

they had sat, and which Crinkle had remarked as being so much to his liking as a quiet and retired place for composing in. The trio set off, and hurried away in the direction of Rosedale, and in the course of half an hour or so, arrived at the tree for which they were looking.

"No signs of him," said Yubbits, "though, by jings! someone's been here; look, here's a pencil and here are some scraps of paper with,—by the lord Harry,—this is Crinkle's writing!" and he picked up a fragment on which was written a line of what seemed to be poetry, and which Yubbits read aloud, aided by the brilliant moonlight:

"Fair spot! in solitude is it enthroned."

That's Crinkle's writing, I swear," he exclaimed.

"And yonder is the gentleman himself unless I'm mistaken," exclaimed Mr. Douglas, pointing to a prostrate figure, lying beneath another tree at a distance of about twenty yards.

The three rushed in the direction indicated and there could be no mistake that the lost one was found. But how was this? Was he dead or why did he lie so quiet and motionless?

"Crinkle, Crinkle," shouted Yubbits, shaking the figure violently by the shoulder, "Crinkle!" No answer.

"Oh! Crinkle," implored Coddleby, "say you are not dead," and he knelt down by his friend's side.

That gentleman, however, failing to give the desired assurance, Coddleby rolled him over, and discovered an empty bottle beneath him.

"Oh! he's committed suicide," moaned Coddleby, as the bottle met his eye. "He poisoned himself. He was always melancholy when writing poetry!" and he might truthfully have added that his readers also suffered in a similar manner when reading his inspired productions.

"Tut, tut," exclaimed Mr. Douglas, picking up the bottle and applying the orifice to his nose, "there has been brandy—or"—taking another sniff, "whiskey in this."

"Oh! look at his hand," cried Yubbits, as Crinkle's hand was exposed to view; "why it's swollen to twice it's natural size. Whatever's the matter, Crinkle?" he roared, as the prostrate poet moaned feebly and opened his eyes in a dazed sort of way, "Crinkle!"

"Wha's masser?" enquired the party addressed.

"My goodness," said Coddleby, "he's intoxicated; I never knew him to get into that state before. Dear me! what's to be done?"

"Whasser masser," enquired Crinkle, struggling up into a sitting posture, "wha's masser?"

"Why, Crinkle," cried Yubbits, "how did you get this way? you're as screwed as you can be."

"Who's shcrew?" asked the poet, "Been shna' bit."

"What does he say?" enquired Mr. Douglas, mystified, "what's that he says?"

"I shay," repeated Crinkle, very slowly, and holding up his swollen hand, "I shay I've been shna' bit—bit'n by shna'."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Coddleby, horrified, "he says he's been bitten by a snake. Oh! dear, there's not a moment to be lost."

"No, not mom'n t'be losh," murmured the sufferer, "been bitin' by boa c'nstricker, and drank whishk' to nul'fy pois'n."

"Dear, dear, dear," said Coddleby, "I wasn't aware there were any boa constrictors in this country. Just look at his hand, Mr. Douglas."

That gentleman having examined the injured member with much care, at length said:

"Tut, tut! this is no snake bit, as well as I can make out by this light it looks as if this gentleman had been handling poison ivy."

"And is its bite fatal, sir?" asked Coddleby, "is it necessarily fatal?"

"Fatal! not a bit of it," replied Mr. Douglas.

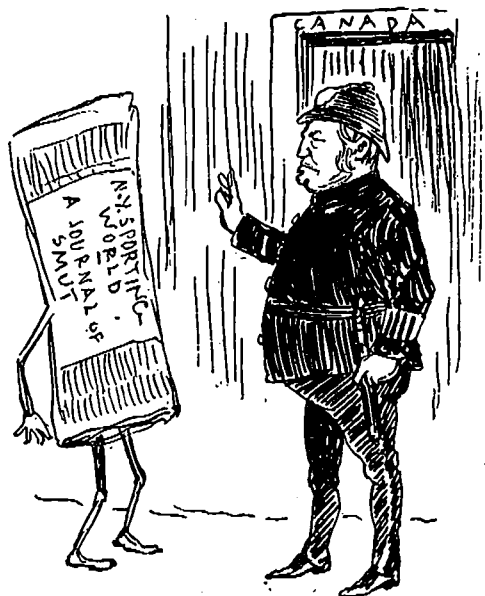
"Well, now, how are we to get him home?" enquired Yubbits. "Can you stand up, Crinkle?"

"Shtan up!" exclaimed the victim of the boa-constrictor, indignantly, "Sh'd think I could," and he struggled to his feet and immediately fell down again and rolled several yards down the hill.

"Mr. Yubbits," said Mr. Douglas, after thinking for a few moments, "if it's not too much trouble to you, the best plan would be for you to hasten to my house and order the coachman or groom to bring the light buggy at once, and we'll send him to the hotel. You can then tell Mr. Bramley that Mr. Crinkle is found, but you need not let anyone else know what ails him; say—say—he fell asleep; that'll be true, and that he has gone to his hotel, and be sure you make the groom understand where he has to come."

"All right; no fear," replied Yubbits, hastening to obey, and starting off at a brisk trot, was soon out of sight.

(To be continued.)



GOOD FOR CARLING.

Honest John, of the P.O. Police—No, sir; you can't come into this country any more, nor any of your scurvy race!

THE MODE.

CITY EDITOR—"Binks has just brought in a lovely scandal, full of the most revolting details."

Managing Editor—"Good! Run it leaded, and head it 'Too sickening for publication;' and tell 'em in the press-room to run off twenty thousand extra copies."—*The Chiel.*

A CITY that hath many inhabitants, yet no one would dwell therein if it were possible to get away—adverse-city.—*Whitehall Times.*