

**First Meeting of the Froggleton Association of Learned Longheads.**

(By Telephone.)

FROGGLETON, Nov. 2nd, 1881.  
5.10, p.m.

Have just arrived and am located at the Rotten Egg and Blue Racor, a first-class hotel in every respect. The view from the window of my room is extremely romantic. Directly opposite is a dead wall, ornamented with patent medicine and circus posters; up the street a boy with a wart on his nose is playing marbles with another boy of about the same age, and wearing a straw hat without a crown, while down street a red-headed servant-maid is leaning out of a window.

6.30.  
The excitement over the approaching meeting of the Association is tremendous. The news of my arrival had been circulated, and when I went out just now I was followed by a crowd of admiring youths. I am not unduly elated, however, but preserve a calm and dignified demeanour, suitable to your representative.

7.15.  
Professors Thumbskrew and Kant have arrived. I had the honour of shaking hands with the illustrious scientists. They met with a serious accident it seems on their way here. Their horse, an animal for which Prof. Kant had paid no less a sum than \$27, died suddenly, and they were forced to purchase another. The price paid, I understand, was \$31.75. I have examined him, and he is well worth it. Prof. Thumbskrew is between forty and sixty years of age, some five feet ten inches high, and wears rings in his ears. Prof. Kant is from two to fifteen years older, and of somewhat slight build, being six feet eight inches in his socks, and weighing one hundred and thirty-two pounds.

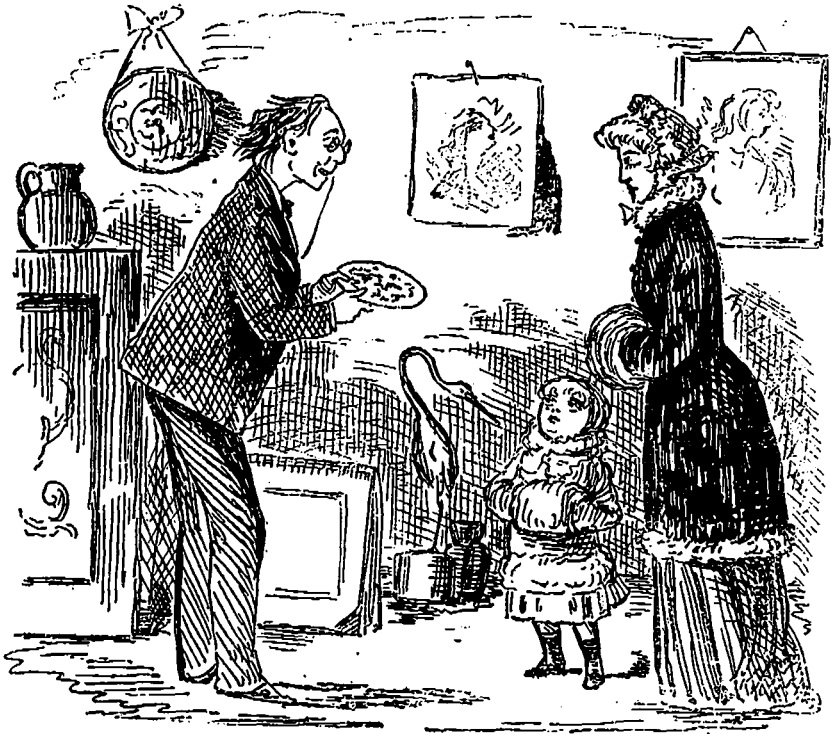
11.30.  
Have just reached my room after a trip to that occupied by the distinguished strangers. I listened for upwards of an hour at the keyhole, and heard several mysterious sounds and expressions such as: "I pass," "take it up," etc. What does it all mean?

11.45.  
You will be surprised to learn that the frogs which occupy a pond to the west of the town, and from which it takes its name, have been piping for some time. Very likely it is in honour of our visitors. The music is not bad at all, being fully equal to the average church choir. I am enjoying it very much.

12.15, a.m.  
The frogs are still at it. Really it is getting a trifle monotonous.

12.30.  
Two cats are holding a conference under my windows, and appear to disagree about something. This is a variation to the music of the frogs, but, dash the thing! I'm getting tired of it!

Nov. 3, 8.30, a.m.  
After a sleepless night on account of the frogs and cats, I went out to inspect the town. The view from a spot near the town hall is perfectly enchanting. To the right lies the frog pond I have mentioned, to the left a range of beautiful sand-hills destitute of vegetation, and away in front a dead pine, with a notch in one side, stands on a little eminence. I examined the pond narrowly, but it doesn't appear different to the ordinary run of ponds. This is curious. However, I'll ask Prof. Kant's opinion on it. When returning, a yellow dog, with a scar over his right eye and a bob-tail, persisted in following me, and kept smelling and snapping at my calves. Being of a nervous temperament, this naturally annoyed me very much. I walked faster, but the wretched dog still stuck to me, and would undoubtedly have laid hold had he



**HIGH ART MANIA IN MONTREAL.**

(A FACT.)

Young lady amateur brings a Plaque (her first effort) to be mounted, accompanied by her sister, aged five.

YOUNG SISTER (to gilder).--DON'T YOU THINK IT'S NICELY PAINTED?  
GILDER.--VERY NICELY, MY DEAR, DID YOU DO IT?

not observed a cat of brunette complexion which drew him in pursuit. I have ordered a pint of punch to steady my nerves.

9.25.  
Professors Swillpot and Fudge have just driven up to the Royal Lobster. The former (who was on horseback) gave Prof. Fudge a lift, one riding behind the other. Quite a crowd gathered to witness their arrival, and cheered them lustily. The sight was truly a noble one. Prof. S. is of Baxterian proportions, while Prof. Fudge is small in stature, and bald-headed.

10.15.  
I have just learned that the yellow dog belongs to a maiden lady who resides in the east end of the row. How such outrages can be permitted in a civilized community, passes my comprehension. Professors Tearum and Lea therworks are here. They came on the stage, and were warmly received by their distinguished colleagues. I understand they will put up at the Rotten Egg and Blue Racor, but am not positive. The only difference I could observe in their appearance is, that while Prof. T. has a full beard and is rather dark, his learned friend is of light complexion, and the only sign of a whisker that I noticed was three hairs growing out of a mole on his left cheek, south-east of his nose.

12.20, p.m.  
The yellow dog is no more, and I once more breathe freely. I gave the contract to the night watchman for fifty cents, but he sub-let it to a boy of intelligent appearance, who did the job for fifteen cents. I have one of his (the dog's, not the boy's) ears, which convinces me that I am revenged.

1.30.  
The President, Prof. Bilker, drove up a few

minutes since in a buckboard drawn by a gray horse with a bog spavin on his left hind leg. He received a hearty welcome, and intends to put up at the sublime Pollywog. Prof. Bilker's right leg is about four inches shorter than its fellow, and his nose has a decided twist to the west, but, leaving such minor details out, his countenance betokens great penetration.

5.40.  
I mentioned the subject of the pond to Prof. Kant an hour since. He has just informed me that the frogs are ordinary frogs, or have only taken up a temporary residence in the pond. This has relieved my mind of a great load.

10.50.  
The distinguished gentlemen are holding a conference in Prof. Thumbskrew's room. The excitement is intense. No less than three men and two boys have been up listening at the keyhole. The same mysterious sounds were heard, together with a rattling of glasses and low chuckling. The landlord tells me that some cognac and a dozen bottles of ale were sent up at eight o'clock. Undoubtedly they are trying some chemical experiments. What will to-morrow bring forth? This question is asked by all with bated breath.

Nov. 4, 1881, 8 o'clock, a.m.  
Early this morning the whole town was thrown in a fever of excitement by the announcement that the night watchman had arrested a suspicious character who was seen prowling around the hotel. Upwards of a dozen persons and fourteen or fifteen dogs were upon the spot in less than an hour. It is really hard to say what the result would have been, had it not transpired that the man who had been arrested was only a boy, and had no weapon but