



A FALSE ALARM.

Young ladies should be very cautious about what they wear in these days of Nihilism, Socialism, Fenianism, Rheumatism, and every other kind of 'ism' that the whelps of the Evil One indulge in.

What causes me to make this reflection is a little affair that happened a few days ago, and which might have resulted far more terribly than it did. Even as it was, it should prove a warning to those of the gentler sex who are "highflyers after Fashion," like that dear old soul, Mrs. Boffin, in "Our Mutual Friend."

The incident was as follows: A rather charming young lady was passing down the street, beautifully dressed, and with a bustle whose exuberance was the cynosure of many eyes. I don't know that "cynosure of many eyes" means anything particularly gorgeous, but I see the expression very often, and I rather like it, mainly, I fancy, because I scarcely understand what it implies. We are all more or more—there now, I was going to branch off into a discourse on Metaphysics or something, when I pulled up, finding I was diverging from the young lady and her bustle, the latter, as I have intimated, being a very *prononcee* (beat that if you can) one. She glided swiftly along the crowded thoroughfare, and all seemed bright and serene, when a marble, rolling out into her path, insinuated itself beneath her dainty boot (No. 8). Without a moment being granted her to make up her mind, her feet whirled aloft, and, obedient to the laws of gravitation, sat sat abruptly and heavily upon the sidewalk, when Pop! Pop! BANG! I went something. "Dynamite!" yelled a fat man, turning pale and starting off at a rapid gait. "Infernal masheen!" shrieked a dude, melting away like a man with a constable after him. "Fire! fire!" vociferated the crowd; someone rushed to the nearest alarm box, and in a few seconds the brigade was on the spot, and prepared to squirt anywhere or at anything. Great was the excitement; the young lady still remained on the sidewalk in the position assumed in the first act, an occasional Pop! going off like a minute gun at sea. Somehow the dreadful sound appeared to emanate from the immediate vicinity of the young lady, and a policeman ran towards her, saying, "Hold her. She's a Fenian. It's No. 1," and so on. Someone now assisted her to her feet; the policeman changed his mind and did not arrest her; the Fire Brigade took their departure, and the crowd began to disperse, and soon all was quiet once more.

Oh! I forgot; yes, of course, I have omitted to state what occasioned all this turmoil and confusion. Well, it was that bustle. The young lady was of an ingenious turn of mind, and she had stuffed it with those blue and purple india-rubber balloons that children play with, and members of Parliament squeak with when they are tight. I mean when the balloons,

not the memb—bah! letitgo. When a heavy body is suddenly pressed down upon an inflated bladder or an india-rubber balloon, it—busts.

Now I think I've spun this out to about a column, so I will stop. Bye-bye.



THE DENTIST AND THE DEVIL.

A WEIRD, WILD, UNFLESHLY THING.

It was in the month of August,  
When no chilly wind nor raw gust  
Blows, but sultry was the weather, and I pondered sadly  
musing,  
Poor was I and, therefore, friendless;  
Though my wants seemed well nigh endless,  
Fortune with a rigor bendless ever favors sweet refusing.  
In my office I was sitting,  
Through my fervid fancy flitting  
Many an awesome wish befitting demons, devils, imps or  
what not,  
For I thought how luckless I was;  
Fors, whose office to mine nigh was,  
Had so many clients, patients, what you please, but one  
I got not.

All my money I had spent in  
Advertising and inventing  
Schemes to bring the price of rent in, and my office was  
a neat one;  
Many a jaw of spotless molars,  
Loops, bicuspides and rollers  
Which had cost me many dollars made my stock a most  
complete one;  
Round my shelves in beauty winning,  
Stood those teeth upon me grinning,  
Till, to every jaw I pictured countenances sly and fox-  
eyed;  
"Tell me then," I cried, "will never  
People call me dentist clever,  
Or shall I end up for ever all my woes with nitrous oxide?"  
Give me gold, ye imps of Hades,  
(Place I would not name to ladies,  
Hotter far than Spanish Cadiz,) come before me now and  
barter  
For my soul; I will not haggle;  
Gold in never emptying bag!  
Buy it; now—from Tophet struggle—make a small bid  
as a starter."  
Hardly was the silence broken  
By these words, so rashly spoken,  
When I straight received a token that my prayer was to  
be answered;  
For upon the cupboard shelf in  
Which I keep my stock of delf, in  
Furthest corner sat an elfin, dressed in black with hat  
like mansard  
Roof upon his head, he spoke and said "Good sir, your  
prayer is answered.

Gold is yours, or, what the same is,  
Forth upon the wings of Fame is  
Now being borne your gallant name; is this a Bargain?"  
"Tis," I muttered.  
Iust of gold my mind bewilders  
Any thing I'll do for gilders,  
Now I live in fear and trembling lest my bread should  
not be buttered."  
"Then," replied the goblin, "merely  
To make sure you speak sincerely,  
Write upon this parchment clearly, in the best blood of  
your arteries,  
That you sell, for what I give you,  
That which will so long outlive you;  
Sign; I really won't deceive you; this the compact of  
the barter is:

Give your soul, you're just as heal-ly  
Without it, and you'll be quite wealthy;"  
Here he came with gliding, stealthy step and pricked my  
epidermis;

Forth the glowing blood came welling;  
In I dipt my pen, and spelling  
Full my name, with rapture swelling, said, "That my  
cognominal term is."  
Reading this the elfin leered  
And straightway he disappeared  
In a flash of azure flame and left behind an odor sul hu y:  
"Oh! what crime have I committed?"  
Then I cried when he had flitted,  
"This is worse than murder, arson, aye, 'tis sinful as  
Biddulphery."

Still I felt my spirits plastic  
Growing light and more elastic,  
"I am no ecclesiastic," then I yelled, "it does not mat-  
ter."  
Then there came a rapping, rapping  
As of fifty patients tapping  
On my office door and cap in hand I opened to the clat or.  
There upon the stairway landing,  
Was a crowd of patients standing,  
Every one of them demanding me to give my best at-  
tion;  
Some had toothache and neuralgia,  
Tic and darting odontalgia,  
Causing headache, (cephalgia,) and too many thing: to  
mention.

Soon my rooms were overflowing  
With my patients, coming, going,  
And my fees there was no knowing for the dollars pour-  
ed around me;  
And their number ne'er diminished,  
For, as soon as one I finished,  
Swift the armchair was replenished till the number did  
astound me:  
From their mouth the teeth came popping,  
And I deftly, round them hopping,  
Pulled and wrestled, the molars dropping, till in drawn  
teeth I was wading.  
All my floor was littered thickly  
With the teeth I draw so quickly,  
And a gory odor sickly all the office was pervading.

Still they came, yet thicker, thicker:  
Round I hopped now quicker, quicker,  
With no time to get a liquor, which I wanted and I sigh-  
ed for,  
Yes, a draught of ale or porter,  
Half-and-half, or rye and water,  
I would fain have paid a quarter,—nay, I thought I could  
have died for.  
Higher grew the pile of ees, sir,  
Earned by forceps, probe and tweezer,  
Till the teeth rose to my knees, sir, as I cast them on the  
floor,  
"Will their number never languish?  
How I"—here I broke a sang—"wish  
I could rest," I cried in anguish; then there came from  
out the door  
Voices saying, "No, your days of loafing will return—no  
more."

Then, immediately thereafter,  
Burst a peal of fiendish laughter,  
Shaking every beam and rafter in the building, fiendish  
shrieking,  
Shouts of devilish voices rident,  
Howls from throats of goblins strident,  
Mocking tones which said "Oh! my dent-ist, your mes-  
ter  
now is speaking;  
Would you sell your soul for money?  
How particularly funny!  
Now you've got it, ain't it honey; oh you foolish, foolish  
fellow."  
Then I shrieked, "Give back my soul, sir,  
Here, these dollars, take the whole, sir,  
And get back to that dark hole, sir, whence you came;  
go back to—" hullo!

Here I woke, in daymare screaming,  
Verily I had been dreaming,  
And the perspiration streaming flowed in floods from  
every pore;  
I had been somnambulistie,  
And with science most artistic,  
I had, in my dreaming mystic, wandered all about the  
floor,  
And from every showcase jawbone,  
I had drawn, like dental sawbone  
As I was, each tooth comprising all my stock, and, s. d.  
disaster,  
I had mixed the teeth and drugs up  
With the stuff that hollows plugs up,  
And had filled my mugs and jugs up with these things  
and Paris plaster.

MORAL.

Dollars worth of stock I'd shattered,  
Teeth and drugs all round I'd scattered,  
But, methought, it little mattered as I was not boo'ed for  
Hades;  
Ye who meditate on evil,  
Try and steer clear of the Devil,  
Who's a most unyielding master and as black as blackest  
spade is;  
And if Fortune seems to flout you,  
Keep your brains and wits about you,  
And though dollars seem to scout you, it may be naught  
else but seeming;  
Keep your hearts up; ne'er appealing  
To those imps of tricky dealing,  
And you will not have that feeling that I had when I  
was dreaming.