

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 103, October 1, 1892 eBook

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Contents

Punch, or the London Charivari, Volume 103, October 1, 1892 eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	3
Page 1.....	4
Page 2.....	6
Page 3.....	8
Page 4.....	10
Page 5.....	12
Page 6.....	14
Page 7.....	16
Page 8.....	18
Page 9.....	19
Page 10.....	21
Page 11.....	23
Page 12.....	25
Page 13.....	27
Page 14.....	29
Page 15.....	30
Page 16.....	32
Page 17.....	34
Page 18.....	36
Page 19.....	38
Page 20.....	40



Table of Contents

Section	Table of Contents	Page
Start of eBook		1
OCTOBER 1, 1892		1
CHAPTER I.— <i>THE TEA-URN OF THE HUNTER.</i>		18
CHAPTER II.— <i>A LITTLE TRIP TO PARIS.</i>		18
CHAPTER III.— <i>CACKLE V. 'OSSES. THE FAVOURITE WINS.</i>		19
CHAPTER IV.— <i>THE MEANS JUSTIFY THE END.</i>		20



Page 1

OCTOBER 1, 1892

“Stumped!”

(A WOULD-BE LAUDATORY ODE. BY JINGLE JUNIOR.)

[The young Indian Gentleman, Mr. H. RANJITSINHJI, has “secured his century” at Cricket no less than eleven times this season.]

O H.S. *Ranjit*—(spelling a wild venture is!) Wielder of willow, runner-up of “centuries”! What’s in a name? A name like RANJITSIN— (*Can’t* finish it, was foolish to begin!) How many miles was it you ran, O *ran*— (Bowled out again. Am sorry I began!) In running out those hundreds, RANJITSINGHJ— (A man were a patched fool, a perfect ninny, Who’d try to spell that name, Ask *Bully Bottom!*) With such a name to carry, how you got ‘em, O RANJ—(that sounds like Orange!)—those same “notches” Is quite a wonder. Were they “bowls” or “cotches” That got you out at last, those times eleven? (Where is *grace* now? He has not scored *one* even, This season, though as close as ninety-nine to it.) Applause has greeted you; let me add mine to it, O *ran-JIT-Sin-HJI!* (Those last three letters What *do* they spell?) Orthography’s cold fetters Shan’t chill my admiration, smart young Hindoo! Say, did you smite a sixer through a window, Like Slogger *Thornton* in *his* boyish prime, O RANJITSINHJI? Got it this time! That is, it *spelt* all right. E’en admiration Shan’t tempt me to attempt *pronunciation!* Eleven centuries we to Indian skill owe! Will the East lick the West at its own “Willow?” Here’s luck to India and young *ran*—Och, murther! *Ran-JIT-Sin-Sin*—How’s that! *Out?* Can’t get further!

* * * * *

“*Oh no, we never Mention it.*”—The KENDALS have got a Play by a young American Author with the very uncompromising name of *Dam*. He, or his Play, may be *Dam* good, or just the reverse: still, if he does turn out to be the “big, big D,” then all the *Dam* family, such as Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Schiedam, and so forth, will be real proud of him. Future *Dams* will revere him as their worthy ancestral sire, and American *Dam* may become naturalised among us (we have a lot of English ones quite a *specialite* in that line, so the French say), and become *Dam*-nationalised. What fame if the piece is successful, and *Dam* is on every tongue! So will it be too, if unsuccessful. Englishmen will welcome the new American playwright with the name unmentionable to ears polite, and will recognise in him, as *the Dam par excellence*, their brother, as one of the uncommon descendants of A-DAM. By the way, the appropriate night for its production would be Christmas Eve. Fancy the cries all over the House, calling for the successful Author!!

* * * * *

[Illustration: IMMUNITIES OF THE SEA-SIDE.



Page 2

“COME UNDER THE UMBRELLA, JACK, IT’S BEGUN TO RAIN, AND YOU’LL CATCH COLD, AND MAMMA’LL BE VEXED!”

“POOH! AS IF SALT WATER EVER GAVE ONE COLD!”]

* * * * *

“PUNSCH”

(IN THE READING-ROOM OF THE BERNERHOF.)

Although thy name is wrongly spelt
Upon thy case, what joy I felt
To find a place where thou hast dwelt,

My Punsch!Yet wit and wisdom, even thine,
Can’t wake up Berne, where folks supine
All go to bed at half-past nine,

My Punsch!What art or jokes could entertain,
Such sleepy people? True, they feign
It’s later, for they say “*halb zehn*,”

My Punsch!My German “*Punsch*,” what gender thine?
They who accept, likewise decline,
“*Das Weib*” might feminine assign—

Die Punsch!No matter which, if I behold
Thy pages, worth their weight in gold—
It’s true they’re more than three weeks old,

My Punsch!

* * * * *

AN ODD FELLOW OUT.—The Church-breaking thief (*vide* the *Standard’s* provincial news) who was arrested at Oswestry (fitting that a Church-thief should have been arrested by Os-Westry-men—which sounds like a body of mounted ecclesiastical police), explained that he was a “monumental mason of Dublin.” Perhaps the Jury will find him monu-mentally deranged.

* * * * *

HEALTH AND HOPPINESS.



[It is reported that the latest move is for ladies to combine profit and pleasure by going "hopping."]

Fair Woman longs for novelty,
Her daily task is apt to cloy her,
The pastimes that were wont to be
Diverting now do but annoy her.
The common joys of life are spent
So tired of tennis, shooting, shopping,
She turns in her despair to Kent,
And tries her 'prentice hand at hopping.

Now girls whom you would scarce believe
Would not turn up their nose at soiling
Their dainty hands, to dewy eve
From early morn keep ever toiling.
There's ETHEL of the golden hair
Who flutters through existence gaily
(Her father is a millionaire),
Hops hard and does her twelve hours daily.

Then pretty MAUD, with laughing eyes,
Who hardly knew what daily wage meant,
To everybody's great surprise
Proceeds to cut this, that engagement.
Amid the vines she daily goes,
And picks till weary fingers tingle,
The sweetest music now she knows
Is hearing hard-earned sovereigns jingle.



Page 3

This latest move, it's very true,
Appears to be a rather rum thing,
But yet for idle hands to do
We know that Someone will find something.
Will fashionable hopping last?
Well, this it's safe to lay your cash on,
Before another year has passed
There'll be another female fashion.

* * * * *

VIVE LA RAIN DU BALLET A L'ALHAMBRA!—"Certainly," says MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, "Ve've la rain. It comes pouring down on the stage, and the people come pouring in to see it. I suppose," says he, "they'll now call me 'The Wetter'un?" The ballet is very effective, not a drop too much, and "not a drop in the business" in front of the house, though there is, as is evident, on the stage. If Manager JOHN liked to quote SHAKSPEARE with a difference, in his advertisements, he might say, "With a hey, ho, the Wind and the Rain! For the Rain it raineth every night!" For some time to come this show will be the raining favourite at the Alhambra. By the way, the *Sheffield Telegraph*, describing the alterations and improvements in front at the Alhambra, wrote—"The ceiling has been bevelled with porous plasters so as to hide the girders." We know that hand:—it's Our "Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM," and she "comes from Sheffield." However, "porous plasters" would be another attraction at the Alhambra, or anywhere, as they certainly ought to *draw*.

* * * * *

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Unlucky Leicester was even more unlucky than usual—and when the big race was run last Wednesday, so thick was the rain, that the horses could only be seen for the last half mile! Of course this made all the difference to the horse I selected—*Windgall*—who finished second;—as he only gives his *best* performances *in public*, and as he doubtless *knew he couldn't be seen*, he thought it was only a private trial until he got close home, when his gallant effort was too late to be of any use!—at least, this is how *I* read the result of the race, and who can know more about a horse than the racing-prophet, I should like to know?

I was told by Sir WALTER GREENINGTON, that the public "tumbled over each other" to back *Breach*, but I must say I didn't notice anything of the sort, and it was not the kind of



day anyone would choose for a roll on the turf, the state of which was detrimental to any kind of *Breach!*—The believers in “coincidences”—(of which I need hardly say *I* am one—a coincidence being a truly feminine reason for backing a horse)—had no option but to back the winner, *Rusticus*; as he drew the same berth he occupied in last year’s race, which he also—(I mean also)—won for Mr. HAMAR BASS!—*Stuart* was a great eleventh hour tip—(why *eleventh* hour I wonder?—more than any other—and who fixes the precise moment when the *eleventh* hour commences?)—but history tells us the STUARTS were mostly unreliable; and though I am told he ran a “great horse”—I thought him rather on the small side myself!



Page 4

I hear that Mr. LEONARD BOYNE has received a “licence to ride” from the Jockey Club, and that his ambition is to ride the winner of the “Grand National”—to which end he has started “schooling” a well-known chaser over the private training-ground in Drury Lane, belonging to Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS—if he hopes to escape observation by training at night, I fear his design will be frustrated, as, on the evening, I went to witness this “new departure” in training, I found most of the London racing-touts present, with the inevitable field-glasses!

Next week sees us once more at our beloved Newmarket First October—(this is a Jockey-Club joke, as the meeting *always* takes place in *September*! But what does a little paradox of this kind matter to such an *August* body!)—and I shall append my selection for the most important race of Wednesday, but I also wish to give a hint to the “Worldly Wise” not to miss the October Handicap, or the match, for which *Buccaneer* will be favourite at the “fall of the flag!”—(The flag may *fall*, but such a *Buccaneer* as this is will never “strike his flag” I feel sure!) Being absolutely overloaded with prophecy, I must also have a word to say on the Rutland Plate, which aristocratically-named race could only be won by the aristocratically-named *Buckingham*!—Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

GREAT-EASTERN RAILWAY HANDICAP SELECTION:—

Though good his chance to win the prize,
 “Lord HENRY” soon detected,
 That greatest danger would arise,
 From Colonel NORTH’s “*Selected*.”

* * * * *

[Illustration: “THE PERI AT THE ACADEMY GATES.”

“On July 4th, Lieutenant PEARY, in his great sledge journey, commenced on May 15th last, in Greenland, came on a glacier which he named The Academy Glacier.”—*Times*.]

* * * * *

SWORD AND PEN.

A FABLE.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSO-FRENCH.)

Pen was a busy personage. He was flying from place to place, and had much importance. He was pompous and mysterious, and puzzled many people. Pen was accompanied by a sheet of paper that he called Treaty. Pen took Treaty everywhere. To Russia, to France, to Rome, and to Turkey. No one knew exactly what Treaty was



like. Pen said he was satisfied with Treaty, and as Pen and Treaty were such constant companions, Pen's word on the subject was accepted as authentic.

But one fine day there was a breeze, and Treaty was blown away by the wind.

"Can I not assist?" asked Pen. "Things seem to have gone wrong."

"No, thanks," replied Sword, grimly; "when it comes to close quarters, we find ink not quite so useful as gunpowder!"

* * * * *

SUGGESTION FOR AN OUTSIDE ADVERTISEMENT TO BE DISPLAYED AT THE DOOR OF THE STRAND THEATER.—"*Niobe* all tiers" (full).



Page 5

* * * * *

BRIEF INTERVIEW.

“And,” asked our deferential Interviewer, “what did your Lordship reply to the deputation about Uganda?”

Lord ROSEBERY at once answered, “I said little, but I—”

“*Ment-more*,” interrupted the Private Secretary, sticking a label on his Lordship’s travelling bag.

“Quite so,” said Lord ROSEBERY, and off he went.

* * * * *

BAD FOR WOULD-BE “ENGLISH WIVES”—It is reported that “Yankee Girls and American Belles were the feature of the Miscellaneous Market.” This should put our young men on their mettle—tin, of course, for choice. No reasonable offer refused.

* * * * *

[Illustration: “HOW IT’S DONE!”

(Hard on Sketchley, who was there at the time and in the thick of it, and has just had his Picture photographed.)

“OH! MR. SKETCHLEY, HOW CLEVER OF YOU TO PAINT SUCH A LARGE PICTURE FROM SUCH A SMALL PHOTOGRAPH!”]

* * * * *

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

NO. V.—MY BUTTONS!

[Illustration]

It wasn’t that he blacked the plate
And rouged the boots, and breathed, half-choking,
Half-snorting, when he leaned to wait;
Although these habits *are* provoking.

It wasn’t that he sang his fill,
Although his mouth with food was giving;



This latter, as a feat of skill,
Might have procured the lad a living.

It wasn't that he'd purchase hosts
Of squibs and sweets to mess the pantry;
That horrid boy, and broomstick-ghosts
On timid JANE would oft, and ANN try.

These petty peccadilloes might
Have all improved with careful training.—
It was his shameless appetite
That gave us cause for most complaining.

He swilled and stuffed as never mere
Adult voracity can own to;
He was a "growing boy," I fear;
I wonder much what he has grown to!

He wore away our forks and spoons
With hard, incessant gormandizing;
The Baker's, and, for some blue moons,
The Milkman's bill were quite surprising.

[Illustration]

He cost us more in Butcher's meat
And Grocer's tea, and things from Cutlers,
He cost, I solemnly repeat,
Far more than two or three big Butlers.

And thus his fat increased until't
Became a show that sight bewilders;
We trembled for our mansion built,
You see, by noted Jerry-builders.

At length (you'll scarce the fact believe)
One evening, as we sat at dinner,
And strove our senses to deceive
By just imagining him thinner;

We heard a crack, a burst, a groan,
We felt a broadside round us battered,
We saw his buttons fiercely blown
About our heads, and piecemeal scattered!



Page 6

The suit had split; the boy was bare
Of clothes designed to last for ages;
We gave him notice then and there—
This *volume*, so to speak, of pages!

* * * * *

SONG TO BE SUNG IN HAYMARKET ORCHESTRA DURING OVERTURE.—“Oh, why should we wait till to-morrow? See *Queen of Manoa* to-night!”

* * * * *

ON A GUERNSEY EXCURSION CAR.

The car, drawn by four horses, and crowded with Excursionists on pleasure bent, is toiling up the steep streets of St. Peter Port, when it comes to a sudden halt.

[Illustration: “Endeavours to assume a knowing and horsey expression.”]

Excursionists (impatiently). Now then, what’s this? What are we stopping here for?

The Driver. Ladies and Gentlemen, you will thoroughly understand that it is customary for the car to stop here, in order that the party may be photographed, thus providing an agreeable souvenir of the trip, and a useful means of identification at Scotland Yard. (A *Photographer appears in the road with a camera, and the party prepare themselves for perpetuation in a pleased flutter.*) P’raps, Sir—(to a *Mild Man on the box-seat*)—you’d like to be taken ’andling the ribbons? Most of our Gentlemen do.

[The Mild Man accepts the reins, and endeavours to assume a knowing and horsey expression.

A Timid Lady (behind). I do hope no Gentleman will take the reins, unless he is thoroughly accustomed to driving four-in-hand. Suppose they took it into their heads to run away suddenly!

Driver (solemnly). Don’t you alarm yourself about that, Ma’am, in the very slightest degree. These ’osses take that pride in themselves, they’d stop here all day rather than spoil their own likenesses!

[The M.M. intimates that he is no novice in the art of driving, which is fairly true as regards a pony-trap—and the fears of the T.L. are allayed.



Photographer. Now, steady all, please, those at the further ends of the seats stand up so as to come into the picture, a little more to the right, please, the gentleman in the straw 'at, turn your 'ead a trifle more towards the camera, the lady in the pink shirt,—that's better. Better take off your spectacles, Sir. Now then—are you ready?

A Comic Exc. 'Old on a bit—I've a fly on my nose.

[Some of the party giggle; the photograph is successfully taken, and the car proceeds.]

The Driver. On your left, Ladies and Gentlemen, you have the Prison—the cheapest Hotel in the Island for parties who intend making a protracted stay here. On our right we are now passing “Paradise.” You will observe that someone has 'ung his 'at and coat up at the entrance, not being certain of getting in. Notice the tree in front—the finest specimen on the island of the good old Guernsey hoak.



Page 7

[He keeps turning from time to time to address these instructive remarks to the passengers behind him.]

The Timid Lady. I wish he wouldn't talk so much, and look more where he is going—we're *much* too near the hedge!

Driver (standing up, and turning his back on the horses, as they trot on). Ladies and Gentlemen, you will all thoroughly understand that the roads in this Island are narrow. Consequently, you must look after the branches and briars yourselves. I've enough to do to look after my 'orses, I assure you, and it looks bad to see 'ats and bonnets decorating the 'edges after the car has passed. (*Some of the Excursionists look at one another uneasily.*) The glass-'ouses you see in such quantities, are employed in the production of early grapes and tomators for the London Market. This Island alone exports annually—

[Here the car rounds a corner rather sharply, and he sits down again.]

The Mild Man (with a Mild Man's thirst for information). What are those buildings over there with the chimney?

[Here he is conscious of being furtively prodded in the back—but decides to take no notice.]

Driver (rising as before). Those buildings, Ladies and Gentlemen, are Chemical works for extracting iodine from seaweed. The seaweed, after being dried, is then boiled, and from the ash—

[Here the Mild Man, who has been listening with much interest, is startled by receiving a folded piece of paper, which it passed up to him from behind.]

The M.M. (to himself, as he reads the message). "Keep the Driver quiet. He is drunk." Good Gracious! I never noticed—and yet—dear me, I hope they don't expect *me* to interfere!

The Timid Lady (to the Driver). For goodness sake never mind about iodine now—sit down and attend to your driving, like a good man!

Driver. You will thoroughly understand, my horses require *no* attention. (*Sleepily.*) No attention whatever. I assure you I am perfectly competent to drive this car and give you information going along at the same time. (*The car takes another corner rather abruptly.*) Simply matter of habit. (*Gravely.*) Matter'f habit!



A Serious Exc. (in an undertone.) A very *bad* habit, I'm afraid. It's really time somebody else took the reins from him!

The M.M. (overhearing). I'm afraid they mean me—I wish now I'd never touched the reins at all!

Driver. The Church we are now coming to, is St. Martin's, built in the year eleven 'undred.

A Female Exc. (critically). It *has* got an old-fashioned look about it, certainly.

A Male Exc. There's nothing to see inside of these old churches. I went in one the other day, and I was looking up at the rafters, and I saw a sort o' picture there, and I said, "Ullo—they've been advertising Pears' Soap here, or something." But when I looked again, it was only an old fresco. I was so little interested I walked out without tipping the Verger!



Page 8

The Female Exc. That Church we went to on Sunday evening is very old.

Her Comp. Is it? How do you know?

The F.E. Why, my dress was covered with bits of fluff out of the hassock!

Driver. The carved stone figure you see by the gate, is supposed to be a portrait of Julius Caesar's Grandmother, and very like the old lady. (*The Excursionists nearest him smile in a sickly way, to avoid hurting his feelings, as the car moves on—to halt once more at Icart Point.*) It is customary to alight here and go round the point, and I can assure you, Ladies and Gentlemen, the scenery is well worth your inspection and will give you a little idea of what the Island is.

Excursionists (taking advantage of the opportunity to discuss the situation). I noticed it the minute I set eyes on him—he never ought to have been sent out like this ... He's been to a wedding this morning, so I heard, and it's upset him a little, that's all ... Upset *him*—we're lucky if he doesn't upset *us*. What a fidget you are! I shan't take *you* into Switzerland next year, if you're like this... If Switzerland's full of a lot of drunken men, I don't want to go... Well, what had we better *do* about it? Perhaps *this* gentleman would—Oh, no, I couldn't take the responsibility, really, not without knowing the way. Well, we can't *walk* back, that's certain—we must trust to luck, that's all! Pretty bit of the coast you get here ... Oh, don't talk about the scenery *now*, when, for all we know!—&c., &c.

[*The car starts again, and presently arrives at a winding and precipitous road leading down to Petit Bot Bay, where the Driver again rises with his back to the horses, and proceeds to address the Excursionists, as they sit paralysed with horror.*

Driver. Ladies and Gentlemen, at this point I shall explain the scenery. (*The Timid Lady protests that she is content to leave the scenery unexplained.*) Pardon me, this is a portion of the scenery—(*Here his eyes close and reopen with an effort*)—a portion of the scenery that can only be properly enjoyed coming out on one of these cars. If you go out with ordinary drivers, they take you along the main roads, and you come away fancying you've seen the Island. Now the advantage of coming along with *me*—(*His eyes close once more—the Excursionists implore him to attend to his team.*) You will thoroughly understand there is not the slightest cause to apprehend any danger. I've driven this car fifteen years without least accident—up to *present*. So you can devote your whole attention to the scenery, without needing to keep an eye upon the Driver. (*He points to the abyss.*) That is the *shortest* way down—on this occasion, however, I shall endeavour *not* to take it. (*He whips up his horses, and accomplishes the descent at a brisk pace.*) There, didn't I *tell* you there wouldn't be no accident? Very *well*, then. P'rhaps you'll believe me another time!



Page 9

Mild Man (alighting at Hotel for luncheon). We've had a remarkably lucky escape—I never felt more thankful in my life!

A Gloomy Exc. Don't you be in too great a hurry, Sir! We've got to get *back*—and he's bound to be worse after he's had his lunch!

[The M.M.'s appetite for lobster is entirely destroyed by this sinister prediction; but whether the Driver has been unjustly maligned, or whether he has sobered himself in the interval—he reappears in a more sedentary, and less discursive mood, and the journey home proves agreeably devoid of sensation.]

* * * * *

SIMPLE STORIES.

“Be always kind to animals wherever you may be.”

RUBY AND THE ROOK.

RUBY, although she was something of a tomboy, was a pretty and clever girl.

But, like many pretty and clever little ladies, she was sometimes very naughty. When she was good, she was as good as gold, but when she was naughty, she was as naughty as pinchbeck.

The other day, when her dear Mamma was away for the morning, it happened to be one of her pinchbeck times. Nothing would please her—she was cross with her governess at breakfast, she quarrelled with her bread-and-milk; and even when her favourite tame Rook, Cawcus, came hopping on her shoulder, she refused to give it anything to eat, but hit it on the beak with her spoon.

[Illustration]

Miss DUMBELL was very much grieved at the way in which her pupil lolled in her chair, gave sullen answers, and put flies in the milk-jug, and pinched the cat's tail. “Mind, RUBY,” said Miss DUMBELL, “at eleven o'clock I shall expect you in the school-room with that page of French phrases quite perfect.” RUBY's eyes flashed as she went out of the room; she pouted, she swung her skirts, and shook her shoulders, so that even Miss DUMBELL, the most patient and kindest of governesses, quite longed to slap her.

RUBY went to the school-room; she immediately flung the French phrase-book from one end of the room to the other. She took some story-books, and a little basket full of apples, bath-buns and “three-corners,” and ran down to a little plantation called the Wilderness, at the bottom of the garden. She selected one of the tallest elms, and as



she could climb like a kitten, she was soon at the top of it, quite hidden from view among the leaves.

“So much for old DUMMY and her French phrases!” said the naughty girl, as she settled herself in a comfortable position and brought out her story-book. The stable-clock had struck twelve, and she heard her name called in all directions, by JORGINS, the gardener, BRILLIT, the buttons, and long-suffering Miss DUMBELL. They could not find her anywhere, and her Most Serene Naughtiness sat screened by the leaves and shook with laughter.

Presently “Cawcus,” her pet Rook, came fluttering amid the leaves, and began to caw. RUBY offered him bits of Bath bun, and even a whole three-corner, in order to keep him quiet.

Page 10

But he remembered his treatment at breakfast, and refused all these bribes with scorn. He declined to be petted, he continued to hover over the tree, and circle around it, giving vent to the most discordant shrieks. Presently she heard the clear measured tones of her Mamma's voice saying, "RUBY, come down at once. I know you are up in the elm." Cawcus, whom she had maltreated, had betrayed her hiding-place.

RUBY dared not disobey. Quite subdued, and with garments grievously greened, she descended. Mamma took her little daughter indoors, and improved the occasion. RUBY eventually appeared, with tears in her eyes, and subsequently apologised to her governess, recited the page of French phrases without a mistake, and promised to be a good girl. Though she sometimes forgot herself, and was rude to Miss DUMBELL afterwards, she never failed to treat Cawcus the Rook with most profound consideration and reverence.

* * * * *

TO MELEND A.

(A SET OF VERSES ACCOMPANYING A PHOTOGRAPH.)

[Illustration]

I remember—do you?—the remarkable sky light
That flooded the heavens one evening in May,
How together we talked *tete-a-tete* in the twilight,
When the glow of the sunset had faded away.
Then you showed me your album. I looked at its pages.
With yourself as my guide and companion went through
Its contents—there were people of all sorts and ages,
But the portrait I fancied the most was—of you.

And you saw that I did. Which perhaps was the reason
Of your "No!" when I asked "May I have it?" You swore
You were going to be shot at the close of the season,
And you couldn't spare that, as there weren't any more.
But at length I prevailed, or at least you relented,
After ever so many excuses—in fine
We agreed to a compact, you only consented
On condition I gave you a portrait of mine.

Well, I promised, of course. And I write you these verses
With your face—you'll forgive me—quite close to my own.
There's a charm in your look that completely disperses
All my cares in a way that is yours, dear, alone.



And although I am pleased, since I won in the end—a
More ridiculous bargain has never, I vow,
Been arranged than a picture of pretty MELEND,
In exchange for the photograph sent to you now.

We did not meet again through some horrible blunder,
Which a merciless Fate must be asked to explain,
And I sometimes sit smoking, and wearily wonder
If I ever *am* destined to see you again.
Yet wherever the future may possibly find you,
To this final request do not answer me Nay,
When I ask that this gift of myself may remind you
Of the friend who was with you that evening in May.

* * * * *



Page 11

[Illustration: BREAKING THE ICE.

SCENE—*Public Drawing-room of Hotel in the Engadine.*

The Hon. Mrs. Snebbington (to Fair Stranger), “ENGLISH PEOPLE ARE SO UNSOCIABLE, AND NEVER SPEAK TO EACH OTHER WITHOUT AN INTRODUCTION. I ALWAYS MAKE A POINT OF BEING FRIENDLY WITH PEOPLE STAYING AT THE SAME HOTEL. ONE NEED NEVER KNOW THEM AFTERWARDS!”]

* * * * *

ADVANCING YEARS.

(*HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY.*)

["Owing to advancing years, Mr. —— has been compelled to resign his position as ——" *Extract from any Daily Paper.*"]

Advancing years! It cannot be.
What, JACK, the boy I've known—God bless me!
Why yes, it was in '43
That first we met, and—since you press me—
The time has sped without my knowledge,
That's close on fifty years ago;
Like some deep river's silent flow,
Since JACK and I first met at College.

'Twas on a cloudy Autumn day.
Fast fading into misty twilight;
The freshmen, as they trooped to pray,
Stepped bolder in the evening's shy light.
As yet we did not break the rules
In which the College deans immesh men,
We fledglings from a score of schools,
That far October's brood of freshmen.

Like one who starts upon a race,
The Chaplain through the service scurried.
From prayer to prayer he sped apace;
I marked him less the more he hurried.
My prayer-book fell—my neighbour smiled;
Reversing NEWTON with the apple,
I, by that neighbour's eye beguiled,
Quite lost my gravity in chapel.



And so we smiled. I see him still,
Blue eyes, where darting gleams of fun shine,
A smile like some translucent rill
That sparkles in the summer sunshine,
A manly mien, and unafraid,
Crisp hair, fair face, and square-set shoulders,
That made him on the King's Parade
The cynosure of all beholders.

And from this slight irreverence,
Too small, I hope, to waste your blame on,
We grew, in quite a Cambridge sense,
A sort of PYTHIAS and DAMON.
Together "kept," together broke
Laws framed by elderly Draconians,
And I was six, and JACK was stroke,
That famous night we bumped the Johnians.

How strong he was, how fleet of foot,
Ye bull-dogs witness, and ye Proctors;
How bright his jests, how aptly put
His scorn of duns, and Dons, and Doctors.
We laughed at care, read now and then—
Though vexed by EUCLID on the same bridge—
Ah, men in those great days were men
When JACK and I wore gowns at Cambridge.

We paid our fines, we paid our fees,
And, though the Dons seemed stony-hearted,
We both got very fair degrees,
And then, like other friends, we parted.
And when we said good-bye at last
I vowed through life to be his brother—
And more than forty years have passed
Since each set eyes upon the other.



Page 12

And so through all these changing years
 With all their thousand changing faces,
 Their failures, hopes, successes, fears,
 In half a hundred different places,
 JACK still has been the same to me,
 As bright within my memory's fair book
 As when we met in '43,
 And smiled about that fallen prayer-book.

Ah well, the moments swiftly stream
 Unheeded through the upturned hour-glass;
 I've lived my life, and dreamed my dream,
 And quaffed the sweet, as now the sour glass.
 But old and spent my mind strays back
 To pleasant paths fresh-strewn with roses,
 And I would see my old friend JACK
 Once more before the curtain closes.

* * * * *

ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Earl of LATHOM (who, being quite six feet or more, cannot be described as Small and Earl-y) is to lay the foundation-stone of "The Cross Deaf and Dumb School for N. and E. Lancashire." Now the Deaf and Dumb are, as a rule, exceptionally cheerful and good-tempered. It is quite right, therefore, that exceptions to this rule should be treated in a separate establishment, and that the "Cross Deaf and Dumb" ones should have a house to themselves. *Prosit!*

* * * * *

A HIGHLY-POLISH'D PERFORMANCE.—HENRY IRVING as *Le Juif Polonais* in *The Bells*.

* * * * *

[Illustration: TUNING THE HARP.]

* * * * *

A FRIEND TAKES ME FOR A QUIET DRIVE.

[Illustration: 1. "Don't be alarmed, Jack—it's only her way. She always does this at starting. Never knew her to come over."]

[Illustration: 2. "May as well get out. She always makes me walk up here."]



[Illustration: 3. “Look sharp, Jack, and get the reins from under her tail or we’ll have an accident!”]

[Illustration: 4. “Curious thing how she hates trains!”]

[Illustration: 5. “Better be on the look-out for a soft spot, old chap!”]

[Illustration: 6. “Now this is the second time she has turned me out just here!”]

* * * * *

IN THE MONKEY-HOUSE;

OR, CAGE VERSUS CLUB.

PROFESSOR GARNER goes to the Gaboon
To garner Monkey talk; a dubious boon!
Stucco Philistia shows in many shapes
The babble of baboons, the chat of apes.
Why hang, Sir, up a tree, in a big cage,
To study Simian speech, which in our age
May be o’erheard on Platform or in Pub,
And studied ’mid the comforts of a Club?
And yet perchance your forest apes would shrink
From Smoke-room chat of apes who *never* think,
But cackle imitatively all round,
Till their speech hath an automatic sound.
Put the dread name of GL-DST-NE in the slot
SMELFUNGUS calls his mouth, and rabid



Page 13

rot

Will gurgle forth in a swift sewer-like gush
 Of coarse abuse would make a bargee blush.
 SMELFUNGUS is a soldier, and a swell,
 But—the Gaboon can scarce surpass Pall-Mall
 In vicious, gibbering vulgarity
 Of coarse vituperation. Decency,
 Courtesy, common-sense, all cast aside!
 Pheugh! GARNER, in his cage, would open wide
 His listening ears, did Jacko of the forest
 So “slate” a foeman when his head was sorest.
 Strange that to rave and rant, like scullion storm,
 Like low virago scold, should seem “good form”
 To our Society Simians, when one name
 Makes vulgar spite oblivious of its shame!
 “Voluntary and deliberate,” their speech,
 “Articulate too”—those Apes! Then could they teach
 Their—say *descendants*,—much. Does Club or cage
 Hear most of rabid and unreasoned rage?
 “Apes’ manner of delivery shows” (they say)
 “They’re conscious of the meaning they’d convey!”
 Then pardon, GARNER! Apes, though found in clans.
 Are *not*, of course, political partisans.
 Tired of the Club-room’s incoherent rage,
 One pines for the Gaboon, and GARNER’s cage.
 For what arboreal ape *could* rage and rail
 Like him, with fierce Gladstonophobia pale,
 That Smoke-room Simian, though without a tail!

* * * * *

THE PICK OF THE BASKETS.

The *Daily Graphic* published a specific against cholera, alleged to have been invented by Doctor PICK, a German. Evidently “Our pick’d man of countries.” As it is something to drink, and not to eat, the inventor is under no necessity to be known henceforth as Dr. PICK-AND-CHEWS. His remedy is to treat the *bacilli* to Rhine Wine. The result of experiments has been “so much the worse for the *bacilli*.” Substitute for the first vowel in “grapes” the third of the vowels, and it is of that the poor bacillus suffers, and dies. As the poet GROSSMITH sings of the German Rhine,—



“*That* of the Fatherland,
The happy Fatherland,
Gives the greatest pain inside.”

However, the Bacillus is an enemy, and if he can be got rid of by *grape-shot*, pour it in and spare not.

* * * * *

NEW PUBLICATION.—“*The Dumb D.*” Musical Novel. Companion to *The Silent Sea*, by Mrs. MACLEOD.

* * * * *

INNS AND OUTS.

NO. IV.—THE WINDOW-SHUTTERS.

“And efery time *he* gif a shoomp, *he* make de winders sound.”



Page 14

I do not allude to the white wooden Venetian work that shades the Grand Hotel windows. It is of the clique who insist on shutting the windows that I write. Briefly speaking, the inmates of the Grand Hotel may be divided into two classes—the window-openers and the window-shutters. The former are all British. The same Britons who at the Club scowl at a suspicion of draught, and luxuriate in an asphyxiating atmosphere, band against “the foreigners” in this respect. We have a national reputation to keep up. We are the nation of soap, of fresh air, of condescending discontent; and when we are on the Continent every one else, including the native, is “a foreigner;” we carry our nationality about with us like a camp-stool; we squat on it; we are jealous of it; it is a case of “*Regardez, mais ne touchez pas!*”

[Illustration: COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

Original Genius (soliloquising). “Lor, it ’id bin a crool Shame to miss an Opportunity like this ’ere. The gov’nor oughter lemme ’ave Ten Bob on that job!”]

This patriotic obtrusiveness culminates in the Battle of the Windows. It is an oppressive evening. The *Table d’Hote*-room is seething like a caldron; a few chosen conspirators and myself open the campaign early; we “tip” ADOLF “the wink.” That diplomatist orders the great window to be half-opened. If things go smoothly, he will gradually open out other sources of ventilation. The Noah’s Ark procession files in—all shapes and all languages, like the repast itself; DONNERWITZ, TARTARIN, SHIRTSOFF, SCAMPELINI; there is nothing in common between them—save the paper collar; they would hail international declarations of war to-morrow; but the sight of us, and that speck of air leagues them. “*Mein Gott, Die Englaender!*” coughs DONNERWITZ; “*Ce sont de fanatiques enrhumés!*” hisses TARTARIN; SHIRTSOFF sneezes the sneeze of All the Russias; “*Corpo di Bacco!*” cries SCAMPALINI; still nothing is done; the “*Potage a la reine,*”—so called from the predominance of rain-water—ebbs away in the commingled smacks and gulps of the infuriated Powers; “*Saumon du Rhin, sauce Tartare*” is being apportioned to the knives of all nations; it is perhaps the sight of his knife, from which soup only is sacred, that nerves the fuming DONNERWITZ to lead the attack. “Hst!” he shouts to the studiously unheeding ADOLF; “‘nother bottil Pellell—ver’ well sare!” chirrup ADOLF reassuringly to *me*; DONNERWITZ raises his knife; I fear for the consequences; he brings it down with a clang on the hardened tumbler of the Grand Hotel; the timid *pensionnaire* of numberless summers starts and grows pale; SHIRTSOFF looks with peremptory encouragement towards the Teuton; “*Ach, graesgliche!*” rattles out DONNERWITZ, and strikes again; the cobra-like guttural of that “*Ach*” is heart-rending; still no ADOLF; at a gold-fraught glance from my companions, he has ordered another detachment to the front; a



Page 15

fresh current of air invades the room. DONNERWITZ's knife is now brandishing peas; his offended napkin chokes him; with the yell and spring of a corpulent hyena, he rises and rushes to the windows. The timid *pensionnaire* and her shrinking sisterhood follow him, under the misconception that he is summoning them to admire the sunset; the sunset is their evening excitement, and DONNERWITZ can be sentimental in his calmer moments; but no "*Wie wunder, wunderschoen!*" escapes him; a Saxon word, that even they can understand, is on his lips; the ring on his forefinger gleams luridly; bang, bang, bang; he opens fire; down go the windows, and DONNERWITZ resumes his seat of war, his napkin waving like a standard before him. It is now my turn; I don't like it; but my co-conspirators expect me to maintain the honour of our country: ADOLF cannot be trusted further; I advance furtively; the eyes of Europe are upon me; one by one I open them again and subside; a terrible silence supervenes. What next?—that is the question!

But DONNERWITZ is not only a MOLTKE, he is also a BISMARCK; flushed and moist with exertion, he has foreseen this move; it is the hour of that inevitable "*Bavaroise*"; the fork has succeeded to the knife: his mouth is at last free to confabulate with his neighbour—the Lady from Chicago.

"Wal, I call that slap-up rude," I hear her remark. "In Amur'ca we should just hev' him removed; but Englishmen are built that way; they fancy, I s'pose, they discovered CO-LUMBUS;" and then DONNERWITZ leans over the table and, grasping the united weapons of fork, knife, and spoon, addresses me with effervescent deliberation. "Pardon,—Mister,—but—dis—leddy,—haf—gatarrh; in a Sherman shentleman's house—most—keep—first—de—leddy zimmer; so!" I don't fully understand, but I feel that my chivalry is impugned. My confederates, too, round upon me; "Of course," they whisper, "had no idea the lady was an invalid." The brutes! I stutter an apology, and "climb down;" the windows are again hermetically sealed; and, as I slink away. I hear "*Viva!*" "*Hoch!*" and clinking glasses. Then ADOLF hurries up surreptitiously, and whispers, "Tell you vat, Sare: to-morrer you shoost dine on de terass; dere, plenty breeze, hein?" "Plenty breeze!"—and you pay three francs extra, and catch a cold.

* * * * *

SIGH NO MORE, LOTTIE.

["The disinfecting process has ruined all the dresses of Miss COLLINS."—*New York Telegram.*]

Sigh no more, LOTTIE, sigh no more,
Those gowns have gone for ever;
You've cut some capers on that shore



That you expected never;
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
To Tarara—boom—de nonny.
Sing that vile ditty yet once more,
And win almighty dollars
From Yankees who have spoilt your store
Of frocks, frills, cuffs and collars;
The air will run in their heads like one
O'clock, till it makes the same ache.
While on you shines prosperity's sun.
Your Tarara-boom-de hay make!



Page 16

* * * * *

AT THE PATTENMAKERS' BANQUET.—At the Court Dinner of the Pattenmakers, held at the Metropole. the eulogies of the Worshipful Master, Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS (now Master of Horse at Drury Lane), were plentiful, and he had a considerable amount of *patten* on the back from all his guests. The great dish of the evening was *Partridge au Patten*, an English substitute for *Perdrix au chou*.

* * * * *

[Illustration: FANCY PORTRAIT.]

OUR GRAND YOUNG GARDNER (HERBERT II.),
IN HIS NEW CHARACTER OF THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

(*With Song*)—"Here's to the Health of the Parley Mow!"

* * * * *

SONNET ON CHILLON.

(*WHERE THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IS NOW INSTALLED IN THE DUNGEON OF BONIVARD.*)

Electric lighting, dear to modern mind,
Bright in this dungeon! Switzerland, thou art
Too mad for things quite *fin-de-siecle* smart!
Surely the trains, that rumble just behind,
And Vevey tramcars, in my thoughts consigned
To even hotter place, had been enough
To scare SAND, HUGO, SHELLEY, in a huff;
Make BYRON cast his poem to the wind!
Chillon, thy prison may become a place
With little marble tables in a row,
Where tourists, dressed with artless English grace,
May drink their *bock* or *cafe* down below,
And foreign penknives rapidly efface
The boasted names this light is meant to show.

* * * * *

MUSICAL NOTE.—The most tranquillising, or even somniferous melodies ever composed, must have been those written by the celebrated LULLI. The first thing by LULLI was a "*Lulliby*."



* * * * *

NEW WORDS TO AN OLD TUNE (AND A SYLLABLE TO SPARE).—Song for the SECRETARY for IRELAND:—“*Tis all for good luck, quoth bould Rory O’Mor-ley.*”

* * * * *

ALL THE DIFFERENCE—between “*Sir G.O.M.*” and “*The G.O.M.*”

* * * * *

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR A PRESS CANDIDATE.

(*WITH A VIEW TO CARRYING OUT THE SUGGESTION OF THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.*)

1. What are the principal duties of an Editor? State what you would do if you were visited by bores of the following kinds:—(1), a friend; (2), an enemy; (3), a proprietor.
2. Show how a political article may be written, saying as little as possible in the greatest amount of space? Give specimens of “writing round a subject” without offending susceptibilities.
3. What are the duties of a Dramatic Critic? Show, by a specimen article, how a critique of a bad play, indifferently performed, can yet be made to give satisfaction to the Author, the Manager, the Company, and the Public?



Page 17

4. What are the duties of a Special Correspondent at a Seat of War? Give a short descriptive article of a battle written in such a manner that the readers of your paper may learn everything without your getting shot as a spy, or drummed out of camp as an informer.
5. What are the duties of a Reviewer? Describe the process of log-rolling, and give specimen of notices of books:—(1), when the Author is your friend, but you object to the Publisher; (2), when you hate the writer, but must not offend the gentleman whose name appears as the distributor, and (3), when you know nothing of the volume and its producer, but suspect that the Author reviews for another periodical, and that you may possibly get an order from his literary introducer.
6. What are the duties of a Musical Critic? Show how it is feasible to write a most scientific notice without being able to distinguish the National Anthem, MASCAGNI's "Intermezzo," or "The Wedding March," from "The Slue Bells of Scotland."
7. Distinguish the difference between "Our Own Commissioner" and "Our Own Correspondent," and "Our Special Reporter" and "An Occasional Contributor." Give the rates of remuneration (if any) attaching to each office.
8. What is "City Intelligence?" Is it affected by the rise and fall of the advertisement columns? State the difference between "News Specially Communicated" and a puff paragraph.
9. Give the statistics (if you are able) of the number of aspirants to Journalism who have risen and fallen. Show that a small certainty in the City is better than an occasional ten-pound note earned in Fleet Street.
10. Write an essay upon the subject that Journalism is better as a stick than a crutch, and show that it is useless to take up your pen if you have not already provided (from other sources) for the payment of your butcher's book.

* * * * *

TO FOOTBALL.

Farewell to thee, Cricket,
Thy last match is o'er;
Thy bat, ball, and wicket,
Are needed no more.
To thy sister we turn,
For her coming we pray:
Her worshippers burn
For the heat of the fray.



Hail! Goddess of battle,
Yet hated of Ma(r)s,
How ceaseless their tattle
Of tumbles and scars!
Such warnings are vain,
For thy rites we prepare,
Youth is yearning again
In thy perils to share.

Broken limbs and black eyes,
May, perchance, be our lot;
But grant goals and ties
And we care not a jot.
Too sacred to name
With thy posts, ball, and field,
There is no winter game
To which thou canst yield.

* * * * *

NEW TRANSLATION—“VERY CHOICE ITALIAN,”—“*Sotto voce*,” *i.e.*, in a drunken tone of voice.

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Page 18

AN EN-NOBBLING SPECTACLE!

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER OF DRURY LANE.

CHAPTER I.—THE TEA-URN OF THE HUNTER.

SIR JOHN HENRY NEVILLE WOODMERE was the most considerate of men, and he had a very considerate family, and a large circle of considerate acquaintances. He was obliging to the last degree, Among those he knew, and to whom he owed a deep debt of gratitude (for they had furnished him with an old family mansion, a stud of racers, and passes for himself and circle to Paris) were AUGUSTE LE GRAND, and HENRI LE PETTITT.

[Illustration: Voluptuary, carrying weight, winning the Great Metropolitan Drury Lane Stakes. Everybody up.]

“My good friend,” said HENRI, “your daughter is charming. She has been well brought up, and has the finest sentiments; but it is necessary that she should run away to Paris, and dodge the parson. Otherwise, how could she be called *The Prodigal Daughter?*”

Sir JOHN saw the force of this reasoning, and consented.

“And stay,” said AUGUSTE, “we must really have a good set, and you must go a fox-hunting. You must have armour, and a breakfast, and all of you must wear hunting-coats. And look here, we can’t do without flowers, and coats-of-arms, and open windows.”

“But,” objected Sir JOHN, “if I am going a fox-hunting, surely it should be in the winter or spring. And how about the flowers?”

“You have got them from Nice,” replied AUGUSTE.

So it was thus arranged. Sir JOHN’s daughter, who was called ROSE MILLWARD WOODMERE, eloped and broke her father’s heart.

“But,” exclaimed her bereaved parent, preparing to mount a horse that was waiting for him on the lawn amongst the flower-beds, “although my heart is breaking, I will show the world I am a true English gentleman by starting off to head the chace!”

And he said this out of consideration for AUGUSTE and HENRI, because he knew they wanted what is technically known as a Curtain. And by this means he gave them one. And a good one too.



CHAPTER II.—A LITTLE TRIP TO PARIS.

And then Sir JOHN and all his considerate family and acquaintances went to Paris to stay at the Grand Hotel, which seemed to have been surrendered to them (at convenient times) for their special use. Sir JOHN was accompanied by a most useful villain, who showed the depth of his depravity by wearing a moustache of the deepest dye. So that this depth might be better known, he called himself DEEPWATER.

“Sir JOHN,” said this villain, “your daughter has come to Paris with Captain HARRY VERNON, and you should trounce him.”

“I will,” replied Sir JOHN, heartily; “but surely I have seen my daughter, and my niece, and Captain HARRY BOYNE VERNON, and the Hon. JULIAN KNIGHT BELFORD, and Lord HARRY NICHOLLS BANBERRY (a comic Peer), and his wife (a converted Quakeress), and DUDLEY J.L. SHINE ROPER, a wicked but amusing Hebrew, hanging about. Cannot we meet for two minutes, and set everything to-rights?”



Page 19

“My dear Sir JOHN,” returned MAURICE FERNANDEZ DEEPWATER, “pray consider yourself mistaken. As you say, if we all met together for two minutes in a room, the whole thing would be settled. But then I am distinctly under the impression that AUGUSTE LE GRAND and HENRI LE PETTITT would be confoundedly annoyed.”

“Oh,” exclaimed Sir JOHN, “if you think *they* would be annoyed, do not say another word about it!”

So the various characters gave one another a clear berth, and missed each other at the nick of time.

But after awhile ROSE was left alone with the Hon. JULIAN BELFORD.

“It is not very clear to me why we haven’t married,” said he.

“Nor to me either!” she replied. “We dawdled a bit, and I daresay put it off because what one knows can be done at any moment is often not done at all.”

“Well, hadn’t we better go to the British Embassy?”

“Why, yes.” she replied, with some hesitation; “but I really think you had better say you will marry my cousin. I fancy it would please AUGUSTE and HENRI.”

“Anything to oblige them,” returned the Hon. JULIAN.

“That being settled, please leave me, as I have to fall in a dead faint—must get an effective Curtain, you know!”

The HON. JULIAN KNIGHT BELFORD nodded his head, and then ROSE MILLWARD WOODMERE fainted—with the desired result.

CHAPTER III.—CACKLE V. 'OSSES. THE FAVOURITE WINS.

And now Sir JOHN and his considerate circle had come to England, and were close to Liverpool.

“My dear people,” said HENRI, “never mind your love-making, never mind your plot, leave it to AUGUSTE, and he will pull you through.”

And HENRI was quite right. AUGUSTE went to work with a will, and did pull them through. He took them to the Grand National Steeple Chace, and showed them and all the world a sight the like of which they had never seen before. There were real horses, real touts, and a real winner. Oh, how it went! It was magnificent! And, before this



great race, AUGUSTE (helped by HENRI this time) showed a training-stable, and how a favourite can be nobbled. It didn't in the least matter why it was done, or where it was done. It was a lovely sight to see somebody or other giving the wrong horse beans. And the horse liked them, and eat them with a zest, and felt none the worse for them. On the contrary, the beans seemed to give the creature sufficient vigour to carry on the running until Christmas at Drury Lane, with a trot to Covent Garden to follow, and then back again, perhaps to the old quarters, up to Easter.

[Illustration: Oss-tentation; or, "Giving him Beans."]

"Ah, that will make all things right!" cried AUGUSTE. "*Voluptuary* will carry the whole of us—Authors, Managers, and Actors—to victory!" And he was right—*Voluptuary* did carry them to success—a gigantic one.



Page 20

CHAPTER IV.—THE MEANS JUSTIFY THE END.

And Sir JOHN and his considerate circle acted up to their principles to the very end.

“ROSE, come to my arms!” said he, to his child; “you have been prodigal enough, it is now time for your reformation and conciliation.”

“Then may we marry?” asked the Hon. JULIAN.

“Certainly!” was the reply.

And the other couples were also satisfactorily accounted for.

“Are you contented?” asked Sir JOHN, of AUGUSTE and HENRI.

“How does it end?” was the answer, taking the shape of a question.

“Happily for all. Not only for us, but for you and the Public generally.”

And AUGUSTE, HENRI, *Box and Cox*, and in fact everybody who was anybody, were satisfied. As indeed they should be.

* * * * *

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