

SUMMER DAWN.

AN IDYL.

The clouds grow red athwart the eastern sky,
The stars wax faint in their far realm of grey;
The nightingale, from his light wing on high,
Seems to rejoice at approaching day.

A lonely man with staff, and bent with years,
Looks to the East, as in the days of old
The wise men looked; oh grave mysterious seers,
Following the stars with frankincense and gold.

He met a stranger on his weary path,
Well clad, with pleasant face and kindly eye,
Who'd crossed the fields amid the aftermath,
And spoke the poor man as he plodded by.

Quoth he "Oh aged man why on the road?
Why look you thus upon the rising sun?
Is your soul freighted with some heavy load?
Perhaps, indeed, some evil deed you've done?"

The old man paused—said he, "In on the brink
Of this life's boundary. The promised land
Is not far off. Had I a drop to drink
I would not care, I'm faint—I scarce can stand

The stranger said, "Come with me." They did his
To the fine house of the good gentleman,
Who gave the tramp a segment of stale pie,
And clear cold water in an ancient can.

The old man rose, glared at him in disgust,
And heaved a deep and melancholy sigh,
Then said, "Old snoozer, tho' I'm almost bust,
Hang me, if I want water and old pie!"

No! Keep your pumpkin pie, it's somewhat stale,
The water, too, I don't to you begrudge,
I've lived much better in the county jail—
Old Pard, this morning I require my budge!"

And the wanderer picked up his staff
And went his way, and e'er the sun was high
He sought a hostelry, where he did quaff
A pint imperial of good old rye.



A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

There was an air of discomfort around the room in which Desmond Dabbles sat. There was no fire in the stove or meat in the cupboard, yet Desmond sat in his chair deep in the throes of poetic composition, regardless of his numbed toes or empty stomach. The work he was employed upon was too mighty to give one thought to mundane matters. The soul-absorbing task was "An ode to woman." As he threw off sheet after sheet his blood coursed through his veins, warmed his toes and gave an imaginary beefsteak to his erewhile craving stomach. He had reached the couplet:

"With beautiful voice can she express,
The moments of her deep distress,"

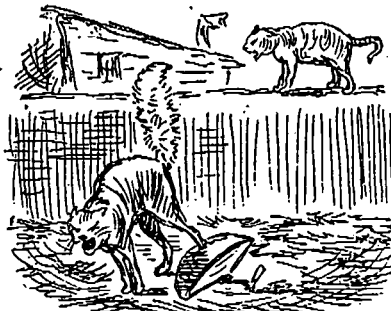
when a wild despairing cry rang out on the midnight air. Dabble's every nerve quivered at the sound. Dropping his pen, he bounded from his chair, stepped on a roll of manuscript which threw him against the stove, skimming his nose. Recovering himself with an effort he threw up the window and peered into the darkness. The same sad cry rang out again. It was indeed a woman in distress, and he, of all men, should rescue her. Seizing a bowie knife and a revolver he dashed madly into the darkness in quest of the owner of that voice.



CHAPTER II.

Dabbles, now in the darkness, knew not which way to turn. As he looked around for some clue to guide him, the cry trembled on the air once more. Rushing in the direction of the sound, he found himself impeded by a tall fence. By a superhuman effort he succeeded in clearing a way and dashed on. As the cry arose again it was intermingled with the hoarse murmur of a human voice. His poetic mind at once pictured the situation:—some fair creature with her long black hair floating in the wind, with clasped hands and throbbing breast, bending low beneath the glare of some brutal villain, black-bearded and evil-eyed. Just at this moment the black clouds which overhung the heavens like a pall separated, and the silver moon shone forth its refulgent rays, disclosing a scene which made Dabbles' heart stand still.

What was the scene? See next chapter.



CHAPTER III.

In the previous chapter Dabbles was left in an heart-rending situation. As he gazed upon the scene which he had bounded miles to witness, his soul was moved to desperate action.

The owner of the cry which rang so wild and mournfully on the midnight air was before him—a tiger-marked female cat fast by the leg in a man-trap, whilst the possessor of the hoarse murmur was her husband Mr. Thomas Cat, sitting upon a barrel a short distance away, gazing upon the agonies which his wife was enduring, powerless to help her.

The revolution was too much for Desmond Dabbles, whose poetic nature and empty stomach could not stand it, so he quietly stabbed himself in seven places, and shot himself in four others, only to recover and be placed in a lunatic asylum, where he raves about women in distress.

TITUS A. DRUM.

THE END.

A Columbus grocer received this order from a customer: "Please send in by barer two pounds of shughar, a blackin brush, five pounds of coffee, and some little nails, my wife had a baby last night, also two padlocks and a monkey wrench."—Scissors.

THE POLITICAL TINKERS.

A DRAMATIC ABSURDITY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A meeting of Conservative electors. As the curtain ascends, a number of meek and mild men are discovered twaddling their thumbs and turning up the whites of their eyes.

CHAIRMAN:—Brother electors, we are met to support the policy of the present great and glorious Dominion Government. The first resolution will be submitted.

FIRST SPEAKER:—The resolution I have the honor to propose reads: "Resolved that this meeting of—electors approves of the entire course of policy pursued by the present government, believing it to be soul-elevating in its gloriousness and immensity." Brother electors, my heart is with the motion. Down with the grinding Grits.

SECOND SPEAKER:—I second the motion. Three cheers for the N. P., and destruction to the Reform humbugs.

(The proposition is put and carried amidst wild cheers.)

CHAIRMAN:—Thanks for your enthusiastic support.

The company file out to the time of the dead march.

ACT II.

SCENE.—A meeting of Grits. The rising of the curtain presents a scene of great excitement; cries of "humbugs, snides, order, N. P. bosh," and catcalls are heard on all sides. Quiet is at length obtained by the aid of several powerful policemen.

CHAIRMAN:—Now that you have had your fun, let us proceed to business. F. S. will submit the first resolution.

FIRST SPEAKER:—Brother electors, the resolution I have had placed in my hands reads: "Resolved that this meeting of Reformers is of opinion that the so-called N. P. of the Dominion government is disastrous in all its workings and calls for the severest condemnation of the entire community."

(Tumult renewed, cries of "weak," "rot," "no point," and hisses.)

SECOND SPEAKER (excitedly):—I move as an amendment—

CHAIRMAN:—The original motion has not been seconded.

(It is seconded by an elector with pale face and long hair.)

SECOND SPEAKER (resuming):—I move as an amendment the following: "Resolved that this meeting is of opinion that the N. P. of the present government is diabolically wicked, is insanely and infernally worked, and if persisted in will convert the country into one teeming mad-house; it therefore calls for the severest condemnation and the most righteous indignation of every sane man in the Dominion."

(The amendment is seconded by twenty ferocious electors, and when put, carried with an overwhelming majority. More inflammatory speeches, and the electors stay until kicked out by the landlord.)

ACT III.

SCENE.—A Tory wire-pullers office. Wire-puller seated behind desk. He picks up a letter and reads.

TORY W.P.:—Ah! that is good. "Approves of entire course of policy" eh! I'll wire Sir John that the people have the greatest confidence in him. Personally, I should like to see another election.

(A knock is heard. Enter Grit wire-puller cautiously, who winks knowingly at the T. W. P., and hands him the Grit resolution.)

GRIT W.P.:—How does that act on your nerves, brother?