



EPISODE IN THE O'BRIEN CASE.

(Every effort was made to force O'Brien to wear the prison clothes, but in vain.—*Daily paper.*)

Turnkey of Cork Jail to Warden—There, sor, he can't help himself now, but be the powers av Moll Kelly, how are we to get the trousers on him?

CLAUDE COURSOL.

THE GREAT CANADIAN NOVEL, BY A HAGGARD WRITER,
AUTHOR OF HESHE-IT, AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER IX.

A TANGLED SKEIN.

CLAUDE and his darling she-fiend enjoyed sweet converse, by telegraphing by means of taps on the walls of their cells. That was the long and the short of it. Maud and Dynamitard followed suite, on the other side. In these delicate conversations, it was arranged that the Dynamitard should set up a miniature factory in his watch case, and make explosives to blow up the locks and give him and his love liberty. This was considered a most secret place, as a watch has a habit of holding its hands before its face, and concealing all its movements. So the factory was set up and enough dynamite manufactured to blow up the whole city. Puff, bang, it went. Off flew the doors of all the cells in the ward, and all the guards and turnkeys were knocked insensible.

The prisoners trying to escape in disguise, the men with masks and the women with veiled faces, got somewhat mixed. But loving sympathy can never be mistaken, and Claude and his new *inamorata*, Maud and the Dynamitard, wandered out hand-in-hand into the all-favoring night. At least so they thought.

CHAPTER X.

ESCAPED.

How they got there is a mystery!!! "Where?" do you ask, gentle and intelligent reader? To Fort Niagara.

This is how it happened to one pair: Proceeding along King street they fell, in the darkness, through a hole, and found themselves in the main sewer. There was a torpedo boat passing, and they took passage in it, by holding on to the rudder. Claude sang:

I would my love would silently
Flow like the silver stream, etc., etc.,

or words to that effect. It cheered the way. His companion wept. But they both thought it sweet. Too, too utterly intense for anything.

The Dynamitard and his companion were wandering hopelessly in Queen's Park, when he conceived the brilliant idea of charging the Russian guns, not like the six hundred at Balaclava, but with a powerful explosive. He applied a match. The shock was tremendous. Neither of them knew anything till they felt themselves rushing through the air and falling gently to mother earth, on the other side of the lake, about 500 yards from Claude and his companion, but concealed by a blade of grass and two pebbles.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DENOUEMENT.

No good ever comes of concealment, and these four innocents, like the Babes in the Wood and Paul and Virginia, were guilelessly being led into trouble, by one mistake. They wore disguises. Claude bust up on this thing and said—no, entreated:—"Lift, with thy shapeful hand of Parian white, the envious veil which shrouds thy charms, my own sweet love, and let me gaze upon thy divine phiz." She lifted. At the same time he removed his mask. What a tragedy! They had got mixed. They were Claude and Maud, and they forthwith set to work tearing each other's hair and plucking each other's eyes out. The Dynamitard and the she-fiend, five hundred yards away, were engaged in the same pastime. Soon, only the two men were left. The women had gracefully perished. Then Claude and the Dynamitard engaged in a friendly duel. They held their pistols to each other's heads and blazed away. After that no one remained. Heroes and heroines, the fair, the brave, the innocent had vanished like postage stamps. Thus, kind reader, ends this classic tale, which, for grace, pathos, dramatic incident, and local coloring, has never been equalled and never can be equalled in this or any other country. Thus is fulfilled the prediction that the great American novel would come from the north.

[THE END.]



"HEART AND SCIENCE."

"Papa," said Ethel, "I do not think you are just to Mr. Sophtomore; I was walking with him last night. His head is full of ideas." "Yes, yes," said the professor, and went on reading the proof of his lecture on "Microscopic Thought," "we cannot realize the infinite littleness of the cholera bacteria, when we know that 30,000,000,000 of them occupy a space no larger than a pin's head." Yes, yes; as you say, he has a great many ideas; but they are"—goes on reading proof.—*Burdette.*