

cover his breath by a violent gasp, which first carried the quid of tobacco and all the nicotine preparation that it had been steadily distilling down his throat, and was immediately succeeded by a tremendous cough, as he struggled to rise up in bed, which shot the quid squarely into the eye of the shrieking Mrs. Jarvis.

"Murder! murder!" she screamed, "I'm stabbed! I'm stabbed!"

And John Jarvis choked and coughed and spit and coughed, and choked and clutched, Mrs. Jarvis by the throat and tried to choke off her noise, but he grew so "ill" that he couldn't hold his grip, and Mrs. Jarvis, the moment her throat was released from his trembling pressure, rose from the half-strangled gurgles to the sublimity of double-edged screams, and made Rome howl with melody. And the neighbours broke into the house and found a bed-room that looked and smelled like a jury-room or a street car, with the sickest man they ever saw lying with his head over the side of the bed, groaning at the rate of a mile a minute, and the worst frightened woman since the flood sitting up beside him, screaming faster than he groaned, while one of her eyes was plastered up with a black quid of tobacco. And that is the way Mr. Jarvis came to stop his *Journal*. He denounced—as the most infamous, mendacious, pestilent sheet that ever disgraced American journalism.

Wide Awake.

One day Mr. Bellamy, of Pond-street, read in a religious paper the following paragraph:

Many very good people are annoyed by sleepiness in church. The following remedy is recommended: Lift the foot seven inches from the floor, and hold it in suspense without support for the limb, and repeat the remedy if the attack returns.

Now, Mr. Bellamy is a very good man, and he is subject to that very annoyance, which in his case amounts to a positive affliction. So he cut that paragraph out, in accordance with the appended instruction, and pasted it in his hat, and was rejoiced in his inmost soul to think that he had found a relief from his annoyance. He hoped that Deacon Ashbury, who had frowned at him so often and so dreadfully for nodding, hadn't seen the paragraph, for the deacon sometimes slept under the preached word, and Mr. Bellamy wanted to get even with him. And Mr. Driscoll, who used to sit in the choir, and cover his own sleepiness and divert attention from his own heavy eyes by laughing in a most irreverent and indecorous manner at Mr. Bellamy's sleepy

visage and struggling eyes and head—how the good man did want to get it on Driscoll. So he chuckled and hugged his treasure, so to speak, in his mind. He was so confident that he had found the panacea for his trouble that he went to the minister and told him what a burden his drowsiness had been to him, but that he had made up his mind now to shake it off, and he was certain that he had sufficient strength of mind and force of will to overcome the habit. And the minister was so pleased, and commended Mr. Bellamy so warmly, and said so earnestly that he wished he had one hundred such men in his congregation, that Mr. Bellamy was so elated and happy and confident that he could hardly wait for Sunday to come to try his new method of averting drowsiness.

Sunday came, however, and soon enough too, for it was Saturday afternoon plumb, chick, check full of men with bills, overdue notes, trifling accounts, little balances, pay-roll, rent, narrow-gauge subscription, political assessments and one little thing and another, almost before Mr. Bellamy knew it, although it hadn't been there half an hour before he had some suspicion of it, and was soon very confident of it. Sunday morning found the good man in his accustomed place, devout and drowsy as ever. The church was very comfortably filled with an attentive congregation, and Mr. Bellamy was soon cornered up in one end of the pew, and the strange young lady who sat next him was attended by a very small white dog, that looked like a roll of cotton batting, with red eyes and a black nose. The opening exercises passed off without incident, but the minister hadn't got to secondly when Mr. Bellamy suddenly roused himself with a start from a doze into which he was dropping. His heart fairly stood still as he thought how nearly he had forgotten his recipe. He feared to attract any attention to himself, lest his precious method should be discovered, and slowly lifted his left foot from the foot stool and held it about seven inches in the air. As he raised his foot the strange young lady shrank away from him in evident alarm. This annoyed Mr. Bellamy and disconcerted him so that he was on the point of lowering his foot and whispering an explanation when the dog, which had been quietly sleeping by the footstool opened its eyes, and seeing the uplifted foot slowly descending in its direction, hastily scrambled to its feet and backed away, barking and yelping terrifically. The young lady, now thoroughly alarmed, jerked her feet from off the footstool, which immediately flew up under the weight of Mr. Bellamy's other foot, and the dog, excitedly by this additional

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