

A MUSE-SICK PIECE (OF 46 PIECES).

BY H. C. DODGE.

When this hand begins to play,
Stop your ears and run away.

"Oh! long enough fiddle love
To make me mirthful."

"Now, while de-clarin' us, will, dove,
Euphonia strict attention?"

"Thou dost! triangle-string, adored,
All this dittie, frown, marchion."

"Then, come, thou, and catch me,
And caught, thou—yours truly."

"There's spint time when by thy side
I've thought, viol, love, thou eyd me

"Is this a girl beside me?"

"It whiste little thought, but, oh!

"It's harps was thrilling,
What could harpoy do them but show

"Horn angel he was."

"Well, lymph, I long to have chance
To play, do not mourr, but—"

"But, oh, believe this heart which pants
And do not, precious, corrrt."

"I've thought, blambril-hant," mused the maid,

"Thought him blambril when he said,

"Love! violone am lonely."

"In concertina room began
Two hearts like one a-bunting,

"In a room, a room, a room,
Watched mommies wifly feeding.

"Five minuts o'clock; he stayed;
With his harpines—"

"A telling to the cymbalines,
With the cymbalines, a dollar.

"Now had that young buccina-head
Per-harpone had ended

"His xylophone in time and fed
Eta came in offended.

"That tam-bam-ho my house again
And the tam-bam, play again,

"And I can still a-shout when
I still can shout a man? No!"

"Fa fute to get organ to shoot
And drum had made him organe,

"I'll play, play, play, a-palute
With bulletts." He was savage.

"Oh, see, moh! lan-yan-vid.

"This gun—that hasa vid fellow
From him will piccoleo de led—"

"Cub bugle-long, I'll, youl, oh!"

"Explanation necessary: "By Anna, oh!" "Got to
bear it."

THE VICTIM OF A VIRTUE.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I am one of those persons, envied for three months in the year, pitied for nine who "live a little way" out of London. In the summer, our residence is a charming one; the garden especially is delightful and attracts troops of London friends.

They are not only always willing to drop in, but are equally anxious to go on their own motion and stay for the last train to town. The vague observation "any fine day" or the more evasive phrase "some fine day," used in complimentary invitations, are then very dangerous to us for employ, for we are taken at our word, just as though we meant it. This would be very gratifying, however expensive, if it only happened at the year round. But from October to June, nothing.

In reply to our modest invitations we then receive such expressions of tender regret as would convince the most skeptical; "a previous engagement," "in-disposition of our youngest born," "the horses ill," some catastrophe or other always prevents our friends from "enjoying another evening with us" like that charming one they spent last July. The hope, however, to be given the same happy change again, "when the weather is a little less inclem," by which they mean next summer. As for coming to dine with us in winter, they will see us further first—by which they mean nearer first. Sometimes at their own boards we hear this stated, though of course without any intentional application. Some guests will observe to us, "It is a great cold day." It is a great ordinary day people live in. A dozen miles out of town will attempt to ignore the seasons and expect us to go and dine with them, just as if it was August, through four feet of snow. It does really seem—as Jones, our excellent host, was saying the other day—the very height of personal conceit.

As we have occupied our present residence for some years, we have long had the conceit taken out of us; but we have still our feelings. Our social relations are not absolutely frost-bitten, and when thus trodden upon, we are aware of the circumstance. It gives me to know what a great deal of trouble it is, and my wife drops a quiet tear or two during our drive home in the brougham. I am bound to confess it is rather a long ride. I find myself dropping asleep before we have left brick and mortar behind us, and as we cross the great com-mon near our home I feel a considerable change in the temperature. It is a long ride, and as I go along, I have a joyful view in summer time; the playground of the butterfly and the place of the bee; but in the winter it is cold enough.

In the day-time there is nothing there but the evening, at certain intervals, there is the patrol. In the old times it used to be a favorite haunt of the Knights of the Road, during whose epoch, by the by, I should fancy that those who lived in the locality found it even more difficult to collect their friends around them than now. It has still a bad name for tramps and vagabonds, which makes my wife a little nervous when the days begin to draw in, and our visitors to turn off. She insists upon my going over the house before retiring to rest every night and making a report of "All's well." Being myself not much over five feet high in my boots, and considerably less in my slippers (in which I am wont to make these peregrinations), it has often suggested itself to me to leave the burglar in the dark, and not risk what is (to me) much more valuable. Of course I could "hold the life of a half a dozen men in my hand"—a quotation from my favorite author—by merely arming myself with a loaded revolver, but the simple fact is, that as far as I am concerned, of any weapon (unless it should be called such) that I should be just as likely to begin with shooting number one (that is myself) as number two, the "first ruffian." "Never willingly, my dear," says I to Julia "I shed the life-blood of any human being, least of all of my own. On the other hand, I believe in the force of the imagination. I always carry, on these expeditions, in the pocket of my dressing-gown, a child's pistol—belonging to our infant, Edward John—which looks like real one, and would, I am persuaded, have all the effect of real one in my hands with the effect of a personal peril. "Miserable ruffian! I had made up my mind to say when coming upon the gang, "your lives are in my power" (here I exhibit the pistol's butt), "but out of perhaps a mistaken clemency I will only shoot one of you, the one that is least to leave my house. I shall, come, twelve, sixteen, according to the number of the gang, to the fire." Upon which word, I calculated, all the skaldable helter-skelter to the door they got in at, which I should look and double-look after them. You may ask, "why double-look?" but you will get no satisfactory reply. I know no more what "double-look" means than you do, but my favorite novelist—a sensible one—always uses it, and I conclude he ought to know.

It was the beginning of a misty October, when the leaves had fallen off early, and our friends had followed their example, and I had been sitting up alone into the small hours resolute to hear my favorite author to the bitter end—his third and fourth act, the chief characters (except the comic ones) were slain, save one who is left sound in wind and limb, but with an hereditary disposition to commit suicide. Some what depressed by its perusal and exceedingly slow, I went about my usual task of seeing all was right in a somewhat careless and perfunctory manner.

All was right apparently in the dining room, all right in the drawing room, all right certainly in the study (where I had myself been sitting) and all right, not quite all right in our little black hall or vestibule, where, upon the round table the very largest and thickest pair of navy boots were lying, having been put on by my wife's next little umbrella stand of her gardening gloves. Even in that awful moment I remember the sense of contrast and incongruity struck me almost as forcibly as the presence of the boots themselves, and they astonished me as much as the sight of the famous footprints did Robinson Crusoe, and for precisely the same reason.

"There's spint time when by thy side
I've thought, viol, love, thou eyd me
To play, do not mourr, but—
Is this a girl beside me?"

"It whiste little thought, but, oh!

"It's harps was thrilling,

What could harpoy do them but show

"Horn angel he was."

"Well, lymph, I long to have chance
To play, do not mourr, but—"

"But, oh, believe this heart which pants
And do not, precious, corrrt."

"I've thought, blambril-hant," mused the maid,

"Thought him blambril when he said,

"Love! violone am lonely."

"In concertina room began
Two hearts like one a-bunting,

"In a room, a room, a room,
Watched mommies wifly feeding.

"Five minuts o'clock; he stayed;

With his harpines—"

"A telling to the cymbalines,
With the cymbalines, a dollar.

"Now had that young buccina-head
Per-harpone had ended

"His xylophone in time and fed
Eta came in offended.

"That tam-bam-ho my house again
And the tam-bam, play again,

"And I can still a-shout when
I still can shout a man? No!"

"Fa fute to get organ to shoot
And drum had made him organe,

"I'll play, play, play, a-palute
With bulletts." He was savage.

"Oh, see, moh! lan-yan-vid.

"This gun—that hasa vid fellow
From him will piccoleo de led—"

"Cub bugle-long, I'll, youl, oh!"

"Explanation necessary: "By Anna, oh!" "Got to
bear it."

All was right apparently in the dining room, all right in the drawing room, all right certainly in the study (where I had myself been sitting) and all right, not quite all right in our little black hall or vestibule, where, upon the round table the very largest and thickest pair of navy boots were lying, having been put on by my wife's next little umbrella stand of her gardening gloves. Even in that awful moment I remember the sense of contrast and incongruity struck me almost as forcibly as the presence of the boots themselves, and they astonished me as much as the sight of the famous footprints did Robinson Crusoe, and for precisely the same reason.

"There's spint time when by thy side
I've thought, viol, love, thou eyd me
To play, do not mourr, but—
Is this a girl beside me?"

"It whiste little thought, but, oh!

"It's harps was thrilling,

What could harpoy do them but show

"Horn angel he was."

"Well, lymph, I long to have chance
To play, do not mourr, but—"

"But, oh, believe this heart which pants
And do not, precious, corrrt."

"I've thought, blambril-hant," mused the maid,

"Thought him blambril when he said,

"Love! violone am lonely."

"In concertina room began
Two hearts like one a-bunting,

"In a room, a room, a room,
Watched mommies wifly feeding.

"Five minuts o'clock; he stayed;

With his harpines—"

"A telling to the cymbalines,
With the cymbalines, a dollar.

"Now had that young buccina-head
Per-harpone had ended

"His xylophone in time and fed
Eta came in offended.

"That tam-bam-ho my house again
And the tam-bam, play again,

"And I can still a-shout when
I still can shout a man? No!"

"Fa fute to get organ to shoot
And drum had made him organe,

"I'll play, play, play, a-palute
With bulletts." He was savage.

"Oh, see, moh! lan-yan-vid.

"This gun—that hasa vid fellow
From him will piccoleo de led—"

"Cub bugle-long, I'll, youl, oh!"

"Explanation necessary: "By Anna, oh!" "Got to
bear it."

All was right apparently in the dining room, all right in the drawing room, all right certainly in the study (where I had myself been sitting) and all right, not quite all right in our little black hall or vestibule, where, upon the round table the very largest and thickest pair of navy boots were lying, having been put on by my wife's next little umbrella stand of her gardening gloves. Even in that awful moment I remember the sense of contrast and incongruity struck me almost as forcibly as the presence of the boots themselves, and they astonished me as much as the sight of the famous footprints did Robinson Crusoe, and for precisely the same reason.

"There's spint time when by thy side
I've thought, viol, love, thou eyd me
To play, do not mourr, but—
Is this a girl beside me?"

"It whiste little thought, but, oh!

"It's harps was thrilling,

What could harpoy do them but show

"Horn angel he was."

"Well, lymph, I long to have chance
To play, do not mourr, but—"

"But, oh, believe this heart which pants
And do not, precious, corrrt."

"I've thought, blambril-hant," mused the maid,

"Thought him blambril when he said,

"Love! violone am lonely."

"In concertina room began
Two hearts like one a-bunting,

"In a room, a room, a room,
Watched mommies wifly feeding.

"Five minuts o'clock; he stayed;

With his harpines—"

"A telling to the cymbalines,
With the cymbalines, a dollar.

"Now had that young buccina-head
Per-harpone had ended

"His xylophone in time and fed
Eta came in offended.

"That tam-bam-ho my house again
And the tam-bam, play again,

"And I can still a-shout when
I still can shout a man? No!"

"Fa fute to get organ to shoot
And drum had made him organe,

"I'll play, play, play, a-palute
With bulletts." He was savage.

"Oh, see, moh! lan-yan-vid.

"This gun—that hasa vid fellow
From him will piccoleo de led—"

"Cub bugle-long, I'll, youl, oh!"

"Explanation necessary: "By Anna, oh!" "Got to
bear it."

All was right apparently in the dining room, all right in the drawing room, all right certainly in the study (where I had myself been sitting) and all right, not quite all right in our little black hall or vestibule, where, upon the round table the very largest and thickest pair of navy boots were lying, having been put on by my wife's next little umbrella stand of her gardening gloves. Even in that awful moment I remember the sense of contrast and incongruity struck me almost as forcibly as the presence of the boots themselves, and they astonished me as much as the sight of the famous footprints did Robinson Crusoe, and for precisely the same reason.

"There's spint time when by thy side
I've thought, viol, love, thou eyd me
To play, do not mourr, but—
Is this a girl beside me?"

"It whiste little thought, but, oh!

"It's harps was thrilling,

What could harpoy do them but show

"Horn angel he was."

"Well, lymph, I long to have chance
To play, do not mourr, but—"

"But, oh, believe this heart which pants
And do not, precious, corrrt."

<p