



### THE LIQUID-HATERS.

"Dear madam, we feel for you deeply. We have finished the cleaning up of the defunct institution, and there is really nothing left for you and the other unfortunate shareholders."

### THE WICKED EARL AND THE VILLAGE MAID— A METRICAL ROMANCE.

(Concluded from last week.)

#### CHAP. V.

##### THE PARTING.

WHENE’ER a hero finds himself  
Quite destitute of worldly pelf,  
The proper caper, you’ll agree,  
Is that he ought to go to sea.

A sailor’s work is mostly play;  
He dances hornpipes all the day,  
Except when pulling to and fro  
At ropes, exclaiming, “Yo-heave-yo!”

And every time they heave the log,  
The bos’n serves out lots of grog.  
In short, the sailor’s life is one  
Of little work and glorious fun.

If fortunate enough to gain,  
A passage to the Spanish Main,  
Quite frequently, as I’ve been told,  
He’ll come home laden down with gold.

Well, Roderick sailed away to sea,  
And as for gentle Flora, she  
Bewailed her melancholy fate,  
And fell into a moping state.

The Wicked Earl, to win her bent,  
Now seized her father’s cow for rent,  
And swore he’d either have her hand,  
Or turn her parents off his land.

The months passed by and still no word  
From wandering Gilderoy she heard;  
But then a post office in vain  
You’d look for on the Spanish Main.

At length a wandering trobadour  
Paused for a while at Flora’s door,  
And from the lining of his coat  
Drew this extraordinary note.

’Twas dated from the Spanish Main,  
The writing wasn’t very plain—  
“Farewell to all our dreams of joy  
Flora, I’m dead.—R. GILDEROY.”

She gave a start and then a yell,  
Upon the floor she swooning fell;  
The Earl, with a triumphant sneer  
Was watching from a covert near.

He had put up this little job,  
The rove of his bride to rob.  
“Ha, slave, thou’st worked the racket fine.  
At length she must, she shall be mine!”

#### CHAP. VI.

##### THE DENOUEMENT.

The bishop in the chancel stood,  
He was a pious man and good;  
’Twas fully sixteen months or more,  
Since he had shed a drop of gore.

’Twas very rarely that he took  
Another’s watch or pocket-book,  
Nor would he swear unless he had  
Something to make him very mad.

He rose by virtues such as these  
To bishop of that diocese,  
And now was come to wed the Earl  
To Flora Dobbs, that charming girl.

Said he, “I’ve always understood  
That earl-y marriages are good,”  
He softly chuckled as he spoke,  
To let them know it was a joke.

The bridal party now draw nigh,  
When suddenly is heard a cry,  
“Hold on there! I forbid the banns,  
She’s mine and not that other man’s!”

’Tis Roderick Gilderoy returned—  
The haughty Earl aside he spurned.  
“Dr-raw, tr-r-aitor! caitiff, wilt thou not  
Then I shall slay thee on the spot.”

But Flora threw herself between,  
“Roddy” said she “I hate a scene;  
If you two fellows can’t agree  
Respecting which shall marry me,

“Flip up a copper—heads or tails—  
I’ll wed the man whose luck prevails;  
And so we’ll fix it straight and square.”  
So ’twas decided then and there.

But whether Roderick won the girl,  
Or Fate decided for the Earl,  
Or if the Rightful Heir became  
At length successful in his claim.

I do not know—I cannot say,  
So you can have it either way;  
The newest style of novel out  
Most always leaves the end in doubt.

#### MORAL:

But none the less you’ll hardly fail  
To grasp the moral of my tale,  
Which is that rectitude inspires  
No less than emulous desires.

And that in spite of adverse Fate,  
The final law is inchoate  
In microcosms that subtly blend  
To grandly sublimate the end.

### TOO MUCH EARNESTNESS.

“THINK not that you can evade the punishment that shall be meted out to you, ye disobedient and sin-loving people,” exclaimed the pastor, growing excited and gesticulating wildly; “and mark my words, disaster—I say, disaster, shall surely overtake the hasty and careless”—but the sentence was not finished. For with a more savage sweep of the hand than usual he emphasized his words and smashed the lamp above into atoms.