

breathing: Dear me, this is very terrible, I wish I had a light, I am very sorry I ever started on this expedition. Dear me; there it is again," as another deep breath, followed by a sound as of someone turning over in bed smote his ear. "Surely," thought Mr. Bramley, I cannot have mistaken my bed-room: this is awful. I may be shot any minute, for who knows but that I have got into the apartment of some American, and they all carry fire-arms I believe; good heavens!" and his hair began slowly to rise, as he discerned in the dim light to which his eyes were becoming accustomed, a figure in white raise itself on its elbows, and a female voice exclaim, "Is that you, Ichabod?" Mr. Bramley's tongue seemed to him to become suddenly paralyzed, and though he strove to make some reply, not a word could he utter. "Why don't you speak, Ichabod? Ichabod—" Here, Mr. Bramley, by a superhuman effort managed to gasp out, "I—I—I am not Ichabod; I—I—there's some mistake—" but as soon as the tones of his voice fell upon the ears of the white robed figure, such a tremendous shriek came from the berth that Mr. Bramley nearly fainted with fright and horror. "B-be calm, madam, b-be c-c-calm" he stammered. But shriek upon shriek, scream after scream followed one another with awful celerity, as the originator of them buried her head under the bed-clothes and yelled with all the full power of her lungs. What could Mr. Bramley do? That there was some horrible mistake somewhere was evident: was he in some one else's cabin, or was some one else in his? He was soon to learn. Hurrying feet were heard rapidly approaching: several pairs of them if one could judge by the noise they made. Mr. Bramley would gladly have fled, but whither could he flee? and he was nearly undressed too! His state of mind was simply agonizing, and a cold perspiration broke out all over him as the shrieks were redoubled in intensity, and the footsteps drew nearer and at last halted in front of the door, which was violently thrown wide open and a strong light from several lanterns carried by those outside was cast into the cabin, revealing the unfortunate Bramley in a state of semi-nudity, standing pale and horrorstricken in the middle of the floor; and a young and not at all bad looking female sitting up in a large double berth, with the bed-clothes drawn up to her chin, and emitting a series of most appalling and blood-curdling screams.

"What's the matter, dear?" shouted a middle-aged gentleman rushing into the cabin and nearly overthrowing the not too steady Bramley in his mad career, "and who the devil is *this* fellow? Who are *you*, sir? He demanded in tones so fierce that Bramley's knees smote together and his teeth chattered: his Napoleonic demeanor, now when it would seem to have been most needed, and when it might have served him in good stead, had entirely deserted him; nothing of the blood-thirsty Corsican remained to him but his pallor, as he looked from the face of his irate questioner to the open door with some faint idea of escape glimmering through his bewildered intellects, though escape was impossible as fully twenty people, passengers and others had congregated outside the cabin under the impression that some horrible deed of blood had been perpetrated. "Who are you, sir? I repeat," roared the gentleman whom the terrified female had addressed as "her darling Ichabod" on his first appearance; "and what in the name of all that's damnable are you doing in my cabin at this time of the night or morning?" and he sprang at the unfortunate Pickwickian, and seizing him by the throat, shook him violently till his eyes seemed as though about to start from their sockets.

"I—I—I, it was a mistake," pleaded Mr. Bramley, "I am a gentleman of honor, sir, and that woman—" "Who are you calling a woman, you pesky critter?" snapped the lady from the berth, who was an American, as was also her husband, "Ichabod, do you hear him, what he calls me?"

"By heavens! sir," yelled the incensed husband, for such he proved to be, "by heavens! sir, you shall pay dearly for this. Has he insulted you, Marantha?" he queried turning to his wife.

"I don't know what he's done: I was asleep till a few minutes before you came: perhaps he was only after my jewels," replied the lady.

"Oh! no, no, no," gasped Bramley, "I don't—"

"Your blood shall pay for this insult to my honor," broke in the male tenant of the cabin, "as soon as ever we reach land, that is if you are worthy of meeting me," and he again shook Mr. Bramley violently; "but you are most probably beneath my notice—" "He is, he is, Ichabod" shrieked the lady: "he is, don't fight him: kill him now."

(To be continued.)



A CONSERVATIVE'S OPINION.

"I HAVE been all my life a conservative, but I have sad reason to declare my entire want of confidence in any present organization of that name. The machine party politics imported into Canada from the United States has introduced a vast deal of the same depravity which has distinguished that system in the country of its origin. Your valued GRIP is doing good service; it is the *Punch* of Canada on all public questions—but you must feel almost hopeless of instructing the blind and stupid people."—(From a letter to the Editor, July 29.)

Esteemed correspondent, don't worry about the "blind and stupid people." There are thousands of decent people like yourself in both parties, and from his high perch GRIP can clearly discern the fact that they are waking up to protest against this machine politics we have so long suffered in Canada. It looks as though that protest would take the form of a third party into which the cleanly element will step in a body, leaving the corruptionists and deal-makers to console themselves with reminiscences of the past. The people are all right. They move slowly, but when they do move they make short work of grit and tory.

"AH," said Jehokus, taking his friend's baby, "he has got his mother's eyes—and my hair," he added, as the infant prodigy grabbed him by the foretop.—*St. Albans Messenger.*