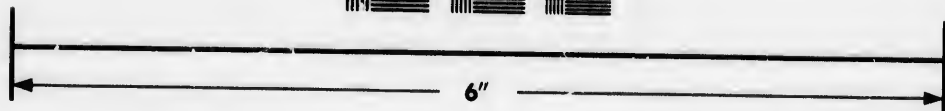
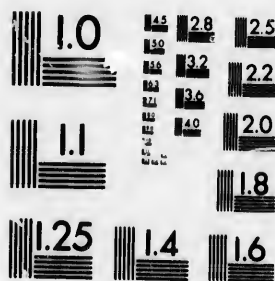


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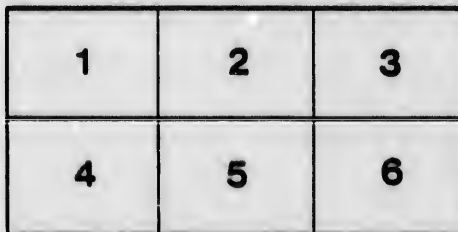
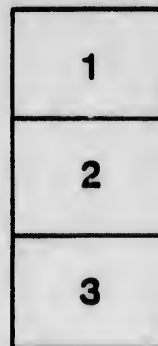
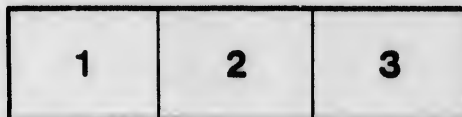
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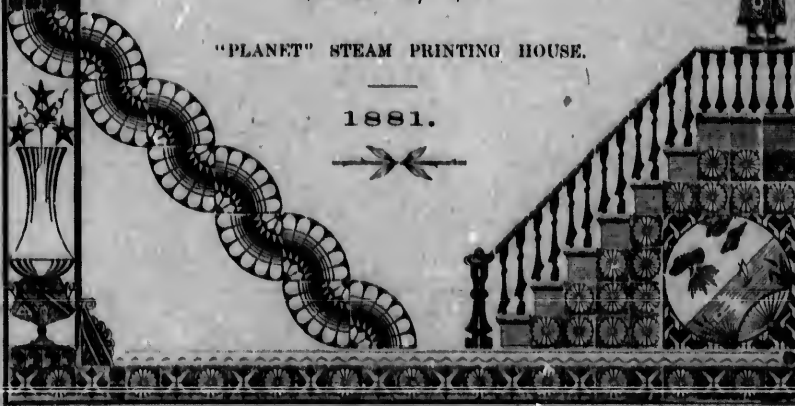
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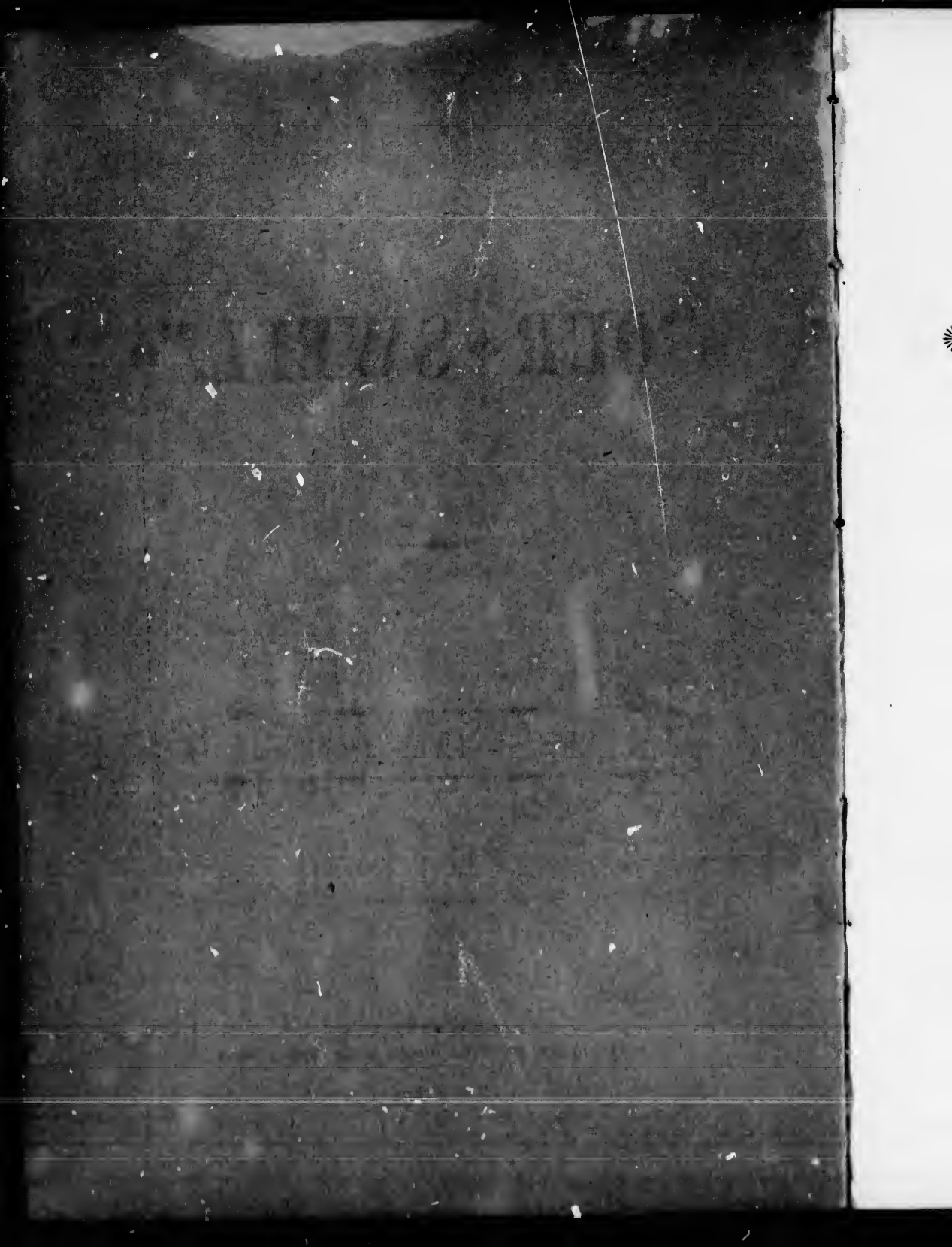


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DEDICATION.

To

The man who carries his head under his arm, who smiles serenely when he feels sad, who laughs a wild, "short" laugh at stern adversity and puts him to the blush, this little book is DESERVEDLY dedicated.



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PREFACE.

IT is perhaps not the highest aim of man to endeavor to furnish merriment for others. Yet among so very many different works pertaining to Theology, Science and Politics, a pamphlet touching on the humorous side of life, will serve as spice and moisture to the vast pile of dry and unpalatable productions, which load down the shelves of our libraries and which are often found so very hard to digest.

We are told that

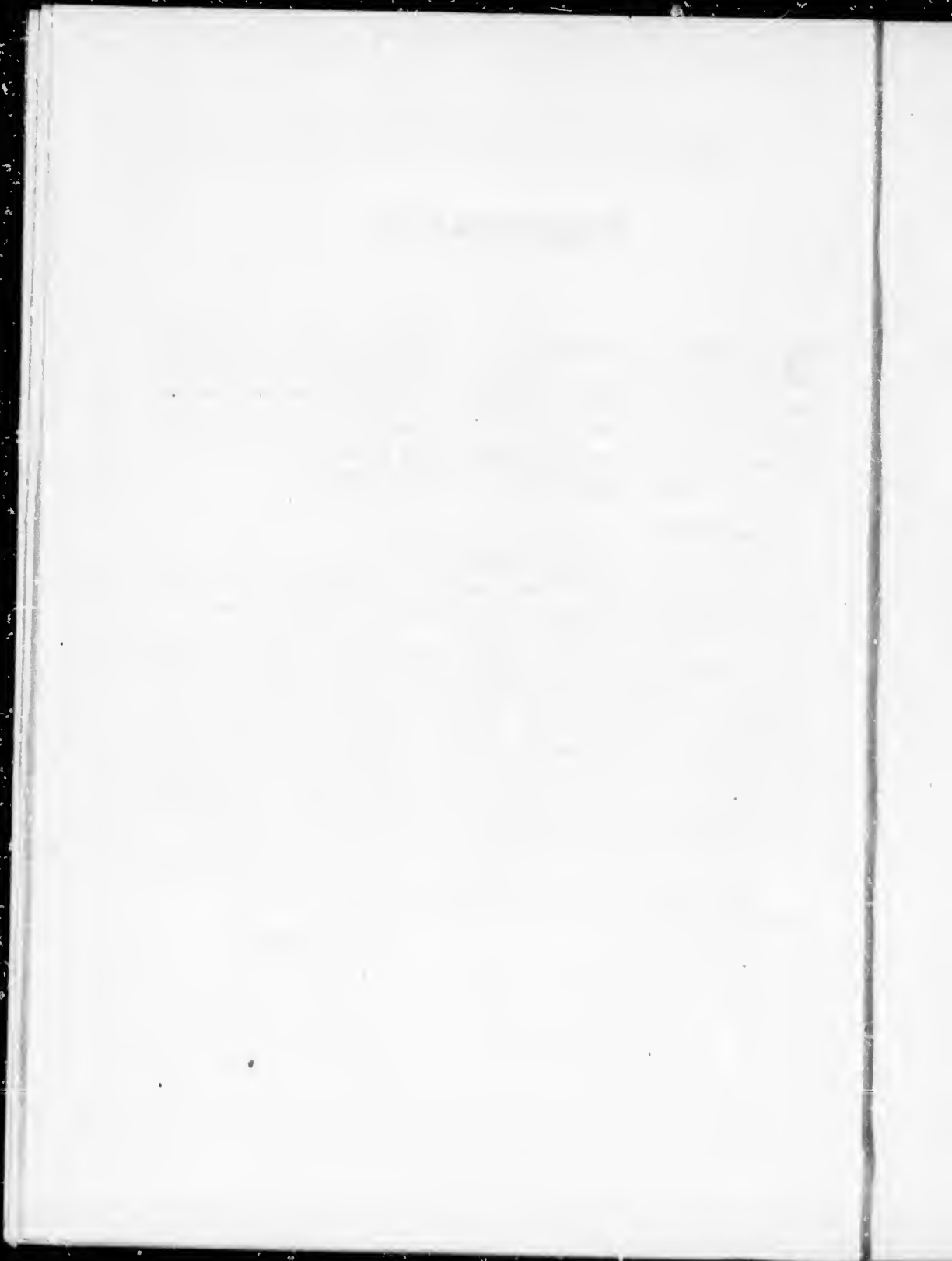
“ A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men;”

and since the *best* of men (“ other things, etc.”) generally enjoy the best works, the sentiment contained in this little book should not be scouted.

The following pages contain nothing that is immoral, but have a strong tendency to the opposite; for the reader, we hope, will participate pleasure in the matter contained, and will feel cheerful and thankful to the Great Giver, that he is an individuality—an iota in the great universal make-up. With these few remarks we place our *petit livre* at the mercy of the tide of conflicting emotions which, we trust, will thoroughly tumble it and finally project it upon the shore of Reception for the benefit of the inhabitants.

Thus will matter become, as it should, subject to mind, and the latter will be strengthened and thereby benefitted in being the recipient.

THE AUTHOR.





“OUR SWELL.”

CHAPTER I.

PROLOGUE.

YOU all know him. It could not be otherwise ; for anyone who knows what township he lives in, has, ere this, heard considerable in reference to “ Our Swell.”

He affords a beautiful type as an example to illustrate the diversities of sentiment inherent in the mind. He is at times so affable, that the “Fair Ones” grow estatic over him ; but this happy state is not permanent, and when he gets otherwise, beware of him. We have known him become so dangerous that the birds of the air would shun his company, and the fishes of the sea would hide from his awful presence. Now, my readers, we assure you that you have all seen this species of humanity in question ; nevertheless, we cannot give his name, as we might become liable for “ saying something ” about said individual, therefore we must assign a fictitious name ; but as you will readily comprehend who is meant, this will make no material difference. He has quite a happy expressive countenance, but subject to change as before mentioned. In height he does not equal some persons I have met, and yet there are individuals less in stature. His complexion might have been darker, but the remark has been made that there were complexions lighter. Perhaps his features were aquiline, perhaps they were not. As to the size of his foot you must seek his hatter, and his shoemaker will give you the exact size of his cranium. But my reader must judge of the character by his actions. In some respects he resembles Topsy ; he is much like her in his proneness to catch flies, but he differs from that angelic creature as to the mode of capture. He seizes a line and hook, and through

having a competent knowledge of using the lasso, he is enabled to secure the struggling animal with a considerable amount of ease. We have good authority, however, that he was actually born—in this unlike the fair one who “grewed.”

Now, Our Swell is quite “nobby” in appearance, at least, we were told that he thought so, and no doubt he is correct, for we never heard of any one disputing his claims to that high honor. Of course he is ‘single,’ and consequently we may make the important announcement, that he had no wife. We have also heard that he is not blessed with children. He lives with his maternal father and paternal mother. His paternal mother adores her offspring with that sublime feeling participated in only by the most benign of women. ‘Our boy’ is the pet of the neighborhood—at least, we heard his family said so. Whatever he does is impossible to be improper, and possible to be proper.

He was very fond of ladies’ society, and in their company he acted quite in a becoming manner, until he thought himself acquainted, and he then proceeded in a most ludicrous way. Some of his escapades required considerable agility, such as placing his head on the floor and then standing upon it by placing his heels in a direction pointing to the ceiling. This, of course, was a very pleasing spectacle to his lady friends; but sameness tires the eye and mind, and he assumed this position so frequently that the Fair Ones grew tired of the circus, for it was extremely embarrassing to converse when he was in this position. He often endeavored to prevail on the ladies to follow his example, but either through fear of pleasing him too well, or of exciting his envy by excelling in the art, they very gracefully declined. Our Swell is also proficient in legerdemain. He can perform very peculiar feats, that is, at times. He is frequently nonplussed to obtain the desired result, but he thinks of the spider and tries again. He is troubled with a most painful disease while in company, and the consequences are sometimes very dire; this disease is a reddening, that is, a mantled flush suffuses his alabaster cheek and he becomes like unto molten lava. We do not mean to say that he is extremely sensitive, for he has been known to laugh for seventeen long hours because other laughed. He has a bad memory, and he thought he had said perhaps something funny and the company were on the point of exploding at his witty remark. Nevertheless, he very often reddened when things material went wrong, such as the upsetting of a bucket of oysters or a can of treacle over his alabaster form, and perforating his neat-

ly-fitting clothes. He is a most exquisite dancer, at least, one of his partners remarked that he had stepped only seventeen times upon her train, and but thirteen and a half times on her pedal extremities. He is often in a dilemma of the most embarrassing nature, and we shall endeavor to relate some of the occurrences in this report. We have been careful to obtain the pure facts, and if the biography be not created by eloquent expressions, we are certain of good authenticity.

CHAPTER II.

DILEMMA THE ONE.

IN most cases a story has a hero, and this most important feature has also a name. Now do you suppose our hero has no name? if so, you are the most deluded person on record, and I sincerely pity you. Allow me then to make the important announcement that our hero has a name; yea, verily, a real tangible name, received it at an early age. When only twelveteen glowing summers had cast their halos round his beaming brow, he was Christened—actually at that early age. You will now wish to know the name of the gallant. Now, my dear reader, if you are a girl, and my good fellow, if a boy, I really cannot give you the true name, for then he would have good grounds to enter an action against me for libel, and perhaps get an "Attachment" on this very valuable book. Under these very peculiarly embarrassing circumstances we will endeavor to find him a name. Dodds, for instance—no, that's not aristocratic; Washington—no, that won't do, for I have heard that the tree he chopped down was ingeniously suspended by placing a magnet seventeen miles in the air from the gaze of Sceptics, the tree was then studded with needles, and the chain of attraction thus kept the tree on its stump. All went well till the time came for the all desirable. The other tree bore well but this one did not, so one day his paternal relative made an investigation—a scientific one. Results:—Loving-looking father with sour expression; beautifully finished gentle persuader concealed in coat sleeve; boy dancing hornpipe in reckless manner to the music of "untiring gallop;" exit boy; bill down town \$127.-13½; tree, needles and magnet. Moral:—Never practice deception.

DILEMMA THE TWO.

No, Washington won't do. It would not be justice to the great father of his country. Wellington I fear would scarcely be suitable as Our Swell has been known to exhibit a sense of dejection when danger menaced his stalwart form. Taking all these things into consideration, we think we will call him Phule—Jinks Phule. Mr. Phule once received an invitation to dine out the following day. Of course he decided to go. The invitation came from Mr. and Mrs. Landor. The remainder of the day was occupied in preparations. Now Mr. Phule had never in his eventful life had a mower pass over the undulating part of his face. But on the day in question he secured a powerful microscope, and after an hour and sixty-one minutes' examination he considered that he had better 'shave.' Now, although this was something entirely new to him, he nevertheless set to work energetically.

He obtained a mirror—a strong one—and a new hollow-ground razor, which he sharpened on his leathern, calf-skin cowhide shoes, till he deemed it competent to perform its part. Yet he was doubtful, and having heard that the best test was to "cut a hair," he accordingly ran his fingers through his hair to secure the object sought. But he had only the preceding day been clipped closely, and consequently he could not get one suitable. He therefore went for the dog, and after following him around for some time he made a fearful grab and succeeded in raising canine anger. The persecuted dog reciprocated the intended courtesy by gently and lovingly imbedding his ivory teeth in the calf of the scientist's leg. But that individual untiring in his pursuit of whatever he had in view, was not discouraged. He coaxed up the dog by playing with him a time and then promising to give him some meat for his next Christmas dinner.

The dog finally cooled down and allowed himself to be bestraddled by the enthusiast, who commenced sawing away at the dog's coat, holding one end of the hair in his manus. He was on the point of coming to the conclusion that his razor would be efficient, when the dog gave a slight lurch and the polished steel made a gentle dive into the back of the unfortunate dog.

Preserve us from a similar sight (note the alliteration.) At first the dog was uncertain how to act. He howled, stood on two legs, barked and finally concluded to embrace his firm friend. He therefore made a graceful bound and planted his nails in Mr. Phule's shoulder by way of salutation, and then he very affectionately placed both arms around his neck and com-

menced rummaging over his face in a way not relished by Mr. Phule. That gentleman, though loath to quit the cheerful scene, remembered that he must shave, and he therefore made an airy and somewhat hasty retreat, to the extreme chagrin of the loving dog. Having regained his sanctum he commenced operations. He first washed his face, and then taking a peice of solidified lye he began rubbing it vigorously upon the undulating landscape. He succeeded in securing a consistency of half an inch, and he then seized the razor and made a gentle pass. The result was that the soap was scraped off very nicely. He became bolder and made a grand pass. Now the razor was very sharp, and he was not aware that he was slightly undermining his *cutis vera*. He thought the operation was accompanied by slight pain but he did not mind that. Constancy and strength was his motto. He worked away laboriously for twenty-three minutes and sixty-four seconds, and then thinking the work completed he ceased. He washed his face carefully, and under the impression that he looked 103½ per cent. better, he calmly went down stairs for inspection. His big sister gazed at him a moment in awful suspense and then sat down sobbing hysterically. Mr. Phule was somewhat startled and inquired if she were ill. "No, but you will be before twenty-four hours," she said in broken accents. "There's that awful chickenpox coming out all over your face. Aunt Jemima told me but yesterday it was raging, and there you have gone and got it, and perhaps I'll catch it, and Jerry won't think I'm good looking any more; I don't care, I think you'r real mean, now there."

Another fit of hysterics, which brought out the "governor."

"What's the matter with you, Jinks," he exclaimed. "You've been fighting with some one. Don't deny it, you know you have; but you got the worst of it, I reckon."

The old lady then entered and lifted up her eyes and wept; yea, wept bitter tears of anguish at the sad spectacle. Jinks then thought perhaps something was the matter, and he then ran upstairs to investigate. He recoiled from the glass as though he had seen a ghost. He said there must be something wrong with the glass and so he consulted another one. This presented to him a still more frightful appearance, and he concluded that the family were not suffering, as he had at first supposed, from an optical delusion. He took now a close survey and ascertained that there were quite a goodly number of gashes discernible on his face, which face much resembled a boiled beet. Then he tore around like mad for the next half hour, and

wound up by throwing his razor out of the window. Now a 4/3 starved cow, which was standing outside, saw the article and considering that this was a particular demonstration of generosity, whisked her tail and picked up the encased razor. Down it went and stopped there till night. The cow then like other cows, began chewing her cud. She had not done this for the last fourteen weeks as she had nothing to chew. As the cow wobbled the razor around in her capacious throat extremity the casing became removed and the cruel cold steel entered her throat for the purpose of gouging a hole to see how things were getting along outside. This was not altogether pleasant to the noble cow. She became very weak and finally lay down and calmly expired. In the meantime the hours had been dragging on, and Mr. Phule must soon present himself at the home of the Landor's, where a young lady friend was visiting. He therefore was very wroth when he passed by the mirror, and his wrath waxed stronger when he perceived that his face was becoming more inflamed.

DILEMMA THE THREE.

His loving mother then bethought herself that cream was a very efficient remedy for removing inflammation. She therefore obtained a cupful and proceeded to bathe the afflicted parts with that tenderness found only in an anxious mother. She wept tears of plentitude as she perceived her son's woful countenance. Oh, picture of Pictures! Think of it my readers! Imagine that poor emaciated figure of the young man as he stands in the centre of the floor, his affectionate mother pouring balm of Gilead upon his devoted cranium, that it might trickle and run over his scalded face and shoulders, his sister weeping for fear she may become afflicted likewise, and Crump, the persecuted dog, drenched with his own life-blood. Oh! reader, it was indeed terrible, and I imagine I see you now weeping bitterly for these poor creatures of Job-surpassed misery. Ye gods of emotion, send rays of inspiration through my organism, that I may re-produce this pathetic scene of unequalled transpiration. For twenty-seven long minutes the pouring was conducted, and then Jinks thought he would be late if he did not soon depart. Now, he had not informed his relatives of his intention to dine out, and when he commenced preparations for making his exit the general astonishment was great. But he cared not. "Surely," said he "I know at my age what is best." so off he ran to his room, but finally concluded that perhaps if he consulted the mirror his feelings might be hurt,

he decided to depart without taking a birds-eye view of his personal appearance. He forgot altogether about the lotion of cream which had been instrumental in cooling him down, he slapped on his hat, seized his cane and strode out of the apartment.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT a half an hour later than the appointed time, the door-bell rang out wildly and the "swell" was ushered in, Mr. Landor started back and exclaimed :

"Heavens ! Mr. Phule, that surely isn't you, you're as pale as a ghost. What on earth ails you ? What scared you, hey ?"

Mr. Phule thought he'd stand upon his dignity, and exclaimed hotly, "You astound me, sir ! Please explain yourself ! I consider that strange language to use in addressing a gentleman. If you do not desire my company I am certain I shall not intrude."

He made a step backward as if to beat a retreat. "Stop man," cried Landor, "I don't mean to insult you, but really you look extremely strange."

"Strange, indeed—so strange, perhaps, that I am not wanted."

Mr. Landor saw that he must play off if he wished to secure the very desirable presence of Mr. Phule, so in condescending tones he said :

"Ha, ha ! I was only joking ; on the contrary to looking strange, you really look fine, quite fine, your complexion is so clear, perfectly fine. Do you know you have such nice color glowing resplendent underneath and shining through your lily white surface color (like proud-flesh eating a hole through him, he remarked afterwards to his wife)—actually handsome. Take this seat, I will call in Mrs. Landor."

Mr. Phule was thus put at ease. Nothing suited him better than a good coating of flattery plastered on by an adept, so he thought he would employ all his wiles to secure the affections of the young lady inmate.

Mr. Landor entered the kitchen in rather a peculiar state. His eyes were half closed, his mouth open, teeth quite discernible, sides heaving, general queer expression about his whole exterior, suddenly drops into a chair, and replies to his wife's inquiry of "What ails you ?"

"What ails me? Oh! de-dear, dear, there's a fel-fel-fellow—ha, ha! Oh, gracious! 'pon my word there is. Don't look so strange Em., he is, he's there, and ha, ha! oh, dear! oh, Christopher! he's a sight. What he's done to himself I do not know. Red as a beet, white as magnesia, and his hat is full of it. Oh! de-ear, I'll die soon, Em., 'pon my word I will; don't look at me that way—please do'nt, I'm not crazy, but if he ain't, he's getting there. Oh, my! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha-a-a-ah!"

"Mr. Landor, what ails you? please do speak with some amount of intelligence. 'He's a sight,' what do you mean? and 'his hat is full of it.' Where did you read the account of him?"

"Read? well that's rich, 'pon honor that's good; read? well, ha, ha-a-a-ah, hum, hum, ah."

"Mr. Landor, will you please explain?" said the lady, becoming every moment paler as the horrible conviction forced itself upon her, that her husband was laboring under temporary insanity.

The disciple of Punchinello seeing that his wife was really excited, became as calm as possible under the circumstances, and endeavored to enlighten his good dame as to the fund of merriment.

"Well, you see Em., I went to the door, and—ha, ha! oh, oh!—a fellow came inside the door, and he's covered all over with something—yes he is, and, oh dear, you ought to see him; and when he took off his hat, Christopher! but it was a sight: hair matted, face boiling under cover of said substance, and—ha, ha! oh, oh, dear!—I can't tell you any more—oh, oh! ha-a, hum."

"Who is it, anyway?"

"Who is it? why, have you forgotten already?"

"Forgotten? yon have not informed me yet."

"Eh, what? didn't tell you, hey?—why that's funny. Well then, its Mr. Phule, our expected caller."

"Mr. Phule, and in this state? Perhaps its powder he's been putting on his face, and perspiration made it run, that's all I'll warrant you; you men always get so enthusiastic over every little thing. I'm going in to see Mr. Phule, myself."

The estimable lady sailed out soliloquizing on the failings of men in a moral point of view. It was only powder she knew very well. So arranging her stray locks she made her appearance.

"Good day, Mr. Phule. Oh, gracious! goodness! Dear me, please excuse me, Mr. Phule, but you look so very pale."

"Indeed, I have been laboring under an attack of bronchial pneumonia, and this has, no doubt, left an impression on my organism. Since then my physician informed me, that owing to my extreme sensitive nature, psychological incelations have superinduced a metamorphosis of peculiar characteristics."

"Yes, I-I'll get you some wash water. You're so p-a-l-e," and before the lexicographer and shavifier could remonstrate, she had burst into the presence of Mr. Landor. It was now her turn to go into convulsions. A visible vibration passed over her frame to the feigned astonishment of her husband, who gravely asked:

"What ails you?"

"Oh, but he-he is fun-ny, so he is."

"Em., what in the world is the matter with you? your conduct is surprisingly strange."

"Oh! do hush up. Well, well, it's dreadful. Where's Miss Bing? I intend to tell her. (Exit.)"

The news extraordinary was communicated, and after indulging in a laughing spree, as only ladies can, they sought Mr. Phule, and the three came to the conclusion that they would treat Mr. Phule very courteously and enjoy a laugh at his expense after his departure. They entered the room, and after the introductory part of the ceremony was disposed with, Mr. Landor remarked upon the weather and then remained mute in order that Mr. P. might have an opportunity to say something. That gentleman braced himself, coughed and said:

"The enthusiamania seems prevalent in this vicinity, Miss Bing."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but really I did not understand what you said."

"I intimated" said Mr. P., drawing himself up, "that the phantasmagorical appurtenances inherent in the fine sensibilities of professors of Sociology, are imbedded in the organisms of the inhabitants of this section of the country."

"Yes—somewhat," was the vague reply.

"Metropolitan stages of materialization appear to be subsequent upon infatuation of the senses."

"There is no doubt of it."

"In reference to the mythological Septuagesima, the tympanum of my auricular organ has received the impression that it is to be profoundly investigated."

"Indeed ; Mr. Phule, please tell us all about it, I could listen to your discourse eternally."

"The calorific tenor of your enthusiastic request, propagates a desire to satisfy your longing for knowledge. It appears that Miltiades, the Turkish General, had recussitated the wife of Belshazzar, in the Gulf of Spezzia. She was the nephew of Romeo, who was the wife of Juliet. The step-mother of Caligula became annoyed and ordered Miltiades to be sent to Canada. The Governor-General sent him to the Premier, who advised and decreed that he should be steel-railed to death, for having laid hands upon the drowning lady without a formal introduction. But, his dauntless bearing in the Premier's presence, when the Syndicate measures were propounded, won for him a free pardon."

"How interesting !" exclaimed all. (Bell rings.)

"There, Mr. Phule, we dine."

"How very punctual you are."

"Yes ; I always endeavor to be in time, it is one of my predominant characteristics."

When seated at the festal board, Mr. P. became very talkative. The only thing which annoyed him was the—something—which continually streamed down his cheeks ; perspiration of course. He had forgotten his handkerchief, and he must suffer the application to continue. Various topics were discussed, amongst them : Educational growth in Canada, Scott Act, Spiritualism in its modern phases, and the Syndicate. Mr. Phule dealt with them all very sagaciously, and thinking that he had created in his listeners a feeling of awe, he said he would reproduce for them Shakspeare's immortal creation of Romiet and Julio ; but he seemed to forget how the first scene commenced, for he balanced himself on his hands and then stood on his head in the corner. After recovering his natural equilibrium from the latter position, he observed a something on the Brussels carpet.

"There," said he, "I've been saturating my hair in that substance. Mrs. Landor you have had an accident. This appears to be cream; your girl has no doubt been carrying a pan full, and the bottom has fallen out, thus precipitating the precious fluid upon the floor."

"Really, Mr. Phule, you are the best hand at guessing I ever saw ; I forgot all about it."

The acrobat said he felt slightly indisposed, and if they had no objection he would stretch his manly form upon the couch. He remained in a languishing state for a time, and then rose quickly with a tragic air. Now the tidy on the sofa felt a desire to become acquainted with Monsieur, and clinging to the inflammation—cooling substance on his head and neck—seemed to have no difficulty in clinging to his stalwart form. He did not appear, however, to notice it, but began in a shrill voice :

"Ye gods of antiquity, at this lonely hour, when all is hushed as the cataract of Niagara ; when the beasts have gone to their nest, and the birds have lain down in their lair ; when the gloaming twilight passeth to oblivion ; when the trunks of the trees ripple to the soft, still breeze, and the sturdy leaflets uphold them in their playful flutterings ; when the sheep-dog shall protect the gentle wolf from the fierce assaults of the ravenous sheep, and when the chandelier will have gone to his roost—Oh ! then, ye gods ! whisper soothing words to me, and give me strength to withstand mine enemies. (Very much excited and little finger quivering.) S-death ! who cometh at this unseemly hour of the night ? Avaunt ye fiend !—I'll slay thee ! Dost wish to stand upon the battlements of destruction, and gaze upon the inevitable fate that awaits thee ?" Hark thee, (chin parallel with left shoulder and whole form vibrating) I consult with the gods. Would'st talk with me—even me, who holds the key of your destruction in his hand. Avaunt ! or by the beard of Okensteim, I'll have thee gibbited for the benefits of the feathered race. Can'st not hear ? Oh ! spirits ! (Evident signs of inflammation around the eyeballs.) Heavens ! he recedes not from mine eager gaze. Thus do all mine enemies haunt me. Ho, spirits ! I renounce thee ; nought on earth or in heaven can keep them from me. They stingeth like an adder and biteth like a serpent. I must undergo it all. Eh ?—I undergo ? No, no ! methinks 'twere well to die ; to die a death of valor. Ho ! spirits, I come." (Strike himself on the breast and falls on Miss Bing's last year's chilblains.)

"Oh, dear !" exclaimed the unfortunate young lady.

"Sincerely I beg your pardon, Demoiselle ; but I was so excited, anything, you know, takes such possession of me in the shape of tragedy. My whole soul is absorbed in the sentiment. I will give you Danté's Vision if you so desire."

"Oh! Mr. Phule, I admire your gesticulation so much, but do you know I always get frightened at anything represented so real," said Mrs. Landor. (She had an eye to the welfare of her carpet.)

"Oh, indeed! Well, if you would withdraw for a moment, I feel confident I could succeed in pleasing Miss Bing and your esteemed husband."

But Miss B. also expressed herself as laboring under nervous prostration since his beautiful recital. (Her foot was really painful.) So the tragedian was forced to desist.

Thinking it best to leave while he was popular, he informed the ladies therefore of his intention to tear himself away, to break the magnetic chain which bound him to their angelic selves. They did not hold out great inducements for him to remain, for they all had duties to perform. Mr. Phule gave a stately bow which jarred several cream drops to the floor, and made his *egg sit*.

Mr. L. looked at Mrs. L., Mrs. L. looked at Miss B., and they all concluded to laugh a short wild laugh. This Mr. L. actually did. Mrs. L. looked wofully at her besmeared carpets, and Miss B. thought she would remove her shoe to ascertain if mortification had set in. Mr. L. assumed a more serious look when he received the list of fixtures.

To 14 yards Tapestry, at \$4.00 per yard.....	\$ 56.00
" 9 yards Plush, at \$10.00 per yard.....	90.00
" 1 Tidy.....	2.00
" washing 13 Napkins, at 5ct. a piece.....	65
" doctor bill for Miss B.....	25.15
" repairing Sofa.....	6.25
Total.....	\$180.05

CHAPTER IV.

DILEMMA THE FIVE.

OUR Swell can skate now. Once he couldn't, that is, not in the most approved fashion. Feeling confident he would soon become proficient, he purchased a pair of skates. The dealer gave him instructions how to fasten them, and he felt as though the battle were already won. Proceeding to our meandering stream, he clapped them on his feet and struck boldly out.

Now, whether he was representing Smith's immortal creation of "Humility" or not I really do not know, but certain it is he struck a very imposing attitude. His left foot glided on at a rapid rate; too fast, in fact,

for the right foot, which was content to watch the rapid progress of the other. Now this state of things could not continue long—one foot going and the other looking on in a torpid state—the result was that after the energetic foot had travelled a distance of something less than a half mile, the man proper thought he would rest ere the more exciting events should transpire; so he sat upon the solidified water with much apparent grace. He soliloquized on the evils of this world for a short time, and then he thought he would get up. But in vain. One foot seem to vie in outstripping the other in activity. After a time, Mr. Phule thought he would slide up to the shore in a downfallen posture. He threw his feet behind him, which acted as a propellative force, and then walking along on his hands and feet he managed to regain his starting point. He arose and surveyed the surrounding scenery. Then he thought he would try it again; but he was more reticent in his movements. So placing one foot carefully to the front and bringing the other forward he managed to advance somewhat.

“Ah!” said he, “I see the idea, I have discovered a law of motion which will startle the whole world. I don’t wonder at Newton’s emotion consequent upon his discovery, I can understand exactly.”

He became more enthusiastic, as he glided over the ice, with that grace displayed only by the average unshod cow, when on ice. He soon began walking vigorously, from that to a run.

“Oh delightful aspect of things,” he murmured. “I feel at peace with all the world. Ah, how nicely I glide. Umph! but that’s deception in faith; methinks I am prostrated on the bosom of the deep. S—death, but, that was an irksome bump.”

Mr. P. had fallen suddenly in his wild career. Of course he presented a fine spectacle. He landed on his left shoulder, and consequently had fallen on his ear. His right arm bent under him, and seemed to be anxious to see how his left patella withstood the shock. His nasal organ, too, seemed inquisitive, for it made a sudden dive, to harpoon a whale (no doubt) or to ascertain by what method water is transformed into ice. It appears that one of his skates had become loose and departed for lands remote. However, notwithstanding all his mishaps he was bound to succeed. He walked about one-half of a mile and found the fugitive skate. He arranged it and bravely struck out again.

But he was doomed to be unfortunate. He had gone but a short distance, when he thought something appeared before him, like a hole cut in

the ice. But he was going at a break-neck pace and did not at once think of putting on "brakes." Suddenly he conceived the idea of stopping himself by means of the heel of his skate. He accordingly made a mighty effort, but his skates only slid on in front, while he fell gracefully backwards. This, however, had not the effect of stopping him in time. He slid with the velocity of an avalanche into the opening. Horror of horrors! He struggled wildly and called loudly. No one came. He thought of his far distant home, of his dog whining over his remains, and the serious loss to the community at large consequent upon his demise.

After a desperate struggle he regained a footing on the ice, and then scrambled towards home. He indeed presented a sad sight—limbs refusing to carry their burden, (he lost his skates in the jaws of death) frame trembling, and his whole exterior dotted over with scenic diversifications. Here a stray fragment of a coat fluttering in the arms of the breeze, there a border of red (life-red) ornamenting a dreary waste, while as he walked steadily forward, the water steadily froze and he steadily became more steady. He soon became loaded down with a coating of ice about 14 inches thick. To resume his journey it became necessary for him to remove his coat and trousers. Having done this he travelled more lively, but by some means he felt rather cool. It might have been owing to the cool atmosphere or to his exposed condition. Perhaps it was on this account, perhaps it wasn't; any way he became cold and he resolved to search for his cast-away suit. When he found them, they had migrated back to the place in which they were christened. It was with great difficulty that he hauled out the coat. He might as well have reserved his strength, for the sleeves were well filled with ice; so with a doleful look on his emaciated face, he pushed it back into its element. Luckily for him his dog had broken his chain of resistance, and sought his master. Mr. P. mounted his sturdy company, and urged him on to rapid progress. As the dog went bouncing through the street, with its woful rider, the consternation of the inhabitants became a panic. The surprise was still greater when Mr. Phule scrambled into the house from his elevated position. There was an editorial out the following morning, which ran something like this:—

"Our local reporter received information last evening that a body had been seen in a hole cut in the ice near Mr. S——'s barn, but at a later period we have ascertained that the supposed body was Mr. Phule's vestment. It appears that Mr. P. conceived the idea a few days ago that he was a pro-

fessional skater. He accordingly betook himself to our streamlet, and no doubt had a grand time of it. We have interviewed that remarkable person who has kindly given us the subjoined of his prowess on skates :

“‘I experienced a sense of languor, Mr. Editor, and thinking that a lively skate for a few hundred miles would be beneficial, I put my design into execution. I skated very vigorously and became so warm that I felt uncomfortable, and threw off my coat. This eased me quite materially, and I increased my rate. I then removed my vest ; my rate increased. My trousers were burthensome, and I concluded that as no one was looking I would drop them also ; I gave a little skip athwart the air, and left my lower limb protectors flying in the breeze. I now felt airy as a hedgehog and graceful as a buffalo. My rate increased to an almost incredible state of celerity. I became warmer and felt for my handkerchief, but that article had gone with my coat. I sought the last named, and found it by the side of an ice-chiselled cavern, but minus the h. d. k. f. I tossed the coat contemptuously into the water, and used the trousers similarly. As I felt uncomfortable in my extreme warmth, I concluded to dive into the opening and cool off. I reached the bottom several times, and in one of my submarine excursions, tackled a sea monster. I made a superhuman effort and tossed him upon the ice. I then mesmerised him. I placed myself in front of him and pointed homeward. I then jumped on his back and sailed home serenely happy.’

Mr. P. has practised since and lived through it. On the whole we think he has improved.

CHAPTER V.

DILEMMA THE SIX.

Mr. Phule thought he would buy a horse. He had a dollar and thirteen cents, so he advertised for a second-class horse, for which he was willing to pay part down and the remainder at a time to be fixed by the parties concerned. In two days he had fourteen who were willing to sell. Some very nice specimens were presented; one in particular caught the eye of the adept. It was a very peculiar horse. Its peculiarities were numerous, so we mention a few of the more important phases :

1. It seemed to be blessed with a particular good appetite, and yet it never became burdened with fat.

2. It had a fondness for a white commodity, vulgarly called salt. It has been known to analysize fourteen sets of harness in order to get a taste of something which tasted like it.

3. It had a strange practise of placing one of its legs, farthest from its mouth, in juxtaposition with passers-by, generally those who came the closest.

4. He was a picturesque horse. In some horses there is a great deal of sameness. Now on this horse there was ever a picturesque landscape presented. His ribs were more discernible than in other horses, and consequently the hide of the animal had the appearance of small scenic valleys, the interwoven hair or fur being a substitute for shrubbery. His ribs, you see, were mountain ranges. Oh, there was nothing common about that horse.

He had many other peculiarities, but space and time do not permit us to mention them. Now this horse took the eye of the experienced horseman, Mr. Phule, and he was determined to have him at any cost. The owner appeared to be very proud of him. He had read the advertisement and gave *ph* the sound of *f*; he pronounced the name, therefore, Fool. After a considerable amount of preliminaries had been dispensed with, such as opening the mouth of the intelligent animal, rubbing his limbs (the front ones) and looking with admiration at the noble brute as he caused concussions by whirling, with ease, his hind legs athwart the thick gray air.

"Oh, he is a beautiful horse! Beautiful! Bold as a lamb and gentle as a lion. You should have seen 'the woman' cry when I spoke of selling him; a'most broke her heart, poor thing."

"Is he a second-class horse?"

"First-class horse, sir, first-class horse."

"Well, but I advertised for a second-class horse, yours won't do; sorry, but you must lead the animal away."

"Fool, he's a first-class horse, but I'll sell him for a second-class price."

(*To himself.*) "Did he say fool? I want second-class horse, sir."

(*Confidentially.*) "I was giving you away, just a joke, you know. He is a second-class horse, genuine second-class."

"How do you know he is a second-class?"

"Know, Fool, why ——"

(*Indignant.*) "Fool, did you say, sir; how dare you."

"Well, I believe that's what they call you ; I saw your name in the advertisement. If ——"

"Fool, indeed, I'll blow your brains out, you villain."

"Oh, as to that, I don't care a ——"

Mr. Phulé had by this time edged up close to the rear of the horse in question. That noble animal gently placed the sixteenth rib of the irate man in contact with his left hind foot, and sent him flying through the air, making about two hundred and seventeen revolutions to the minute.

The cause of dispute was forgotten, and the unfortunate one walked calmly back to the amused dealer, who kindly said :

"He's a beautiful elevator, ain't he ? Now no other horse in the Western Hemisphere could perform a feat with half as much grace. Don't he do splendid ?"

"Quite an amateur, ha ha." (very feebly.)

"How much do you want for him ?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Fool, I'll take——"

"You rascal, I'll ——"

"There you go again. Fool, what on earth ails you. Come now, explain ?"

"Explain, yes, I'll explain. I'll——Heaven ! Oh, mercy !"

The gentle animal could not restrain his ardor. He appreciated the scene. His only objections were that the dramatic effect was not sufficient, so he gently grasped the chief actor by the cap, which enclosed in its folds a lock of auburn tresses. The intelligent beast held him suspended about four feet from mother earth. The victim struggled wildly, but in vain.

"Take me down," he shrieked. "Murder ! Horse murder ! S-treason, tratagem and boils ! Ha, come to the rescue, you demon. Help !"

The dealer looked on calmly and appeared to be somewhat amused—that is if we were to judge from the wrinkles on his face, which came and went like the soft sighing modulations of a flock of swine. He, in fact, seemed to relish the scene immensely. Finally he concluded to go after a ladder and crowbar, and pry open the jaws of performer No. 3.

It was some time ere the jaws of the peaceful animal could be made to relax, and the fearful thought became prominent that he had the lock-jaw. However, by dint of unsparing energy in the use of the crowbar the sufferer was at last extricated from the jaws of Death—yes, that's what the horse was called,

Of course Mr. P. was not angry. How could he be. Nevertheless he talked of suing for \$200 damages. He said he would enter the suit under "false pretenses"—pretending to sell a horse instead of an escaped mammoth from Brobdignagia. This, however, could not kill his love for that horse. He agreed to pay \$1.04 down, and the rest (two dollars per tooth) when the time was up.

Mr. P. felt proud of his bargain, and took home his purchase with apparent glee. He eyed him over his shoulder *as* he led him home (surveying his symmetrical form, of course) and placed him in a stall two feet by four. Very accommodating horse, he was; could be put into a gun barrel if it were long enough.

Now Mr. P. thought continually all that day and night how he should feed him. He knew that both ends were dangerous, for by one he had been sent whirling through the air like a top, and by the other he had been enabled to survey the whole solar system with considerable accuracy. He considered that as the "happy medium" had done him no harm, he would feed him at that point.

He jabbed a hole through the partition with his jack-knife, and made it large enough to admit a saw. A goodly rent was soon made, and a manger placed inside, and a quantity of hay put therein.

The horse did tolerably well for a time, until one morning he was found outside his stall. He had evidently passed through the opening. Mr. P. endeavored to make him jump back again by tossing a few umbrellas, wheelbarrows, and pitchforks at him. This seemed to be just what the pony wanted, for he swallowed them all without the least apparent difficulty. Mr. P. then cut a hole in the roof of the stable and poured down fourteen barrels of boiling water upon him. This was particularly pleasing to him, owing no doubt to the removal of vermin. The stable was literally strewn with it. The cats and dogs came by thousands and partook of the luxurious feast. Mr. P. then got a large cannon ball and dropped it down, but as it did not strike the backbone fairly, it rolled off on one side. Mr. Phule then poured down some molten lead. This appeared to be of more utility, for he threw out one of his hind legs sixteen times and put seventeen large holes in the side of the building. A boy who was standing outside received most of the violent assault and was sent flying at the rate of $33\frac{1}{3}$ leagues per hour. He finally settled down in a chimney of a mill, head downwards; his feet paddled the air and the neighborhood was delighted with what they

considered a new smoke-stack, working on the principle of perpetual motion. The proprietors, however, could not tell what was the reason so much smoke stopped in the room. One morning the stove door was sent flying through the window opposite; a smoke-cloud came pouring out and filled the room with such a density that a pet monkey, which was on the mantelpiece, walked on it down to the table. The chimney was then investigated, and the patent smoke-stack taken down, with the strange idea that it didn't answer the purpose. I have heard since that the boy has a craving appetite for soot, and is never comfortable unless he has his vest pockets full of smoke.

Well, to resume, Mr. Phule found that this did not have the effect desired, so he fired a rifle ball through him. This only created a desire in the intelligent animal to catch the ball as it went through. The shot was effective, it made a window in both sides; but this was remedied by the internal action of the horse. The pitchfork which he had swallowed was forced by the subzuangeran process into the obtualengerioy canal, thence into the organifixoner, which finally forced it into the aurifice caused by the rifle-ball. It exactly filled the cavity and no loss was sustained to the vitality of the horse, who seemed to pride himself on having a balancing pole, wherewith to maintain a proper equilibrium.

Mr. P. now determined to abandon the horse to his fate. He therefore locked the door and did not visit him again for two weeks. When he returned he expected to find the horse docile. On the contrary, he was worse, for he had thrived considerably since his absence. He had lived high on what was left in the stable. This horse, as I have said before, was intelligent. He gnawed a hole through a barrel which contained thirty-nine gallons of cider. How did he drink it? Well, I'll tell you: This horse had very good lungs. You could have heard him breathe 13 2-27 miles away, actual fact. Then he blew a hole lengthways through the fork-handle; then he blew backwards, that is, he forced vibrations through his œsophagus instead of having it pass out into the open air. Well, the pressure of the air forced a hole through that part of the handle bound on the East by his right-hand side, on the West by his left-hand side, on the North by œsophagus, pharynx, submaxillary and sublingual glands, and on the South by the reohapis andering avandungenyx. The knowing horse placed one end of the handle into the barrel, and then heaved a heavy breath. The result was that the invigorating fluid was drawn up along the cavity and then

ejected through the hole in the handle. The fluid thus, you see, was very scientifically deposited in the horse, and was a source of nutrition. Oh, that horse was no fool! I will mention a few of the articles he consumed during his captivity:

13 Sets of Single Harness.	9 Whipstocks.
14 Sets of Double do	11 Cross-cut Saws.
23 Log-Chains.	64 Pitchforks.
68 Trace do	101 Drag-teeth.

Oh, that horse was bound to live; to him life was sweet. As he contemplated it in all its grandeur, he was filled with the liveliest emotions. He once leaped lightly on a straw-stack to discourse on "The Sublime Exaltation and Magnanimity of Things," but the rooster crew just as he was clearing out his throat, and he became disgusted.

Mr. Phule now advertised that he had a horse for sale—a horse of unheard of capacities. There were numerous applicants, but they were all too timid to invest. The scheme was too great for small minds. The horse swallowed all he came across, from a hen-house down to a corkscrew, and Mr. P. was one day very much surprised to find that he had swallowed the hole which he had cut to feed him through. This somewhat discouraged the hon. gentleman, and he determined to "cut him loose." This was accordingly done, and the horse seemed to enjoy his freedom. He immediately made a raid on a new drag which he downed readily. Mr. P. bemoaned the loss of the article but "it is an ill wind that blows nobo., etc." The drag-teeth dragged out the horse-teeth, thus leaving Mr. P. his horse clear of all debt; for if you remember \$2 was to be paid per tooth.

Now it so happened that the article-doer-away-with jumped over a 16-foot-high board fence, and made general havoc. In a short time a bill was handed to the surprised owner, which ran something like this:

MESSRS. PHULE, HORSE & Co., Drs.

To J. OVARO.

To Killing 14 Pigs, @ \$5	\$ 70 00
" Swallowing 13 Chickens, @ 20c.....	2 60
" Munching 27 two-year old Heifers, @ \$10.....	270 00
" Kicking holes through 27½ Goose Eggs, @ 6c.....	2 25

To THE FATHER OF JOHNNIE:

To Doctors' bill.....	\$ 25 50
" Removing Johnnie from Chimney, and damage.....	35 10

To R. G. PRATT & Co.:

To Swallowing 16 Buffalo Robes, @ \$10.....	\$160 00
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Total..... \$565 45

By order of Town Council,
R. S. OWEN, Clerk.

Mr. Phule was obliged to mortgage his domains to meet the demand; and he would probably have been involved in considerable difficulty, had not P. T. Barnum, who had heard of the far-famed horse, come to the rescue and paid off the debt, in consideration that he should have possession of the horse. I have been told that this was the only not-immediately-paying speculation P. T. was ever engaged in. He told me privately that the horse swallowed 14 of his best tents and 16 crocodiles the first day. Of course I cannot vouch for the veracity of this, as I was not an eye-witness. I have been told that this horse was the cause of Barnum's fire. It seems that the knowing beast had inbibed the contents of a few barrels of whiskey, and became mischievous. He plagued a monkey so much that it scratched him viciously, and his fur took fire. This spread rapidly, and soon the whole enormous enclosure was in flames.

The horse escaped, and by last accounts was down in South Africa, living on missionaries, syndicates and uncivilized tigers.

CHAPTER VI.

DILEMNA THE SEVEN.

MR. Phule is particularly sweet on one of our young lady citizens. He called to see her the other night, and would have succeeded well, no doubt, had it not been for a monstrous dog, which seemed to have a dislike towards the above named gentleman. The irate animal seized him as he passed through the gate. He went through backwards, and was therefore attacked in the rear. The lover, of course, soon made himself scarce, but the next morning the inmates found a circular piece of cloth in the yard. The fair object of his affections recognized the cloth as belonging to him, and so she made use of it to cover a foot-rest. But Mr. P. is very determined, as we have seen already, so he concluded that as the dog was not willing for a personal interview, he would write a billet-doux. His first epistle ran thus :

“DEAR AMARANTHY :—

How can I find words adequate to express my feelings of admiration for thee? The politician writes down his speech on the Syndicate, the minister his sermon, and the orator finds words for his eloquent word-paintings; but oh! what words can paint thy charms? What sentence can

explain thy grace? Amy, thou art to me as the dew drops to the withering flower. You give to me new vigor by your refreshing appearance. Your hazel eye is as balmy as the northern pine, and your gazelle-like neck, poised on alabaster shoulders, is as a vast column of snowflakes rearing itself above things terrestrial. Your golden tresses are finer than the silks of India. The loftiness of thine intellectual brow can be compared only to the altitude of Mt. Everett. The light of thine eye could penetrate the heart of the most degraded criminal, and a push from thy gentle foot could hurl cities to destruction. How I love thee, Amy, none can tell; yet know this, without thee I am as a desert waste. With your presence I become as fresh as the fertile desert; when thou art gone, I become forlorn and emaciated. Your appearance alone restores to me animation. I love thee, Amy—oh! how I love thee! I would that I could clap thee to this manly form, and mingle my tears of joy with thine of love. I would that I could pour into the tympanum of thy auricular organ, soft and gentle words, expressing my devotion, oh! then would I be truly happy.

Oh! list to my song of affection,
Oh! harken to ballads from me,
Could my love find another direction
Than thine, I would die sweet for thee.

There's such love-light in every grace
That clings to thine every twist;
And the light that lights up thine eye,
Is a light that could never be kissed.

Oh, Cleopatra! where were the charms
That Antony saw in thy face?
To Amy her grace were alarums,
And her form a most horrible place.

Oh! come to my arms ye wild rose of morning!
Oh, come! for I've waited heart-broken and long;
Oh, come with thy beauty thy sweet face a'orning,
And give to the wild winds thy freedom and song.

How I wish to be with thee when twilight is stealing,
Athwart the moist gloom that falls from above,
Then would I cast myself humble and kneeling,
Before thy blest presence and ask for thy love.

This was certainly a grand effusion, and no doubt had a good effect. This was followed in a few days by another grand effort. We give it verbatim.

“My sweet sunflower of happiness and idol of my soul, to thee I again send expressions of my love. How can I do otherwise, since I see thee in the gorgeous rainbow, in the beautiful tints of the sinking sun, and in the sublime loveliness of nature. I adore thee, Amaranthy; I admire thy comely form, thy pleasing face and fine buxom propensities. Thou art a creature of angelic grace and inexpressible beauty. The light of thine eye could penetrate a fourteen feet thickness of solidified water; could rend the most colossal of monuments; dart, like an adder at its prey, upon the one who dare to wound thy sensitive feelings; and blast, like the lightning of the

heavens, whatever dare arouse thy usual placidity of temperament. Would that thou were here, that I might press thee to myself and wrap around thee my manly arms. Then would I feel the magnetic thrill coursing and recouring through my veins; my whole system would be electrified, and I would gaze into the depths of thy tender eyes and drink in thy beauty in all its extreme loveliness. Were I on the point of death, and the last spark of vitality were speeding, yet a gentle touch from thy alabaster *manus* would send an electrifying shock through my system, and new energy would find way into my sinking form. I would revive and press thy cheek to mine, and, as the genial glow pervaded our natures through and through, I would press thy lips to mine—and oh! the untold bliss.

Oh, such bliss—the bliss of blisses!
 Oh, such kiss—the kiss of kisses!
 Oh, such face—the face of faces!
 Oh, blest grace—the grace of graces

Hark! to my love-song, ye daughter of sunbeams,
 List to the words I have written for thee;
 Thy charms are made up from a fountain of fun-gleams,
 The smile on thy face belongs only to me.

I love to reflect on the charms that are round thee,
 To muse on the thought that they'll soon be by own;
 Oh, blest be the day—the glad day that I found thee
 And blest be the day when I'll claim thee alone.

As the pure and unstained snow,
 Falling from the heavens above,
 Contrasts great with earth below,
 Compared with others is thy love.

And this love is ever round thee,
 Stamping beauty on your face;
 Ah! sweet chance, that I have found thee,
 Embodiment of love and grace.

Graceful as the gliding swan
 O'er the rippling, placid brook;
 Airy as the skipping fawn,
 Lovely as "love's" sweetest look.

The lovely crimson sky is taine,
 When looking at thy mantled flush;
 And should I beg to change thy name,
 Sweet Amy, speak not—simply blush.

The author received no answer and became somewhat vexed. In a few days he sent the following:

The rain drops from the clouds above,
 Although with good intent,
 May cause within the leaf of love
 An agonizing rent.

The blushing school girl in her teens,
 Recipient of Cupid's dart,
 May crouch behind her licensed screens
 And think to play with human heart.

The amorous poet repented of this, and sent a few verses to denote his clinging affection. We copy a few of them.

I saw a boy, I saw a girl,
 I saw a fine bouquet;
 And happiness round one and all
 In rich profusion lay.

Happy the boy! because he met
 The signs of perfect love—
 A love as pure and holy as
 The love from heaven above.

Happy the girl ! because she felt
The one she loved was true ;
Who to all other hearts but hers,
Had gladly bid adieu.

Happy the fine petite bouquet,
That in its beauteous flush,
Had seen the mutual glance of love,
Detected in the blush.

Mr. Phule began to consider himself a true-born poet ; he continued to court the muse and Amaranthy. He sent a few luscious lines of another metre. Note the genius—glimmerings.

Love, with many, is a moment
Of estatic bliss ;
Love, with me, is bliss eternal,
Sealed by Amy's kiss.

Thou sweet little daffodil, growing 'mongst butter-cups,
Finest of all the fine flowers of love,
How can I paint thee, bundle of flutter-supps ?
Eclipsing in beauty the soft light above.

Amaranthy's ardent admirer forwarded to her sixty-three epistles, and then calmly waited for an answer. In about two months, when his reason was just beginning to feel shattered, it came. Oh, blessed moment ! With trembling fingers he opened the sacred missive, and fell down on his knees from sheer exhaustion.

" Ah ! here it is." (He reads.)

" Received your notes ; my address is unchanged."

Miss R——.

Heavens ! what a delightful termination to his suspense. He thought the note might have been a little longer, but this he attributed to bashfulness. He then went to work, and with use of saw, hammer and nails, he constructed a box five feet by eight. This he filled with manuscripts containing poetical effusions, which he manufactured while lying awake at nights. When a proper selection had been made, the precious contents, screened from the cruel gaze of the public by the casement which he had made, were shipped safely to their destination.

For seventeen long weeks Mr. P. waited patiently ; his manly form gradually wasted away. At the end of the time mentioned, he received the following flattering and tender reply :

" *To Mr. Phule:—The man with a softened brain, and general builder and contractor in nonsense, and dealer in love-sick upholstery, these few lines are right cordially dedicated :*

How can I blame thee, thou love-stricken dolt ?
Since your sense is as light as the cents in your pocket ;
Your features resemble papa's weaning colt,
And your heart is just right for a common-sized locket.

You speak of your love—pray where does it linger,
In the soul of your master who brained you at school ?
All the love you bear me, would not itch my small finger
And besides, when I'm yoked, 'twill not be to a Phule."

Mr. P. thinks his letters were intercepted. He has entered an action against the Government for \$5,000.00 damages.

CHAPTER VII.

DILEMMA THE EIGHT.

MR. Phule is a very brave young man; he is also a young man of enviable qualities. He was never known to tell a real old-fashioned lie. With perfect simplicity he relates one of his many desperate encounters to his brother, who resides in Arungaitz.

“MY VERY DEAR BROTHER:—

Since I wrote you but a short time ago in reference to family matters, I now send you a letter which bears only upon a slight adventure I had the other day. I sallied out with my dog Crump in search of game; the weather looked threatening, but I resolved to brave it. I had proceeded but a short distance, when a low growl from the dog arrested by attention. I followed the eye of the dog and perceived a huge snake curled up on a log. I fired, but missed the snake, which crawled rapidly toward me. I jumped on one end of a log and the snake mounted the other end, but his tremendous weight bore up the tree, and I was placed in a peculiar predicament—up in the air nearly one hundred and fifteen feet. The monster surveyed me for a time, and then placed his tongue against the tree, which overbalanced it and down I went. I would no doubt have been killed had I not jumped and fallen upon the tail of the snake. It now appeared that the snake was only toying with me before my final destruction, for he would place me upon his broad back and then let me roll down again. I could not have long endured this treatment, for the ground was hard and about thirty-five feet from the plane of the snake's back-bone; but he seemed to be very considerate, for he changed the scene. He amused himself by tossing me up two or three miles in the air, and catching me in his mouth as I came down. This would have been a very pleasing sensation, had my breath not been nearly taken away on account of my celerity of movement; however, I enjoyed the sport very much and felt tolerably amused as I thought of the intelligence of dumb creatures. You will wonder where the dog was all this time—well, I'll tell you. The snake caught his eye and fascinated him, he remained as motionless as though he were carved out of marble; thus, you see, I had the sport all to myself. In one of my drops down the snake's throat I took observations on the surrounding scenery. In the far end of his tail I saw a fine residence, which contained a family that gave evident signs of prosperity. Outside the front door were seventeen geese, thirty-one chickens, and a few Guinea fowls in the poultry line. At the back of the house I perceived three milch cows, a number of young cattle, and twenty-nine pigs, all in a thriving condition. The heads of the family were not dull to a taste of refinement, for a beauti-

ful flower garden stretched picturesquely a short distance from the house ; it was arranged in symmetrical proportions, and it looked very refreshing. I thought I would accost the old man, who was outside with his boy sharpening a scythe on a grind stone. Without waiting for a formal introduction I made up to him ; he was very pleasant and invited me into his house. I was led in the parlor, where his eldest daughter was seated before a piano. I thought it strange that I had not heard the sound outside, but it was owing, no doubt, to the extreme thickness of the snake, and the distance which intervened between the location of the house and the mouth of the reptile. I inquired how he came to live in such comfortable quarters. He replied, that he was out working one day, when he perceived a huge monster of some kind coming towards him, carrying his house on his back. The house was placed on a stump, and the monster then drove him into the house, which was then swallowed by the snake with much apparent ease. He drove his cattle in afterwards, he said, through a gap which he hewed out in his tail, and he then nailed it up afterwards. He said, through this opening he procured means of subsistence in the shape of grain and potatoes. He had a few acres seeded down and expected a good crop in a couple of years. It was through this aperture, my dear brother, that I passed out into freedom. I immediately sought my dog, and found him in the same predicament as when I left him. I called him, kicked him, and finally threw a saw log at him, but all in vain ; he remained immovable. I then looked at him steady for a time and snapped my finger ; he awoke from his trance with a bound, and recognized me as his deliverer. Ever since, however, I dare not look him in the eyes, for he goes off into a mesmeric state. Since my adventure I was startled one day by considerable barking in the yard ; on going out I discovered seventeen other dogs all around our dog. They formed a circle, with Crump as centre. He had evidently mesmerized them, for they gazed blankly till Crump did something, and then they would all imitate him. Crump barked softly, they did the same ; Crump howled dismally, they responded in similar strains ; Crump acted wonderfully cute, the rest did also. The music was very melodious, especially when they barked angrily. A few next-door neighbors, however, could not appreciate it, and they spoke of having me arrested for harboring unclean spirits. Crump stood on one leg, the other dogs did the same ; Crump bit his tail two inches from the end, the rest were accurate in imitating him ; Crump stood on his heels, they did likewise ; Crump stood on his head, they were proof in imitation. Now Crump got his head in a hole, and he had to stop there ; of course the other dogs must remain as long as he, if it were for a century of centennials. Crump kicked to extricate himself, the other dogs struggled likewise ; Crump found it useless and subsided into quietness and contemplation, so did they. They remained there for two weeks and thirteen days. I made quite an item by charging fifteen cents per glance to the countless thousands who came to see ' the most startling sight on record.' Of course Crump had to be fed, so I dug a subterranean channel which passed underneath where he stood. I put a long iron rod up through the moist soil, soon I felt a jerk ; he had seized the end, thinking it was food—in fact, he bit off four inches. I then placed a piece of meat on the end and passed it up to him ; he was not long in devouring it. In

this manner I kept him alive. Of course the other dogs received chunks of the same dimension—how, I do not know. (See Prof. Gunn's treatise on mesmerism.) I noticed afterwards that they all coughed up four inch pieces of iron rod, corresponding to the one gnawed so by Crump. I then determined to see how far the mesmeric theory would sustain itself. I clipped off both of Crump's ears, suddenly every dog lost his ears; I tossed Crump's cranium appendages over the fence, the other corresponding articles travelled over also; I then released Crump of his tail, all the other tails disappeared; I put Crump's tail in my coat pocket, the other tails were wedged in too; I then nipped off one of Crump's crookedest legs (commonly called hind legs), all the other dogs lost their corresponding legs instantaneously, and all were crammed by some mysterious agency into my vest pocket, where Crump's had been placed. I then took down Crump from his lofty position, and his satellites were, of course, also at liberty. There was a collar box lying in the yard, and as Crump felt rather disconsolate since his return to a common phase of existence, he thought he would crawl into it, and reflect upon the immutability of things and the grand sublimity of Mesmer's theory. So Crump crawled into the collar box; so did the r—, that is to say—ah! excuse me, brother, I must close. More anon.

P. S.—The ears which went over the fence are in a state of agitation. A fly flew (note the alliterative force) on Crump's ear. It began to flap; the other ears followed suit; they create sufficient breeze to propel a sixty ton windmill which is located in the yard. I have just sent a document to Her Most Gracious Majesty, stating therein that I have (with the aid of Crump) succeeded in establishing the law of perpetual motion.

Yours Reverentially, Correspondentially and Otherwisentially,

J. P.

NO MORE.

N. B.—Avoid looking on the next page.

MY CURIOUS READERS.

Since that subtle persuader, curiosity, has prompted you to go thus far beyond the bounds, I surmise that you have a desire to look still deeper into the mysteries of a Phule's Life. You may also wish to know something of the author of a Phule's Life. Gentle reader, allow me to make the sublime statement that you will be gratified by perusing Vol. No. II of "Our Swell." In reference to the author, I would point out to you that he is an observing citizen, and that you may obtain a cursory view of his placid features, and note his multitudinous idiosyncrasies, by calling at the Mechanics' Institute, where he is an indispensable official.

THE AUTHOR.



