

# TORROR

Light Literature

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

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## ZWEI LAGER.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Der night was dark as anyding,  
Ven at mine door two vellers ring,  
Und say, ven I ask who was diere,  
"Git oup and git"—and den Jey schvear—  
"Zwei lager."

I says, "Tis late; schust leaf mine house,  
Und don'd pe making sooch a towse!"  
Dey only lauft, me in der face,  
Und say, "Pring oudt, 'Old Schweizerkase,  
Zwei lager."



I dold dem dot der bier vas oudt;  
But dose two shaps set oup a shout,  
Und said no matter if 'twas late,  
Dot dey moost haf "put on der schlate"  
Zwei lager.

"Oh! go away, dot is goot poys,"  
Mine moder says, "und sethup der noise,"  
But still them vellers yellt away,  
Und dis vas all dot dey would say:  
"Zwei lager."

"Vot makes you gome?" mine taughter said,  
"Ven beoples all vas in deir ped:  
Schust gome to-morrow ven you're dhry,"  
But dem two plaçguards sdill did cry,  
"Zwei lager."

"Vot means you by sooch dings as dese?  
I go und calls for der bolesse,"  
Says Schneigelfritz, who lifts next door:  
Dey only yellt more as before,  
"Zwei lager."

"You schust holdt on a leedle while,"  
Says mine Katrina mit a schmle:

"I vix dose shaps, you pet my life,  
So dey don'd ask of Pfeiffer's wife  
Zwei lager."



Den rightt away she got a peese  
Of goot und schtrong old Limburg sheese,  
Und put it schust outside der door:  
Und en ve didn't hear no more  
Zwei lager.

From "Leedle Yawob Straus, and other Poem,"  
published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

## SELECT SCINTILLATIONS.

BY "SCISSORS."

A mere tool in the hands of designing men is any instrument used by architectural draughtsmen.—*N. Y. News.*

People who attempt to eat boarding-house picrust with a fork, should remember that time thrown away can never be recalled.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Edison has perfected a fog horn that can be heard ten miles, but when it comes to an invention for getting his hired girl up in the morning he smiles sadly and falls to musing on the infinite.—*Utica Observer.*

England's iron-clad mortar fleet will probably rendezvous at Bomb-bay.—*N. Y. News.*

A mis-take—Getting married.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.* Not if you marry a widow.—*Goatanda Enterprise.*

Consul Catlin sends us the following, conceived after a fourth square meal on board ship: "Why are alum mines like cotton mills? Because they have a loom-in-em." He retired after this to his state-room, and complained of uneasiness in his lower decks.—*N. Y. Com. Ade.*

Robinson, of Hackensack, does not think that his daughter's beau should stay so late in the evening. The other morning she was praising the beau for his strength of character. "Yes,"

said Robinson, "he has great staying powers."—*N. Y. Herald.*

The best time for the government to procure cheap ammunition for the army, is a day or two after a protracted rain, for then the roads are full of cart-ridges.—*Norristown Herald.*

The following notice speaks for itself: "Office hours for listening to commercial travellers, 7 to 11; solicitors of church subscriptions, 11 to 1; book agents, 1 to 3; stationery pedlers and insurance men all day. We attend to our own business all night.

"The price of butcher's meet," she cried,  
"Would make an angel weep!"  
"How now, my dear," her "hub" replied,  
"Sure muton's always sheep!"  
—*Stanford Advocate.*

A Quaker is a born thee-ologian.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

## LITERARY LIGHTS.

Wilkie Collins begins his great story:—"The Haunted Hotel; a Mystery of Modern Venice," in the July Number of *Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly.*

"The Yellow Tiber," beautifully illustrated, will appear in *Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly* for July.

Mrs. Stowe's new novel, "Poganus People," will be published by Forde, Howard & Hulbert on May 22d.

The New London periodical, *Light*, will be rather a weekly magazine than a literary journal. In it Mr. Anthony Trollope begins his new novel, "The Lady of Launay."

"Peter Cruet" will be the next book in Lee & Shepard's "Sparkling Series." It is written by the author of "That Husband of Mine."

Mr. John Brougham is expected to publish next Autumn a volume of "Recollections of the Stage," and a very entertaining book it ought to be. He is a man of wit, is full of anecdote, and has a wonderfully retentive memory.

Rev. Stephen T. Allen, the esteemed Episcopal clergyman of Aurora, Ill., who recently died, was formerly the "Robert Merry" of *Merry's Museum*, the popular American magazine for young people, which was originated by S. C. Goodrich, the still more popular "Peter Parley" of some thirty years ago.

*Suitable for these times* is the following utterance of a politician, after he had enunciated his own principles:—

"Gentlemen, them ere's my sentiments,—the principles of an honest man, and a fervent politician; but, gentlemen and fellar citizens, if they don't suit you, they can be altered!"