

THE GROCER.

The grocer loved a charming girl, as lovely as the day. He wondered if she'd marry him. And said, "Let *Soap* she may." And straightway to her house he went, Her lovely face to see, Exclaiming, "Ah! I know full well, That *Cheese* the girl for me."

The girl was very kind, and said That she was very glad To see him there, and then remarked What a bad *Coffee* had.

And soon they got most intimate, She let him kiss her brou. But when he spoke of marriage, said, "Oh, do not *Teas* me now."

The grocer's spirits fell at this, He felt as though he'd die, And hinted at a suicide. While she *Bacon* to cry.

You silly boy, you don't suppose I'm blind to all your merits. It's evident she knew a way Of *Biscuit* up his "spirits."

But true love's course did ne'er run smooth; Her father saw them kiss, And kicked him from the room, and said, "You'd *Biscuit* out of this."

And thus adjured, he soon got out, I hardy need be said; And, tumbling headlong down the stairs, *Mustard*-ly hit his head.

"Oh, father, you are cruel, to So roughly handle us." Thus spoke the girl, and father said— "I think it's *Candle* us."

Perps relented when he saw His child begin to cry; "There, there, you think my treatment harsh. My daughter, *Soda* I."

"There, keep your lover, dry your eyes, And let's have no more row; I did not like the man, but my Opinion *Salt*-ered now."

The two were wed, and made a pair, By no means ill-matched; And happy ever after were, It's *Currant*-ly reported.

THE BURGLAR'S STORY.

When I became 18 years of age my father, a distinguished begging-letter impostor, said to me: "Ikeginald, I think it is time that you begin to think about choosing a profession."

These were ominous words. Since I left Eaton, nearly a year before, I had spent my time very pleasantly and very idly, and I was sorry to see my long holiday drawing to a close. My father had hoped to have sent me to Cambridge (Cambridge was a tradition in our family), but business had been very depressed of late, and a sentence of six months' hard labor had considerably straitened my poor father's resources.

It was necessary—highly necessary—that I should choose a calling. With a sigh of resignation I admitted as much.

"If you like," said my father, "I will take you in hand and teach you my profession, and in a few years, perhaps, I may take you into partnership; but, to be candid with you, I doubt whether it is a satisfactory calling for an athletic fellow like you."

"I don't seem to care about it particularly," said I.

"I'm glad to hear it," said my father; "it's a poor calling for a young man of spirit. Besides you have to grow gray in the service before people will listen to you. It's all very well for a refugee in old age, but a young fellow is likely to make but a poor hand at it. Now, I should like to consult your own tastes on so important a matter as the choice of a profession. What do you say? The army?"

"No, I didn't care for the army."

"Forgery? The bar? Cornish wrecking?"

"Father," said I, "I should like to be a forger, but I write such an infernal hand."

"A regular Eton hand," said he. "Not plastic enough for forgery; but you could have a writing master."

"It's as much as I can do to forge my own name. I don't believe I should ever be able to forge anybody else's."

"Anybody else's," you should say, not "anybody else's." It's a dreadful barbarism. Eton English."

"No," said I, "I should never make a fortune at it. As to wrecking—why, you know how seasick I am."

"You might get over that. Besides, you would deal with wrecks ashore, not wrecks at sea."

"Most of it done in small boats, I'm told. A deal of small boat work. No, I won't be a wrecker. I think I should like to be a burglar."

"Yes," said my father, considering the subject. "Yes, it's a fine, manly profession, but it's dangerous—highly dangerous."

"Just dangerous enough to be exciting, no more."

"Well," said my father, "if you've a distinct taste for burglary, I'll see what can be done."

My dear father was always prompt with pen and ink. That evening he wrote to his old friend Ferdinand Stoneleigh, a burglar of the very highest professional standing, and in a week I was duly and formally articled to him, with a view to ultimate partnership.

I had to work hard under Mr. Stoneleigh.

"Burglary is a jealous mistress," said he. "She will tolerate no rivals. She exacts the undivided devotion of her worshippers."

And so I found it. Every morning at 10 o'clock I had to present myself at Stoneleigh's chambers in New square, Lincoln's Inn, and until 12 I assisted his clerk with the correspondence. At 12 I had to go out prospecting with Stoneleigh, and from 2 to 4 I had to devote to finding out all particulars necessary to a scientific burglar in any given house. At first I did this merely for practice, and with no view to an actual attempt. He would tell me of a house of which he knew well all the particulars and order me to ascertain all about that house and its inmates—their coming and going, the number of their servants, whether they slept in the basement or not, and other details necessary to be known before a burglary could be safely attempted. Then he would compare my information with his own facts and compliment or blame me, as I might deserve. He was a strict master, but always kind, just, and courteous, as became highly polished gentleman of the old school. He was one of the last men who habitually wore hussars.

After a year's probation I accompanied him on several expeditions, and had the happiness to believe that I was of some little use to him. I shot him eventually in the stomach, mistaking him for the master of the house into

which we were breaking (I had mislaid my dark lantern), and he died on the grand piano. His dying wish was that his compliments might be conveyed to me.

I now set up on my own account and engaged his poor old clerk, who nearly broke his heart at his late master's funeral. Stoneleigh left no family. His money—about £12,000, invested for the most part in American railways—he left to the Society for Providing More Bishops, and his ledgers, daybooks, memoranda, and papers generally bequeathed to me.

As the chambers required furnishing I lost no time in commencing my professional duties. I looked through the books for a suitable house to begin upon, and found the following attractive entry:

Thurlow Square—No. 102.

House—Medium.

Occupant—John Lavis: bachelor.

Occupation—Designer of Dados.

Age—86.

Physical Peculiarities—Very feeble; eccentric; dining; evangelicals; snores.

Servants—Two housemaids, one cook.

Sex—All female.

Particulars of Servants—Pretty housemaid called Rachel; Jewess. Open to attentions.

General—Mr. Davis sleeps second floor front; servants on third floor. Davis goes to bed at 10. No one on basement. Swarms with beetles; otherwise excellent house for raising.

Valuable contents of House—Presentation plate from grateful esthetes. Gold repeater. Mulready envelope. Two diamond rings. Complete edition of "Bradshaw" from 1834 to present time. 588 vols., bound limp calf.

General—Mr. Davis sleeps second floor front; servants on third floor. Davis goes to bed at 10. No one on basement. Swarms with beetles; otherwise excellent house for raising.

Fastenings—Chubbs' lock on street door, chain, and bolts. Bars to all basement windows. Practicable approach from third room, ground floor, which is shuttered and barred, but the bar has no catch and can be raised with a tab.

There were twelve chairs in the room, and it was with no little pleasure that I found that on the back of each was an antimacassar. Twelve antimacassars would go a great way towards covering me, and that was something.

I did my best with the antimacassars, but on reflection I came to the conclusion that they would not help me very much. The certainly covered me; but a gentleman walking through South Kensington at 3 a.m. dressed in noticing whatever but antimacassars, with the snow two feet deep on the ground, would be sure to attract attention. I might pretend I was doing it for a wager, but who would believe me?

I grew very cold.

I looked out of the window, and presently I saw the bull's-eye of a policeman who was wearily plodding through the snow. I felt that my only course was to surrender to him.

"Policeman," said I from the window, "one word."

"Anything wrong, sir?" said he.

"I have been a musing a burglar in this house, and I shall feel deeply obliged to you if you will kindly take me into custody."

"Nonsense, sir," said he; "you'd better go to bed."

"There is nothing I should like better, but I live in Lincoln's Inn, and I have nothing on but antimacassars; I am almost frozen. Pray take me into custody."

"The street door's open," said he.

"Yes," said I. "Come in."

He came in. I explained the circumstances to him, and with great difficulty I convinced him that I was in earnest.

The good fellow put his own great coat over me and lent me his own handcuffs. In ten minutes I was thawing myself in Walton Street Police Station. In ten days I was convicted at the Old Bailey. In ten years I returned from penal servitude.

I found that poor Mr. Davis had gone to his long home in Brompton cemetery.

For many years I never passed his house without a shudder at the terrible hours I spent in it as his guest. I have often tried to forget the incident I have been relating, and for a long time I tried in vain. Perseverance, however, met with its reward. I continued to try. Gradually one detail after another slipped from my recollection, and one lonely evening last May I found, to my intense delight, that I had absolutely forgotten all about it. —W. S. Gilbert.

which we were breaking (I had mislaid my dark lantern), and he died on the grand piano. His dying wish was that his compliments might be conveyed to me.

"But I can't go like this! Won't you give me something to put on?"

"No," said he, "nothing at all; good night."

The quaint old man left the room with my bundle. I went after him, but I found that he had locked an inner door that led up-stairs. The position was really a difficult one to deal with. I couldn't possibly go into the street as I was, and if I remained I should certainly be given into custody from the Doctor. It took an hour to separate him from his fellows and drive him into the Professor's private corral, which was about the size of a circus-ring, with sand six inches deep, and surrounded by a close plank fence, twelve feet high. Dr. Lewis seated himself in the circle above, where he saw what he thus describes:

Prof. Tapp entered the corral, holding in his hand a whip with a short stock and a long, heavy lash.

In his left hand were a long halter, minus the hitching-strap, two old potato-sacks, two straps, and a strong rope about thirty feet long.

Putting all these but the whip into the recess in the fence, the Professor turned toward the horse.

The animal was making frantic efforts to get away. The Professor watched his opportunity, and then the whip-cracker hit one of the horse's hind fetlocks.

The horse scampered from side to side, and the cracker again hit the fetlock. Within fifteen minutes this was repeated twenty to thirty times.

The horse learned the lesson this was intended to convey—that there was only one safe place in the corral, and that was close by Prof. Tapp. There, there was no hurt, but a gentle, soothing voice. In half an hour, when the Professor ran across the corral, the horse would run after him. He had learned that it was dangerous to be more than ten feet away.

Prof. Tapp at length succeeded in touching the horse's head. He started away, but before he had taken three steps came back.

Within three-quarters of an hour the headstall was on. The horse was frightened and used his feet to remove it.

It was now easy to rub his head and neck. The end of the whipstock then tickled his side. The horse switched the spot with his tail, and the Professor caught the end of the long tail-hairs.

This frightened the animal; he forgot, and the whip-cracker called him back. The Professor then seized the tail, drew it toward him, tied into the end of the long hairs a strong cord the other end of which was fastened to the iron ring of the headstall.

This drew the head and tail toward each other. The horse began to turn in a circle, and soon was turning as fast as he could. In a minute he fell, drunk with dizziness.

The Professor wound a potato-sack around each hind leg close to the hoof and fastened a short strap over it.

There was an iron ring in each strap, and through both rings a rope was passed and tied upon itself, eighteen inches from the hind feet.

The long, loose end of the rope was passed between the horse's fore legs, through the ring of the headstall, and then tied into a heavy ring in the wall of the corral.

The cord connecting the head and tail was cut, and after a little time, the horse, still dizzy, rose slowly. When he found he was fastened he made a tremendous struggle. The Professor stood by the ring where the horse was tied.

The animal could not turn his head from side to side because of the rope which ran through the ring of the headstall.

"Pretty soon," said the Professor, "he will switch his tail from side to side; that means he gives up."

Within eight minutes, the horse moved his tail from side to side. "Now he's done," said the Professor.

He knelt down by the horse's hind legs, untied the rope, unbuckled the straps, walked behind him, put his hands upon the horse's hind legs, stuck his head between them, patted his head and led him about the corral.

I was obliged to leave, but I learned that he harnessed the horse, and let the buggy strike his heels while going down hill.

On one occasion, we are told, a doctor of divinity rung the changes on "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

"He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympana."

Then, again, we have that old-fashioned saying: "The more the merrier," delightfully translated in this way: "Mundinous assemblages are the most provocative of cachinnatory hilarity." It is even reported that not very long ago a clergymen spoke of seeing a young lady with the pearl drops of affection hanging and glistening on her cheek.

"You might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket-handkerchief," and as it is somewhat vulgar to say "pitch darkness," it has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity."

Another polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy, is to say that he is "considerably tired," and "Nominate your poison," is the poetical way of asking, "What will you drink?"

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"You have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to a lecturer, the word "periphrasis;" would you kindly inform me its precise meaning?" "Certainly," said he. "It is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic circle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." As this explanation was received in solemn silence we trust it was deemed a satisfactory one. It is, however, recorded that the gifted orator was not called upon again to explain for the rest of the evening.—*Chambers' Journal*.

"Stop," said I. "What is to become of me?"

"Really, I hardly know," said he. "You promised me my liberty," said I.

"Certainly," said he. "Don't let me trespass any further on your time. You will find the street-door open; or, if from force of habit you prefer the win-

Taming a Horse.

During Dr. Dio Lewis' "Gypsies in the Sierras," he became much interested in Prof. Tapp, of San Francisco, who tamed wild and vicious horses, without violence or drugs. Showing the Doctor a herd of wild horses from the mountains, the Professor said, "You may pick out any horse from this herd, and in two hours I will drive him before a buggy, and when going down hill will let the buggy loose on his heels, without the least risk." The Doctor selected the largest horse, the leader of the herd. It took an hour to separate him from his fellows and drive him into the Professor's private corral, which was about the size of a circus-ring, with sand six inches deep, and surrounded by a close plank fence, twelve feet high. Dr. Lewis seated himself in the circle above, where he saw what he thus describes:

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