' tint av beer in the house, Timmy avourneen,' sez Oi, fwhin—ow! wow!—he up wud his fut an' kickt the limmynade an' the taypot an' the pound cake an' the toomblers up agin' the sailing wud wan

lift av his fut. 'See here, me lad,' sez Oi, 'aff that's fwhat ye're up to let me give ye a taste av yer own medicine,' sez Oi, an Oi riz the poker an' put a cut an his forrid that he'll never furget.

"They carried him away insinsible an' we shut up the house an' had no more callin' that day. 'There's fur ye,' sez Oi to Toozy. 'Oi towld ye fwhat ye'd get, an' aff ye'd oonly takin my advice an' had a drap av the hard shtuff in th' house me tumblers an' me taypot id be all roight, an' Timmy 'd not have the cut in his poll that he's got,' sez Oi. But sure, an' woman aloive, fwhat gud did id do fur her to have such a lessin? She's goin' to kape opin house agin nuxt Choosda', an' God help her little sinse—she'll have limmynade an' tay agin. But we'll fix her. Tammy's goin' to pit a shmallowpox soign an the dure, an' Oi'm goin' to tell payple Oi'm dead, an' bechuxt th' two av iz Oi hope to have moighty few callers at the Magoogin mansion an Noo Year's."

NEW YEAR'S AND EGG NOG.

"Happy Noo Year's, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Th' same to you an' manny av thim, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Thank ye, ma'am, an' wud ye moind comin' over afther a fwhoile an' we'll have a noggin' av egg nag over id, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Oi'm afeerd id 'll go to me head, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Faix 'n' that id will, Oi'll assure ye, me frind," said the widow, smiling. "But afore id goes to yer head id 'll inter yer sthummick, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' id 'll make ye feel loike a foightin' cock. There's nawthin' that aquils egg nag fur gettin' there at this toime av year. Upon me

wurrud, do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Christmas an' Noo Year's wudn't luk loike themselves at all, at all, aff there was no egg nag to wash down th' compliments av the saison wud. Id's th' only toime av th' year that Oi go boick on the gud owld lager, fur talk as ye may av yer seltzer wather, an' Boolgareen wather, an' champagny wather, there's none av thim that laves the swately soothin' an' stintimintal infloo'nce av a can av lager. But egg nag's th' thing fur Noo Year's. It raiches th' shpot quickly, an' haits th' blud, an' gives wan a j'yful jag to go t'rough th' day wud. We always had a pitcher av id an th' table fwhin id ushed to be th' prapper caper to kape opin house an Noo Year's. But the bong tongs dish-continood th' cushtim, and as me frind, President Clavelan' id say, id's a knock-kneed dish av beef shttew wud all av iz now, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Me daughter Toozy wanted to kape open house this year so that she kud have her Clar-r-rince, th' football play'r, come in an me an' ate an' dhrink me out av house an' home; but Oi'm gettin' an to that young feller now, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' he won't give me no scoyintific shkewgee, as he calls id, not aff Mrs. Burdie Magoogin, Usquire, knows herself, an' be th' hokies she thinks she do, me frind. Oi'm an to him bigger nor a floy an a mishketty's tail, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi've bin an to him uver since he took Toozy's nicktoie and 'shpinders an' gev her no Christmas gift in return. He's a shtiff an' a great millinyaire's son, Oi don't think, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhy, fwhin Toozy axt him to cum down fram Noo Havin to take her to hear the Thrinity choimes belyow, sure an' didn't he tell her to throw rocks at herself an' usheuse him, as his mummaw wudn't laive him be out afther noine o'clock. Oh, he's a rale bute, Clar-r-rince is, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' I hope that Oi may nuver

see th' boick av me nick aff Oi don't tell him so th' nuxt toime Oi meet him, me frind.

"But talkin' av the choimes, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhat nonsense to dhrame that th' horns kin be shtopt. There musht be nise to wake th' Noo Year up, an' fwhat is a New Year jag widout id's nise? Fwhy id id take a merracle to shtop thim horns. An' ye know fwhat a diffikilt thing a merracle is. Do ye remimber th' shtory av Paddy Doogan an' th' praist? Paddy didn't know fwhat a merracle was, so he wint to th' praist to foint out. 'So ye want to know fwhat a merracle is, Pat?' said th' praist. 'Yis, father,' sez Paddy. 'Well, thin, turn around,' sez the praist. An' Paddy turned round an' th' praist gave him a kick an' th' shpot that he always sot down on, an' id was a turrible harrud kick, too, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Did ye feel that, Pat?' sez the praist, afther kickin' him. 'Yis, indade, Oi did, father,' sez Paddy. 'Well, aff ye didn't id wud have bin a merracle,' sez th' praist, an' that's how Paddy Doogan found out fwhat a merracle was, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

THE FASHIONS.

THE FASHIONS.

NO HEALTH PANTS FOR HER.

“Some payple ar’ very ignororious, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“Faix ’n Oi belave ye, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“D’ye know fwhat th’ Ditchwoman across th’ way beyant sint over to ax me this mawrnin’, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

“How should Oi know, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“How shud ye, that’s so, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow, apologetically. “Well, fw hisper an Oi’ll tell ye, mavourneen. That Ditchwoman had the Mongolian gall to knock at my kitchen dure this mawrnin’ an’ ax me aff Oi had more goat’s eggs fur Aisther than Oi kud ushe, an’ wud Oi sell her a dizen or two. ‘An’ sure an’ fw here wud Oi get goat’s eggs, woman aloive?’ sez Oi. ‘Haven’t ye a goat?’ sez she. ‘Yis,’ sez Oi, ‘but he’s a Billy goat, ma’am,’ sez Oi. ‘An’ don’t he lay no Aisther eggs?’ sez she. ‘Not this Billy,’ sez Oi. ‘He got dishgusted fw hen he hurd that they med eggs be machinery over in Noo Jursey beyant,’ sez Oi, ‘an’ he hasn’t laid air an egg uver since, bad scran to him,’ sez Oi. She felt very sarry an’ usheused herself, an’ sed she’d buy some hin’s eggs at th’ grocery’s an’ make thim do as well. Oi axed her who towlt her my Billy laid eggs, an’ Oi thought Oi’d busht me soides laughin’ fw hin she towlt me that id was my

Tammy. That b'y is the very divil. Upon my sowl, Oi think he'll be afther hudwinkin' St. Pether an' stailin' his way into Heaven fwhin he kicks th' boocket, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"But did ye uver see sooch ignoriassity, me frind, as a Ditchwoman axin' fur Billy goat's Aisther eggs? Begorry, id baits Banagher an' Banagher baits th' divil, so they say, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But that's not fwat Oi shtarted out to tell ye, me frind. Oi shtarted to tell ye that Oi wint to th' play at th' Loysayum Thayater Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' saw thim three gerruls in th' play that wears pants. Toozy wint wid me, an' now she's crazy to see th' toime cum fwhin she kin have a pair av pants loike thim fur hersel'. Oh, she's parfaickly woild to wear pants, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Bad sesht to me, but Oi'm afther thinkin' that Tammy 'll have to lock his up at noight fwhin he goes to bed, or Toozy 'll get howlt av thim an' be wearin' thim upon th' Bow'ry abow. But Tammy's pants is deff-rint from th' pants in th' Loysayum play. Thim ack-toriess's pants don't raich belyow th' knee an' id takes a gerrul wid a purty leg to ware thim. Toozy id be a soight in thim wid her broomshticks. Oi towld her ivirybody id laugh at her, but she sed she didn't care. 'They're hoigh chooned garmints, mimmaw,' sez she. 'An you ought to wear thim, too,' sez she to me, sez she. 'Divil take ye,' sez Oi. 'Oi'd not be found dead in thim fur tin thousan' hundhert dollars,' sez Oi. 'Oh, they're very hoigh clinical, mimmaw,' sez she again, sez she. 'An' fwat diz their hoigh clinical bizness main, me darlint?' sez Oi. 'Id mains that they're healthy, mimmaw,' sez she. 'Ye'll live longer wid thim an than ye will wid thim aff,' sez she. 'Oh, ye will, will ye,' sez Oi. 'Yis, mimmaw,' sez she. 'Thin id's danged funny thet yer father who was a foine healthy spaycimint av a man,' sez Oi, 'an' thet wore as gud

a pair av pants as any longshoreman in th' Foort Ward,' sez Oi, 'is lyin' these many years over in Calvary Cemetery beyant,' sez Oi, 'an' me that niver wore pants, an' wid the help av God that niver will, is here now aloive an' kickin'. Pit that in yer cubib cigareets an' shmoke id, me daughter,' sez Oi.

"Begorry, Oi had her there, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But Toozy's consait howlds out an' she's shtill pants-struck, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

SHE TRIMS THE GOAT'S WHISKERS.

"Bad dang to the thing they calls shtoyle, anyways, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Fwhy, fwhat's ailin' ye now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oh, nawthin', only Oi had to thrim me goat's fwiskers a la polly-boo-bongzay-mounseer, as they say in the Frinch," the Widow remarked, half regretfully. "Fwhisper, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi'll tell ye all about it. The Malowneys beyant closed up their shanty two waiks ago an' wint to Long Branch to boord in a three-dollar-a-waik hotel. May the divil pull the shnouts aff av thim, but they thraipsed up an' down Ocean avnoo as proud as pay-cocks an' wud as shtiff nicks as aff they had all the goold an' diminds av the Say-Saw av Persia, an' begolly, they tell me the same laddybuck has mooney that plinty that he shtores id up in coffee pots in his cellar. Well, lo! and behold ye, fwhat diz the bong-tongs at the Branch do, but they goes an' insists that the man that owns the goat wagons musht thrim all the goats' fwiskers in the same shtoyle as Leftie Malowney's. You know Leftie, Mrs. McGlaggerty—he wears his sunsets, as my Tammy call's

them, an his Adam's apple an' they make his face luk loike a mushmelon fritther wud wan ind av id an foire. Sorra the wurrud av loie Oi'm tellin' ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but fwthin the goats war shaved they had th' purthiest galways ye uver saw outside av Pether Cooper's, an' God help iz, all the bong-tongs wint purfectly crazy over thim.

"Malowney got back yistherda' an' the fusht thing he axed me was fwwhy Oi didn't have me goat's fwshishkers thrimmed in the regalur shtoyle. Oi towld him id was none av his bezniss an' that my Billy was too daycint an' reshpectible a goat to be wearin' red, fwhte an' blue galways. 'Oi'll thrim his fwshishkers, Mr. Malowney,' sez Oi. 'But Oi'll not make him luk loike a babboon,' sez Oi. Ow wow! but mebbe Malowney wasn't mad. An' to make him madder Oi did thrim Billy's fwshishkers a la bongza, as Oi towld ye afore—an' luk at him there now, Mrs. McGlaggerty, wid the two inds av his wind-catchers combed out an aither soide. Doezn't he luk loike a raile out an' out Frinchman all the way from Paree, wud frag's legs shtickin' out av his pockets? Isn't Billy a daisy wid his fwshishkers thrimmed a la polly-boo-bongzay? Fwhere's Malowney's sunset galways now? They're not in it—no, ma'am, Mrs. McGlaggerty, they're not in id at all, at all."

THE NEW BONNETS AND THE OLD.

"Begorry, id allamosht takes wan's breath away, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Fwhat—th' consoomption, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"No, but St. Pathrick's Day an' Aister comin' so quick together, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Yis, an' th' serkus, too, Mrs. Magoogin."

“Oy, that’s so, Barnim’s serkus is comin’. Upon me wurrud, they ought to provide Johanna wud a new Aister bonnit, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ Choiko wud a shoot av spring clothes,” said the Widow. “Oi’d loike to have an Aisther bonnit fur mesel’, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi can’t andershtand these new fandangled shtoyles, an’ th’ owld bonnit that Oi was marrid in ’ll shtand me in fur a few years’ more wear afther Oi put a new rosy in th’ front av id, an’ sew an a pair av new shtrings.

“Yohoho-ho, but id’s thim owld-toime bonnits that was th’ rale ’annist article, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Sure, an’ they don’t build houses anny more loike they ushed to, anny more than they make min loike they ushed to, an’ th’ bonnits av th’ prisint day ar’ no more loike th’ bonnits we wore afore th’ war than a piece av turf is loike th’ statchoo av Liberty on a monnymint, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Thim was sinsible bonnits that we had in th’ good owld toimes, wid th’ besht av shtraw in thim an’ they sot on th’ head nait an’ aisy loike, an’ war purty an’ a purtection besoides, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

“But luk at the bonnits now, me frind. See th’ quare conthrivances they’re sellin’ to put an th’ top av yer head these days, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhy, bad sesht to me, but wasn’t Oi up an Diwision sthreet this mawrnin’ an’ didn’t Oi see th’ comickillest quality av hats an’ bonnits that a woman this side av th’ Fay Jay Oislands uver lukt upon, me frind. May th’ divil pull th’ throttle out av me aff they didn’t have bonnits there no bigger than th’ nail av me thoomb, little bits of serawneens an’ squeejeens av bonnits that a floy kud floy away wud, mavourneen. They’re all woire an’ lace an’ flitthery-flutthery wud ribbons, an’ that’s all there’s in them—none av th’ gud ould sinsible shtraw bonnits wud hoigh shkoy-scrapin’ fronts that toied in big bowknots undher th’ clin,

“Bliss iz an’ save is, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but th’ rule now saimes to be th’ bigger th’ head, th’ shsmaller th’ bonnit. Upon me wurrud, Oi’d not give my owld bonnit, bad as it is, for all the new shtoyle Aisther bonnits in Noo Yorruck. Divil resaive th’ bit av zaggeration in id fwhin Oi tell ye that moine id make twinty av thim. Fwhishper! Begorry, aff they make their Aisther bonnits any shsmaller, Oi’m affther thinkin’ that fwhin a woman puts wan av them an she’ll have to ushe a foinetooth comb to find it again, Mrs. McGlaggerty!”

GREEN IS A FASHIONABLE COLOR.

“They can’t go back an owld Oireland, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“No, indade, mam, they can’t, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“They may thry to make little av id, but they fail in th’ attempt, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“Thrue fur ye, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“Do fwhat they will,” said the Widow, triumphantly, “there niver was a minnit fwhin owld Oireland wasn’t in id, as they say av little Willie in th’ song, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhere do our besht l’yers an’ joodges come from? Oireland. Fwhere do our great poets come from? Oireland. Who war th’ besht sojers in th’ war, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Oirishmin. Who ar’ th’ besht roolers in Noo Yorruck city? Oirishmin. Who is id owns Noo Yorruck, anyways, Oi don’t know? Fwhy, th’ Oirish, to be coorse, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Docthur Poicrust may do his dangdest to thry to take id away fram thim, but he’ll niver succade. Fwhy, id was only th’ other day Oi hurd a Tannamy man say that thay war thinkin’ av makin’ th’ fusht av th’ year

begin on St. Pathrick's Day, an' have uvry 17th av Marrch a naytional holiday besoides. Thin th' year id be shorter, don't ye see, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' the office howlders wouldn't have to wurruk twelve months long to get a full year's pay.

"Lave it to Tannamy Hall to do things! They're the laddy bucks that knows fwwhether id's rainin' ur not outside fwthin the weather is bad, and fwthin they want to arrange anythin', id's thim that knows how, an' make no mishtake, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Oi wudn't be a bit shup-proised but fwwhat id was thim that got the present raycog-neeshin of the Imerald Oisle in th' prevailin' fashions, me frind. But fwwhether id was or no, Oireland is at the front, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an'hoigh-chooned women ar' wearin' av th' green to-day that id a' hanged iz lasht month for wearin' id av they kud. Yis, mi frind, the Oirish green is the stoylishest av all th' colors this sayson; faix, an' in fact, id's th' only stoylish color. An' yurra, my, but isn't id th' beyootiful color it is, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Me daughter 'Toozy brought home a yard av ribbon an' id remoinded me fur all th' wurruld av the meadows at home; the green was th' color av th' grass that id's manny's th' toime Oive rowled in near Ballinaslo. Begorry, id makes me feel as aff Oi was boick in the owld dart to take a walk along Fift' avenoo an' a Soonday afternoon an' see all th' green there is an th' hot tongs as they walks along. Oi ushed to be a little sinsitive about me owld green shawl, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but since the new shtoyle has came in, an' Airyin laids the fashions, bad sesht to me, but Oi feel that Oi'm roight in it up to me nick, me frind, an' Oi kin wriggle me tail now as proudly as anny uv thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwwhat nonsinse id was to be afther makin' sooch a hullabaloo about roisin' the Oirish colors abow the City Hall. Here is uvry belle an' blond and brunette in the methrolopis now h'istin' th'

green flag in her bonnit an' thryin' to purtind she's Oirish simply because id's th' shtoyle. Yurra, wurra, but fwhat won't th' payple do to be in th' shwing, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Fwhat's that? Ye nuver heard av it? Bad scran to ye! but aff ye ped attintion to fwhat was goin' an in this wurruld the same as Oi do ye'd not have to be towld this day that all th' somebodies in socity, all the belles and byooties, all th' foine ladies an Linnox Hill an' all the shwell daisies an' the West Soide ar' thricked out in green until they luk for all the wurruld loike animated shamarogues, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Thim monsthrous sleeves that they do be wearin' shticks up an' out loike laives an th' shamarogue an' that makes th' simrimblince all th' more perpindicular, me frind. There's green in th' dhresses an' green in th' hats; there's green in the stockin's, an' green thrimmin's, an' green jaboos an' green doidoos—ivry-thing is green. Begorry it's a wondher th' horses don't ait some av thim bong-tongs, they're that green in their twilights, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Yurra my, but id's full av j'y, Oi am fwhin Oi see all the green that's goin'. Upon me sowl id makes me feel loike singing, 'Paddy dear, an' did ye hear' that 'Green grow the rushes, O' an' 'Come back to Airyin' me own Cruiskeen Lawn.' That's fwhat they calls a medley an th' stage, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Bad rattle me, but Oi can't help singin', Oi'm that happy wud thinkin' av th' throiumph that dear ould Oireland has med, me frind. An oh, but mebbe th' Aisther bonnits in green an' goold ain't jisht too lovely, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Oi was thryin' wan on in Division sthreet yistherda, an' be the Lord Harry but Oi lukt like a cuckoo in id. The woman axed me \$3 for id an' Oi offert her sivinty-five cints. To tell ye th' throoth an' Oi didn't have but tin cints wud me an' me hart was in me mout'

afeerd that the woman id say she'd take the sivinty-five, but she hild out fur a dollar an' tin cints, so Oi walked out, tellin' her Oi'd think about id. But Oi'll get id afore Aisther, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Me daughter Toozy is up lukin' at id now an' passin' her opinion about id, an' Oi'll buy id wud th' next wash money. Oi kin wear id wud me green silk shawl that Oi brought over wud me fram the owld dart, an' fwhin Oi put th' two av thim an an' go up an' promenade Fif't avnoo abow, wud th' other hoigh-choonies, mark my wurruds, there 'll not be an Aisther twilight that 'll be purtier ur more conspicious, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

THE \$500 GARTERS.

"Have ye air a foive hundhert dollars loose about ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Murder an' turf, woman! Fwhat do ye mane?"

"Fwhat Oi say. Have ye air a foive hundhert dollars about yer clothes handy?"

"Is id thryin' to make a fool av me ye ar', Mrs. Magoogin?"

"No, indade, but id's thryin' to make a fool av mesel' Oi am, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "Shtand there an' Oi'll tell ye. Me daughther Toozy follies up th' shtoyles, d'ye know, an' fwhinuver she foinds annythin' that she thinks her mimdaw—Oi can't brake her aff av callin' me mimdaw, Mrs. McGlaggerty—that her mimdaw ud loike to know she tells me about it an' so Oi keep up wud th' toimes, d'ye see? Well, lo an' behold ye, fwhat diz she tell me to-day but that a jewlyer up an th' Bow'ry abow has garters fur sale that he axes foive hundhert dollars

apiece fur. 'An' sure an' fwhat in the wurruld koind av garters kin they be, Toozy darlint?' sez Oi. 'Oh, they're goold an' silver an' diomonds, mimmax,' sez she. 'An' who wears thim, agrah?' sez Oi. 'Annybody that gets thim,' sez she. 'Ye mane annybody that foinds fools to give 'em to thim?' sez Oi. 'Yis,' sez she. 'Thin it id be a long toime afore Oi'd think av wearin' thim, fwither anny wan gev thim to me or no,' sez Oi. 'Oh, to be coorse you'd not wear thim, mimmax,' sez she. 'You're not shwell enoof,' sez she. 'An' would you wear thim?' sez Oi. 'Bet yer loife Oi wud,' sez she. 'Oh, thin, you're shwell an' Oi ain't?' sez Oi. 'But you're so owld an' playbayan, mimmax,' sez she. 'Oh, Oi am,' sez Oi. 'Well, let me tell you, me foine lady,' sez Oi, 'that aff Oi was twice as owld an' tin toimes as playbayan as Oi am,' sez Oi, 'Oi'd nuver put a foive hundhert dollar garter an me leg,' sez Oi. 'An' Oi'll tell ye fwhy,' sez Oi. 'They're fit fur nobody but dizzy blondes an' burleskew actors,' sez Oi, 'an' annybody else that's daycint an' has anny av the fusht principles av eddicashun'll not wear thim,' sez Oi.

"Then Oi gev her me whole moind an the subjeck an' aff she didn't blish an' stutther Oi'll ait me apron, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhat raickless nonsense id is to ax a gerrul that has anny regarrud fur hersel' to wear garters med out av goold an' silver an' doimonds, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Sure 'n' she can't wear id an her arrum, or around her nick, an' how's anny wan goin' to see id? An' aff uv'rybody can't see id fwhat's th' ushe av havin' id? Wan moight as well have a bit av an owld shoeshtring or a piece av a clothes loine. Nuver you moind me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but there's somethin' very suspicious about thim foive hundhert dollar garters. They warn't flyin' around in th' days fwthin you an' Oi war garruls, war they? 'An' aff they war an' anny man was to offer iz a prisint av

wan of them we'd give him a shlap acrast th' face wud id an' tell him to go along out av our soight about his bizness, so we wud. Doimonds aren't med to be carried around in pockits ur hidden away in foireplaces; they're med to be scen an' shown, and fwhin they're shtuck into garters, God help us, but th' wurruld musht be goin' to th' shiverin' divils intoirely! Oi'll never wear anny av their foive hundhert dollerers, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Not me. Oi have a lingsh av fwhoite shtring fur wan an' a bit av braid fur th' other an' th' goold an' doimonds in thim 'll never cause me to lose me sowl. Fwhin Tammy hurd me talkin' about thim to Toozy, he sed to me, sez he, 'Mudder,' sez he—'Tammy always calls me mudder an' Toozy calls me mim-maw—'Mudder,' sez he, 'thim garters av yours is out av sight.' 'That's fwhere Oi want thim to be, Tammy, avic,' sez Oi. An' thin we all had a gud laugh at th' joke, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

HAND-PAINTED SHIRTS.

"There's more throuble ahead for the poor, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"An' sure an' fwhat is id now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Wait until Oi tell ye an' thin see fwhat ye'll say to it, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"All roight thin, Oi'll wait, Mrs. Magoogin."

"It's a new shtoyle, me frind, an' they calls thim hand-painted shurruts," said the Widow, with an air of contempt for the artistic innovation in man's raiment. "Oi haven't seen thim yet, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but me daughther Toozy has an' she's th' wan upset me intoirely about thim. She's always sarchin' up somethin' new for that little bandy-legged an' yally-neckt Ditch husban' av hers, so she is.

Sure'n a fwhoile ago, didn't she have to go up an th' Bow'ry abow an' pay forty-noine cints fur a noight shurrut fur him to wear fwhin he's in bed? Now, who in th' wurruld uver hurd th' loikes av id afore, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Buyin' shurruts for a man to pit an him fwhin he's goin' to bed.

"There's my Dinny—God be good to his sowl, an' Oi hope it's out av tormint he is long ago, Mrs. McGlaggerty—there's my Dinny, as gud an' as foine an' daycint an' careful a man as uver dhrew th' breath av loife, an' he nuver axed to wair a noight shurrut an' he nuver hurd tell av wan in his loife, aither, Oi'll howld ye. His undershurrut was gud enoof fur him to shlape in, Mrs. McGlaggerty! An' there's my b'y Tammy that knows uv'rythin' that's goin' an in s'soi'ty, high an' low, an' that shpinds a great dail av his toime up about th' Polo Grounds abow wid th' ball players, fwhere there's shtoyle aff uver there was shtoyle annyfwhere, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Tammy nuver axes annybody to shpind forty-noine cints for a noight shurrut fur him. But Hinnery! Little scrawny-nickt Ditch Hinnery, musht have thim, an' he musht have hand-painted shurruts, too.

"Yarra, musha, but my shwate bad luck to him an' his shurruts! But id's Toozy Oi blame, not him. Id's all her doin's, th' crazy little shrimp, thryin' to be up wid all th' latest shtoyles an' in th' shwim, as she sez hersel'. Faix 'n' id's often Oi tells her to go down to th' free bats aff she wants to be in the shwim, but begorry she nuver deigns to aiven shmoile at th' joke, an' id's a good wan, isn't id now, Mrs. McGlaggerty? But she kem home th' other day all bilin' over wid thizusiasm an' she sez to me, sez she, thryin' to hold her breath bechuxt the wurruds, 'Oh, mimmau,' sez she, 'but Oi've found out somethin' noice to buy fur Hinnery!' sez she. 'An' fwhat is id now, me dar-

lint?' sez Oi. 'A hand-painted shurrut,' sez she. 'A fwat?' sez Oi, almosht kerflummixed. 'A shurrut wud flyowers painted an th' front,' sez she. 'Is id crazy ye ar?'" sez Oi. 'No,' sez she. 'Thin somebody is,' sez Oi, 'an' id's not me, aither,' sez Oi. 'Fwhat in th' name av th' Joints' Causeway diz Hinnery want wud a hand-painted shurrut?" sez Oi. 'Oh, it's so noice,' sez she. 'Yis, an' id'll be noice hand-painted washin' id'll be wantin' uv'ry week, an' Oi'll howld tin dollars id'll not be you that'll be afther raisin' a finger to do id,' sez Oi. 'You're too practickle, mimmaw,' sez she, tossin' her head an' goin' out av th' kitchen into th' parlor. 'You kin bet yer loife Oi am,' sez Oi. 'An' Oi have to be, too, fur id's yer poor owld mother that has to fret an' shtew over th' washtub fwhoile you're up in Cinthril Parruk an' Fift' Av'noo havin' yer h'ity-t'ities an' cuttin' up yer doidoes wud th' hoigh-chuned s'soi'ty folks,' sez Oi.

"But divil th' hap'orth she cares, Mrs. McGlaggerty, so's she has her foive o'clock tays an' Hinnery has his hand-painted shurruts to pit an him whin he comes home from his wurruk at th' toboieky facthory. But nuver moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi'll fix thim aff they bring anny av they're hand-painted nonsensicalities into this house. By th' tail av Pat O'Hara's goat, but th' minnit they do Oi'll sind Tammy out fur tin eints' worth av lamp black an' axle graise, an' aff Oi doon't hand-paint th' sate av Hinnery's new lavendher throusers so that he'll not be able to laive th' house fur a month av Sunda's, thin Oi'm a ring-tailed moonkey an' my name's not Berdie Magoogin, Esq. Do ye moind that, now, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

ARETHUSA'S HIGH HAT.

"Did ye see me Toozy's noo hat yet, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" the Widow Magoogin asked as she wiped a rim of foam from her mouth with the corner of her check apron.

"Was it one o' thim high ones, Mrs. Magoogin?" the neighbor inquired.

'Faix 'n' it was a very hoigh wan, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Well, then, Oi didn't see it, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Oi'm downroight glad ye didn't, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, "fur in the fusht place it id make ye crass-oyed to luk at it, an' in th' nuxt it id give ye a poorer openyin than ye haves now, perhaps, av th' immount av common sinse there is in th' Magoogin fam'ly. She sez to me, sez she, fwhin she brawt it home, 'Mimmaw,' sez she—she always calls me mimmaw, pittin' a twisht an th' ind av her tongue an' a curl an' the cawrner av her mouth loike a Frinchman wud th' toothache—but that's naither here nur there. 'Mimmaw,' sez she, howldin' th' hat bechuxt me an' th' lamp, 'shtag th' oye shtopper, sez she. 'An fwhy do ye call it an oye shtopper, Toozy me darlint,' sez Oi. 'Bekase,' sez she, 'fwhin anny wan's sittin' behoind it they moight as well thry to luk through a breek,' sez she. 'Aha!' sez Oi. 'But fwhat do ye think uv it's hoight?' sez she. 'Do ye want me to tell ye th' thruth?' sez Oi. 'Give it to me shtraight,' sez she. 'Thin, busht my bluddy nuvers,' sez Oi, 'Oi'll give it to ye as shtraight as Oi knows how,' sez Oi. 'Shpit it out,' sez she. 'Divil a shpit Oi'll shpit at all,' sez Oi; 'but ye axed me fwhat Oi thought uv th' hoight av yer oye-shtopper, as ye calls it,' sez Oi. 'An' Oi'm naither shpittin' nor shputterin',' sez Oi to her, 'fwhin Oi tell ye that Oi think it's

too hoigh fur yer nut altogether, 'Toozy,' sez Oi. That caused her to cock up her shnout an' walk aff as aff she had a bar av railroad iron rinnin' up an' down in her back-bone. Desheroibe it to ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Fwhy, ye moight as well ax me to bring th' rock av Cashel across th' say an me showlders, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' set it down rought here in yer back yard. Oi kud no more desheroibe it than Oi kud tell ye fwhat owld Dinivin doied av lasht waik, an' th' docthors sed he had a hundhert 'disaises an' anny wan av thim was enoof to carry him aff. Av coorse its hoight is its principle fayture. It's that hoigh, me frind, it id paraloize ye to luk at it. Th' Liberty Statoo at th' Batthery belyow isn't knee-hoigh to a grasshopper compared wud it. It's no wondher, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that th' min diz be kickin' about hoigh hats in th' theaytre. Begorry, Oi'd kick about it mesel', fur it's church shtaiples they ar', an' not hats at all, that th' wimmin diz be wearin' nowadays, me frind. Tammy sez they're so hoigh that they have to get a huke an' laddher to pit thim an. Fwhy doon't the min bring shtep-laddhers to th' theaythre an' sit an th' top av thim an' thin mebbe they kud see th' play acthors playin' on th' stage. My blessin's on th' man that'll do somethin' av th' koind, aff it's only jisht to raise a laugh at th' ixpinse av th' aggravatin' owld nooshances. My Tammy sez he'd take a shtep laddher to th' theaythre wid him in a holy minnit, so he wud, aff they gev him anny ann'yance, but Tammy goes up in th' gallery, fwhich is at th' top av th' house, as ye knows, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' he sez noan av th' hoigh hat gerruls goes up there, at all, at all. There's fwhere th' min who can't get anny gud av th' hoigh hats ought to go, too, Mrs. McGlaggerty, up in th' gallery, fwhere my b'y Tammy always goes, God bless his toof little mug!"

ARETHUSA'S DECOLLETE DRESS.

"Pray tell me now, Mrs. Magoogin," said Mrs. McGlaggerty, as she leaned over the fence yesterday morning, "fwhat does ye let yer daughther wear that Pompydour dhress for, that Oi saw her have on at th' lep year party lasht Sathurda' noight?"

"Is it Arethoosy's dollyket, ye mane?" asked the Widow Magoogin.

"Faith 'n' Oi doon't know," said Mrs. McGlaggerty, "fwhether it's a dollyket or a Dolly Varden, but Oi do know that th' nick is cut too low for anny dacint gerrul to wear outside av her bed."

"Sure, an' that's fwhat she calls her dollyket," the Widow explained. "Dollyket is Frinch for a low-nicked dhress, an' bad sesht to th' Frinch fur uver inventin' sich a dishgraceful twoiloight. Oi'm av th' same moind as yer-self, Mrs. McGlaggerty, in regard to th' bad charackther av th' garmint, but Arethusy wudn't give me resht day or noight antil Oi consinted to her wearin' wan. So aff she goes to a dhressmaker an' has it med. Fwhin she kem home wid it an' put it an, sorra wan av me knew fwhat to make av it. 'Fwhat was th' matter,' sez Oi to her, 'that she didn't finish th' nick?' sez Oi. 'Fwhy, ma,' sez she, 'it is finished. 'Is it that you call finished,' sez Oi; 'my dear gerrul, they can see yer chist prothector through that openin', sez Oi. 'Oh, that's all roight, ma,' sez she, 'that's th' shtoyle now.' 'Well, be all th' goats,' sez Oi, 'aff that's th' shtoyle it's a vury sinful shtoyle,' sez Oi, 'an it'll give ye yer death av cowld th' fusht noight yet get into it, to say nothin' av th' shame,' sez Oi, 'av exposin' that scrawney yellow nick av yours,' sez Oi. But all Oi could

say ud do no good, an' uv'ry little Saturda' noight hop or Friday noight party she goes to, out she throts in her dollyket, wid nothin' but a bit av mishkitty-bar across her boosom and a soup bunch shtuck in her waishtband."

"Wurra, wurra, wurra, but this is gettin' to be a terrible wuruld, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' th' more Oi see av it, the gladder Oi am to know that Oi'll sune be laivin' it. Jisht think av th' fools th' min and wimmen ar' makin' av thimselfs, an' wan day is worse than another wid 'em. They're cuttin' the nicks av their dhresses so low now that they moight almosht as well not wear anny waists at all, at all, and Oi guess th' nuxt thing they'll be doin' is cuttin' their shkerts hoigh to show aff their shanks like th' bally dancers in th' theayter. Musha, an' throth, an' aff my daughther Arethoosy uver thries to deck hersel' out in that way Oi'll moighty quick show her th' dure an' laive her go roidin' harses in th' serkus or hangin' be her jowl from th' flyin' thrapaze, fwhere she won't have to wear anny clothes worth mintionin'. Oi've made up me moind to that, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' mark my wurrud you'll see me do fwhat Oi say. Dacincy is wan thing, but dollykets is another, an' fwhin Arethoosy wears out th' wan she's got divil resave th' suckund she'll uver put upon her back as long as my name is Berdie Magoogin."

HER COURT COSTUME.

"Who th' divil is this infint (Eulalie) that's comin' fram Spain, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"How in th' name av common sinse shud Oi know, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Or me ayther, an' here they ar' axin' me to go to a break-down in her hanner, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Is that so, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Faix 'n' id is," said the Widow. "An' fwat's worse, Oi'm goin' too, Mrs. McGlaggerty, not jisht yet agrah, but as soon as th' infint gets here, me frind. They do be afther telling me that she's somethin' av a foine lady over in Shpain, where they ate red peppers an' shmoke cigaroots, noight an' day, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Th' inwoite was sint me be a Cubyan gintleman that shtands hoigh in s'soi'ty an' sells shmuggled seegars fur a livin'. He belongs to some simicolon association that's goin' to give th' dance an' he sez that as there's r'yal blood in th' infint's brains, an' she's loi'ble to be a Queen ur King ur somethin' av that soort over in Shpain some day, they want to give her a fursht-class sind off an' show her that we have some gerruls in this counthry that kin dance quoite as well as Carmy-cetty or shling a hoof as naitly as Otayro, who wus at th' Aiden Museem a fwhoile ago. Th' Ashtors an' th' Vanderbilks have all bin inwoited an his Cubanlets tells me that uv'ry wan av th' ladies musht wear coort coshtooms an' be away out av soight.

"That'll shoot me to a T-Y-tee, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi have me coort coshtoom as handy as anny av thim, me frind, an' there'll none av thim luk anny more sheroomtious at th' shindig than will Mrs. Berdie Magoogin, Eshquoire, shud they shtop to inquoire, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi was to coort wud id sev'ral toimes, me frind—wanst to th' throi'l about Blind Murphy's will, wanst to see Blyuc-Oyed Billy McCarty get noine months fur baitin' his poor owld mother antil she was onsinsible, an' th' lasht toime fwhin my b'y Tammy was up afore Joodge Grady an suspicion av wearin' a doimond th' soize av a hin's eegg in his shirrut front, whin it turned out to be only a Rhoinc shtone thet he pickt up in th' alley. They thought he shtole id, Oi shuppose, but he nuver, an' Joodge Grady,

loike th' gud an' daycint man he is discharged him an' let him go. Uv'rybody that's uver seen th' coshtoom sez id's a daisy, an' so id is, Mrs. McGlaggerty, as ye moight say yersil' aff ye felt loike tellin' th' trooth, fur id's oftin an' oftin ye saw it, me frind. You remim'er th' yally-shtroiped delaine dhress, Mrs. McGlaggerty, wud th' green brocaded shawl an' th' Impoire bonnet with th' red ribbons an' th' shamargue in id—well, thet's me coort coshtoom, an' barrin' id's a little owld an' th' goat has ate th' top out av th' Impoire bonnit wanst ur twoist, Mrs. McGlaggerty, id's as foine an' illigant a coort coshtoom as anny th' Shpanish infint'll clap her oyes upon, me frind.

“Me daughther Toozy throies to tell me that ids not a coort coshtoom at all an' that Oi doon't know fwat a coort coshtoom is, but Oi've bin to coort in id, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi know id was a faist fur th' oyes av uv'ry son of a say-cuke in th' coort room. Id's a dandy coort coshtoom an' her r'yal nibs 'll be paralyzed wud j'y an' shupproise fwain she sees id. His Cubyan jaglets sez he's goin' in coort coshtoom, too, an' that he'll wear knee breeches. He moosht have a han'some pair av legs to be afther wantin' to do that, mavourneen. Oi nuver saw his legs, though, an' av coorse doon't know fwat they're loike, but God help him aff he's bow-legged, for Oi'll make a show av him at th' ball, Mrs. McGlaggerty!”

NEW STYLES FOR DIVORCE TRIALS.

“Yurra, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but id's a quare worru'd we're livin' in.”

“Throth 'n' id's thru'e for ye, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“Yis, indade id is, an' Oi'll tell ye fwwhy, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

"Thin fur fwhy is id that ye med th' remarruk, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oi had me raisons, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "Lind me th' loan av yer air an' Oi'll fwishper a few wurruds into id that'll make ye think th' man in th' moon abow has a howlt av yer poll an' is thryin' to kiss ye roight shmack andher th' nose, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi shuppose id's annecessairy for me to tell ye that Oi'm a very busy woman, Mrs. McGlaggerty, as busy a woman in faix as there is to be found in th' whole Foorth Warrud, but, howsomuver, Oi manage to catch howld uv nearly uv'ry thing that's goin' an, so Oi do, me frind, an' that, too, God knows, widout pokin' me nose into me neighbor's bizness aither. Me daughther Toozy sometoimes sinds me th' papers, her husban' Hinnery brings home all th' conversations av th' toboicky facth'ry fwere he worruks an' Tammy, poor soft nacheril fool that he is, he picks up a great dail av informashun fram th' gang an the cawrners, an' so bechuxt an' bechune wan an' th' other Oi nuver miss annythin' gud in th' way av th' news, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Nuver moind, me frind, Berdie Magoogin, Esquoire, is as shlick as they make thim, so she is, an' doon't ye furgit id.

"Well, Toozy was readin' to me this mawrnin' about a new wrinkle in dhress-makin'. Somebody has shtruck th' oidaya av makin' spaycial twoiloights fur wimmin thet ar' gettin' divorces. The twoilets ar' to be worn in coort durin' th' throils—wan dhress uv'ry day in th' week an' twice an' Soonda's—an' uv'ry twoiloight, they say, is to be a purfeck dhrame av loveliness an' is to cosht a forchin. There's to be fwhte an' black twoiloights an' th' Lord only knows fwat else, wud flyowers an' ribbons galore an' uv'ry thing noice an' purty to make a shmash on th' jury wud. Jisht think av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty, there's dhresses to dance in, dhresses to doine in, dhresses to play fareo an'

long Dinnis in, dhresses to go to funerils in an' to get married in, an' now, the Lord bliss iz an' save iz, we're to have dhresses to be divoorced in! Fwhat's the wurruld comin' to at all, at all, Oi doon't know, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But Oi shuppose id's th' pinalty av bein' rich. Fwhin there's no other way to shpind th' money, some nonsinse musht be inwinted to make id go, fur go id musht wan way or th' other wud th' rich, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Here's mesel' has but th' wan dhress to me boick fit to go annywhere wud an' av coorse it bothers me very little fwhether s'soi'ty wears diomind buckles an ids heels this winther ur sailskin roofles an ids petticoats, but id do make me mad, nuvertheless, Mrs. McGlaggerty, to hear such preposhtoreous reedickalosities as this divoorce twoiloight bezniss that's now talked about.

“Divoorce twoiloights, indade! Do ye know fwhat Oi'd do aff me owld man was aloive—fwhich Oi'm sarry to say he isn't, God be marcifful to his sowl—but aff he was an' he shooed me fur a divoorce, do ye know fwhat koind av a twoiloight Oi'd be afther lukin' afther, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Oi'd pit an the loosest an' aisiest-fittin' dhress Oi had, so Oi wud, an' Oi'd rowl up th' shleeves an' shpit an me hands, an' Oi'd give him a divoorce wud me turrible left that id laive him in bed fur a month, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'd uppercute and cross-counther him as John L. Soolivin diz, antil he had more black oyes an' broken bones than air a divoorce judge uver hurd about in th' whole coorse av his nacheril loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

THE AIGRETTE BONNET.

“Do ye remimber th’ shtory av th’ Choinyman, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

“Faix, ’n’ it’s manny’s th’ shtory Oi’ve hurd about Choinymin, Mrs. Magoogin.”

“But this is th’ Choinyman Oi towlt ye about, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“Fwhat, th’ one wid th’ shurrut outside his pants, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“Yis, the same, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow, glad to see that her neighbor had not forgotten th’ shtory. “Doon’t ye remimber that fwhin he kem up to me shakin’ loike a laif an’ towlt me thet id wuz belly cowl, Oi up an towld him, be way av a joke, that aff he’d put his shurrut insoide av his pants his belly id not be cowl, an’ do ye remimber they put th’ joke into th’ papers an’ uv’rybody had a great laugh at id? Well, be all that’s howly, aff somethin’ av th’ same koind didn’t happin to me yistherda’ mawrnin’, may Oi nuver see th’ boick av me nick, Mrs. McGlaggerty!

“Oi was in an Aist Broadway caar, sittin’ quietly an’ daycintly in th’ cawrner, wud me shawl aff me head reshtin’ an me showlders fwhin one av th’ hot tongs av Clinton shtreet got in th’ caar an’ tuk a sait oppozit me, d’ye see? An’ fwhat is a hot tongs? Well, well, Mrs. McGlaggerty, ye shupproise me sinsibilities fwhin ye tell that ye doon’t know fwhat a hot tongs is! How ignororious! Oh, my. Oi kin harrudly undhershtand id. But nuver moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi’ll inloighten ye. Hot tongs, d’ye moind, is a Frinch wurrud signifoyin’ hoigh-chuned, an’ th’ gerrul that Oi sed was wan av’ th’ hot tongs was wan av th’ upper

tin av Clinton shtreet. Her father keeps a dellicatissen shtore an' they live in a flat av six rooms an a flyure all by thimselves, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

“Well, lo! an' behold ye, fwat diz she do fwthin she sot down in the caar but casht an oye at th' tap av me head. An' begorry, Oi casht another oye at the tap of hers, fur though there was a bunnit an it, there wasn't as mooch av id as id kape a flay an a shkoy tARRIER from bein' sunshtruck, Mrs. McGlaggerty. ‘Tell me, Mrs. Magoogin,’ sez she, ‘aren't yez afeerd av ketchin' cowld?’ sez she. ‘An' fur fwhy?’ sez Oi. ‘Ye have nawthin' an yer head,’ says she. Well, Oi gev a gud harrud luk at her, Mrs. McGlaggerty, as mooch as to say that Oi admoired her monumintal gall an' at th' same toime to make belaif that Oi was thryin' to foind out fwat she had an' her own head, d'ye see? An' upon me sowl, it id make ye doie down dead wud laughin' me frind, to see th' little thuneen av a bonnit she had an th' tap av her naddle, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Begorry, aff id wasn't med out av a shoeshtring an' a buckle, may th' divil bloind me! Id was wan av thim stoylish bonnits that's no bonnit at all, at all, me frind. Bad dang to me, but aff anny wan was to ax to sell me a bonnit that was conshtived out av nawthin' else but a bowie knot an' a bit av ribbon, Oi'd have them lockt up in th' shtation house fur thryin' to bunco me an false purtinces, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

“So fwthin Oi lukt at th' hot tongs head an' seen fwat she had an Oi sez, sez Oi, ‘Fwhy doon't ye go home yersil' an' put a hat an aff it's so turribly cowld?’ sez Oi. ‘But Oi have an me bonnit,’ sez she, puttin' up her hands to see aff th' fixin's war there. ‘Thin, be gollies, aff ye have,’ sez Oi, ‘yer hair is shtickin' up through id,’ sez Oi. An' wud that uv'rybody in th' caar laught an' Oi giv' them a wink all round, fwhoile me foine lady blusht, sed she was insooltid, an' shtopt th' caar an' got out.

“Throth ’n’ Oi had th’ besht av her there, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But did ye uver see annythin’ loike them noo shnips av bonnits? They’re loike necktoies on th’ top av a gurrul’s head. Me daughther Toozy has wan av thim an’ fwhin Tammy puts his face through id wud th’ bowie knot reshtin’ andher his chin he luks fur all th’ wurruld loike Dinny Gallagher fwhin he has dipped his loilocks in a noo bottle av hair die. Faix ’n’ the bonnits kin be worn ayther ways, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ th’ tap av th’ head ur undher th’ chin; they’re as cute lukin’ an’ do as mooch gud wan way as th’ other, me frind. They luk to me loike bonnits wud th’ roof blown aff av thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

HER OWN SEX.



HER OWN SEX.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A BELLE.

“Fwhat’s gettin’ into payple, at all, at all, Oi doon’t know, Mrs. McGlaggerty?” said the Widow Magoogin, to her neighbor, as the two swapped glances over the back yard fence.

“Fwhy, fwhat’s th’ matter wid ye now?” asked Mrs. McGlaggerty.

“Divil a thing at all,” said Mrs. Magoogin. “But me daughther Arethoosy was readin’ a bit out av th’ paper yestherday about th’ way in fwch th’ young gerruls dhress nowadays, an’ be me sowl do ye know they med it out that wan av thim belles, as they calls thim, takes foor hours an’ a quarther to get into her duds? Bad sesht to me aff they haven’t more doidoes an’ gewgaws to be puttin’ an thimselves than an Injin fwthin he’s gettin’ himsel’ ready to ait a missionary. Oi doon’t know fwere they gets all th’ quare things that they calls by all koinds of kewrus Frinch names—wid their shemmyzittes an’ pantylittes an’ doiperettes—God himsel’ only knows fwat they does wid thim or fwere they puts thim all. For me own part, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi can no more andherstand fwat they does be talkin’ about now fwthin they’re dhressin’ thimselves than aff they were afther spakin’ Graik. They doon’t call

things be their owld names at all anny more, but they Frinch this an' Ditch that antil you'd think a hairpin was a church staiple wid a cuckoo clock an it, an' an owld sock that they do be afther callin' hose was a lingsh av rubber that ye shkurted wather through.

"Shure an' it ushen'd to be that way at all, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhin you an' Oi war shparkin. We had no fishews nor jamboos nor jimboes aither in thim days, an' faix Oi'm proud to say that we war uv'ry bit as well aff as any gerrul that dares to walk th' shtreets to-day—yis, an' a great dale betther aff, too—fur it didn't taake us no foor hours an' a quarther to fix ourselves up to presint ourselves in th' parlor. Oi'll bet me loife that any wan av us, fwhin we heard wan av th' by's was comin' up th' road to'rds th' house ud give our faces a polish an' be into our quilted petticoats an' red gowns in foor minnits an' a quarther, an' there's not a hoigh-chuned gerrul in Noo Yarrick to-day that we'd be afeerd to shtand beside av an' compate wid aither. We had no paint an' powdher to pit on our faces, an' no bangs or Langthry freezes to be washtin' our toime wid.

"Thim war th' gud owld days, God be wid thim an' wid th' gud sinsible payple that lived in thim. Thin it wasn't th' clothes that med th' woman as they do now—no, indade—a gerrul had to be gud lukin' or she'd moighty sune foind it out. My Dinny ushed to say to me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, so he ushed: 'Berdie, ye divil,' he ushed to say, 'aff it wasn't fur that byootiful face an' thim foine big black oyes av yoors,' he'd say, 'that th' gud Lord gev ye,' he'd say, 'ye'd be in purty hard howlt, an' mebbe,' he'd say, 'it's pickin' petayties an' washin' crubeens ye'd be to this day in th' owld dart,' he'd say, an' th' only answer Oi'd make him was to tell him—the Lord have marcy an his poor owld sowl— th' only answer Oi'd make ud be to say: 'Dinny

Magoogin, aff ye didn't want me there was plenty more afther me,' Oi'd say, 'that ud be dang glad to get me,' Oi'd say, 'an' prob'ly some av thim ud have been a betther bargain fur me than th' wan Oi got,' Oi'd say, an' thin he'd shut up, fur it's well he knew there wasn't a farmer's son widin forty moiles av me father's place that wudn't have cut off his right hand to get howlt av me.

"But thim days'll come no more, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It makes no difference now aff a gerrul is crass-oyed an' red-headed, wid as many freckles an her as ye have yersil', so long as she wears dimond air rings an' has a goold watch chain hangin' down th' front av her satin dhress, she's a belle, an' her name goes into th' s'soi'ty columns av th' Wurruld an' Jurnil uv'ry Sunda'. It's a foine belle she'd be in my part av th' counthry. Fwhy, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi have seen some av thim yallow-faced craythures that thraipses up an' down Foorth shtreet an' that they calls byooties, who, aff we had thim in Oireland in our toimes there we'd put thim out in th' corn fields at noight to skeare th' crows away—divil a wurrud av lie in it, Mrs. McGlaggerty; that's all we'd think they war fit fur."

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES.

"Coom, coom, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow Magoogin, beckoning hurriedly to her neighbor, who hastened to the front yard in response to the Widow's invitation. "Hurry an' have a squint at her afore she turns the cawrner."

"It's Maggie Rooney, isn't it?" Mrs. McGlaggerty asked, as she leaned over the palings to have a good look at the retreating figure.

"Faix 'n' it's aisy ye guessed it," said the Widow. "Yis,

it's Maggie Rooney, an' she feels as proud as a paycock in her fwhoite dhress wud a boonch av flyowers here an' her breasht as big as a huckshter shtan'. Diz ye know fwhere she's aff to now?"

"To some boat escurshin or uther, Oi shuppose," answered the neighbor.

"Aha, there's fwhere ye shlip up in yer larnin', me frind," said Mrs. Magoogin. "Fur it's naither to a boat escurshion or to a shkatin' rink pecknic she's goin', naither; but it's to th' uxhibition av th' hoigh shkool, fwhere she's to gradherayte this mawrnin', aff ye plaise, that's she's goin'. She'll gradheryate to-day an' be a shkool teacher to-morry, fwhin she'll howld her nose that hoigh at iz, me frind, that some wan av iz'll have to break it for her, maybe, afore she'll let it down agin. It's quare thawts that eddicashun pits into people's heads, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Take my Arethoosy, fur inshtance. Didn't an owld red-headed froight wud a hole in his vice that a dog 'ould fall through kum here wan day fwhin Oi waz out an' get Toozy—she wants all the b'ys an' gerruls to call her Toozy now bekase she sez it sounds odd an' quare, an' uvrythin' that's quare an' crazy loike is shtoylish—didn't Toozy—divil take hersel' an' her name—susscroibe fur a shtory paper wud big peckthurs an the front page, an' dang the red-headed rascal that sowld it to her, wasn't she troyin' to wroite poethry a few noights aftherwards, an' didn't Hinry an' her have a turrible toime bekase he sed he'd suner be catcher in a baseball club than to be a wroiter av songs or a reporther on the *Mercury*, belyow.

"An' it's the same way wud Maggie Rooney an' the resht av thim; buke larnin' turns their brain, an' they get so shtuck up an' hoight-chooned that th' ould b'y himsel' can't howld thim; an' they don't want to recognoise people anny more an' feel ashamed av bein' poor, so they do.

My shweet curse to the whole lot av thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur it's the loikes av thim wud their graderyatin' an' their Latin an' Graik an' tammymaticks that makes the wurld as bad as it is an' gives the divil all he kin do to kape thrack av its goin's on. Moind me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, I'm not begridgin' th Rooneys, or anny av thim, a cint's wurth av fwhatuver they've got—an' it's not mooch to talk about at anny rate—fur Oi put it belyow me to covyet me naybor's prosperity; an' Oi'm not sayin' a ward agin Paddy Rooney's bringin' in a tin dollar pianny into the row to be ann'yin' the nayborhud wud an kapin' our goats fram their shleep at noights wud that little shnip playin' jood music an it. Oi'm not sayin' nawthin' at all about that, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fur as ye knows it's none av me bezniss; but Oi am shpakin' about folks that throys to purtind that their shtation in loife is so far hoigher than other payple's that they keep their noses h'isted in th' air as aff they war all the toime walkin' an assyfeddity an' soap-graise.

“An' that's fwhat the Rooneys are doin', bad sheran to thim, an' may the legs come fram andher that leady in the fwhoite dhress an' the crowd have a gud laugh at her fwhin she mounts the shtage to gradheryate this blessed mawnin', as maybe that 'ld take her down a peg ur two in her own eshtimation. Did you uver gradheryate, Mrs. McGlaggerty? No, nur me, naither; nur manny more av is naither that's betther nur the thrash that howlds up their noses at iz. There's me son, Tammy, az yez all calls the toof to; he niver gradheryated, an', fwhat's more, he niver will, an' Oi'll howld anny wan tin cints aginst a waggin load av goold that he kin bait three polaicemin an' dhrink more shkooners av beer than anny noine gradheryates in the land. An' there's Toozy—ain't that a shweet name, now?—diz ye know fwhat she sed lasht

noight? Well, she sed that all the gerruls that gradher-yate are shkarecrows that shtan' no chance av gettin' husban's an' so make school taichers out av themsel's. Troth, an' Oi belayve she's roight, avourneen, an' aff she isn't she's so near to bein' roight that there's no foon in it. Begorra, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi'm glad I warn't a gradher-yate fwhin Oi war a gerrul."

WOMEN WHO WANT RIGHT.

"Fwhat in the divil's gittin' into th' womin, Oi don't know, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Ar' anny av thim at their doidoes agin, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Ar' they? Well, Oi shud boite an 'yster! They're cuttin' up turrible, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Fwhy, pwhat ar' they doin' now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Doin'? Fwhy, woman aloive, they're doin' iv'rything that's quare an' cur'ous an' onbecomin', Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "Didn't ye hear tell av th' woman that roides th' boicycle wud pants an—not th' boicycle wud th' pants an, but herself wud them an? An' not long pants, ayther, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but thim zoo-zoo pants that th' soldiers wud red legs wears, only her's was rowled up abuv th' knee so that she kud show th' shape av her andhersthandin's, bad sesh to her! Musha, but id take foire an' me brains id be roashted fwhere they lank legs fwhin she has to pit an zoo-zoo pants an' go boicycle roidin' in thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhy in th' name av all that's pure an' howly dizn't she go an the shtage in th' bally, fwhere they wears no pants at all, at all, an' let payple have a gud luk at her legs aff they're so all-foired purty. It's a long toime Oi'd be thinkin'

about id afore Oi'd show me legs an a boicycle, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Bless iz an' save iz, but Oi belave Oi'd be that mooch ashamed av meself that Oi'd go through th' ground, an' Oi'd blish so har-r-rd thet, begorry, me hair id take foire an' me brains id be roashted fwhere they shtand.

"But that's not all, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Luk at th' owld heifers over in Brooklyn that's axin' to wote. An' that won't do thim, ayther; they wants to make spaiches an' go around among the woters makin' frinds av thim so that they'll wote fur some dood or other that's their favoroite. Sure, an' didn't they ax me to go ower an' make spaiches fur thim. Upon me wurrud they did! Divil a bit av loie in it, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' didn't Oi sind thim wurrud that aff wan av thim id come ower an' do my washin', an' cuke th' males fur Toozy an' Tammy an' th' goat, an' see that me place was kep clane an' in ordher, Oi'd be only too happy to jine them in their wurruk av reformin' th' counthry an' electin' their dood to office. Do ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that they niver sed yis, oye or no to me replot, but wan av thim, whose husban' is goin' to get a divoasht because she's always shkoylarkin' around an' niver diz a blissid thing about th' house, not even to th' havin' av his supper ready fwhin he comes home at noight, shtuck up her nose an' towlt me they war all hoighly insooltid be me letther.

"D'ye moid that, Mrs. McGlaggerty. A lot av owld hins that ought to be at home peelin' peyaties ur shrubbin' th' flyures, gets insooltid because a daycint, shtroivin' widdy woman can't affoord to let her housewurruk go fur th' purpose av makin' an eejiot av herself lukin' fur wotes fur some owld sore-oyed dood. Be me sowkins but Oi'm thinkin' they're not wimmin at all, at all, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but mollycods av min in dishguoise wearin' dhresses

an' shawls an' bonnits because they're too lazy to wurruk, me frind. Th' oidaya av th' owld pellickins wantin' to wote fwhile there ar' dishes to wash an' cradles at home to rock. Bad look to thim, but Oi'd wote thim. Aff Oi war their husban's Oi'd pit pants on thim an' let thim hang around th' City Hall antil th' pollyteeshuns gev thim a job clanin' th' sthreets ur dhrivin' a cart, fur that's all there is in pollyticks fur anny 'annist woter. As for me, Oi'm out av pollyticks furiver, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

THE GIRLS AND BREACHES OF PROMISE.

"Did ye uver see so manny min gettin' into throuble about women, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Sure an' they're always gettin' into throuble about thim, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Oh, but nuver as mooch as they ar' now, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Mebbe id's because ye hear more av id, ye think that, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Troth 'n that may be so, too, me frind," said the Widow, acquiescingly. "But id's foony there's nawthin' in th' papers now'days, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but murders an' soocoides fur love, an' big brokers roonin' away wud all koinds av gerruls, an' millineryaires marryin' acthresses, an big shoots fur damages brought be damsels that kudn't howld an to th' man fwhen they had him, but had to laive somebody else take him away, an' thin want to go in coort an' ax fur fifty an' a hundhert thousan' dollars damages. An' be the same token id's that big shoot in Washin'ton fwhere th' gerrul is sooin' a kurnel ur a

gineal ur somethin' av that koind fur ailin' an aitin' her affections ur somethin' av th' soort thet brought up the remarruk Oi med ye about the min gettin' into throuble.

"She was a danged cute shlip of a school gerrul to be thrapsin' around afther an owld fwhoite headed fellow owld enough to be her gran'father, an' to say the besht av her bein' as cute as she was to go afther him and catch him she shud have had the sinse an' cunnin' to howld him. But th' divil's shkure to her, she let another woman take him away fram her, an' id's danged little av my sympathries she has this sarry day, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Yurra, wurra, but the gerruls av th' prisint day is quare, me frind. They don't saim to have no shame in them at all, at all. They rin after th' min, an' fwhin they don't ketch thim they haul th' poor pithogues into court an' shcandaloize thimselves an' put redicule an th' min antil th' whole town is laughin' at thim. Id's long sorry Oi'd be to laive another gerrul get ahead av me fwhin Oi had sit me h'art an havin' a man. Oi'd pull th' hair out av her head fusht. Ayther she'd bate the loife out av me or Oi'd bate th' loife out av her, an' thin begorry av he was mane enoof to go gallyvantin' around her shtill bad sesht to me aff Oi wudn't do him up, too, into th' bargin. Oi'd let th' both av thim know thet they warn't foolin' wud no painted craythur out av a shtory buke. An' they'd be no braich av promise, naythur—at laist it id not be brung be me, Mrs. McGlaggerty!

"Luk at th' shcandaliousness in the Brackenredge case! Th' papers is teemin' wud id uvry day. Id's the old shtory over agin. Put two owld sinners agin aich other an' th' wurst av thim 'll get th' besht of th' other. No gerrul need git ketched be a braich av promise unless she wants to git ketched. Shmooth wurruds and foine talk

shudn't lose anny woman her charrackthur, an' the smoother an' shlicker th' talk th' more cause fer a gerrul to keep her eyes opin an' to be on her guard. There's moighty few women that let's their fut shlip wudout knowin' perfectly well fwhat they're doin'. An' upon me wurrud Oi don't belave ould mother Eve was as unbeknowin' as she let an to be fwhin th' divil tempted her, Mrs. McGlaggerty. We're all wise enoof fwhin we want to be, me frind, an' there's none av iz aitin' apples that dizn't belong to iz, ur havin' braich of promise shoots anless we wants to.

"Thet's fwhat Oi was tellin' me daughter Toozy this mawrnin' fwhin we war talkin' about that case that's in th' papers. 'Oh, mimmaw!' sez she, 'how kud you be so cruel an' mane?' sez she. 'Fwhere's the mainness, Toozy, me darlint?' sez Oi. 'Fwhy, mimmaw, ye know id's always th' man's fault?' sez she. 'So they always sez,' sez Oi, 'but mosht av thim sez id too late to have it be-laived,' sez Oi. No gerrul helps her charrackthur anny be a braich av pramise shoot. Begorry as owld as Oi am, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi'd have to be afther takin' laive av me sines to bring a braich av pramise agin anny man. Oi'd be long sarry to let th' wurruld know that Oi'd bin med sooch a fool av, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

THE SUMMER GIRL.

"Arrah, my, but it's hot, isn't it, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Yis, indade, it is, Mrs. Magoogin."

"It's that hot that the perspication is rowlin' down me back, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Faix 'n Oi'm purty hot meself, Mrs. Magoogin. Oi think the summer is here on top av iz at lasht."

“That’s fwhat it is, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow, with a decisive nod of her head. “An’ talkin’ about the hot weather, did ye uver hear so much blather an’ bother as they diz be afther havin’ now about fwhat they calls the summer gerrul. Upon me sowl, Oi nuver knew fwhat they maned be the summer gerrul antil me daughther, Toozy, towld me that id was thim gerruls that dhress thimself’s up in lawns an’ laces an’ airy hats, an’ spinsd their toime be the say shore on Cooney’s Oisland an’ breaks the h’arts av the joods that ar’ down there wid twinty cints in their pockets an’ not more than a half daycint mail in their shtummicks.

“Th’ poets wroites verses about the summer gerrul, and the noospapers prints all koinds av nonsinse about her. Wan id think she was a queen be the way they goes an about her. Oi’ve seen plinty av thim summer gerruls, an’ begorry Oi nuver thought there was the laist thing scrumptious ur byootiful about her. The wans Oi saw an th’ boat goin’ to Cooney’s Oisland was floighty, giddy-brained craythures, always an the smash an’ not very mooch ashamed av bein’ seen in a crowd wid a good-sized jag an. Some av thim loked as aff a gud puff av wind id blow thim aff the face av the airth. They’re loike the flyowers that bloom in the shpring, thra-la. They come wid th’ warrum weather an’ go away fwthin the shnow begins to floy. There’s nawthin’ to thim but a handful av paint an’ powdher an’ mishkitty bar, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an’ the oidaya av makin’ so mooch fuss about thim—id’s enoof to make a healthy woman sick. Summer gerruls? Fwwhat nonsinsicality, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Now, who in the wurruld wants a gerrul jisht fur th’ summer toime? Aff a man wants a gerrul at all, at all, he wants her fur both winter an’ summer, dizn’t he? an’ not be galivantin’

about wid her three months in th' year an' sittin' in a corner suckin' his thumb fur th' other noine months.

"Oi don't think mooch av thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' it's foolish fur me to be wastin' me spaich on thim. Oi'd not be a summer gerrul fur nobody, so Oi wudn't, wearin' all soorts av gewgaws an' pittin' an all soorts av airs, to be pinte at an' have all soorts av poithry wrote about ye. No, sirree, Bob; they may say fwhat they plaze about Berdie Magoogin, but bad sesht to the man, woman ur choild that kin tell a sowl that this daycint widdy woman wuz uver anything loike a summer gerrul."

THE CHAPERONE.

"Yarra, ho, ho! but Oi was med the fool av yistherda', Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Is id you med a fool av, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis, me, mesel', Mrs McGlaggerty."

"An' who was id med a fool av ye, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oh, nobody in partecklir, Mrs. McGlaggerty; jisht a little fibberty-jibbet av a craythure up here an Mat'son avenoo abow," said the Widow. "An' how was id? Aisy enoof, be gollies, fwhin ye come to luk id shtraight in th' face, me frind. Aisy's no wurrud fur id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Id was that shlick, upon me sowl, that to save me sivin sinses Oi kudn't tell ye now how id all kem about, ur fwhat put it in me head to do id at all, at all, Mrs. McGlaggerty. To make a long shtory short though, Oi heard it read in th' papers that up an Mat'son av'noo there was an office fwhere chappyroanies kud be had fur th' axin' av thim. Fwhin Oi was in sassoity, Mrs. McGlaggerty, chappyroanies war all the go—they tuk th' ladies

to parties an' theaythers an' oice craim saloons, an' id didn't cosht the gerruls a rid cint. Oi remembered that fwhin Oi hurd about the chappyroanies on Mat'son av'noo, so Oi sed to mesel' that Oi'd go up there an' have a bit av a fwhurl wid a chappyroany fur an aivenin' goin' to th' Cassino an' serkus an' all th' doime musseems on th' Bow'ry, an' mebbe tak' in an 'yster shtew an' a porter-house shtek be way av a noight cap afore Oi kem home.

"So up Oi wint to th' Mat'son av'noo office an' axed fur a chappyroany, do ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' fwhat do ye think th' dang'd owld divil av a chappyroanier wanted to give me? A woman! Some owld pelikin av a craythure that know'd no more than mesel', an' fur that matther purhaps a great dail less. Th' oidaya! Me bein' chappyroanied all over Noo Yarruk be a woman, havin' to pay her fare in th' harse cars an' buy her sody wather at uv'ry dhrug shtore we come across. 'Pon me wurrud, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi was parryloized fwhin they towld me id to me face. 'Id 'll cosht ye foive dollars fur th' chappyroany,' sez they. 'Divil th' foive dollars id 'll cosht me,' sez Oi, 'ur th' foive cints, aither,' sez Oi. 'An' fur fwhy?' sez they. 'Fur fwhy an' because Oi wudn't have nawthin' to do wid yer faymale chappyroany,' sez Oi. 'Oi wants a chappyroany that has pants an' an' money in aich pockit av them,' sez Oi. 'Oh, that's diffрут,' sez they. 'Ye bet yer tooty-frooty loife id's diffрут,' sez Oi, an' out Oi walked wudout sayin' another wurrud, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Oi was nuver more takin' back in all me loife. Fwhat nonsinse 'll be gettin' up next, Oi wondher. Faymale chappyroanies indade! Oi'd loike to see wan av thim sandbagged some noight an' thin mebbe they'd quit inter-fairin' wud th' rale an' th' only bony-foidy chappyroanies

—th' min, God bless thim, and long loife to thim wan and all, Mrs. McGlaggerty! Don't you say so, too, me frind? To be coorse ye do!"

SHE IS FOR EQUAL RIGHTS.

"Did ye soign th' payteeshin, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Fwhat payteeshin, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Th' payteeshin fur aiqul roights, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Aiqul roights fur fwhat, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Fwhy, fur wimmin, to be coorse," said the Widow, wondering at the ignorance of her neighbor. "Don't ye know they're serkewliatin' a big paper axin' the Mare ur the Governor, ur whouever has th' doin' av id, to give wimmin aiqul roights wid th' min? Aiqul suffrage, they calls id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi don't know very mooch about it, me frind, but me daughter Toozy has tuk up th' thing because the hoigh-chooned ladies up an Fift' avenoo abow has jined together to give id a fashionable boom, so to spake, d'ye see, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' so she has a payteeshin that long for payple to put their names down on, an' Oi'm shupproised that she hasn't bin in to see you an' yer Jurry to get yer sertifickets to id. She sez ev'rybody's goin' to soign id an' thin fwhin id's all soigned an' sint in to th' Governor ur the Mare aiqul roights will be divoided bechuxt uv'rybody, an' th' min 'll be as gud as the wimmin an' th' wimmin 'll be as gud as th' min, d'ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhat diz id mane, ar' ye after axin'? Divil th' wan av me knows, uxept that id's goin' to give iz all a wote, an' thin begorry you an' me an' th' resht av th' ladies 'll be able to airn \$2 an Election Day th' same as

thim Dagoes an' Ditchmin diz, an' as my man Dinny did, God resht his sowl! afore he had th' breath pult out av him be th' Angel Gabreel, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"That's fwat aiqul roights manes, me frind, though fwat Mrs. Vandherbilk an' Mrs. Asthor an' all them millineryairs wants to be sellin' their wotes fur two dollars fur, as aff they war poor divils loike ourselves, is more nor yoors throoly kin andhershtand. But thim rich folks ar' th' greedy, graspin' lot, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' they're reachin' out fur uv'ry dollar that they kin get, an' Oi have no doubt thet they're in this payteeshinin' bezniss loike the resht av iz, fur th' dusht there iz in id. That's th' roights av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but th' suffragin' part Oi don't loike. Oi've got all th' sufferin' now that Oi want. Anny more av id, loike the barn that fell on Con O'Mara's cow, id break me boick. Oi'm not shtuck on sufferin'. Oi can't shtand id. Me an' sufferin' are mortal inimies, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi hope an' pray that thet part av the law 'll not be pasht, me frind. Thim Fift' avenoo ladies may purtind thet they want to suffer, but, marruk my wurruds, Mrs. McGlaggerty, aff anything comes av this, an' there's anny sufferin' to be done an Election Day, ur anny other day, they 'll ax to be ushcused, an' sind down wurrud that they're not at home. An' begorries, Oi'll do th' same thing meself, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Aiqul roights is all roight an' so is \$2 aich fur our wotes—but es fur th' other—well, th' min ar' big an' oogly an' shtrong enough—let thim do th' sufferin', Mrs. McGlaggerty."

SOME QUEER WOMEN.

"It's the quare women we do be afther havin' nowadays, Mrs. Glaggerty."

"Begorry, ye're roight, Mrs. Magoogin."

"The goin's on av some av thim is simply shameful, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Oi know id—Oi know id, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Take thim women that calls themsel's farmers, for inshtance, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, whose talk was directed against the would-be reformers. "Their tongues ar' goin' fram mornin' antil noight loike the clapper ov a bell. Aff id's not foindin' fault wud this wan id's wud that, an' to lishten to thim ye'd think they war the Angel Gabreel himsel', sint to blow his horn an' whurrul ivery mother's son av iz into foire an' brimshtone an' purpayoutal darkniss, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Upon me sowl, they give me a pain in the nick, as my b'y Tammy sez fwhin annythin' dizn't uxactly shoot him. Oi never heard tell av the loikes av thim afore in all me born days. Be the powers, but Oi think the whole danged wurruld is goin' crazy, an' thim women farmers, as they calls thimself's, is at the head av th' purcession in front av the foifes an' dhrums, Mrs. McGlaggerty. The noospapers is full av their impty nonsinse uv'ry day.

"Wan owld curly-kewed pelican sez it's a sin an' a dish-grace to wear cossits, an' no daycint woman id do it that has anny regard fur hersel'. Another Madame-in-ordjer tells iz that the six wants a hoigher spere than it's now occupyin'. Another wants uv'ry woman to wote. Another wants iz all to wear farmer's dhresses that don't fall belyow the knees. Some av thim, begorry, wants iz

to wear pants, so that, Oi shuppose, we kin scratch matches on the legs av thim fwhin we want to loight the foire in the mornin'. An', dang my buttons, aff there's annythin' we diz now that in annyway shoots thim. They're out uv'ry day at meetin's an' talkin' matches an' the chin-chinnin' they do be havin' is enoof to sind a poll parrot to the inseane asoylum. The latesht owld crank is a chromeo named Willard that hangs out over in Boshton. Her nose is in the air bekase women roides the boycycles an' v'locepaids. Oi shuppose she hurd that Oi was takin' lessins, an' mebbe she's that owld an' onsupple, she can't roide hersel' an's she's jealous, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Annyway, she's furninst boycycle-roidin', an' she's wearin' her wheezy owld lung out talkin' about id. Bad sesht to her, it's a pity somebody didn't come along that's not particular fwhat happins to him an' marry her an' give her somethin' to do besoides pokin' her nose into other folkses bizness. My advice to her is to close her thrap an' go an' loie down somewhere wud the goats.

"The women that wants to roide boycycles 'll roide thim fwhether or no, an' they 'll give no thanks to that Boshton catamaran, aither. So it is wud the women that wants cossits or annythin' else; they 'll have thim in shpoite av the farmers, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But do ye know fwhat Oi'm afther thinkin', me frind? Thim shcare-crows that calls themsel's farmers, an' thinks their talk 'll turn Noo Yarrick city into a fusht-class heavin, is a job lot av women that have bin disappointed in loife, an' loike the fox in the shtory wud his tail cut off, they're thryin' to make the resht av the wurruld uvry bit as mis'rible as thimsel's. Bad look to their peckthurs, but Oi'd loike to have a phottygraft av the whole caboodle av thim. Talk about rain-makin' masheens! They'd not be in id wud me. All Oi'd have to do id be to howld that

phottygraft av thim women farmers up to a broight shky an' aff there wouldn't be overcashtin' clouds an' a torrinent av rain in two suckonds, Oi'd ait that owld log cabin quilt that's on Tammy's lounge in the kitchin. Upon me sowl Oi wud, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

SHOULD WOMEN USE TOBACCO?

"Have ye air a cigarootie about ye annyfwheres, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"An' fur fwhy do ye ax me such a kustion, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Bekase Oi thawt Oi'd thry wan av thim an' see aff it id kill me," said the Widow Magoogin. "My b'y Tammy towld me that a lad av his own age over an Mad'son avenoo abow killed himse' be shmokin' cigarooties, and it jisht inthered my moind that Oi'd loike to see aff th' b'y was lyin' to me ur no. An' for this raison, Mrs. McGlaggerty: Do ye know that th' ladies ar' thinkin' about intherjuicin' th' ushe av toboicky into sassoiety? They had great goin's an about id th' other day, fwihin Imily Choives Ranler an' Elly Fwheeler Chinbox, an' a lot av other prominint faymale Dimmycracks that goes about kissin' min an' thin wroitin' songs about how gud it feels to be shlobbered over, sed they war in favor of havin' cigars med shweeter an' poipes med more aisthetique so that wimmin kud shmoke them. 'Fwhat's the ushe of laivin' the min have all the fun?' they sed; 'aff there is anny inj'y mint to be had out av toboicky, th' ladies are intoitled to their share av id,' they sed, an' so, lo an' behold ye, they pasht a reshtitution sayin' that wimmin ought to have all her roights, an' wan av thim was a roight to

shtand an th' hoind ind av th' shtreet cars an' blyow toboicky shmoke in th' face av all creation.

"God help iz, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but id's a quare wurruld we're livin' in, me frind, fwthin th' ladies have to shtick dudheens into their gobs to make thimself's happy. My Tammy don't loike th' oidaya aither. He sez there's inguns enoof on foire in the wurruld without havin' th' dames an' fairies, as Tammy calls iz, burnin' thim, too. Inguns is the nominclaythure av th' Bow'ry fur five-cint cigars, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'd give tin dollaars this blessid minnit to see Elly Fwheeler Chinbox sasshayin' down Broadway wud a groc'ry shtore cigar in th' cawrner av her face an' she thryin' to shpit across the ind av her chin into th' middle av th' car-thracks. Ur Oi'd give twinty dollars to see her thry to scratch a match an the balloon jib av her bushtle. Oi'll howld ye any amount she kudn't do id widout settin' foire to her sailshkin sacque an', mebbe, burnin' up th' whole town.

"Divil pull th' appetoite out av thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but aff they want to ushe toboicky fwwhy in th' name av all thet's gud an' howly don't they talk abowt aitin' toboicky as well as shmokin' toboicky, Oi don't know! To be course aff toboicky comes into shtoyle Oi'll have cigarooties an' poipes at me foive o'clock tays, th' same as they have thim at th' wakes; but that's not all, Mrs. McGlaggerty; Oi'll have foine cut an' plug toboicky an th' soideboard, too, an' anybody that wants a chaw 'll be welcome to id. Oi tell ye, me frind, there's foine toimes ahead av iz. Wan av these byootiful noights Oi'm goin' to th' theayter wud tin cints worth av aitin' toboicky in me hand, an Oi'll shkurt toboicky jooce an the parkay fiyure in a way that'll make some av thim joods sick. Nuver moind me, Mrs McGlaggerty, aff Oi don't!"

A WOMAN WITH THREE HUNDRED DRESSES.

"D'ye know fwhat, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Faix 'n Oi do not, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Well, thin, Oi'll tell ye."

"Do, thin, an' my thanks to ye, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Troth 'n Oi will, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "D'ye know that Oi was wantin' to go to Saratogy fur a few days to shpind a little toime wud th' bong tongs an' th' upper Foor Hundher, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi was jisht afther tellin' Tammy—an' may God give him sinse afore he gets mooch owldher, fur a crazier lunyattico av a hair-brained little oansha Oi nuver sot eyes an—Oi was jisht afther tellin' him to go down in th' cellar an' impty the half bushel av petayties that was in th' owld carpit sack belyow, bekase Oi wanted to pack a few av me duds into fwhin in waltzed Toozy wid her Miss Doido noshins an' sez to me, sez she: 'Fwhere in th' name av all that's consequential an' upsinoctial, mimmax,' sez she, 'ar' ye thinkin' av goin'?' sez she. 'Faix 'n id's not thinkin' at all, Oi'm doing,' sez Oi, 'but id's goin' Oi am to Saratogy,' sez Oi, 'to show me shape,' sez Oi, 'and backboite me neighbors like th' resht av th' hoigh-chooned ducks diz,' sez Oi, at the same time givin' her a shkint out av th cawrner av me eye as mooch as to say to her: 'Now, me foine leady, fwhat have ye got to say to that?' 'Oh, mimmax!' sez she, shtretchin' her mouth loike a fish that's gaspin' fur a dhrink av wather—'Oh, mimmax!' sez she; 'don't you think av doin' any such thing,' sez she. 'An' fwly not?' sez Oi. 'Bekase,' sez she, 'there ar' wimmin up there at Saratogy, mimmax,' sez she, 'that has three hundhert dhresses to wear,' sez she, 'an' fwhat wud you luk loike

up there among thim wud yer owld brocaded silk an' yer tin cint a yard flyowered sateen?" sez she. 'Fwhat wud Oi luk loike?' sez Oi. 'Begorry,' sez Oi, 'Oi'd luk loike fwhat Oi am, anny way,' sez Oi, 'a purfeck lady!' sez Oi. 'Yis, but ye haven't three hundher' dhresses,' sez she. 'No,' sez Oi, 'nor Oi wudn't know fwhat to do wud thim aff Oi had half as many,' sez Oi. 'But id's shtoylish, now, mim-maw,' sez she, 'fur s'soity ladies at the watterin' places to have a great many dhresses,' sez she. 'Oh, it is, is id?' sez Oi, 'well, thin,' sez Oi, 'Oi'll have to roise the proice av th' boord fur yersel' an' Hinnery an' the baby to three an' a half a week anshtead av three,' sez Oi, 'fur id's divil the few dhresses Oi kin buy afther feedin' all av ye wud th' three dollars Oi'm gettin' out av ye now,' sez Oi; 'an' annyhow,' sez Oi, 'id's not dhresses that's botherin' me at all, at all,' sez Oi, 'bud somethin' to pit into the pockits av thim,' sez Oi. 'But ye'll have to have dhresses to go to Saratogy, mim-maw,' sez me daughter. 'To be coorse Oi will, me darlint,' sez Oi. 'Sure 'n ye doon't fur a minnit think that Oi'm goin' in me pelt, do ye?' sez Oi. 'Oh, mim-maw! ain't ye ashamed to talk that way?' sez she. 'Deed 'n Oi'm not,' sez Oi; 'not anny more ashameder than Oi'd be to lug three hoondher' dhresses wud me,' sez Oi, 'an' spind me toime thryin' to wear thim,' sez Oi. 'Oi'll howld ye tin cints, Toozy,' sez Oi, 'that that woman that has the three hoondhert dhresses is a clark in Macy's ur Simpson's an' Sixt' av'noo abow, an' that they 'll have the dhresses back an' the shelves av th' shtore fwhin she gets through wearin' thim,' sez Oi. May the divil admoire her, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but id's the montimintal gall she diz be afther havin' to shwing her tail at daycint, hannest payple that haves but wan ur two sets av duds to their backs, simply bekase she kin dhress hersel' up tin ur twinty toimes a day. Sorra the

thawt you nur me id have av dhressin' oursel's more than wanst a day, Mrs. McGlaggerty, aivin aff we had foive hundred dhresses—wud we, me frind? Not mooch, Mary Ann. Bad sesh to me, but Oi can't fur the loife av me see fwhat in the wurruld the woman kin do wud three hundher' dhresses. Aff it was you ur me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, though, we know fwhat we'd do wud thim—we'd pit thim in the pawn, asthore, and get enoof an thim to buy iz a gud load av coal fur th' winther—wudn't we now, Mrs. McGlaggerty? You bet yer nick we wud!"

MATRIMONY.

1800

MATRIMONY.

MARRIAGE IS NOT A FAILURE.

"Fwhin war ye married, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Thurty-two year ago comin' nuxt Winsda', Mrs. Ma-googin?"

"An' fwhat d'ye think av id, anny way?"

"Fwhat diz Oi think av fwhat?"

"Av married loife."

"Faix 'n Oi don't think av id at all, Mrs. Mcgoogin. I takes id as it coomes."

"But say, d'ye think that marriage is a failure, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Divil a failure as far as Oi'm consarned, Mrs. Ma-googin."

"No, nur as far as Oi'm consarned, aither, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "My Dinny—God be gud to his mimory, fur he was th' foine an' dacint man intoirely—my Dinny kicked the buckit an' wint to shovin' clouds an' sawin' sunbaims, as Tammy sez, over tin year ago, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' there's niver bin a day nur a noight since that Oi haven't mist him an' wished that he war aloive agin. We had a bit av a sherappin' match now an' thin, an' it's more than wanst Oi laid him out cowl'd on the flyure wud a pittaty poundher an' ruz a lump on his forrud the soize av a duck's egg, but fur all that we had

a noice an' pleasant an' agrayable loife together, an' there warn't a happier home this soide av th' Aist river. Fwhy, th' noight afther Toozy war born'd Dinny kem home wid his load an' thried to dhroive mesel' an' me sister Kate out into th' dhriv'lin' shnow. He had th' harrurs, so he had, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' he wuz loike a ravin' maniac, so he wuz. 'Sit down an' kape quoite, Dinny,' sez Oi to him. 'Sit down nawthin',' sez he; 'Oi want the Pope av Rome to coome out in the back yard antil Oi pit a head an him,' sez he. He was out av his sinses, d'ye moind, ur he wudn't a-talked in that way, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'Be aisy, Dinny,' sez Oi, reshtrainin' him loike. 'Go to th' divil,' sez he. Wud that Oi lifted a kippin av wood that was reshtin' behoind th' shtove an' gev him a lallycooler an' th' hoind ind av th' head wid id that laid his shkull opin fur foor inches, an' there wuz no more sed about fwhippin th' Pope ur seein' shnakes crawlin' up th' shtovepoipe.

"That's th' way we settled dishputes in th' Magoogin family in thim days. An' as fur our married loife, naither Dinny nur mesel' niver hed air a thing to complain av, an' wid iz marriage was the biggest koind av a shuccess. Thim wimmin that's wroitin' to th' papers about marri'ge bein' a failure an' all that makes me sick. Fwhat diz they let it be a failure fur? Fwhy doon't they make it a success loike Oi did? Give me howlt av somethin' noice an' heavy that Oi kin handle aisy an' there isn't a marri'd man from here to Ballinasloe that Oi'll not make come down aff his hoigh horse aff he thries anny av his moonkey moonks wid me. Marriage is no failure, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwthin Berdie Magoogin is around. No, sirree!"

TURNING OUT A BABY.

"Did ye see me Cousin Nora's baby, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" the Widow Magoogin asked.

"Oi did not. Oi'm sorry ye didn't call me in whin she was here," the neighbor answered.

"Oi mint to, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, "but Nora god mad about a little bit av foon that my Tammy was pokin' at her about the choild an' wint away in a huff afore annybody kud shtop her."

"I suppose Tammy, loike the little toof that he is, insoolted the poor gerrul," Mrs. McGlaggerty suggested.

"Well, thin, ye shuppose wrang, me frind," the Widow replied, "an' divilish wrang, too; fur though Tammy moight be toof, as ye calls 'im, he dizn't insoolt any wan, an' abow all he wudn't say a wurrud agin Nora or anny wan belongin' to her. Fwhat Tammy did, Mrs. McGlaggerty, was to say a foonny little thing that kud hurt nobody's feelin's unless they war med av candy an' a dhrap av rain 'ould shpile 'em. This is fwhat he did, an' fwhin I tell ye, thin ye kin judge av it fur yersel'. Nora war callin' Tammy in to have a luk at the crayther, an' Tammy war sayin' he didn't want to have annything to do wud the little animal, as he called it; thin Nora, who's as proud av the kid as a paycock is av its tail, rin into the kitchen afther him, an' takin' howld av the poor b'y dhragged him in to fwhere I had the choild in me arms. Tammy kicked and fought agin comin', but fwhin she had 'im there he loked at the baby, an' turnin' up his nose, sed, widout maainin' aannythin' more be it than to make Nora laugh, 'Fwhy,' sed he 'it's got a face on it loike a hammer.'

“Well, upon my wurrud, Mrs. McGlaggerty, you’d think a hose av oice wather or a bit av a breeck had shtrick Nora there an’ thin. Her undher jaw fell a yard and she loked loike a balloon wid the wind out av her. ‘Fwhat’s the matter, Nora, darlint?’ sez Oi, ‘th’ b’y is only jokin’.’ ‘Oi don’t like sich jokin’,’ sez she; ‘an’ fwhat’s more,’ sez she, ‘Oi don’t belave he’d say it anless he’d heard some wan say it afore him,’ sez she. ‘D’ye mane iz?’ sez Oi. ‘Oi won’t say that Oi mane annybody,’ sez she, and wud that she whipped an her bonnet an’ grabbin’ up her little fraik av nature aff she put, wudout as mooch as sayin’ ajoo. The divil whip her out av me soight but it’s shtruck she musht be an that kid of hers to go gettin’ mad wud Tammy fur nawthin’ but fwhat was sed be him about the hammer.

“Murdher an’ mush, Mrs. McGlaggerty, it’s quarer an’ quarer the wurruld is growin’ uv’ry day. Aff a gerrul has a baby now, an’ it’s the fusht she’s had, she shakes it in the face av iz ould-toimers, as much as to say: ‘See there, will ye; that’s somethin’ ye can’t do!’ Bad dang to thim an’ their bollawawnies av kids, sure an’ fwhat have they to bylow about, fur didn’t we forget long ago fwhat they’re only jisht now larnin’? We was mothers fwthin they was babies thimselves, an’ God knows but some of iz may be mothers agin. Who kin tell? The oidaya av howldin’ up their yally-neckt kids an’ challengin’ iz, that’s retired an’ out av the bizness, to do as well as thim!

“It makes me sick, Mrs. McGlaggerty, to see their goin’s an an’ lishten to their tootsy-wootsyin’ and ther blyowin’. They don’t know fwhat babies iz, me frind. Wait till they have eight or tin av thim, as meself’s had, an’ thin mebbe it ’ould be toime for thim to blyow, but fwthin it’s only wan baby an’ that a bit av a kid no bigger

'n the palm av me hand, it's washtin' wind to talk about it. Give me the owld days, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' a husband loike my Dinny was, God bless him, an' as owld as Oi am, me frind, Oi'd guarantee to rin a race wud anny av the poike-nosed and lantern-jawed damsels av to-day in the matther av turnin' out a baby, an' compared wud fwhat ye see goin' at the prisint toime, Mrs. McGlaggerty, my baby 'ould be a deasy, ye kin bet yer loife."

OLD FOLKS MARRYING.

"Oi wondher fwhat's gettin' into th' owld folks at all, at all, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Fwhy, fwhat ar' they doin' now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Fwhat ar'n't they doin' ye'd betther be afther axin' me, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Ar' they cuttin' up anny way dhreadfully, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Dhreadful is no name fur id, me frind," said the Widow, with a half-suppressed sigh. "Oi'm glad that Oi haven't anny owld folks belongin' to me livin', Mrs. McGlaggerty, or begorry Oi'd be in hot wather from mornin' till noight thinkin' an' worryin' about thim, so Oi wud. Wurra, wurra, wurra, but aff ye kud only read th' newspapers, me frind, it's the quare an' concinthic things ye'd foind in thim these days. An' th' owlder payple is th' bigger divils they seems to be. Av all th' fools in th' wurruld give me an owld fool for an out-an'-out fool intoirely, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It isn't murdher ur rabberies ur harse stailin' that they diz be doin'; that's too daycint an' sinsible fur thim, Oi shuppose. But they goes an' gets married fwhin they have wan leg in th' grave an' th' other in th' andhertakers; an' diz other

eejeeattic things that makes downright laughin' shtocks av thim.

"Here is wan case in pint, Mrs. McGlaggerty: An' owld codger eighty-foive years owld that was divorced four toimes gets married to an' owld pelikin, as my b'y Tammy id call her, eighty-three years owld, that has buried foive husbands. They was in love wid aich other sixty-six years an' hadn't th' h'art to tackle wan another in all that toime, altho' they cut quoit a shoine wud Scupid in several other ways. There was a great dail av batin' about th' bush in their case, Oi'm thinkin', an' there's no raisin fw hy the pair av thim afther havin' withshtud aich other's charrums an' fasceenashins so long shudn't have had the gud sinse to howld out a fwhoile longer antil the purly gates id opin an' prevint thim from makin' moonkeys av themsel's. But think av th' uxparyience they brings to their wedded loife, Mrs. McGlaggerty, and fw what sstrategy th' both av thim 'll be able to resoort to fw hin there's a scrap in the shanty.

"Thin there's th' crazy owld moommy at th' age av noinety-two, that rin aff an' eloped wid a giddy and gooshing craychur av sivinty-nine. Their great-gran'childer ur somebody av that koind wudn't consint to thim gettin' marrid, so be th' jumpin' powers fw what diz they do but pack up their few bits av duds an' shkip be th' loight av th' moon. Mother av Moses, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but fw what ar' we comin' to at all, at all, fw hin min an' wimmin owld enoof to be dead a hundherd years cuts up doidoes av this soort? Sure an' id takes a very soopple an' shtout-h'arted pair av young payple to do th' elopemint thrick in shtoyle, but this tottherin' owld couple kud giv' anny young pair cards an' spades an' bate thim half a moile to th' ministher's house at that.

"Oi tell ye, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that th' owld folks is

comin' to the front agin. They're very fan th' sickle indade, as me daughther Toozy sez fwhin a shtraik av Frinch sthroikes her. An' fwhat diz fan th' sickle mane? Fwhy it's Pariseen for 'way up in G.' In other wurruds, id's out av soight, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But comin' back to th' owld folks, me frind, id's no longer safe to say that annybody's too owld fur annythin'. Begorry, fwhin they'll marry the fifth woife ur the sixth husban', an' they in the eighties an' fwhin they 'll elope an' they in th' noineeties, who knows fwhat divilment they'll be up to next? Oi wudn't be shupproised now aff Oi hurd av a palsied owld hyppykrit wud a hundherd an' noinety-noine years' sin and sorries an his back j'inin' the Mormon church an' marryin' tin woives as young an' buxim as mesel'. Dang my buttons aff I would, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

NEW YORK'S BACHELOR MAYOR.

"Ar' ye there, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" shouted the Widow Magoogin across the air-shaft to her neighbor.

"Faix 'n Oi am," said the neighbor. "An' fwhat is id is ailin' ye, now, Oi don't know."

"Oh, nawthin' very mooch," the Widow replied, "but Oi wanted to ax ye did ye hear tell av how His 'Anner, Mare Van Woyck, saved the loives av two gerruls on Long Oisland beyant, be pullin' thim out av the wather fwhin they war dhrowndin'? So ye didn't hear av id, eh? Well, it's a long shtory the way the papers towld id—but thim reporthers always puts a lot to id fwhinuver they're tellin' a shtory—an' barrin' the dinky-doidoes an' doime novel nansinse that they printed about id, this is the way id happen'd, Mrs. McGlaggerty. The two gerruls war in

th' wather inj'yin' their annule bat'—as me daughther Toozy calls id fwhin she wishes to be hoighflew'n an' stoylish in her langwidge—fwhin all av a suddint, d'ye moind, they war taken wid cramps an' begon to sink. His 'Anner, who has a great oye for faymale beauty, an' niver falls asleep fwhin a lovely craythure is takin' a bat' anny-fwhere in his vicinity, purcaived their disthress an' loike-wise hurd their croies for help. So up he dashes an' widout waitin' to take off his byootiful new blyue pekay boicycle pants ur anythin' else, into the wather he jumps an' carries thim out, wan an aich arrum, an' both av thim as near death's dure as they 'll uver be agin, Oi'll warrant ye, widout crossin' the thrishold an' goin' in. He rowled thim on barrels till he rowled all the wather out av thim, and thin fwhin they war safe an' sound an' beyant danger, he ushkused himself in a rail gintlemanly way, an' wint home an' wint to bed fwhoile his boicycle pants war out dhryin' on the loine.

“It was a foine piece av hayroism, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi don't want to disthtract annythin' from id in any sinse av the wurrud, me frind, but as me daughther Toozy sez aff His 'Anner hadn't a bin an onromantic mane owld bachalor—fwhich he is, bad sesht to him!—there id be a considherably differint ind to the shtory from fwhat there is now. Fwhat he shud have done, Mrs. McGlaggerty, is this: You remimber that uvry summer at the saysoide fwhin a man reshcués a gerrul from dhrownin' the grateful craythure in the j'y an' exultashin av the momint axes him to marry her, an' he usu'lly does, especialy aff she's a millionaire's daughther, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Now, thin, in His 'Anner's case, there bein' two av thim an' aich bein' aiqually behowldin' to him for her loife, nayther wan av thim, Oi shuppose, andhershtood fwhich had the roight over the other to ax him to marry her, an'

so nayther av thim axt him. But id was his place, seein' their imbarassment an' the diffewculty av their position, to tell thim who he was an' to ax wan av thim to marry him there an' thin. Oi'll bet a pint av ale aginst a bashkit av sassafarella that aff he'd a given ayther av thim the wind av the wurrud, he wudn't be sittin' over in the City Hall now sewin' his own buttons on his vest an' thrimmin' the fringe av the heels av his pants wid an invellope opener.

"But His 'Anner is an owld ballawauney av a man that thinks wimmin ar' no good uxcept to be throipewriters an' bally dancers, an' he has set his face agin marryin' air a wan av thim. He thinks himself too good fur anny av us, Oi shuppose, an' begorra, mebbe he is, but shmarker min nor him have bin caught in byooty's thrap afore this, an' may th' Lord forgive me for sayin' id, but fwthin he diz marry Oi hope an' pray that id 'll be some owld pelikin av a refawrmer too shkinny-boned to wear dollyket dhresses an' so sanctimonious that the music av the hootchy-kootchy will giv her the jim-jams. Bad rattle me aff Oi don't, Mrs. McGlaggerty"

A MAN'S RIGHT TO BEAT HIS WIFE.

"Was ye uver in Noo Jursey, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"No, but Oi was in Jursey City wanst, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Thin take my advice an' shtay out av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Troth 'n Oi shuppose id's out av id Oi'll shtay anny way, Mrs. Magoogin. But fwthat's ailin' id now, me frind?"

"The same that's ailed it all the toime, Oi shuppose,"

said the Widow. "To tell ye the thruth, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi nuver hurd av id afore exceptin' in the song, antil th' other day fwhin my b'y Tammy read me a piece out av the paper in fwhich id said that a man had a purfeck roight to bait his wife in Noo Jursey. Did ye uver hear tell av the loikes av that afore, Mrs. McGlaggerty? Upon me wurrud id med me blud bile fwhin Tammy read id. Oi kud harrdly belave me earsoight, so notoriously exchtonishin' was id!

"Ye may well open yer eyes, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but divil the wurrud av loie Oi'm tellin' ye. Sure an' wasn't id in the paper, wrote down in black an' fwhoite, fwhere anybody kud read id that kud read at all? A mane spridhogue av a man was arrested fur baitin' his woife, an' fwhat did the judge an' jury up an' do, bad sesh to thim! but towld him he did purfeckly roight, an' they shuk hands wid him an' let him go. May Oi nuver shtir out av this shpot aff id isn't so, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Well, well, well, but quare things ar' happenin' uv'ry day, an' av all the quare things Oi think this is sartinly the quarest. Th' oidaya! Oi shuppose aff id was a woman that hit her husband, thim Noo Jursey farmers id sind her to the pinetintary fur tin years, an' thry to hang her, too, begorries. Law or no law, Oi'd loike to lay me eyes an the man that id roise a finger to do me anny harrum, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi'm a daycint, paicable woman, an' Oi don't shuppose Oi uver bet me poor Dinny—God bc gud to his dear owld sowl—more than twice air a month since we war married, but aff a man uver dared to breathe a wurrud about baitin' me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi'd take howld av him be the boick av the nick an' Oi'd not laive a whole bone in his carcass.

"Noo Jursey musht be a foony soort av a place to pass laws loike thim. Oh, but id id be a great shpot fur Danny

Doolan now, wudn't id, fur fwhin Danny isn't baitin' his woife he's an the Oisland abow, an' fwhin he isn't an th' Oisland he's baitin' his woife, an' divil th' boite ur th' sup Danny id have ur a shelther fur his head aither aff id wasn't fur th' same woman, heaven pity her. Aff Oi was in Noo Jursey an' was the woife av wan av thim l'yers that makes thim laws, Oi'd lay the poll av his head open wud the shtove led aff he throied to come anny av his she-nanagin over me. An' Oi'd dang soon make him change the law, too, so Oi wud. But Noo Jursey's a quare counthry, they tell. By the hokey, but they do say that some av thim farmers over there disn't know that they're aloive, Mrs McGlaggerty! Isn't that shtrange, now?"

NO TITLED HUSBAND FOR HER.

"Oi had a rale king at th' front dure this mawrnin', Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"A king, is id? A king av clubs, Oi shuppose ye mane, Mrs. Magoogin? That copper that ye med the smash an th' other day."

"No, no copper, me frind, nur king av clubs naither, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, "but a rale owld Oirish King—the King av Dusther, my b'y Tommy calls him, but id's th' King av Ulsther he manes. He's not uxactly a King aither, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but his great-great-gran'father av tin thousan' years ago afore him was a King av Ulsther, an' he have r'yal blood in his brains, so they say. Ay, now Oi have id; it's a Prince he is. Arra, wisha, how did Oi uver furget id? Yis, ma'am, he's the Prince av Nannygoat Landing, an' he sez they've played a cornet in th' family fur uver so many hundherds

av years. Thim cornets is all th' shtoyle in r'yal families, an' some av th' hoigh-choonies over here in Noo Yarrick is thryin' to get howld av thim. Well, lo, an' behold ye, fwhat d'ye think the descindint av th King av Dusther wanted wud me? Fwhisper and Oi'll tell ye in his own very wurruds. 'Gud mawrnin', ma'am,' sez he, fwhin Oi opined the dure; 'is id Mrs. Birdie Magoogin, Esq., Oi have the honor av spakin' to, Oi don't knoo?' sez he. 'Id iz,' sez Oi. 'Thin id's happy Oi am to mate ye,' sez he, shtickin' out his fisht. 'An' fur fwhy?' sez Oi, lukin' at him. 'Fur uv'ry fwhy,' sez he. 'Well, fwhat's one av the fur fwhys?' sez Oi. 'Howld an a bit,' sez he; 'Oi have a letther here from Conny O'Rourke, av Dunamore,' sez he, 'intherducin' me an' tellin' who Oi am,' sez he. 'Faix 'n ye don't saim to need anny letther,' sez Oi, 'fur ye've intherduced yersel' widout id,' sez Oi. 'All roight, thin,' sez he. 'Oi'll intherduce mesel' agin,' sez he, an' wud that he up an' towld me av the r'yal blud in his brains an' his aunt's sither's name, fwchich was th' King av Ulsther, an' he sed as how the King's bezniss got so poor that id didn't pay, an' th' family got into reduced circumstances an' had to move into a tinnymint fwere their cornet wasn't av anny use to thim owin' to th' large number av sick childher in th' house uv'ry summer; an' now aff Oi'd give him tin thousan' dollars a minnit Oi kud marry him an' have his toitle an' his cornet an' uv'rything. Oi towld him wan foreigner in th' family was enoof—fwchich was mesel'—and Oi towld him to get away fram me dure ur Oi'd sick th' goat an him. Wud that Oi raiched fur a bar av oiron that was an th' sofy in th' parlor an' aff he hedn't shkipped out moighty quick Oi'd have pit a cut in his poll that id not laive him very soon, Oi'll warrint ye.

"Th' oidaya av me payin' tin thousan' dollars fur a

husband that ought to be in th' poorhouse. Fwhat's his cornet ur his r'yal moonkey bezniss to me? Id makes me sick fwthin Oi hears av thim daughters av American millinaries buyin' their husban's in th' polaiice coorts av Europe, payin' thousan's an' thousan's av dollars fur Princes and Counts and no accounts. Ye'll niver ketch me doin' id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. No Prince av Nannygoat Landin' fur me, me frind. Oi'd suner marry a Noo Yarrick polaiceman. Princes an' Counts musht be shkarge in Europe. That's fwwhy they come so hoigh, Oi shuppose, fwwhich reminds me av somethin' Tammy was tellin' iz th' other day. D'ye see, Mrs. McGlaggerty, there was an Englishman wanst axed an Oirishman who was livin' an a cannibal oisland how id kem to be that he had so many foine ducks an' was shtill so poor. 'Fwhy,' sez this Englishman, 'aff ye had thim ducks in England ye kud be afther gettin' six ur eight shillin' a pair fur thim.' 'Yis,' said Pat, 'an' aff Oi had this pail av wather in hell,' sez he, pintin' to the buckit he hild in his hand, 'Oi kud get tin shillin's a glass fur id.' An' so Oi guess he kud, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Begorry, Oi'd give tin shillin's a glass fur a glass av wather mesel' aff Oi was in th' Owld B'y's counthry, so Oi wud, an' don't ye furget id, me frind."



MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

SHE GOES TO GRAND OPERA.

The Widow Magoogin was out in the yard washing, and at the same time trying to sing a popular song that she had heard her daughter Arethusa warbling. Of course she didn't have the words right, or the air either, but that made little difference. This is what she was singing when her neighbor, Mrs. McGlaggerty, put her head over the fence:

"Nya-ha-ha! Luk at the doods that 'round the sthreet
prance,
A mashin' the gerls fwhin they gets a gud chance.
They uses a moonkey-wrinch puttin' an their pants;
But fur gudniss sake, don't tell 'em Oi sed so."

"Musha, my, Mrs. Magoogin," said her neighbor, "but you're feelin' merry this mornin', an' you have a v'ice like a tin whistle breakin' its heart to be he'rd. Where did you learn to sing, anyway?"

"Whisht, woman aloive!" the Widow responded. "Wasn't Oi to the opery th' other noight, fwhin Oi hurd th' Eye-talians makin' enough n'ise to break up all the daif an' dumb asoylums in the counthry, an' sraichin' away, bad luk to thim, in some haythyenish lingo that divil the wan av me or anybody else cud andhersthand, as aff they wudn't laive a lung in their yallow carcasses."

th' wather inj'yin' their annule bat'—as me daughther Toozy calls id fwhin she wishes to be hoighflewn an' stoylish in her langwidge—fwhin all av a suddint, d'ye moind, they war taken wid cramps an' begon to sink. His 'Anner, who has a great oye for faymale beauty, an' nuver falls asleep fwhin a lovely craythure is takin' a bat' anny-fwhere in his vicinity, purcaived their disthress an' loike-woise hurd their croies for help. So up he dashes an' widout waitin' to take off his byootiful new blyue pekay boicycle pants ur anythin' else, into the wather he jumps an' carries thim out, wan an aich arrum, an' both av thim as near death's dure as they 'll uver be agin, Oi'll warrant ye, widout crossin' the thrishold an' goin' in. He rowled thim on barrels till he rowled all the wather out av thim, and thin fwhin they war safe an' sound an' beyant danger, he ushkused himself in a rail gintlemanly way, an' wint home an' wint to bed fwhoile his boicycle pants war out dhryin' on the loine.

“It was a foine piece av hayroism, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi don't want to disthtract annythin' from id in any sinse av the wurrud, me frind, but as me daughther Toozy sez aff His 'Anner hadn't a bin an onromantic mane owld bachalor—fwhich he is, bad sesht to him!—there id be a considherably differint ind to the shtory from fwhat there is now. Fwhat he shud have done, Mrs. McGlaggerty, is this: You remimber that uvry summer at the saysoide fwhin a man reshcues a gerrul from dhrownin' the grateful craythure in the j'y an' exultashin av the momint axes him to marry her, an' he usu'lly does, especialy aff she's a millionaire's daughther, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Now, thin, in His 'Anner's case, there bein' two av thim an' aich bein' aiqually behowldin' to him for her loife, nayther wan av thim, Oi shuppose, andhershtood fwch had the roight over the other to ax him to marry her, an'

so nayther av thim axt him. But id was his place; seein' their imbarassment an' the diffewculty av their position, to tell thim who he was an' to ax wan av thim to marry him there an' thin. Oi'll bet a pint av ale aginst a bashkit av sassafarella that aff he'd a given ayther av thim the wind av the wurrud, he wudn't be sittin' over in the City Hall now sewin' his own buttons on his vest an' thrimmin' the fringe av the heels av his pants wid an invellope opener.

"But His 'Anner is an owld ballawauney av a man that thinks wimmin ar' no good uxcept to be throipewriters an' bally dancers, an' he has set his face agin marryin' air a wan av thim. He thinks himself too good fur anny av us, Oi shuppose, an' begorra, mebbe he is, but shmarker min nor him have bin caught in byooty's thrap afore this, an' may th' Lord forgive me for sayin' id, but fwthin he diz marry Oi hope an' pray that id 'll be some owld pelikin av a refawrmer too shkinny-boned to wear dollyket dhresses an' so sanctimonious that the music av the hootchy-kootchy will giv her the jim-jams. Bad rattle me aff Oi don't, Mrs. McGlaggerty"

A MAN'S RIGHT TO BEAT HIS WIFE.

"Was ye uver in Noo Jursey, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"No, but Oi was in Jursey City wanst, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Thin take my advoice an' shtay out av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Troth 'n Oi shuppose id's out av id Oi'll shtay anny way, Mrs. Magoogin. But fwwhat's ailin' id now, me frind?"

"The same that's ailed it all the toime, Oi shuppose,"

me the lie about it. Oi'll nuver go agin, Mrs. McGlaggerty, the longest day Oi live, if it war to be tin hundhert years, fwch it won't. Arethoosy sez it's shtoyle, but begorra, aff it's shtoyle to make a moonkey av wan's self fur a lot av yellow-hoided paynit peddhlers, thin ye kin count me out av it, an' Oi'll be vury much obloiged to ye, fur it's all fiddlesthicks. That's fwat it is."

AT THE ACTOR'S FUND FAIR.

"Ow, wow, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"An' fwat is id now, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Ow, wow, but ye ought to have wint to th' Acthors' Fund Fair, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

"Throth 'n id was too hoigh chooned fur a thing loike me, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Yis, an' id was too hoigh chooned fur annybody, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, with a sigh. "It id make wan av the Ratsholds poor to shpind tin minnits in id. Id was nawthin' but mooney, mooney, mooney, fram the momint ye wint in wan dure until ye wint out th' other. Fwhy, didn't Oi see a forward little hussy av a gerrul that sed she ushed to act in 'Ooncle Tam's Cabin' pin a Johnny-joomp-oop in a young mon's button-hole an' ax him twinty-foive dollars fur id? Begorry, Oi kin go up to Hoighbridge ur over to Binson-Thurst-be-the-Say-soide an' ploock a wagin load av Johnny-joomp-oops an' daisies an' forget-me-nots fur nawthin', Mrs. McGlaggerty. Thin there's poor ould Misthur Croker, the head man av Tammany; they shtooock him fur fifty dollars fur a Maggie O'Naill rose, an' did the same to Johnnie Sheehan, an' a hundherd others av thim. Upon my wurrud, Mrs. McGlaggerty, ye'd think money grew an

threes an' uv'rybody had an orchard growin' hundherd-dollar bills in the back yard the way mooney flowed from payple's fingers at that Acthors' Fair. Fwhy, woman aloive, they war sellin' bonnets fur fifty an' sixty dollars thet Oi kin go over an Eleventh avenoo an' buy anny day in the wake fur a dollar an' a half. Ow, wow! but id's thim that med the dusht! Ooodles an' boodles an' kyoodles av id, Mrs. McGlaggerty!

"Me daughther Toozy was to have had an 'ysther table there, but somebody sed that the Patsy Doody Dhramatic Club that she belongt to wanst wasn't a rale theaytre throop, so they tuk the table away fram her an' gev id to Fanny Herrin' ur Edwin Boot, Oi furget fwchich now. Toozy was wid me at the fair, an' ye ought to hurd her goin' into ecshtacies over thim acthresses. 'Isn't she purty, mimma?" she'd say to me, ur, 'Oh, how beyootiful!' an' all that soort av nonsinse. Divil the great shakes av purtiness ur byooty kud Oi see in anny av thim wid their paint an' powdher an, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Fwhin Oi was a gerrul Oi had rosier cheeks an' sparklin'er eyes than anny av thim; there wasn't air a wan Oi saw in the gardin that kud howld a candle to me, aiven aff Oi do say id meself that oughtn't to, Mrs. McGlaggerty. An' Oi didn't have no Graycian knots ur Pompy dhresses ur overgrown doimonds to set aff me byooty ayther, me frind. But id's well they med uvry wan pay fur lukin' at thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Aff a poor gommah av a man only shkinted soide-ways at thim, begorry they were down on him in a minnit, makin' him pay foive dollars fur a pinch av shnuff ur twinty-foive fur a bottle av sassparella. Faix 'n ye kin belave me id's not manny twinty-foives they got out av me, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi bought a few little things fur memintoes, as Toozy called thim, but that was all. Oi wint there to see things more than anything else, an' do

ye know they throid to play me fur a jay an' shtuff me, Mrs. McGlaggerty? They showed me a house med av canvas an' sed that's fwere the great Shakspiel was borned three hundherd years ago. 'In this?' sez Oi. 'Yis, in this,' sez they. 'An' fwhat do you take me for?' sez Oi, eyein' thim as harrud as Oi kud. 'Because fwwhy?' sez they. 'Because Barnum's serkus was here lasht week,' sez Oi, 'an' there was no Shakpiel house here thin,' sez Oi, 'an' fwhat's more, there was no Shakspiel nayther,' sez Oi. An' nayther there wasn't nayther, Mrs. McGlaggerty. They kudn't fool me, me frind. Th' oidaya! Fwhy, Oi nuver hurd av Shakspiel afore, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

SHE WON'T GO ON THE STAGE.

"D'ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, owld frind, fwhat s'soity's thryin' to make me do now?" said the Widow Magoogin.

"Deed 'n I don't," answered Mrs. McGlaggerty, who was visiting the Widow.

"Well, God save the mark, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the old lady, "but they're thryin' to invaigle me into play-acthin' in their ammychewer tayatricses, as they calls thim, and they give me no pace day or noight wid their palaverin' an' their hooneyfoogelin' tellin' me fwhat a foine acthress Oi'd make an' how byootiful Oi'd luke in a dhress wud nawthin' abow me waisht but a pair uv moonloight-an-the-lake shuspinders an' a big buttonhole bookay. Fwhy, aiven me own daughther Toozy is purshoooin' me wud this rekusht to have me make me dayboot an the shtage. Now, fwhat in the wurruld diz a widdy woman wud grown childher an' common sinse want to be afther makin' a moonkey av her-

sel' fur in such a way? 'Fur shwate charity,' sez Mrs. Bingbong nuxt dure; 'Fur the advancement av art,' sez Mrs. Vanderbilk; 'Jisht for foon,' sez Miss Floighty; 'Because it's the shtoyle,' me daughther Toozy. 'But Oi'm too shtout,' Oi sez to thim. 'Oh, not a bit av it, Mrs. Magoogin,' sez they; 'ye're jisht the figger,' sez they. 'For what?' sez Oi. 'Fur Leady Macbet',' sez they. 'An' fwat diz Leady Macbet' do?' sez Oi. 'She walks in her shleep,' sez Toozy. 'Oh, she do, do she?' sez Oi; 'thin divil a walk 'll Berdie Magoogin walk in her shleep,' sez Oi. 'Fur Oi'll never dishgrace mesel' be goin' aroun' in me night gown an' gettin' arreshted be the polaiice,' sez Oi. But no matther fwat Oi sed, Mrs. McGlaggerty, nor fwat Oi did, nawthin' 'll saim to do thim anny gud, but Oi musht play out an the shtage fur thim.

"Oh, don't be afeert, Mrs. McGlaggerty; laugh roight out! an' well ye may. Id's laughin' Oi'd be mesel' aff id wasn't mesel' Oi'd be laughin' at. Th' oidaya av an owld woman loike me makin' a fairy av hersel' or a Leady Macbet', comin' out an the shtage wud bare legs, mebbe, an' havin' all the joods in the front row p'intin' their op'ry glasses at her to see fwwhether she's the figger av a Vaynus ur an apple woman. Begorry, aff they war to clap their glasses an my figger wanst Oi'm thinkin' Oi'd blish so hard it id set me hair an' clothes afoire. There's no ushe talkin', Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi'm not cut out fur play-acthin'. Mrs. Potter an' Mrs. Langthry, an' Mrs. Carter—they loikes id an' they gets along in id noicely, but wud me id's diffrunt. Oi don't sympy-t'oize wud Mullanphy an' Gillespie an' thim other haythin goddesses that howld shway in th t'eyathre."

"Mimmaw," called Arethusa from an adjoining room.

"Fwhat is id, Toozy, me darlint?"

"It's not Mullanphy and Gillespie, mimma, but Melpomene and Thespis."

"Oh, id is, is id?" said the Widow. "Well, tell thim that yer mother's a lady an' she dizn't care the rap av a pin fwhat their names is—she's got no ushe fur thim anyhow, has she, Mrs. McGlaggerty?" and with that the Widow laughed aloud and seemed to be enjoying herself.

MRS. POTTER AS CLEOPATRA.

"Fwhishper, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"An' fwhat is id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oi wint to th' theayther lasht noight."

"An' fwhat did ye see?"

"'Pon me sowl, Oi saw a soight that med th' blishes come to me cheeks, Mrs. McGlaggerty,' said the Widow. "Oi saw Mrs. James Brown Potther carryin' an an the shtage in a way that id make any daycint woman ashamed av the sect she belonged to. To be coorse she was only actin'; but, howly mother av Moses! do ye think Mrs. Berdie Magoogin, Esq., poor as she is an' bad as she wants a dollar now an' thin, id uxpose hersel' an the shtage ur an th' omnibus aither fur all th' mooney that the King av Roosha kud offer her? Fwhy, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhat do ye think? Clayopathra moight as well not have a shtitch av clothes an her as to have the mushkitty bar an' tissue paper pollynaise that she wore fwhin Oi saw her, an' th' theaytre full av min wid heads as shlick an' hairless as the palm av yer hand lukin' at her through shpy-glasses big enoof to kill Ditchmen wud. 'Oh, mimma,' sed me daughther Toozy, 'but isn't it Oreintil?' 'Ori fwhatil?' sez Oi. 'Oreintil,' sez she. 'Ori divil ye mane,' sez Oi, 'an' id's arreshted she ought to be, so she

ought,' sez Oi, 'fur exposin' hersel',' sez Oi. 'Oh, but she's a picthur,' sez she. 'Troth 'n she iz, an' a dang sorry pecthur she iz,' sez Oi; 'an' inshtid av a bare-legged Antony rinnin' afther her to hug an' kiss her,' sez Oi, 'id's Anthony Comstock that ought to be up an th' shtage wud her arreshtin' her,' sez Oi. 'Fwhy, mim-maw,' sez she, 'fwhat ar' ye talkin' about?' sez she; 'that's the way Clayopathra ushed to dhress,' sed she. 'Is that so?' sez Oi. 'Yis, id is,' sez she. 'Thin,' sez Oi, 'Clayopathra shud be ashamed av hersel',' sez Oi; 'an' aff Oi saw her Oi'd tell her so, too,' sez Oi. That knockt Toozy out intoirely, so she sed no more, but sot there ravin' about Oreintil splindor, an' B'lyew's legs, antil Oi thawt she'd have th' hoighshtroikes ur th' hydhpophoby. Isn't it awful, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that anny woman shud be allowed to carry an an th' shtage loike Mrs. Potter diz? Oi kud sink roight down into the flyure an' let id shwally me fwhin Oi saw th' cut av her as she walked down th' shtage. Be gannies, fwhat kin th' woman be up to, Oi wondher? Aff she wants to make a fortune be not wearin' anny clothes at all, fwhy dizn't she become a tattood woman an' go into the doime museems, oih?"

SHE WAS ASKED TO BE A LIVING PICTURE.

"Was ye uver insoolted, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Oh, manny's th' toime, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Was id be a annybody or a nobody, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Oh, be ivirybody, Mrs. Magoogin."

"An' didn't id make ye feel bad, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Well——"

"There, now, that's enoof—to be coorse id did," said the Widow, taking the words out of her neighbor's mouth.

"Fwhy wudn't id? Id makes wan feel very bad indade to be insoolted even by a naygur, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' id was intoirely too onmintionable an my part, me frind, to ax ye sooch a kustion. But Oi simply axed id because id kem into me moind, an' for no other raison, Mrs. McGlaggerty; no ma'am, upon me wurrud, for no other airrthly raison. Oi was very hoighly insooltid meself, th' other day, me frind, an' Oi know how id feels. Id kem about in th' quarest way in th' wurruld, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Oi was lukin' at a pecthur in a windy av some balley gerruls in toights thet made thim luk as aff they didn't have anythin' else on thim but a bustle, fwthin up shteps a foine shtrappin' buck-ko av a man an' axes me how Oi'd loike to be a livin' pecthur. 'A livin' pecthur av fwat?' sez Oi. 'Av th' statchis av Liberty and sooch?' sez he; 'an' av Vaynus?' sez he; 'an' av th' goddiss Banana?' sez he. 'An' how do they luk?' sez Oi. 'Out av soight,' sez he. 'Annythin' loike me?' sez Oi. 'Oh, yis,' sez he, 'but they dhress deffrintly,' sez he. 'That id be aisy fur them, sor,' sez Oi, 'but Oi have betther clothes nor these meself,' sez Oi. Ow, wow! but ye ought to have hurd him laugh, Mrs. McGlaggerty. 'They don't wear no clothes at all,' sez he, be way av explainin' his good humor. 'Fwhat's that?' sez Oi, howldin' me breath an' nearly losin' th' two oyes out av me head wud astonishment. 'They wears toights?' sez he. 'Loike thim balley gurruls?' says Oi. 'Oh, not as mooch as that,' say he, an' he shtill bushtin' his two soides wud laughin'. Well, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi gev wan gud contimpunious luk at him, an' thin Oi hauled aff an' gev him as warm a clout in th' lug as man uver got from woman. He shtopt his laughin' roight there an' Oi was goin' to give him another clout, but he turnt an his heel quick an' ron up the shtreet. Oi tuk howld av me skurts an' put after him hollerin 'Mur-dher' an' 'foire' an' 'stop theif,' but he dodged into a sal-

yoan, an' that was th' lasht Oi saw av th' dirty vagabone. Oi spose he tuk me for wan av thim wimmin that's thravelin' 'round an their shapes in th' burleskew comp'nies, an' thought he'd have a little shport wud me, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But Oi was too cute fur him, dye moind, an' he knew id, fur he didn't laive th' grass grow andher his feet fwihin he was gettin' away.

"He had the nurve av a Grand sthreet barber, he had, to ax a daycint widdy woman wud a grown up daughter to be afther doin' sooch an ondaycint thing as takin' aff her clothes an' makin' a livin' pecthur out av herself. Fwhy, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi saw thim Vaynuses an' Bananas merself in th' Killarney pecthurs at a theayther uptown, an' divil as mooch clothes did they have an as ye kud put in yer oye, me frind. Th' oidaya av axin' me to be wan av thim stark nakid statchits! Did ye uver hear av sooch an insoolt in all yer born loife. Besoides, Oi'm all out av shape. Oi haven't worn me cossets fur a long toime, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

SHE WEIGHS UP ACTORS.

"Wud ye marry an achor, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"No, mam, Oi wud not, Mrs. Magoogin."

"An' fwhy not, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Because Oi'm marrid alredy, Mrs. Magoogin."

"Oh, ye're shmaart, arn't ye? Mebbe it id be throoer for ye aff ye sed id was because ye kudn't, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, feeling a bit angered at her neighbor for "catching her up" so quickly. "Fwhether ye're marrid or no, me frind, there's none av thim wants ye. Oi simply axed ye th' kustion, because me daughter Toozy read to me in th' paper that wan av Jay Goold's gerruls was goin'

to marry a play acthor an' all the Goolds ar' as mad as a wet hin and hot as a red hot shtove about it.

"He's a purfaick paich so far as handsumness is concerned, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' th' gerrul is rail crazy about him, but because he's a play acthor, th' other Goolds thinks he's no gud an' they're thryin' to freeze him out. Fur fw hy, Oi'd loike to know? Ain't play actin' as disrespectabil as any other in th' cattylogue—an' don't they make th' loads of mooney, me frind? An' ain't uvrybody bowin' down an' worshipping' thim as aff they was kings an' princes? An' isn't God gud to thim, as he is to th' Oirish, Mrs. McGlaggerty? To be coorse they makes lots av smashes an' gets love letthers be th' booshel, wud locks av hair in thim an' photyografts, but so do min in Wall sthreet an' min in Mulberry sthreet, fur that matther.

"Oi doon't think anny th' less av thim because their teeth ar' fwhoite an' purly, an' their oyes black as sloes, an' their hair curly, an' their smoiles sintimintal an' insinoowatin'. No, ma'am, Oi wudn't rayfleck an their charracthurs aff they used noight bloomin' cerooses an their cheeks, an' had Madame Roopert to paint noo complexuns fur thim uv'ry day. Id's not their fault that they're purty, or that th' fair sex get gone an thim. No, th' poor divils war born that way, an' they can't help id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Av coorse a woman dizn't want her husband to be makin' smashes all th' toime an' that may be something af a dhrawboick Oi kin undhersthand, but man's a haymale an' woman's a fay-male an' as mi frind Ed Harrigan sez, there'll be smashin' an' slashin' so long as the wurruld goes round.

"Th' acthors ain't no worse in this regard than thim that isn't acthors, 'avourneen. There's not many min an this himmyspere that Oi'd thrust, Mrs. McGlaggerty, as far off as Oi kud fling a ton av coal. They'll all giv ye th' razzle fw hinuver they get th' chance, me frind. Acthors may be

fond av gettin' divorcees an' av bushtin' up homes, but they're not alone in that koind av work, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Do ye know, me frind, that Oi'd jisht as soon have me daughther Toozy—an' she's th' darlint av me h'art an' th' apple av me oye, Mrs. McGlaggerty—marry a play actor as annybody else. Oi'm not thryin' to put meself abov' th' Goolds, moind ye, an' Oi don't purtind to have nearly so mooch mooney as th' Goolds have, but Oi consider my choild uv'ry bit as gud as Jay Goold's daughther, an' begorry Oi'd not have manny schrooples agin her marryin' a theayther blokey, as my b'y Tammy calls th' actors.

“Upon me sowl, but Oi don't know but fwat Oi'd be danged glad aff she did, for Oi'm toired supportin' her mesel' an' Oi'm beginnin' to be sorry that I uver got her that Shecaggy divorce fram Ditch Hinnery. She's bin goin' wid a futball play'r fram Yell College an' she thought she had her hooks an him in purty gud shtoyle, bekase he imagines she lives in Fift' avenoo abow an' is a milly-nairiess, but she wrote him lasht Monday to come down fram Noo Havin an' meet her corner av th' Bow'ry an' Delancey sthreet on Winsda' noight to take her to th' Horse Show, an' he wrote her baack to go chase herself. Now, Oi don't think that's a very poloite way to act, do you, Mrs. McGlaggerty?”

SHE GOES TO A CONCERT.

“Do yez know, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow Magoogin to her neighbor, “do yez know that there ain't any av the ould time songs to be heard anny more?”

“Well, not manny o' them at laist,” said the neighbor.

“No, not anny av thim,” the Widow insisted. “Fwhere

kin ye hear a young man or a young gerrul, aither, that 'll be able to sing ye the 'Crappie Lie Down' or 'Brinnan an the Moor,' or the 'Sailor Coorted a Farmer's Daughter' as they ushed to sing thim to iz in the good owld times afore their 'Peekaboos' an' 'Cuck-koos' an' 'Micky Doodles' kem into fashion. Oi wint to a concert th' other noight wid Arethoosy an' her little Ditch beau, that makes be-laive he's a musician bekase he kin shkrape a chune or two an a fiddle an' plays the jewsharp fur the crowd an the cawrner belyow. Mebbe it med a diffrence, bekase it was a swallytail an' dollyket affair, fur the bongtongs war there thick as a bowl av shtirabout, wud hoigh jood collars an the min an' low-necked dhresses an the wimmin that raiched down to their waishts almosht.

"Well, upon my wurd, Mrs. McGlaggerty, they moight as well be fwhishtlin' 'Pathrick's Day' to a moileshtone as singin' an' fiddlin' their nonsinse to me. Divil busht me, but fwhin the fat woman wud the big showldhers an' bare nick began to rap out a lot uv 'oh-ho's' an' 'mio tomatoes,' that they sed war French or Eyetalyun, an' kep' shakin' her v'ice like a dog shakes a rat or a shkeleton shivers wud a case av chills, I thought uvry minnit that I'd fall down in a shpasm I got that sick lishtenin' to her. Did ye uver hear wan av thim shteam piannies that they plays in the serkus payrades? Well, Mrs. McGlaggerty, the way thim things scraiches was nawthin' to the goin's an av me foine lady. Faix 'n I was afeert that she'd shprain her nick wud the twishtin's she gev it, or that she'd break aff her v'ice fwhen she thried to hollar too loud. An' fwhat gud did it all do? There was naither rhoyme nor raison in her singin', and I towld Arethoosy an' Hinnery so, too, though they med faces at me an' begged me fur God's sake not to say anythin' about the poor craythure, who I shuppose has no other way av airnin' a livin'. Oh, my, but aff they'd let

me alone I'd a med a holy show av her, fur I sed I'd bet foive cents that she kudn't sing the 'Wearin' av the Green' as well as I kud sing it meself. But they pulled howlt av me shawl an' pinched me arm until it was mosht black an' blue, so ye see I hadn't a chance to say mooch. There was a fiddler in it, too—a voyolingster, Hinnery sed he was—but he was a plain owld fiddler an' nawthin' else, an' dang my buttons aff I uver herd such shkrapin' an' see-sawin' in all the days av me loife afore, an' I'll niver hear it agin aff I know meself, aither. Hinnery sed he played a chophouse concert or somethin' av that koind, but I'd suner anny day lishten to owld bloind Dooley, that lived in our place at hnome, play 'Haste to the Weddin',' or 'The Rocky Road to Dublin.'

"A fellow that thumped the pianny was the other party to the intertainment, an' be me sowl, I belaiive Pat Grogin's daughter, that has a forty-dollar pianny her father gev her fur a Chrish'mas gift an' that's taken lessuns only twicet or three toimes, can bait the eyes out av him. He tossed his head an' threw his hands up an' down an' shkirmed an' itched loike a dog that's aitin' aloive wid flays, an' all there was in it was a ping-ping an' a toom-toom all the toime, only sometoimes he wint fashter wid his ping-pings than at others. 'Fwhat's he given us, Arethoosy?' sez I. 'A moonloight sow-nawto,' sez Ditchy. 'Fwhat?' sez I agin. 'A moonloight sow-naw-to,' Ditchy sez. 'Well,' sez I, 'I doon't know mooch about it, but aff he's givin' iz moonloight at all,' sez I, 'it's moonloight an' a shovel.' Then uvrybody all around iz laughed out, an' Arethoosy got red in the face, an' Ditchy sed, 'Let's go home,' an' up we all bounced an' away we wint. They sed it was the lasht concert they'd take me to, an' I towld thim I was very thankful to thim, fur divil another concert they'd uver get me to

go to agin, anless the fiddler was an Oirish poiper an' the singers 'ould pramise to sing 'Nora Creina' or 'Tim Finnigan's Wake.'"

THE BURLESQUE GIRLS' LEGS.

"Well, well, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, talking over the fence as usual, "Oi was at the theaytre lash noight wid Arethoosy an' a new beau that she picked up, an' do ye know, that aff Oi war to live for foor hundhert years Oi don't shuppose Oi'd uver agin see sich goin's on as Oi saw there."

"Why, what did ye see?" the neighbor asked.

"Fwhat did Oi see? Begorra, it's fwhat didn't Oi see, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that ye'd ought to be after axin' me." Mrs. Magoogin responded. "Oh, but it's the quare place fur daycint payple to go, the theaytre is intoirely, an' it's th' quare min an' wimmin they do be havin' makin' monkeys an' jumpin' jacks av thimself's on the stage. Sure, the wimmen don't saim to have a bit av shame about thim at all, at all. They're siven times more barefaced than the min, for the min rowl somethin' about their waishts to cover up their hips, an' though their legs are as bare as a chicken's bill, they don't make the howly shows av thimself's that the gerruls makes, bad dang to thim. Well, to tell ye throoth, Mrs McGlaggerty, Oi felt me chaiks burnin' last noight fwhin the first av thim lept out on the shtage. Divil a shtrip av a rag she had on her at all, but a wee bit av shkye-blue ribbon toied aroun' her waisht an' a shkimpy little green cap acrost her forehead.

"Oi was that mooch confused an' ixcoited, me frind, at soight av her, an' sorra the wurd av lie Oi'm tellin' ye,

either, that aff the flure had open'd up an' shwallyed me, Oi'd roise up me hands an' say, 'Thanks be to the good God for puttin' an ind to me imbarrassmint,' thin an' there. Shure, an' me foine damsel Arethoosy sot in her sait as quiet as a lamb wid a broken leg, an' divil the bloosh did she bloosh, but she fwishper'd somethin' into Awgushtus's air—Awgushtus is the name of the young man that's masht an her now, aff ye plaze—an' the two av them shkitted an' laughed, an' may the Lawrd forgive her the sin, but didn't she up wid her oivry opery glasses an' begin shpoyin' at the shameless crayther, as if she kudn't see enough, an' more'n enough, too, fur that matther, wid her naked eyes. 'Arrah, fwat are ye doin', me daughther?' says I. 'Lukin' at the show,' sez she. 'Then it's ashamed av yersel' ye ought to be,' sez Oi. 'Fwhy, mother?' sez she. 'Becaze,' sez Oi, that woman have no clothes an.' 'Say, mother,' sez the little huzzy, turnin' an me as aff Oi war pizen, 'say, mother,' sez she, 'hould your whist, or the guys'll be an to that map ov Oireland moog av yers, an' they'll be shoutin' out axin' ye fwthin ye landed.' 'Faix'n, let thim,' sez Oi, 'an' I'll tell them,' sez Oi, 'that Oi landed long afore some av thim had pants an them; an', see here, me foine leady,' sez Oi, turnin' to herself, 'don't give me anny av yer back slang,' sez Oi, 'or Oi'll be afther dhraggin' ye acrast my knee,' sez Oi, 'shpankin' the shpot ye're sittin' an roight here in the presince av the whole theaytre,' sez Oi. She sed somethin' to Augushtus an' he lukt at me loike he wanted to dhroive a nail into me nose wid his eye, but Oi give him a luk back that was wurth two av his, so Oi did, an' that was the lasht wurd Oi sed to either av thim fwhoile the show lashted.

"But the shtage! Oh, my! the soights was turrible. Not a ha'p'orth had anny av the gerls an, Mrs. McGlaggerty, from their nicks down to their vury toes. Their legs an' their chists an' all there was bechuxt thim, was revailed as

plain as day, an' the aujience was full av young min that ought to have bin at home in their beds, an' baldheaded owld sinners that ought to be at church or in jail, and they war all shtrainin' their eyes out av their heads lukin' at the onblooshin' daisies that shcamper'd around the shtage widout aiven a fig laif an fur the sake av modeshty. By all that's shwate and howley, Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi wouldn't pull off me clothes an' do as thim gerruls did, though me figger wanst was uv'ry bit as foine as any av thim, for all the goold an doiminds that Vandherbilt—the Lord have marcy an him—left behoind him th' other day. Musha, thin, it's no wondher the min an' b'ys av the wurruld are bad an' wicked now-a-days fwhin the girls that calls thimsel's bally dancers come out an the shtage, wid the gasloights burnin' their broightest, an' not a shtitch av a dhress or gown or petticoat or pantylettes an thim. Aff that ain't timplation fur the min, thin Oi don't know fwhat timplation is, an', be heavens, Oi think Oi do. Arthoosy sez thim koind av shows—legshows, she calls thim—is all roight, but God give her sinse, or p'raps some day she'll foind out that they're all wrang, fwhin mebbe it'll be too late."

SHE WON'T PLAY LITTLE EVA.

"Well, upon me wurrud, but Oi come purty near to bein' an acthoreess, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Is id a play acthur ye mane, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis, a faymale play acthur, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Well, now, luk at that. An' how did id happin' Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Fwhishper an' Oi'll tell ye all about id, Mrs. McGlag-

gerty," said the Widow, resting her elbows on the fence and settling herself for a story. "Oi was sittin' on me kitchin shtoop singin' to meself all unbeknowin' that anny won but the Billy goat was widin sound av me peyatie thrap, fwhin who shud come up to me wid a shmoile loike a Salvation Army gerrul's bonnet on his mug but a noice young man, who axed me wud Oi sing id over agin, an' he'd sind around th' corner fur a growler av beer. So Oi up an' sings id fur him agin, puttin' trills an' frills an' farbelous an' id loike thim op'ry singers up town. This is fwhat Oi sang him, Mrs. McGlaggerty:

"Daisy! daisy!
 Oi'm gettin' toired av you;
 Oi'm too lazy
 To wurruk to support iz two.
 Oi can't affoord to get a divvorce,
 Oi haven't a cint fram anny soorce,
 But aff you'll go to wur-r-rk,
 Be the beard av th' Tur-r-rk!
 Oi'll shtick to ye shticker than glue.'

"Fwhat a lovely, beyootiful v'ice!' sez th' young man, fairly thranspoorted wud me wobblin'. 'Yis, sor,' sez Oi, 'id war a lovely v'ice wanst, but Oi have a bad cowld now,' sez Oi, 'or Oi'd do mooch betther wud id,' sez Oi. 'Sure, an' can't annybody see that?' sez he. Thin he towlt me he owned tin theaythers uptown an' wudn't Oi loike to be a play-athoriess an' go an th' shtage, sed he. He sed Oi'd make a splendid Little Eva in 'Ooncle Tam's Cabin.' 'An' who in th' divil's Little Eva?' sez Oi. 'She's th' swate little angel choild, sez he, 'that doies an' goes to th' Noo Jay-roosylam in the play,' sez he. Thin he towlt me that all Oi'd have to do on the shtage it be to act cute an' to talk

baby talk, an' the manager id give me a thousand dollars a week fur doin' id, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi axed him aff he was dead sure Oi wud do, an' he crossed his h'art an' sed he hoped he might swally his woindpoipe aff he didn't mane uvry wurrud av id. So Oi gev him fifty-noine cints fur a doimind ring that me daughther 'Toozy's wearin' now an' that he had to sell an account ov the silver bill at Washin'ton, an' he sed he'd be boick next Choosday to dhraw out a conthraact wud me. Oh, but he was a noice young man, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' 'Toozy's jisht woild over th' doimind ring, though that covoytous Annie McGown sez id's only a sody bottle doimind an' id isn't worth foive cints. But he'll be boick, me frind, an' Oi'll intherrojooce him to ye an' thin ye'll see fwhat a noice young man he is. Purhaps he'll sell ye a doimind ring, too; he had his pockets full av thim, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"But he needn't come boick about that Little Eva biznis', fur Oi wudn't do id fur a far-r-m, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi wint to see 'Ooncle Tam's Cabin' at th' Par-r-rk Theayther abow an' there's nothin' but naygurs an' proize fighthers in id an' Little Eva wid her pintin' always up to Heaven an' furuver talkin' av th' Noo Jayroosylam is sick'nin' enoof to give a Christmas three th' colly wobbles, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Th' oidaya av Mrs. Berdie Magoogin, Eshkwoire, play actin' wud a lot av injy rubber naygurs! Fwhy id's insinsible an' prayposthoreous, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi'll till that noice young man so fwhin Oi see him, me frind. Not that Oi kudn't play-act id well enoof, mavoornen, but id's too guddy, guddy, too Doether Poicrusty fur yoors throoly. They'll have to get some other Little Eva than this chickin, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But fwhat do ye think av me b'y Tammy? Fwhin Oi towlt him about id he began to make foon av me. 'They're sstringin' ye, mudder,' sez he; he always sez mudder to me. 'An' fwhat makes

ye think so, Tammy, agraah?" sez Oi. 'Because ye're too young to be a Little Eva, mudder,' sez he. An' there's more than Tammy that sez so, me frind. Fwhat do ye think av that, now, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

AT THE GERMAN OPERA.

"Did you uver hear me sing Gurman, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Is id you sing Gurman, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis, me."

"It's Ditch ye mane, isn't id, an' not Gurman, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"No, id's not Ditch Oi mane, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow. "Ditch is wan thing an' Gurman's another thing, though they both sounds aloike to payple who ar' ignorant. Ditch is fwhat they talks in salyunes an' boordin' houses an' Gurman fhwat they sings in op'ry, an' fhwat the min that owns the bryeweries an' thim that lives an Fifth av'noo talks, d'ye see? Now, my soon-in-law Hinery talks Ditch, bekase he lurned id from his owld fat mooter that keeps the gashouse, as they calls a boordin' house in Ditch, but Sainyorie Hair Wennywish that sings in th' Methrolipin Op'ry House an Broadway abow, he shpraiken sies Gurman, an' be all that's blessed, Oi thawt he'd busht his throat shpraiken siein' id, too.

"Hair Weenywish—that's fwhat my b'y Tammy tould me his name was—have a v'ice an him that id turn beer sour in the kag, an' ow-wow but mebbe he didn't holler fur th' polalice an' call th' other fellow names uv'ry wanst in a fwhoile. He wasn't anny worse, though, than th' Jim McDonough—that's fwhat they calls the woman that

comes out wid a bare throat an' shakes her v'ice in thim thra-la-la-loi-loes, an' thin she gets the bokays an' shmoiles loike a sick kitten—the Jim McDonough jisht scraitched until you'd think all the coppers in the disthrick id be in to see fwhat was the matter wud her; an' th' horns med a n'ise an' the fiddhlers played loike th' divil, an' there was the dangdest hub-bub ye uver hurd in all yer loife. There was great goin's an' entoirely an' ladies in grand dhresses an' foine doiminds all over the house purtindin' they know fwhat id was all about, Oi never let an' that Oi didn't andherstan', but fwhin uv'rybody else laughed Oi laughed, too, an' fwhin uv'rybody clapt, Oi clapt.

“Sorra the wurrud Oi andhershtud, though, from beginnin' to ind, though Hinnery ped a dollar aich fur our saits. Aff they'd sed wie gehts ur zwei lager ur sumthin' that id give a hint av fwhat they wur talkin' about Oi'd not moind id so much; but divil the wurrud Oi andhershtud at all, at all, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi wint home feelin' loike Oi'd bin buncoed. Oi shuppose that aff we'd ped foive dollars fur our saits loike the big boogs did, we'd have andhershtud thim better. It makes a great defference, Mrs. McGlaggerty, fwhether you hear Gurman op'ry frum the gallery ur the boxes, d'ye moind.”

MORE ABOUT GRAND OPERA.

“Thim op'ry singers give me a pain, Mrs. McGlaggerty.”

“How is that, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“They nuver lurn nawthin, at all, at all.”

“Is that so now, Mrs. Magoogin?”

“Yis, id is, Mrs. McGlaggerty,” said the Widow with a spiteful sort of emphasis on the “yis” and the “is.” “They

comes over here ivry year," she continued, "an' sings thim sangs an' rakes in our mooney an' divil shkure th' wan wurrud av our langewage they lurns to spake, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Wan kud ushkuze thim fur not being able to shpake anny but Oitalyun th' fusht toime they kem over or th' suckond, but mebbe but they've bin comin' year in an' year out, an' begorry, they talks th' Dago yet an' won't condayscind to jabber anythin' but Frinch. Be all that's good and howly Oi'll nuver go to see thim agin until they laives their garibaldis an' polly-voos behoind an' comes down to talkin' rale sinsible Noo Noited Shtates that's good enoof fur anybody, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi wint to hear thim the other noight wid me daughter Toozy. She hurd that her futball play'r was in town takin' another gerrul to th' op'ry, an' begorry, nawthin' id do her but she mooost go an' make me spind me foine foor dollars to take her up in th' balcony th' way she kud shtab his ribs, as my b'y Tammy sez fwihin he manes poipin' a body off—keepin' an oye an him, as id war, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Loike th' danged fool Oi was, Oi put an me green shawl an' 1813 Impoir Theayther bonnit an' wint wud her. There was two opries—'Plinlimmin an' Balky' an' 'Cabby Leary's Rusty Annie'—an' belave me ur belave me not, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi kudn't undershtand a single wurrud in ayther wan uv thim. Oi thought th' Plinlimmin was Joe Immett's big Foundnewland dog an' that Balky was somebody else's dog, but divil th' mut was on id at all, and I was raily disappointed.

"There was nawthin' but singin' in th' op'ry an' Oi'd sooner hear Katie O'Donnell sing 'The Harrup uv Tara' ur Mickey Dooley sing 'The Man that Bruk the Bank at Monkey Charleys' than all uv thim put together. As for 'Rusty Annie,' she was an owld shlob av a Dago that ought to be groindin' th' organ or sellin' paynuts. She made

me saysick, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi was very sarry though fwhin Oi saw th' beyootiful assimblage that Oi had left me doiminds at home on th' kitchin mantelpiece, because there was nawthin' but doiminds there. Yurra my, Oi thought they'd bloind me they shparkled so. Id's a wonder they didn't set foire to th' house, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Toozy ped no attintion to thim, though, she was lukin' fur her futball play'r. An' id's a gud thing fur himself that she didn't ketch him fur she had blud in her eye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. She towlt me she was goin' to throw vithreel an him, but Oi think id was a bottle av Johnny-joomp-opp cologne wather that she tuk along wud her. Oi'm glad though, fur his sake that he wasn't there. Oi had no vithreel, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi hilt a shtoveled-lifter in the heel av me hand undher me shawl, an' God help him aff Oi had met him, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

SHE RIDES A GIRAFFE IN THE BARNUM PARADE.

"Did ye see me lasht noight, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Did Oi see ye fwhere, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"In the serkus payrade, avourneen. Oi was there."

"War ye in a cage, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"No, nur in a thrance, nayther, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow, pretending not to be in the least put out about the reference to the cage. "Oi was the queen of byooty, d'ye moind—Claypathrick, Oi believe they call her—an' Oi loked as cute an' purty as wan av thim big paintin's in Pook. Oi wore a crown upon me head an' windy curtins thraipsin' down from me showldhers an' goold an' shpangles shoinin' all over me. But, oh, my!

Mrs. McGlaggerty, Oi'm ashamed to tell ye allamosht—me two arrums war as bare as th' day Oi was borned, an' me limbs—that's fwat me daughtner Toozy tells me Oi musht call me legs, ashtore, aff Oi uver uxpect to go into sassoiety—me limbs—ah! doon't that sound noice, now?—me limbs was that cowld fram th' noight air that Oi had to shtick thim in th' shtove fwthin Oi got home to thaw thim out, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi rode up abow an th' top av wan av thim long-nickt, hoomp-backed things they calls goiraffies ur camels, an' ow wow! but mebbe Oi wasn't say-sick afore the night was over. Thim goiraffies lurches worse nor a ship—fusht id's down an wan soide an' thin id's down an another an' thin afore you know fwere ye ar' th' b'iler deck av th' animil falls up agin ye an' gives ye a shakin' up from wan ind to th' other, that's not th' laisht bit noice.

“Begorry, aff id wuzn't fur th' proide av th' thing Oi'd a climb down that goiraffie's nick an' walked. Oi'm that beelious to-day afther me roide lasht noight that Oi kud loie roight down an' doie. Oi nuver felt worse not aiven fwthin Oi kem over, an' we wer thirty-noine days an th' say an' had seven shtorrums comin' acrass, and the shmell pox an' yally fayver aboard all the toime. But sayin' nawthin' at all about me limbs an' the quare shoot av clothes Oi had upan me, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' the waikniss av shtummick brung an be the hay-fut shtraw-fut way the goiraffie walked, Oi got along very well antil we shtruck the Bow'ry, fwthen that bla-guard av a gossoon av moine, shtanding down in th' crowd, p'inted up at me an' shouted, ‘Get on to her jags! She has a face an her loike a bushted cranberry poie!’ Oi purtindid not to see him ur to hear him, but he followed me a block sayin': ‘Get an to her Turkies fram Churry Hill!’ ‘Musha, bad luk to yer tongue,’ sez Oi to him, quoiert an' aisy loike, ‘but aff Oi had

ye up here Oi'd make a turkey av ye,' sez Oi. An' fwhin Oi got him home, Mrs. McGlaggerty, maybe Oi didn't box his airs fur him, though the little villyun sed he nuver knowed me.

"An' fwhy did Oi go in the parade? ye aask. Jisht fur foon. Barnum wanst axed me to go wud his serkus an' Oi thawt that Oi'd loike to know how id feeled to be a serkus acthor, that's all. Now Oi know, an' may the devil pull a leg aff av that goiraffie, but me poor head's bin bushtin' all the day fram the jowltin' Oi got. No more serkus actin' fur me, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

THE END.



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