

doesn't often have a chance to sell his wife, "go slow! By George, Samantha, Brown beat!" And Mrs. Pousonby stared and said he must think she was as big a fool as Brown. "No," he said, correcting himself, "no, that wasn't just the way of it, the barrel beat, that's it! The barrel beat; Brown led, did, for a fact, by Jove." And Mrs. Pousonby scornfully told him to go out to the woodshed and see if he could find any sticks that would go into the kitchen stove—she couldn't. And Pousonby confidentially told the gentleman who saws his wood an inch and a half too long for every stove in the house, that you might as well tell a joke to a sawbuck as to his wife, for she hadn't as much conception of genuine humour as a cow.

The papers in this country are quite generally publishing the following *not* of Talleyrand's which is read with the greatest enjoyment by all classes of newspaper readers:

It is said that the notorious M. De Manbreuil, whose name of Marquis d'Orvault came so scandalously before the public a few years past, proposed to have Napoleon assassinated, and the Abbe de Prade was in favour of the scheme, and discussed its execution with Talleyrand, and that the following words passed:

"Combien vous faut-il?"

"Dix millions."

"Dix millions?" said Talleyrand, "mais ce n'est rien pour débarrasser la France d'un tel fileau."

This is pretty good, but it reminds us of a much better one, though it may be somewhat old, which was related to us by Rev. Jasper C. Romilly, formerly of this city, about himself. Mr. Romilly, whose distinguishing personal characteristic was an immense black beard, was for some years a missionary at Ugopogo, in Fartner India, and on one occasion he dined with the Bugaboo of the province. When the wine and walnuts were brought in the Bugaboo said:

"Marcharikai non-to-po ke-tee nomki-dom?"

"Jappero pompety doodle de wonk klouk kobberae jam," replied Mr. Romilly.

"Yowk?" exclaimed the potentate, "chickero boobery hong dong onoi-ke-ree yang ste' boi."

This was, indeed, too good to keep.

Woman is a natural traveller. It is a study to see her start off on a trip by herself. She comes down to the depot in an express wagon three hours before train time. She insists on sitting on her trunk, out on the platform, to keep it from being stolen. She picks up her reticule, fan, parasol, lunch basket, small pot with a house plant in it,

shawl, paper bag of candy, bouquet (she never travels without one), small tumbler and extra veil, and chases hysterically after every switch-engine that goes by, under the impression that it is her train. Her voice trembles as she presents herself at the restaurant and tries to buy a ticket, and she knocks with the handle of her parasol on the door of the old disused tool-house in vain hopes that the baggage man will come out and check her trunk. She asks every body in the depot and on the platform when her train will start, and where it will stand, and, looking straight at the great clock, asks: "What time is it now?" She sees, with terror, the baggage man shy her trunk into a car where two men are smoking; instead of locking it up by itself in a large strong, brown car with "Bad order, shops," chalked on the side, which she has long ago determined to be the baggage car as the only safe one in sight. Although the first at the depot, she is the last to get her ticket; and once on the cars, she sits, to the end of her journey, in an agony of apprehension that she has got on the wrong train and will be landed at some strange station, put in a close carriage, drugged, and murdered, and to every last male passenger who walks down the aisle she stands up and presents her ticket, which she invariably carries in her hand. She finally recognizes her waiting friends on the platform, leaves the car in a burst of gratitude, and the train is ten miles away before she remembers that her reticule, fan, parasol, lunch basket, verberna, shawl, candy, tumbler, veil and bouquet, are on the car seat where she left them, or at the depot in Peoria, for the life of her she can't tell which.

A man may carry a load of guilt concealed in his tortured soul for years, and hide it with a veneering of nollow, heartless, deceitful smiles, but it doesn't take five minutes for the thoughtless world to observe and understand the one-shouldered gait of a man whose larboard suspender button has parted.

How often a little careless action, a thoughtless word, a restless gesture, brings a flood of thoughts surging into the soul, that almost tear away the veil of mystery that hangs between to-day and to-morrow, and give us vague and hasty glimpses into the dark uncertain future. When you see a man come out of a drug store, for instance, with a "prescription carefully compounded," in his hand, and dash away at break-neck speed, and then see the pharmacist come to the door carrying an uncorked bottle, and smell at it curiously with one nostril, gaze anxiously down the street after the man, smell at it long and intensely with the other

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