



JOHNNY SNUBBED AGAIN.

JOHN BULL.—YOU LET HER PASS, YOU RASCAL; AND HEREAFTER MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

One was Dodge Capilly, and the other was Sandy McKay, both young lawyers an' the biggest devils outside the bottomless pit. They stuck at nothing; so they got on the soft side of Coddles, and Capilly, who was terrible clever an' a gold medalist—he undertook to train him in edycation an' turn him out a complete orator, without charge, free gratis. He told him that the first step was to get twelve small stones an' put them in his mouth an' keep on suckin' 'em night an' day for six weeks. When Coddles asked them what they took him for, they outs with the life of Demosthenes an' shews him in black an' white what he did. That settled it. Then they told him he'd have to go an' stand on the shore in a storm an' beller louder'n the billows; which he couldn't very well do, seein' there's no sea in the Kentry towns, but they said if he'd go to the edge of the wood when the wind was blowin' high, an' the trees a sawin' an' groanin', an' stand there an' roar for all he was worth, makin' speeches afore the Sassiety like, it would be splendid trainin' for him. Well sir, the very fust hurricane he went, but you'll better believe the boys were there afore him, lying low in the brush, all eyes an' ears. They'd no end of fun lookin' at him standin' with his back agin a tree, the wind makin' a gay old racket in the woods, the pines a-roarin', the poplars a-creakin'; the trees a swingin' an'

lashin' every way, an' him oratin away in dead earnest, gurglin' an' splutterin' with them stones in his mouth. The comedy come near bein' a tragedy though. Just as Coddles was a roarin' off an' a-windin' up, he cum to a dead stop. The boys couldn't think what ailed him, he stood still so suddint like, grabbin' this throat an' coughin' an' hawkin' an' spittin' out every blamed stone. His face was red, his eyes starin', an' he stuck his forefinger away down his throat, an' acted generally like a man goin' out of his mind. Finally, he gave one jump, an' then made a bee line for the doctor's house at that end of the town. You bet them fellows were scared. They out after him, took a short cut across the fields, an' arrove just in time to hear the doctor tellin' him he'd narrowly escaped ass-fix-iation by suffocation, an' that he'd better carry the stones in his pocket, 'stead of his mouth after this. Everybody thought they'd let up on him then, but no siree! Solitude was their next move. Great geniuses developed in solitood; so Capilly said; afore a man could speak he must think—in solitood, alone. Coddles said he'd no chance of solitood at home, unless he went down cellar an' got his meals sent down to him. Capilly told him that if he would get the one side of his head shaved, an' lay low till the hair ketched up to the other side, an' all the time be practising oratory afore a lookin'

glass, he would emerge from his solitood the greatest orator of the age. Well, off marched the three to the Royal Capilly, gave the barber the wink, he shaved Coddles and asked no questions, and the very next day, they furnished the cellar, an' I believe Coddles would have been there yet, only the kitchen chimney took fire; all the fire-engines of the town were ballooin' an' rampagin' round the house, an' Coddles, forgettin' all about his head, ran out right in the middle of the crowd. Somebody wrote to Coddles' big brother in the next town that his brother had gone out of his mind, an' that they had to shave his head an' chain him down the cellar. Next day he drove up in a great hurry, an' when he saw his brother's head, an' heard all his story about Demosthenes, he walked quietly up to the harness-maker's an' invested in a good smart raw-hide. He got left though, Capilly an' McKay had cleared; they'd gone somewhere's round the north pole to practise law. Coddles got the other half of his head shaved to make it level, an' after his hair grew fit to look at, he made a speech afore the Sassiety. But bless you, no! he'll never be a speaker,—what do you think he was givin' us? He said that the fellow that built Rome in a day, was suckled by a wolf! That's all he knows about wolves. Just let him try to tackle a sho-wolf, he'll find out.