

The School Boys' Inferno.

"Hoyles ma, Mr. Miller wants to see you," called Norton Taylor through the study door. I rose with fear in my heart and went to my doom with a conscience which appeared, to judge by its stabblings to be considerably sharper than Cookse's razor. I knocked at the fatal door and, after being admitted, was told to wait a moment. How long that moment seemed! I thought over my entire school life and determined that nothing less than a severe caning could be the reward of my terrible crimes. I longed for a little time to think; but yet, as the moments flew by, my fear increased, my head swam and I wished the floor would open and swallow me up. Suddenly my footing gave way and I fell with a terrible force to what I supposed was the floor. A roaring sound surged in my ears, the air seemed to become close, the room dark, and then I knew no more.

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When sensibility returned I noticed a strong, disagreeable smell of College gas escaping. The place where I was lying was not Mr. Miller's office, but a dark and very warm room, whose walls appeared to be formed of earth, which dripped with a sort of perspiration, forming a foul smelling pool in one corner of the floor into which disgusting rats plunged at short intervals with shrill, unearthly squeaks.

A thirst came upon me which soon became a craving, I was beginning to suffer agonies when a door at the side opened and a female darkey servant entered with a cup of College tea at the regulation temperature, which immediately cooled my fevered brow.

Two other servants then entered and bade me come with them. As they led me away I questioned them as to my whereabouts and was told that I was in the school boys' place of punishment.

They then ushered me into the same sort of a room where sat six gentlemen of the lower regions in solemn conclave. On my entrance one immediately rose and in a voice of thunder turned to me and cried, "what does this mean, sir? I can't have it, you know. You are the most careless boy in Hades. For your sins we have decided the punishment, but first you shall be taken to the place of detention to see your unfortunate brethren." Then he called "Doomlittle," in response to which appeared a young boy who was general slob, "Take this fool to detention."

Away we crept through dripping corridors and slimy passages till at last we came

to the room where bad school boys were confined to eternal punishment. The door was thrown open and I beheld a number of pallid victims with woe depicted in the deepest degree on their countenances. "These wretches," said my guide, "are compelled to follow the habits which they formed in their life at school."

I then perceived near my hand the ghost of Gooderham, which was compelled to continually eat food which disagreed with him. There, near him was his unfortunate cousin Mitchell, who was condemned by the authorities to forever sit on a desk whose back gave way and which he was compelled to place up again, and again to knock down. A short distance away sat Kerr, who was compelled to sit quiet and think of his best girl. What more dreadful than to ponder over this matter for all time? And there over in that dark corner were two poor shades, one which, wasted though it was, resembled my room-mate, who was sentenced to eternally make the same joke, whilst the other poor wretch, who appeared like Howitt, had to listen to it forever. Surely, over there that sturdy ghost was George Moncrieff, compelled, on account of the activity of his former mind, to sit staring and thinking about nothing, nothing! But most miserable of all was a spirit huddled down on the floor in a pool. It was Cooke, compelled, year after year, to remain without venting his opinion. Can you imagine anything more dreadful for one so handsome and accomplished? I was so horrified by these awful sights and was becoming so weak from the sickening odors of the place that I fell on my knees in tears, and begged Doomlittle to take me away. He smiled grimly and informed me with evident satisfaction that I had been sentenced to forever eat Hash! Under this terrible strain my mind gave way and I was carried back to the chamber in which I had first found myself, and where I was now left.

My eyes were now accustomed to the dark, and I saw that a sentinel had been posted at another door, which fact seemed to argue that if I could pass him there would be some chance of escape. Hope sprang up in my heart and I felt in my pockets for some valuable articles to use as a bribe. In my trouser pockets there was nothing, in my coat the same state of affairs existed, and, of course, nothing in my vest. What could I do? At last I remembered that in an inside pocket I had a copy of the ACTA. Seizing this I hurried to the