



THE NIGHT HOAX.

Thrilling city scenes by gas-light—with the accent on the "gas."

CHAPTER I.

DOWNING A DYNAMITER; OR, THE DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH A HUMAN FIEND.

MIDNIGHT!

Two figures faintly discernible near Pat Finnigan's.

A Big one and a Small one.

"Ha! ye divil, I've got a hould av ye!" The sharp "click" of the hand-cuffs follows this hoarse exclamation, and the Eagle-Eyed Nabber of the Ward swiftly hauls his captive to No. 1.

"What have you got, Reid?" queries the sargeant on duty, as he resumes the pipe he had secreted, thinking John might be the Deputy-chief.

"A Dynamiter, be the mortal frost!" declares the detective, his answer unconsciously betraying at once the depth of his emotion and his foreign nationality.

"From the Parlymint House, beyant, John?"

"Yis, an' on the pint av' doin' for them all in that same buildin'—bad cess to the thafe av the wurruld!"

"You are altogether mistaken, Mr. Officers!" protests the prisoner who, up to this time has not opened his lips to speak for fear of being clubbed to smash.

"G'on wid you!" the detective growls. "Didn't I hear you puttin' up a job on the Parlymint House for tomorrow?"

"I told a friend to-night that I was going up to the Departments to-morrow, it's true. But—"

"There, now, d'ye hear, sargint? An' it was *lives* ye wor after, me buck, wasn't it now?"

"Yes, I said I was going up to take several lives. But, if you—"

"Make a note av *that*, sargint! An' what the divil d'ye want at the Parlymint House takin' lives av ye saint a Dynamiter—eh, me daisy?"

"It's my business!"

"Oh, ho! So it's a *professional* y'are, eh? Give us more, alanna!"

"I will, sir! Here is my card—here are my papers—here is other documentary evidence to prove that you have made a mistake in arresting, not a Dynamiter, but—an enterprizing Life Insurance agent!"

A read letter-day—the day it comes, from your girl.—*Marathon Independent.*

PUTTING IN A PLUG.

BY OUR SWIPST.

No longer to the maddening drink a slave,
No longer I will be a butt of scorn,
No more will I my heated thorax lave,
With whiskey straight, but shun the deadly horn.
No more the burning fluid will I drink,
No more for me is brandy, gin, or rum;
At last, at last, I am inclined to think
I've got the demon drink beneath my thumb.
No more I'll handle glass or powder pot,
Decanter, flagon, bottle, can, or mug,
And why? Because, my friends, I've got
Of first-class liquor in my pouch a plug.

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING.

CHAP. I.

"Leave me, minx."

And the portly matron, quivering with anger, every superfluous piece of adiposity wobbling with a wild, weird, blanc-mangy, rolling-ocean-bilowy motion, pointed to the door and sniffed contemptuously.

The fair girl whom she addressed, a poor governess in the wealthy merchant's family, turned with bowed head to obey the imperious mandate, a bitter tear or two falling like peas in a tin pan as the cruel words smote her ears.

Very fair was Xiretha Vandeville, the orphaned daughter of a gallant old colonel who had slain himself with brandy pawnee, mulligatawny, kibobs, pillans, etc., in the dazzling Orient, *alias* India, after a long and bloodless career: after seeking "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" (unloaded) in vain, he had succumbed to the onslaught of foes by far more deadly than Sikhs, Sepoys, Lascars and so on, and his daughter, Xiretha, had been left an orphan.

How orphan such things occur!

And so she had sought the humble position of governess in the family of Mr. Snoodlesnunk, a brute of low degree, but of powerful purse, who had a daughter rather fair named Nancy.—(Saw a poem about her somewhere—AUTHOR'S NOTE.)

On the evening previous to the opening of this chapter the Snoodlesnunks had given a grand party, and young, pretty-well-to-do, clever Dr. Clinique, who was supposed to have an eye on the wealthy heiress, Nancy Snoodlesnunk, and to whom old cad Snoodlesnunk was really partial, and who he desired for a son-in-law—this young doctor had given his whole, undivided attention to the modest, highly cultured but penniless governess, Xiretha Vandeville.

That was what had made old woman Snoodlesnunk cut up so rough, to see her "own darter" as she phrased it (she'd been a cook) neglected, and her "ired guinness took up by the doctor." This is what made her say—

CHAP. II.

"Leave me minx; you'll find your quarter's waidges on the chimney-piece: take 'em and leave the 'ouse."

Poor Xiretha! untouched lay the "waidges" (\$2.10) as she left the room and, going to her own garret, packed her "duds" and silently left the—the—yes—the "palatial mansion"—old but good expression.

CHAP. III.

"Aunt, I have been discharged and have come to you to die."

Such were the words which poor Xiretha used as she glided into her good old Aunt Marjory Marjoribanks' humble cottage.

And then she proceeded to relate all, and told the whole harrowing tale.

"Never mind, dearie," replied the good old lady, "you're as welcome as the flowers in May; come and bide with me as long as you've a mind."

But the mental strain had been too much for Xiretha, and in two days she lay tossing on

bed of pain and raging fever, delirious, seeing blue crocodiles with red tails, dogs with tusks like those of elephants, and all such luxuries of a distorted imagination.

"Go for Dr. V. Gallici," ordered the old aunt. The messenger went, but V. Gallici, M.D. was away (so the messenger was told—the medical man was actually upstairs in bed recovering from the "jim-jams" consequent upon a regular old spree, after an inquest in which he had confuted the arguments of all the other medical lights), and so the messenger thought the best thing he could do was to go for Dr. Clinique; and he went. Strange fate! They whom old Mrs. Snoodlesnunk had thought to part for ever were thus strangely brought together! Kis-met!

CHAP. IV.

"Xiretha."

"Yes, Dr. Clinique."

This dialogue took place about ten days after the young practitioner had been called in to attend the victim of blue alligators, etc., which he had charmed away with his Pleasant Potent Palatable Pills. (He was clever.)

"You are well now."

"Yes, Dr. Clinique; but I fear I cannot pay your bill just yet."

"Speak not of bills—not just now, anyhow—for I am too happy to, think that I have won the love of the dearest, the purest girl on earth."

Xiretha blushed.

"Yes, Xiretha, I shall not send in my bill to you, for I have some feeling about me: moreover I am not hard up for cash. Can you, Xiretha, bear to hear a secret?"

"I think so, Doctor," and the fair head drooped, and the blushes flitted across the pallid cheek.

"I fear your strength is scarcely equal to it, Xiretha."

"Yes it is, Charles."

(Pretty familiar, eh?)

And the maiden's heart palped with a palp that was palpable.

"Well, then, Xiretha, I am to marry Nancy Snoodlesnunk to-morrow. She is worth five hundred thous—"

But Xiretha had swooned; blue alligators and things once more. Let us drop the curtain.

But this true story teaches us that books must not always be believed, for they would, most assuredly, have made the Doctor marry Xiretha.

GRIP knows better, though.

SWIZ.

NANCY HOMESPUN.

SHE DISCOURSETH ON "GIRLS."

The average girl of the period isn't a very attractive pusson. She ain't a bit nicer than the poodle she carries in her arms. How do I account fur this? Easy, it's because she ain't had proper bringin' up. I know lots of mothers who thinks as how girls don't need bringin' up. They are mighty keersful about how their boys is raised, and give them every chance to develop into successful men. But they are kinder careless like about their girls, never thinkin' that a successful woman is just as much to be desired as a successful man. This is an awful mistake, and such an idea is the cause of considerable trouble to a good many families. The tender lily is as much a part of creation as the oak saplin', and if the flower is ter grow and become beautiful, it must have more care than the saplin'. So with our gals. We must allus remember, speakin' figuratively, that while the boys is to become the stately, towerin' trees, the gals is the flowers, and just in proportion as they are cultivated and looked arter will they beautify the garden of home and social life.