Wine and Whiskey.

"Hear these fellows how they are carousing in that taverne," said a dignified-looking man to his friend, as they passed a drinking house a few months ago. "I don't see what our police are good for when they tolerate such goings-on."

"Don't be hard on them, Colonel," said the other, "they are only enjoying themselves as we do sometimes."

"As we do?" exclaimed the Colonel; "why you don't intimate that we have been guilty of such conduct?"

"By heavens, man, were you at Tom Stoker's the other night, Colonel?"

"Yes, I was, but what of that?"

"Why, did not we shout the wine diligently?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Did we not laugh, and shout most merrily?"

"Well, what if we did?"

"Did not some of us go home blue?"

"That may be."

"And did we not carry Hal sponge to his lodgings, because he was too husky to walk?"

"Oh, hush!"

"Well, Colonel, pray tell me the difference between our party and the one you would have the police to break up in the taverne?"

"The differences are striking. In the first place we drank in a privy-house, dry in a public one. Secondly, we drank wine, they whiskey. Thirdly, we wore gentlemanly and leisurely, they are cobblers and clerks."

"Ctitit! But Colonel, great as the differences are, I think there is one very strong feature of resemblance—one of our party got drunk and made a noise, and some of theirs very soon drank and making a noise."

"Clear up your enmenee. Do you think what I said fits?"