

"OUR BACHELORS."

The frosty nights have come again,
And at this time of year
The single men, who sleep alone,
Prance round upon their ear.

They turn the bedding quickly back,
And then they tumble in;
Roll up in a little lump—
Their knees up to their chin.

And then unto themselves they say,
Just loud enough to hear:
"By George, this thing has got to cease,
Before another year."

—Portland Transcript.

"GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK."

What happened to it at a Recent Coasting
Party out the Road.

A VERY TOUCHING STORY.

Cold winter, with its many miseries and its many enjoyments, is now drawing to a close, and the place that knows it now will know it no more for—well say six months. As I look back on the fast-fading winter how many pleasant memories flock to my recollection—the pleasant evenings spent at the Rink promenading, or on the Lake, gliding gracefully and blissfully along with "somebody" at my side. Then the pleasant walks that we used to have, and the many pleasant incidents that befel us while tobogganning or coasting down the steep hills, will always be recalled with feelings of the deepest pleasure.

But there is one coasting party in particular, that took place about three weeks ago, that I shall always retain a vivid recollection of. The facts are so indelibly impressed upon my memory that Time's effacing hand can never rub it out. It would hardly be fair to name all who were present, but there were a goodly number of us from the L— House, and then, of course, there were a number of our lady friends, without whom the little party would have faded into insignificance. We all went out the road to our friend's, Mr. D., and enjoyed ourselves immensely, little thinking of the terrible catastrophe that we were to witness. We coasted, we rambled through the woods over the crust chatting gaily together, and when tired of this, we promenaded through our friend's hothouses, drinking in the delicious perfume, our minds filled with pleasant thoughts of the approaching summer, so near at hand. Then, some of the gentlemen proposed that we adjourn to the house, and have some music. Alas, that

such a diabolical thought had ever entered his head! We entered the house, my mind filled with gloomy forebodings of some impending danger, though what it was I racked my brain in vain to imagine. But it was fated that I should not be long in suspense.

Mr. P. was asked to sing, and as it was announced that our friend was going to respond, all was hushed and still.

Presently, after some stuttering and stammering, clearing of his throat, and some muttered excuses about "a severe cold and an enlargement of the tonsils," Mr. P. *Plant*-ed himself before us and opened his mouth. There was no doubt in our minds he was saying something—we couldn't be deceived about that—but what he was making all the noise about, I could not for the life of me imagine. Somebody said it was our "Grandfather's Clock," that he was *Plant*-ing in an untimely grave, but I could not make myself believe that the good old clock ever made such noises as were pictured by our friend. The lions growling about *Daniel* were nothing compared to the noises that we heard, and even Barnum's calliope was thrown completely in the shade. When the singer had closed his mouth and sat down, all was as quiet as the grave, save here and there where a few suppressed sobs could be heard. Little did I imagine when I entered that room that I was to witness such a tragic ending to our enjoyment, and that such a terrible annihilation of our "poor old clock" was to take place. Poor dear grandpa, how he would have felt had he been present, and heard what I heard! It would have brought his silver hairs with sorrow to the grave.

That was the last coasting party that I was to, and I shall always remember it. On that night the fate of "poor grandpa's clock" was sealed forever.

MIKE? don't you think the readers of the *News* are about tired listening to the recital of your adventures? Does it never occur to you that what space is occupied in praising yourself might be more advantageously used, for the benefit of the readers of the *News*? You have yet to learn some of the most necessary rudiments of a journalist's education, and we hope you will consider well this advice, because it interests not only yourself, but the readers of your paper, who are about disgusted with the self-praise that you are continually heaping upon yourself. Of course, you are hardly to blame in the matter, as we know the force of example is pretty strong—about the *News* office—but then, you should consider others in the matter, and not allow your feelings to get the better of your judgment, if you possess any.

APPLICABLE.—We copy the paragraph from an exchange:—An orator who was much in demand in political campaigns, being asked by an admirer the secret of his success, replied:—When I have facts, which is very seldom, I give 'em facts; but when I haven't, I yell and saw the air."

OUR HEROIC JOHN.

Our John stood at the dance-hall door, till all but him had fled;
The lights about were all put out, except the one o'erhead.
And yet John stood, with patience firm, till Aggie did pass by:
And as she passed him by, he said, my darling can't I go?

She took his arm, and off they went, as brave as any sheep;
He knew not that her angry dad hadn't closed his eyes in sleep!
The old gent met them at the door, with vengeance in his eye:
Our John in fearful danger stood, yet still refused to fly.

You little whelp, the father roared, I'll teach you what to do:
Go home, he said, and go to bed, then gave him a cuff or two.
Oh! stop, stop, take off your pop, our John did loudly call,
While on his breeches, head and face, her father's paws did fall.

You little brat, what are you at? her father now did yell,
He tossed John high into the air, and pounced him as he fell,
He danced around poor stubborn John; he kicked him up on high,
He then tore apart his coat-tails, and bounced him on the thigh!

Aggie was gone, the cuffs came on, our John was knocked about,
At every breath of air he got, he raised a plaintive shout:
Oh, Aggie, Aggie, come and help, your father's bound to kill!
But Aggie knew she daren't check the old man's will.

Her father seized John by the pants, then flung him in the air,
He saw him light upon the road, and left him sitting there.
John's head was sore, his pants were tore,
He was hardly worth a nickle, the neighbors will tell you all around,
That John was in a frightful pickle.

WHAT WAS IT?

Luckily it was *Fair-weather* for the inspection of the N. B. E. After inspection some of the boys had a jollification, fortunately we, the editors of the *SECRET*, had the *Keys*, and are able to inform our many readers of the secret doings of some of the Queen's loyal subjects. They had *Barlow* in the armory. It seemed to us as if nobody *Caird* how much they drank. The tables were overflowing with *Banks* of crackers, *Lear*-d to and fro, and must have *Coster* big *Price*. Such a disturbance has not been heard since we were *Bourne*. In vain the President howled *Williams* boys not *Manks* such a noise; they *Goddard*-er and harder. It was a *Carmichael* sight when the keg leaked and they had to *Sapper* and *Philps* her up until the keg was *Dunn* dry. Even the sight of an *Olive* leaf would not have brought peace. The artistic shape of some of the boys was admired by all. However, we will not break our *Hartt*'s over the affair, as we *Jess Foster* a little hard feeling towards it. We were not invited. Perhaps that accounts for it.