

onslaughts of the Gulliver contingent beyond the picket fence : During the intense labor of building walls and citadels, a voice is heard from the sentinel who stands on the outer walls of the fort —“ To arms ! an enemy approaches ! ” There is a bustle in the camp. Each man with bullet in hand, peeps through the walls and perceives the mighty Gulliver advancing to the battle-fields of Lilliput. “ Is he a friend or an enemy ? ” they ask. Too big to be a friend ; therefore he is an enemy.

Smith, the commander-in-chief of the Lilliputian forces, decides to shoot the enemy, and fires a twenty-four-inch cannon. The ball belches forth and strikes Mr. Gulliver where the game rooster receives the ax. A terrible blow it is, for the victim reels, and sees the starry sky fall upon him. Suddenly, recovering from the terrible hit, he hears a crowd of Lilliputians giggling behind their snow-banked fortresses. With three strides, the crest-fallen Gulliver, is within the walls of Lilliput. Commander Smith stands at his post, and rains down shot and shell upon the enemy and his strong forces rush out into danger with poles, cords, picks and shovels and large pins, seize poor Gulliver by the legs, arms and hair, and throw him into a heap of piled up snow-flakes. For several minutes a mass of struggling humanity and flying fleece are the only signs that the victory is still doubtful. As strength gives way to weakness, Commander Smith orders his men to escape and to seek shelter within safer walls. The command is promptly obeyed. At the conclusion of the fray, the humbled Gulliver, disfigured and disheartened, arises and rushes off behind the picket fence. His great dark coat is in tatters and his *two dark blue eyes* are badly *ruined*. Such is the lot of all enemies of the Lilliputian nation ; such let it be. “ Ubi concordia, ibi victoria.”

Messrs. Smith and Lynch <sup>\*</sup><sub>^</sub><sup>\*</sup> will, for the future, settle all their disputes after breakfast. Both have been credited with a fall.

Say, boys, have you seen the big *lark in (s)* the senior department ? Yes ; he has quite a *halt on all battles*.

<sup>\*</sup><sub>^</sub><sup>\*</sup>  
REWARD !!!

A two weeks' credit on pies and cakes for the boy that finds the Junior Editor.