



THE WIND AND THE SUN;

OR, COERCION VS. CONCILIATION AS AN "INFLUENCER" OF IRELAND.

—Punch.

fireside with its allurements faded before the overmastering fear that shook his aldermanic soul—

"I am Malaria!!!" came in a deep, bass tone, from the throat of the gigantic figure—

Aghast—horror stricken, the alderman stared with round eyed horror at the spectre—"who are you, and where did you come from?"

Malaria laughed, a hollow—and sardonic laugh—which froze the marrow in the bones of the alderman, and made him think of his sins.—"who, am I? Why, I count in my horrible, and noisome ancestry the Black plague of London, cholera, all the plagues and pestilences, which have swept the world since the Flood!!! Where do I come from? ha! ha!—ha! I am in your midst—an invisible and impalpable presence—not spiritual ha! ha! ha! but smell-nal everywhere, where the modern drainage system hold sway—I am King!!!"

"Why do you appear to me? I am an honest man?" quavered the poor alderman—

Malaria breathed over him—he grew pale—looked very sick—longed for his wife, an Ippe-cac—then in a rasping, dreadful voice Malaria spoke:—

Malaria, do hereby challenge the thirty-six aldermen of the City of Toronto, to meet me—drawn up in battle

array—armed with all that science—no!—the system of drainage—can furnish to withstand me, and my dread powers—I claim, as the challenger, the right of choosing the ground of conflict—Gooderham's Byres—day, Friday!!—ha! ha! ha! the unlucky day?"—

I, Malaria melted into the surrounding air—no more did his awful form obstruct the aldermen—pathway home—but on the ground at his feet lay a horrid strip of yellow paper, written in letters of fire, on which he could decipher the words of the challenge!!!

Glad to possess this document as an evidence that he had not dreamed a dream—a spirituous dream—he wended his way homeward, starting at every lamppost and under every swinging electric light, nor could all the blandishments and questions of the wife of his bosom elicit the cause of his gloom.

JONES—I would not be surprised at anything. Smithers—Not if an angel were to appear? Jones—Well, that might astonish me a little. Smithers—A female angel, for instance? Jones—Female angel? There ain't any other kind; not much. —Pittsburg Dispatch.