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Poetry.

Maid of Athens.

Maid of Athens, we must part,
I hear your father—I must start;
He is broken of his midnight rest;
Discretion on my part is best;
I'd better git.

Maid of Athens, ere I go,
Kiss me once, for luck you know;
Your father's foot is on the stair—
None but the brave deserve the fair:
The gas ain't lit.

Maid of Athens, just once more:
Little ships must hug the shore;
Hark! the dog has broke his chain,
Zounds! I'm in hard luck again:
Great Scott! I'm bit.

The Solitary Mosquito.

The Spicers had returned to their city home, and Seth had settled himself down for a good square sleep, with the blissful consciousness that there was no "train to catch" the next morning, when Mrs. S. suddenly reared her head up from the pillow and ejaculated:

"Seth!"

"Knaw-r-r-swish?" was the only response.

"Seth, do stop snoring and get up," and Mrs. S. emphasized her request with a soft fist in her lord's back.

"Whoof! Ah! Yes, yes; what's the marrer?" said Spicer, brokenly, at the same time wildly throwing out his hand and driving his partner's head with a dreadful thump against the head-board.

"Ouch! Your clumsy thing, why don't you knock my head off?" wailed the lady.

A voice, muffled by the pillows, was heard to murmur, "'gainst the law," and suggest, "wear your switch to bed."

"I wish I had a switch," said Mrs. S., a little spitefully. "Now, don't you go off to sleep again, Seth."

"Baby got stomach aches?" inquired the drowsy one.

"No."

"Girl locked out?"

"No."

"Burgler 'n coal cellar?"

"No, no."

"Fire over in East Boston?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Seth. There is a dreadful

mosquito in the room, and if you do not get up and kill him he will bite baby all over blotches."

"Tell him send his bill in on the first of January." said Spicer, with a final effort to dodge the issue.

Mrs. S., however, was inexorable, and Spicer rolled out of bed, crawled into a dressing-gown and slippers, turned up the gas and began a search for that cunning fiend, the solitary mosquito, who always survives his companions and lays in wait to harass the unhappy householder, sometimes far into the winter.

Spicer commenced the hunt in the regulation manner, by walking about the room with a towel in his hand and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. At the third stride he trod upon the rocking-chair, which responded promptly with a blow in the stomach, that left him no wind to swear with. As he straightened up, his eye caught sight of an insect over the water fixture and staggering towards it, he dealt a blow that would have felled an ox, but as there was not an ox there, he only smashed a china mug and a soap dish. Here the baby woke up and joined in the exercises with a dismal howl, and Mrs. Spicer remarked that she did not see for the life of her why a man who was so near-sighted that he couldn't see across the room did not put on his glasses before, he smashed all the chamber furniture and woke up the house.

Seth made no reply, but the manner in which he settled his eye-glasses upon his nose and gripped the towel indicated that if the mosquito had been an elephant he would not have quailed before him then. He searched the ceiling carefully again, squinted behind the headboard, looked under the bed, into the closet, behind the door, and along the mop-board, at the mirror and on the window curtain, at the ceiling for the sixteenth time—and there quietly hanging by his long legs, was his tormentor. The injured man wearily drew a chair under the spot.

"It isn't high enough," murmured Mrs. S. in a whisper of horrible suspense.

Seth added the baby arm-chair, but still the hated insect was beyond reach. The hassock piled upon the arm-chair; the hunter mounted the ticklish edifice, poised himself like Blondin a moment on the top, there was a terrible blow, a bloody spot upon the wall, a dreadful crash, and some frightful remarks, which Mrs. S. heard in shuddering silence. Then the head of the house limped off to the "spare room," Mrs. S. sang the mother's refrain of "there, there, there," for an hour, and peace was upon that house.

The next morning the boys said the office could not have smelt worse of arnica if the old man had played a base-ball match the day before.