

'neath the willows by the stream," and seek comfort among the June bugs and grasshoppers. When the shades of evening were falling I returned. The door was closed and the iron door knob—ours was iron—looked as innocent as a dose of poison, but the livid fires of vengeance were roaring there. I grasped it. Oh, smothering toothache! what an unadulterated dose of liquid energy went through my bones! It didn't affect me like the other fellows—I couldn't let go. I howled like a gorilla; I bellowed like a Texan steer; my elbows contracted and expanded 500 times to the minute; my legs flew around like a jumping-jack, and little blue flames burst out of my hair. Suddenly I heard blood-curdling screeches from the inside. The servant, in trying to open the door to see who was being murdered, got fastened to the other side, and was being wound on the same bobbin. We would both have succumbed in one more minute had not Mrs. Stubbs turned off the current, which Maria had forgotten to do when she dismissed the last agent.

My physical proportions are not as charming as they were previous to that fight. My head is twisted so that I can comb my back hair without a second locking-glass, and one of my legs will persist in twisting itself around the other, but I am still living! A few relics of the battery may be found in the ash barrel, but the great majority of them have been blown away by the wind.

SAM STUBBS.



BASHFUL.

*Algernon*—Just one kiss, Maria Jane. Why not?

*Maria Jane*—O dear, no! Algernon! Don't you see that we are not alone—my Flossie is watching us!

### IRISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

FIRED to emulation of the English public schoolmen of this city, who gave a recent dinner to themselves, a certain number of prominent Irish citizens dined last night at Gray's restaurant. Professor O'Donoghue took the chair. Senator Flynn (U. S.) and ex-alderman O'Boodler sat next to the chairman. After the table had been cleared and Mr. Flanagan carried out into the cloak-room, the chairman rose and proposed health of "The Uncrowned King of Ireland." In doing so he said it was no Jubilee they were celebrating, for the uncrowned king

had occupied his invisible throne since Ireland was relegated to the doom of slavery. All the greatest Englishmen had been Irish by birth, and the world owed a debt of gratitude to the fine old public schools of Ireland. They were the oldest in the world and certainly the most public—always being either on the roadside or behind the hedge. He himself owed his present proud title of professor to one of these old public schools—so did the uncrowned king. The company sang "Barney: the Boy of them All," and encored their own last verse, which was repeated in a higher key.

The next toast given was "The man that whipped the Marquis." Senator Flynn, of Kentucky, made a long speech, denouncing the British nation and parliament, and urging Canada to be annexed to the States. He was an Irish emigrant himself, by birth; but an American by constitution. He was also an Irish public schoolman, and remembered running after the police barefooted when they took the last speaker's father to gaol for stealing the boys' school-books. The chairman hereupon jumped to his feet and indignantly denied this assertion; whereupon the Senator retorted that his word was better than that of a corn-doctor. After throwing several bottles at each other they shook hands, and the next toast was proposed:—"The Army, Navy and Volunteers." Ex-Alderman O'Boodler replied by reciting several fights he had taken part in against the bailiffs, who were constantly attacking his father's home. He remembered the last speaker at the Irish public school referred to, more especially because he was always the worst boy in the place. Senator Flynn here flung his clay pipe in Mr. O'Boodler's face, and the latter gentleman responded with a large decanter, which flew through the plate-glass window and hit the policeman who was watching the proceedings. The officer immediately arrested the alderman and the party accompanied him to gaol, where they passed a very pleasant evening. The dinner will be repeated every week until further notice.

P. QUILL.

### THE REPENTANT SINNER.

At the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting the pastor observed that there was a stranger among them. He was a long, gaunt, sad-eyed man, with large feet and hands, and a cloud of sorrow brooding over his soul. At a pause in the services the pastor invited any who might feel so disposed to unburden themselves of their experiences for the benefit of their fellow-sinners, and that peace and calm might be brought nearer their own souls.

The sad-eyed man arose slowly, and said in a broken voice, "I feel that it is good to be here to-night." ("Amen," from several of the brethren.) "I find it difficult, my friends, to analyze the emotions that are surging through my soul at this moment." (Intense sympathy shown by all towards the gaunt, melancholy man.) "I am a stranger in your midst, yet I am—I feel—you will pardon my emotion—I feel that you are all my friends. A great weight is taken from my heart. I feel about me an atmosphere of kindness and love, and I am drawn to utter what I have been longing to pour forth from the depths of my soul." ("Go on—go on, brother!" from an enthusiastic deacon.) "Thank you, brother, I *will* go on. I am a stranger lately come into this city. It is more than twenty years since I last stood in a church; but as I was walking carelessly past your church this evening, a sudden impulse, stronger than I could resist, drove me to enter. You see, brethren, I am introducing in this neighborhood an invention which