







A SHARP FROST.

AT LEAST THAT WAS CRASHER'S IMPRESSION OF IT WHEN HE CANNON
SLASHER AND CAME DOWN WITH A RUN.

are anything else to see in the roughly untidy room. Yes; there was a cupboard. He look within it, or should he not? Him five minutes to get up to that cupboard no wonder after the horrors he had in feeling as if he were in a dream, he in the door, and shrank shivering back, for the moment; for there, in horrible pose standing upon a block, and seeming as if he had been crushed, were a pair of grisly shin-bones, knees, nothing more, only a pair of feet, looking as if just about to start in their skeleton legs; and Mr. S. P. sank into a chair and glared.

At last for him the chair was cane-bottomed—at least it had been cane-bottomed—but a piece of the cane was wanting, and its occupant at the time being wedged as if something had held him fast, and he could not readily have extricated himself had he tried.

He did not try, for all his strength was in his eyes, which stood out in a fixed gaze at the grisly legs, and he waited for them to move. Five, ten minutes, and then, struggling from his seat, he dashed at the cupboard door, and held his shoulder against it, while, for there came a dull rattling sound of falling bones, followed by a hideous thud that was enough to drive him mad, to the fact that the legs must have been at the bottom of the closet, and that the bones came from his own teeth.

Very dreadful; but by degrees S. P. gave another hurried look at the tea-chest, the egg-boxes, and lastly at the door, made for the door.

No escape there; for it was locked, and

he went to the window and opened it, but only to receive a shudder.

What was he to do? If he stayed till the return of the landlady, what would be his fate? A week in the street, and then he would probably be a heap of bones, or a barrel, or find an open egg-chest.

Horrible; and yet there was a ghastly relief.

his heart; but that heart sank down heavy as he encountered his landlady, who looked at him with a baleful glare of suspicion in her eye.

"Nice morning for an early walk, Mrs. Chegwidden," said S. P.

"Very, Mr. Probe, sir, for them as is rich to take them. And if you please, Mr. Probe, you'll kindly sleep with your bed-room window of a night—that is, if you sleeps at home—leave it staring wide open to let in diphtheria and all the other lodgers in the house."



"Certainly, Mrs. Chegwidden, ma'am, certainly," said S. P.; and he went up four stairs at a tired fumble for a few moments at the lock, and shut himself once more in his room with a sigh of relief.

Had it been a horrible dream? No, there was

Sparſamkeit.



„Heut' bin ich zum Mittagessen eingeladen; ich trink' aber vorher noch ein Glas Bier.“ — „Ja, warum denn?“ — „Um zu sparen; denn fahr' ich im Omnibus hin, so kostet mich das 10 fr., trink' ich aber ein Glas Bier und gehe hin, so zahl' ich blos 9 fr., und hab' noch dazu einen Kreuzer profitirt!“



SANDY AND PAT AT CARDS.

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PAT.—Och—botheration! and bedad it's losing that I am.

SANDY.—Look here, mon—ye see ye've been gist playing a bad game all along, and mickle good it's done ye. Yer not the only one who's been brought into sair trouble by a knave. Ye've gist been unco' fond o' using yer clubs when ye've had a chance: but take my advice—in future don't play against yer Queen.

PAT (scratching his head).—Ah, an' sure I aint been sainsible or rasonable at all at all.