



A CANADIAN SMACK.

This fishery incident in Maine should cause no surprise. It is not the first time that Uncle Sam has seized our "Sisters."

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

A MÆDIEVAL STORY TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH BY
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WHILST upon my travels in a foreign land I chanced one evening to come across a house of strange appearance which stood by the roadside. From its windows flashed bright lights, whilst sounds of laughter and song floated on the air. Impelled by some mysterious power I halted my steed, dismounted, and raising the lion's head rapper which hung on the door, with three heavy strokes bade the master of the house appear. At the sound of the third knock the lights disappeared and the gay sounds floated away on the breeze, and everything became gloomy and silent. I would have fled, but the same mysterious power held me to the spot. Suddenly the door opened, and I was welcomed within and bade partake of the hospitalities of the house. After having been delightfully entertained by mine host, none besides ourselves sitting at table, he informed me that he possessed a collection of wonders which he was desirous of showing me, and such as I had never before looked upon. He styled the collection his Chamber of Horrors. Nothing daunted, I stated my determination of witnessing his wonderful collection, and bade him lead me to the chamber. Passing along many corridors, we at length arrived before a ponderous door through which we passed into a dimly lighted room. Unaccustomed to such gloom, I peered around with some feeling of dread. Instantly the room was filled with a bright light equal to that of the sun, and I found myself in the presence of many strange things. Much bewildered, I turned to mine host and begged him to enlighten me as to their meaning. He graciously complied. "Beneath this cloth," he said, pointing to a napkin which covered some object, "lies a Broken Resolution. Let me first show you an Unbroken Resolution, so that you can the better judge between the two," and opening a drawer he drew forth one of the prettiest objects I had ever looked upon. It was of perfect spherical form, and threw from every point the loveliest flashes of coloured light. Its composition I know not, I could only comprehend its exceeding loveliness and choice design.

"Now let us examine the Broken Resolution," said mine host, raising the cover.

What a sight met my gaze! The rich colors, the perfect shape, its exceeding loveliness, had all gone; and in their place was a crushed and unrecognizable mass of rubbish.

"This," said mine host, lifting up some form of garment, "is a Turncoat. You will notice"—turning the inside to my view—"that it is ragged, dirty, and ill-flavored on the inner side, but the outer side is of the richest silk and satin. The wearer of this coat having sullied the outside with shameful practices until past wearing, then turned the garment, thus hiding his shameful actions, and once more appearing to the world the wearer of a clean and lovely garment. Had he lived he would have made this side as ill-flavored as the inner, but he died detested by all good people."

Turning to another object mine host said, "this is a False Report."

The Report was contained in a glass bottle, and appeared to be some putrid concoction continually in a ferment. Taking out the stopper, mine host held the bottle towards my nose, but I was fain glad to withdraw from it with all convenient speed.

Pointing to an object which lay in a glass case near, mine host said, "This is a Scandalmonger's Tongue, examine it closely."

I did so. At first sight I took it to be a lump of variegated clay, but closer examination revealed it to be a human tongue, swelled and distorted almost beyond recognition. I looked to my entertainer for some explanation. "You are mystified," he said. "That is the tongue of a woman who was a confirmed scandalmonger. For every lie told and evil report circulated she was punished with one of these ulcers; and it was not until their much accumulation, and the swelling of the tongue by reason of incessant talking, that she reluctantly relinquished her scandal dealing. Death rid her of her powers."

At this point I begged mine host to excuse me seeing more of the contents of his Chamber of Horrors. He smiled meaningly and led me from the room. After a night of rest, I bade farewell to my courteous host and went on my way.

APOSTROPHE to the boarding-house chicken—"Hens, horrible shadow, hens!"—*Boston Commercial-Bulletin*.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS," says a Chicago newspaper, "speaks elegant English." Yes, but he speaks rather too much of it.

A MAN afflicted with deafness took a prescription to a druggist, who filled it with care and in the latest style. The deaf man asked the price, when the following talk occurred:

Druggist (leaning on the counter and smiling in a won't-you-pay-up sort of a manner)—"The price is seventy-five cents."

Deaf customer—"Five cents? Here it is."

Druggist (in a louder voice)—"Seventy-five cents, please."

Deaf customer—"Well, there's your five cents."

Druggist (in a very loud voice and very firm manner)—"I said seventy-five cents."

Deaf customer (getting angry)—"Well, what more do you want? I just gave you five cents."

Druggist (sotto voice)—"Well, go to thunder with your medicine; I made three cents, anyway."