



HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

*Paul Braullough Pry*—Ah, I hope I don't intrude, but really I must be allowed to take my seat. I'm not at all curious, but there are certain people up in Northampton that would like to know, you know, all about those pension lists and other little matters, so if you'll excuse me I'll find out for them.

### Mrs. Sniffins Eats a Hearty Supper of Mince Pie.

AND RELATES HOW IT AFFECTED HER ORGANS OF VISION.

Weather it's, the newfangled ways o' this country, or weather, as Sniffins says, the way-age haecross the Atlantic 'as hupset my bequal-liveryman, I've been gettin' into otter water hevery day.

Honly last hevernin' I met with a hadventure wich nearly fulminat' by 'avin a post mortar 'eld on me, as 'appened through my ceonomical inweestigations of the speckled 'eavens.

A young surveyor chap as boards 'oro tells me 'ow there was a [conservatory at the top of the 'ouse for makin hobversations on the soda cistern with a telfphone. Then 'e begins talkin' to one 'o the boarders about the sachel lights of Saffron, as wen I hasks wot kind 'o lights they wos, 'e hexplains that the hinabitants of the planet Saffron, wich is a revolver of the sun, 'ad been tryin' a new sort of hillumination, but it wos 'is hopinion that it would end by inciting the 'ole explanat'ry cistern, an' that our hearth would be resolved into nowhere all on a suddint. Then I hexplained my views that if Mrs. Shipton's agnostics was true, our hearth an' come to a hend in 1881, and we must now be livin' in the appendix, which comes hafter the hend, and, as I 'ave noticed in books, is never very long, so we must be inpaired for submergencies.

With that they all busts hout larfin right in my face, and twirlin' wot they calls their moustaches, wich in my hopinion is givin' to 'airy rotthins' a local 'abitation an' a name, as the prophet says.

I took no notice o' their in-ervility, but wen they begins talkin' haout in-scar, an' callin' heverythin' too hutterly hutter, I hinterspersed some o' my most hysterical remarks, an' wen one o' them haggavat'ing young swells says to me, "So you do not worship the acetic colt?"

"No," says I, in rigid haxidants, "I wos brought hup in the Methodist persuadition, an' 'opes I may nev-r fall to worshipping' henny colt. I 'ave 'eard 'o the acetic sect, wich adores lilies an' sunflowers, but didn't think they 'ad come to hanimal worship."

Hafter that 'e made no more o' 'is irrelevant remarks, an' my thoughts rowerted to the sachel lights o' Saffron.

Wen supper was hover, I sits down in the harm chair by the fire, rather huneasy in my mind through 'earin' that young surveyor's remarks, ferlin' that we might go quietly to hour bed henny night, an' wake hup to find ourselves flyin' through the hair, caused by an hexplodgion of the explanat'ry cistern. So I makes hup my mind to suspect the starry 'eavens myself. I finds the door leadin' to the conservatory hopen, but the minute I gets through it shuts with a bang, wich struck me as singler. But I mounts the stairs, wich wos dark an' narrer an' fatigin' to one o' my weight, an' at last I sees a light glimmerin', an' expects my hefforts to be crowded with success, but it honly proves to be another door leadin' to more stairs, an' as soon as I gets through it shuts with another bang, wich again struck me as bein' singler. An' the most singler of all wos that the more stairs I went hup, the more there seemed to be, till at last, when I 'ad gone through a great many doors wich all shut behind me with a bang, the stairs began to stretch hout, I could see them stretchin' before my verry heyes, till the steps got that far apart, as I had to 'old on and pull myself hup, an' would 'ave gone back, but, lookin' down, sees that hall the steps behind me 'ad fallen hoff. There wos I 'agin' on to a narrer board with my hands, 'oldin' up a weight o' two hundred pounds from fallin' into the bakin woid below. I keeps climin' hup and the stairs keeps droppin' hoff, till on a suddint I feels myself fallin', an' tries to scream, but finds my voice gone. But jest wen I expects to be participated into the woid below and broke into wulgar fractions, I finds myself quietly seated hon the floor hof the conservatory, gazin' hup into the centennial spears.

Just at that verry moment a long shadder fell haecrost my vision, an' my tongue was fairly cloves in the roof o' my month by hearin' a voice sayin',

"Ah, 'tis quite too transcendently but."

Turnin' round, I sees a verry tall young man gazin' down with a searchin' gaze into Mrs. Arasall's rain water system, and I, thinkin' 'e couldn't see plain in the moonlight, hexclaims, "La, that's nothin' but a soft water butt." Then says 'e, "Oh, 'ollow, 'ollow, 'ollow," an' as 'e said it, 'e seemed to be growin' longer an' longer, wich nearly froze the blood in my marrow bones, for, thinks I, though under a diluvium about the other lunatic, who turned out sane, this haunfortunate young fellow must really 'ave a brick loose, as the sayin' is, an' I 'ad my insurance doubled sure by 'is repeatin', "Oh, 'ollow, 'ollow, 'ollow."

Thinks I to myself, I'd 'ollow soon enough, but my voice could nev'r be extinguished at such an immense estuation from terror firmer. Then my 'ole sedition passed in a flash through my brain. 'Ere I was, in a freezin' hatmospeah, debarked from communicatin' with my fellow human beane, through hall the stairs bein' broke down, an' so many doors shut behind me. At henny moment my companion might be ceased with a hirresistible himpulse, an' I would heither be participated hover the paroquet, or stunned by a blow, an' wake hup to find myself admoished into fragments.

At that verry moment I sees 'im approachin' me, an' now notices that 'is 'air, wich was down to 'is shoulders wen I first saw 'im, 'ad grown, an' was growin' before my heyes till it floated in the wind like a mauve, wile 'e was wisely stretchin'.

I tried to scream, but again found my voice vanished. I got right honto the hedge o' the paroquet, but 'e just stretched hout 'is long harm an' wound it round an' round me, as if I wos made o' Indian rubber. I felt as hif my 'art was hoessified, an' knew my last hour was come. Then 'e lifts hup my two 'undred pounds weight as hif I was a feather, an' the

next minute I feels myself spinnin' through the hatmosphere, knowin' I was about to be antedated on the stones below. Then I feels myself coming into colidgion with a hobstacle, an' fairly sees myself flyin' hinto fragments. My senses deserted me, till on a suddint I 'ears Sniffins hexclamatin' :—

"Why, Susan Jane, wotiver 'as 'appened to you?"

An' lookin' round I sees myself on the floor in Mrs. Arasall's dinin'-room, an' a crowd collected, an' they hexclaimed as 'ow I 'ad been 'screemin' hout in my sleep, an' 'ad finally hovertured the table an' the coal-scuttle before I fell on the floor. I thought I wouldn't mention my adventures. But I ain't made hup my mind weather it was talkin' about Hoscarr, an' the Sachel Lights o' Saffron, or weather it was the mince pie I 'ad for supper wich led to my wanderin's.



JOSEPH'S SUCCESSOR.

(IF THE WENTWORTH ELECTORS SO WILL IT.)

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen.—This young man will carry on my business, and I trust you will accord him the same measure of patronage, etc., etc. (*Aside*) Say something funny, James, say something funny!



AT SCHOOL.

School Board Inspector (to small boy)—Is this you, Micky, on the street again? Why aren't you at school?

Small Boy—Och shure, sur, an' I am at school. I'm just runnin' home for me shlate pinol.