



THE SENSIBLE TRAVELLER.

CLEVELAND—"No use your getting into this cart; I'm only going as far as the Mills bill."

HENRY GEORGE—"All right; I'm going all the way, but I'm thankful for even a slight lift on the journey."

THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

He sat him alone in his *labortoire*—
The grim-faced sage and old;
With the forces of Nature he'd been at war,
And no day for him had been cold—
For through book and through scroll,
In a miserly dole,
The Dame had reluctantly yielded the whole
That the Sage had been seeking after.

He had worked at the vagaries of Old Probs
Till he had 'em all down real fine;
The toughest old meteorological jobs,
He would hew at right close to the line—
And finish each one,
Almost soon as begun,—
And you'd think he had simply unlimited fun,
If you heard his hearty laughter.

A bran new almanac he had made;
He'd dissected the mounts in the moon;
And scraped the sky thin in spots as he played
With his telescope nights in June.
How to cross the equator—
The best eyes in a tater—
The puzzles that vexed when with *alma mater*,
Were unravelled as clean as a whistle.

But the sage this night wore a gloomy look,
And "*sic gloria mundi trans*,"
He muttered, and cast aside the book—
"Twere a theme for fairy-tale Hans!"
Though vast was his store
Of mystical lore—
He felt that the reign of his power was o'er,
It had vanished like down of the thistle.

The problem he vainly had sought to solve
Was a something beyond his ken,—
Or tome or brain could ever evolve
The why, or the how, or the when!
He was sore distressed,
He could get no rest,
He was sick of puzzles—had lost the zest
He used to have to gobble 'em.

'Twas a subtle tangle he vowed t' unwind,
Oh, the task was so fraught with pain!
"What becomes of the blot-sheet you never can find
When you want to use it again?"
"An—idle—boast!
Without—my—host—
I've reckoned—give up!" He gave up the ghost.
And 'tis still the Unsolved Problem.

T. T.

THE EDITORIAL ALEMBOIC.

IN thermal climes where man has naught to do
But fan himself, and mope the long day through;
Where slaves assiduous mix the cooling ice,
And minister with zeal to each caprice;
Where languid hours woo with lustrous eyes,
And valets brush away persistent flies;
'Tis sweet to think on sublunary things—
Each passing hour some new deliverance brings;
The heated term no Sirius aspect wears;
Life ekes with ease the burden which it bears.

But to the man whom anxious cares distress,
Preparing "copy" for th' insatiate press;
Whose duns are fierce, and printers' bills unpaid—
Thermometer full ninety (90°) in the shade,—
His work is one excruciating grind!
Fused in the hot alembic of the mind,
Devilled and grilled, like kidneys crisp *encore*,
His tortured brains the captious public core.
This plastic world seems but one torrid zone,
And Tophet well may claim him as his own.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

I HAD an old pal, named Cholmondeley,
Whose form was uncommonly colmondeley;
He cut quite a dash,
Made many a mash,
But now he's got spliced and lives glolmondeley.

WHY is the Sea Serpent always seen off the *Port* bow?