

way. On, on, through the darkness, with the gurgling waters bearing us swiftly on, and only an occasional glimpse of light from a stray window. The phat boy said this was the Victoria Bridge, but how it got so mixed up with the rapid he could not tell. On, on, we went, and swept out into Lake Champlain. We were evidently in the very heart of Africa, where no European had ever been before. An hour afterwards we came to a city with steps of Vermont marble leading up to a palace. The people were all white but cadaverous, long, lank, and with lean faces. They wore swallow-tail coats with brass buttons, and striped trowsers. I asked a venerable looking man the name of the city and he replied "haow"? When I repeated he said, "I presume to calculate that its called Mon-tro-sis." At the palace we found two queens, the queen of hearts and the queen of spades, a blonde and a brunette playing poker. They were both beautiful. The blonde, Sallionis, fell in love with Sir 'Arry at first sight, and throwing her arms round his neck said, "I guess, sir, you'll be my young man." The brunette, Beconnis, ran up and said "No you don't, Sally, I guess that's my fellow." "Go away Beccy," retorted Sally, "you just shan't have him anyhow." They spoke with a strong nasal twang, but were very beautiful. At supper we saw there was a deadly feud between them, though they both were agreeable to us as possible. We were eating bacon and beans the favorite dish of the country, and the young ladies performed the most astonishing feats with their knives. They shovelled up beans by the dozen, and stuck the knives down their throats till only the handles were visible.

Next morning we learned that Beccy, discovering Sir 'Arry's preference for her sister, had run away with an officer of the palace, a graduate of West Point, and that they were collecting a large army to storm the city. Accordingly Sir 'Arry married Sally and took command of the forces. We met the enemy at Shen-an-do-ah a few miles out, and killed them all, about 700,000. The phat boy and Bully boy with the glass eye performed prodigies of valor. This victory left Sir 'Arry monarch of all he surveyed, so he determined to remain king of the people he loved so well. We having discovered the aboriginal tribe we were in search of, found that they would not negotiate a treaty. They were afraid their peculiar language and customs would be ruined by an inroad of barbarians. They declared they must always say "haow" and eat with their knives, if they died for it. Sir 'Arry accordingly sent a manifesto by us to England declaring that he would allow no one to enter the country. He would not allow his people to be corrupted by English civilization. Above all he did not want any novels by that Haggard Rider, such as "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allan Quatermain," the greatest nonsense and bosh on the face of the earth, to ruin his unsophisticated subjects.

THE END.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

NELLIE—Well, Charley is off for Europe at last. Oh, dear, won't it be horrid lonesome here this winter without him!

Maud—Yes; I really don't know what *you'll* do, Nell, with no one to take you driving, and to the opera and concerts. I don't wonder you feel badly, dear.

Nellie—Yes, its awful, but it might be a good deal worse—he didn't ask me to write.

SONG FOR NORQUAY.

(AIR—*My Maryland.*)

I'm coming back without the cash,
Prairie land, my Prairie land,
But things have not yet gone to smash,
Prairie land, my Prairie land;
That railway we are bound to get;
We'll raise the hoodle, never fret,
We've started and we'll win, you bet,
Prairie land, my Prairie land.

We're bound to break monopoly's neck,
Prairie land, my Prairie land;
Sir John will find he cannot check
Prairie land, my Prairie land,
Van Horne may bluster, swear and howl,
And all the magnates fume and scowl,
And Tupper and John A. may growl
Prairie land, my Prairie land!

They want to keep us in their clutch,
Prairie land, my Prairie land;
With thunder-tones we say, not much!
Prairie land, my Prairie land!
We won't bow down as slaves, they'll see,
We know our rights and will be free—
So never fear, but stand by me,
Prairie land, my Prairie land.

WIGGINS AND HIS STORM.

WE have kept the forms open till the last moment in expectation of a letter from Prof. E. Stone Wiggins anent his great storm of the 19th. The epistle (like the storm) having failed to come to hand, we feel it our duty to write it ourselves rather than have our readers disappointed. We know just what the learned scientist wants to say, so the writing of the letter gives us no trouble at all, thank you.

To the Storm Signal Editor of Grip:

SIR:—Having observed statements in some of the papers to the effect that the great storm predicted by me for the 19th inst. had failed to show up (this vulgar expression, I need hardly remark, is from the papers in question), I deem it owing to myself to offer a brief explanation. My reply to the critics is simply that they are incorrect as to facts. The storm *did* come just as I foretold it. If you will consult the daily papers of the 20th, you will read of the event and the havoc it created around Newfoundland. It is true that these despatches represent that the storm took place on the 17th, and was not half so big as the affair I promised; but I need hardly point out that this is a typographical error. Besides this, I happen to know that the agents of the associated press in Newfoundland purposely set back the date to injure me through contemptible motives of jealousy. Any lingering doubt you may have about the date of the storm will be dispelled when I mention that the parallat of Jupiter crossed the orbit of Uranus at 6.15 mein time—equal to 6.24 p.m. Farenheit—and consequently no disturbance of a cyclo-hurricane description could have taken place before the 19th. This also accounts for the smoke in the atmosphere in the vicinity of Peterborough. It is alleged that in my prediction I said the great storm of the 19th would be severely felt on the Atlantic coast, whereas there was no storm at all in that vicinity. There was a storm, in all respects answering to the description of my storm on that coast. I positively identify it. I had warned the authorities to prohibit the fishing boats, etc., to leave port, but my warning was disregarded—another instance of professional jealousy. I owe something