



THE RESOURCEFUL HUNTERS.

—Fliegende Blätter.

had been arranged between Paddy McQuaid, the Connemara bruiser, and Slugger Jorkins, the Detroit Terror. Both men were in excellent trim and four rounds were fought, McQuaid, amid great enthusiasm, drawing first blood. The Terror, however, warmed to his work, and in the last round knocked out his opponent by a right-hander. The combatants having retired, the reverend gentleman, in a sermon of unusual power and eloquence showed that such brutal and inhuman spectacles were demoralizing in the extreme, and severely arraigned the authorities for not invoking the full powers of the law to save society from such polluting influences. The occasion will long be remembered. Quite a number of those present declared that if such services were more frequently given they would be more regular in their attendance at church."

"Gambling" was the subject of Rev. Dr. Proser's sermon last Sabbath morning. In accordance with the custom lately in vogue it was exemplified by a striking object lesson in the shape of a faro lay-out, at which a regular game was played for half an hour, Deacon Smiley, who before his conversion had considerable experience in the wicked ways of gamblers, acting as banker. After a considerable amount of money had changed hands, the pastor ordered the game to be discontinued, and in a moving discourse labored to convince his hearers of the essential wickedness and criminality of gambling practices. As those who had lost their money were in a receptive mood it is believed that his earnest exhortation on the subject will bring forth good fruit. It is understood that the money won by Deacon Smiley will be handed over to the organ fund."

ST. PATRICK'S RIOT.

IT started with a shamrock,
But, getting under way,
Resorted to the real rock
To celebrate the day.

JOHN B. TABB.

[COMPETITION].

THE REEF OF BOODLER'S WOE.

ALL lonely he sits by the sandy shore
Through the bright and sunny day,
While ripples and laughs the pleasant sea
Like a happy child at play;
And his eyes are sad as they gaze afar,
Where sea and heaven do meet,
Deeply he sighs as he breathes the air
That wafts from southward sweet.

"O what is your sorrow," question I,
"That you mourn by this smiling sea?
What is your sorrow?" I question low,
And he turns sad eyes on me,—
Then answers slow, in grief's deep voice,
"Calm the sea and fair the day
That I in my bonny barque set sail
Bound for Mercier-land away.

"But skies grew dark and winds blew wild,
Our vessel drove before,
Till 'way out there on a treacherous reef
She sank to rise no more.
And I alone was left in life,
To drift back on a broken spar,
To mourn for the shore I cannot reach,
And my good barque wrecked afar."

The slow waves laved the glittering sand,
The sunbeams danced merrily o'er,
The balmy breeze blew warm and soft,
Still he sighed in sorrow sore.
Such was the loss of the gallant craft
When hurricane winds did blow,
Oh, save us all from a wreck like this
On the Reef of Boodler's Woe!

JACK.

A GREWSOME JEST.

SAMJONES—"I've got one. What is the difference between a sensational novel and a badly bungled execution? Do you give it up?"

BORAX—"I'm always ready to give your jokes up. They are not worth keeping."

SAMJONES—"Well, one is blood and thunder and the other is thud and blunder."