

The Rockwood Review.

virtuous, strutted about covered by the ample folds of a bright red shawl patterned bed-spread, while the citizens, arrayed in togas made of additional sheets, with purple, and yellow and bright red stripes, scowled and shouted, groaned and ranted, with an abandon and freedom charming to behold, and exhibiting a stage presence and nonchalance, which struck into admiration every female heart, which had palpitated for less than thirty years. The assassination of the Roman leader, with its fierceness and its horrors, paled the cheeks of sundry feminine beholders, but the grand climax was reached when the body of the dictator, the statesman, the general and the historian, the greatest of them all, was borne with sad solemnity, on a hand-barrow, borrowed from the nearest slaughter-house, and purified by successive drenchings with that pure water of which Rockton is properly famous. At such a thrilling sight did one of the audience aptly interject, in feeling and audible tones overheard by all, the sincere ejaculation, "Great Cæsar!" And somehow or other, that very exclamation seemed to let loose the pent-up feelings of the people, and laughter which must have been hysterical, and sorrowing tones which must have been genuine, burst forth in continuous streams. Strong men were convulsed, corpulent men had shaking sides, and thin men were doubled up. A greater tribute to histrionic genius was never given, and little wonder that when the curtain—to speak correctly, the sheet—was drawn across the front of the thrilling scene, thunders of applause rolled on, fell and rose again and again, until the orchestra—two violins, a bass, a cornet and a snare drum—drowned it in an overture to the minstrel show which followed. And so ended the first effort of the R. D. C., what followed is, as Kipling says, another story.

In a church in the Highlands hymn books were being introduced for the first time. The minister was old and deaf. It was the last Sunday of the month, and the precentor rose as usual to read the notices, and among others he announced:—"Those in the congregation who have babies will please bring them next Sunday to be baptized." The old parson, hearing indistinctly the intimation applied to the hymn books, supplemented it by saying:—"And those who have not will be supplied with them in the vestry: Little ones, 1d.; big one, 2d.; and those with the stiff red backs, 6d. each."

Charley Manhattan—"I thought Shakespeare wrote 'Charles the First.'" Miss Arlington—"But, you know, Shakespeare died so many years before Charles the First was born that—" Mr. C. M.—"Oh, yes; but Shakespeare is full of anachronisms."

While Edwin Booth was playing Richard III., in Little Rock—just as he called for a horse, a man from Washington county said to his companion: "Come on, Ab., les' go." "Wait a minute, Sam; the clown has jest called for a hoss an' I reckon the show's goin' to begin."

Tourist—"Can you sell us three-penny worth of milk?" Mrs. McJob—"Whit did ye say? Losh me!—sell mulk on the Saubath day? Na, na! I couldna' dae that; but as ye seem dacent boys, I'll jist gie ye thripence worth for naethin', an' ye'll jist make me a praesent o' a shullin'."

Man has, we read, 240 bones. Woman has 241. She has all that man has, and the bone of contention besides.

A sign which reads as follows, hangs on the wall of a Tampa, Fla., restaurant: "Waters are not allowed to lafe and tork with the men in the cichen dewring mele owers or wile wating on gests."