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Can You Pronounce Them?

We herewith present some names of per up, I found Miss Jones looking steadily in sons which are often mis pronounced. Even my direction ; but as I caught her eye she colored and hastily closed a little notebook persons of education sometimes make amus ing blunders in their use in which she seemed to have been writing.

Munkascy, the Hungarian painter of the "Good heavens !" I thought. "Could well-known picture, "Christ before Pilate," she be a scribbler, too, with like intent !" propounced his name Moonkotch e. second syllable accented. Mc. Gladstone, prime minister of Eng

dent intention not to look at me again, she land, pronounces Glad-stup, first syllable alighted. However, just as the car moved accented on, almost involuntarily she turned her Mr. Carnegie, founder of the New Music

head once more and I caught a last gleam of Hall, located in West Fifty-seventh street, New York, pronounces his name Car na gy. second syllable accented. I wrote my story, the bare facts needing

no exaggeration to make them amusing ; but died in 1820, aged seventy five years. The I invented a touching and sentimental finale that of my own adventure seeming strangely pronunciation of his name is Ko-heon, second inscequate and commonplace. But when syllable accented.

Coleridge, the English metaphysician and finished, I dared not send the article to my post died in 1834, aged sixty two years. own paper-it was too probable that Miss His name is pronounced Coalridge.

Her gratitude was charming; she had Jones would see it, and that would never do. beautiful brown eyes. I assured her that I I had "slopped over" pretty freely in my D'Aubigne, the French historian, author description of her-and, besides, I feared 1872 aged seventy eight years. His name is she would not appreciate that conclusion. For the same reason, I dared not send it to pronounced Do bean-yea, last syllable accented. any very well known magazine. But re-

membered that a modest little periodical, died in 1891, aged seventy eight years. His Meissonier, the celebrated French painter, The Autocrat, had been started in my own name is prono nced May-sown-yes, last syle native town of Shefton, which I had not lable accented. visited for several years, and I sent my

Boulanger, French general, died in 1891, story there. It was promptly accepted. For weeks I was haunted by the puzzling aged fifty four years. His name is pronounced Boo-long-zha, last syllable accented. familiarity of Miss Jones's face. And yetknowing that this was not her real name, I died in 1892, aged seventy years. His Boucicault, the Irish dramatist and actor, name is pronounced Boo-se ko, last syllable and gain an introduction. It was maddenaccented.

ing, for I had never wanted anything so Desmoulins, French revolutionist, died in much in my life before as to renew our 1794, aged thirty-four. His name is proacquaintance. I haunted the streets into nounced Da mou-lan, last syllable accented. which I had seen her disappear, in hopes to Michael Angelo, Italian painter and sculplearn her address even, but in vain.

One morning, three weeks later, I received a copy of *The Autocrat* I scanned the tor, died in 1562, aged eighty-eight years. inconventional, are began nesitatingly, to the more thickly settled actes of the a copy of The Autocrat I scanned the met, and I at least feeling extremely silly. "Smith," I prompted her. She raised For people eyed us with a surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and dis-"Smith," I prompted her. She raised for met and the surprised and the su her eyebrows, and looked at me queerly, approving stare, or received our advances. Jones " seemed precious to me. I found the Scharwenka, German musical composed

NO. 14.

Then she was gone.

"But-why, you must have some engage-

ment," she said, as if this possibility had just

any longer-er-Mr. Smith. You have been

had no engagement. Indeed, Aunt Dosia

never knew how near she came to the great

happiness of my company. "But," I went on, "you simply can't carry

both those cats," and Malkin gave a howl of

"Oh, yes I could," she replied, but some

what doubtfully, as Tom voiced a contra-

"No," I said firmly, "as you won't desert

It was a rash promise, but I was now thor-

oughly interested in the game. Even play-

ing knight-errant to homeless cats (and a

pretty girl) was better than a afternoon with

Accordingly we descended the hill again

to the more thickly settled street on the car

ed to take us or our forlorn burdens seriously,

and at last Miss Jones grew much discour-

the cats, Miss Jones, so I will never desert

dictory and very profane sentiment.

so awfully kind already."

anguish.

yourself. '

Aunt Dosia.

help me, Mr. --ah ---- " "Smith," I prompted her. She raised For people eyed us with a surprised and dis-

and I saw that she believed it to be an alias, with amusement and derision. No one seem-

occurred to her. "I must not bother you

article and was pleased to see that they had and pianist, was born in 1850. His name article and was present to the deuce ! and planist, was over it to be and syllable is pronounced Shar ven ka, second syllable I looked at the first picture a second time. accented. It was I myself, the very image, helping "I don't believe it's any use to speak to Miss Jones herself from the car, with the

all I can to help you, and find these poor the passers by," she said, despondently, two cats as natural and ugly as life, between oreatures a home." I tried to look affec- "they are so unsympathetic. Let us call at us. What did it mean? I turned the last syllable accented.

Troyon, French painter of animals and landscapes, died in 1865, aged fifty two

years. His name is pronounced Trwah yong,

It stands at the bottom of Lazy Hill, And is easy to reach, I declare; You've only to fold up your hands and glide Down the slope of weakwill's slippery The most Stylish Model and best Wheel of the season. Guaranfeed To be landed quickly there. The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the flight of years. It is wrapped in the fog of idler's dreams; Its streets are paved with discarded The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

CURRY BROS. & BENT At the Railway Station. Here the night is fierce with light; Here the great wheels come and go; Here are partings, waitings, meetings, Mysteries of joy and woe. 'CLEVELAND" and "ALERT" BICYCLES

Here the ache of streaming eyes, Radiance of expectant faces, Breathless askings, brief replies.

Throbs and pauses like a bell, Gladdens with delight of greeting. Sighs and sorrows with farewell

Here, ah, here with hungry eyes I explore the passing throng; Restless, I await your coming Whose last absence is so long.

Then-I see you. And the blood Surges back to heart and brain. Eyes meet mine- and Heaven opens. You are at my side again. Charles G. D. Roberts in Harper's Weekly.

volunteered simply. "I beg your pardon," I queried in stupid erplexity-" the Home?"

schemes, And sprinkled with useless tears. —Chicago Record

Here are endless haste and change

Here the jarred, tumultuous ai

Faces, faces pass me by, Meaningless, and blank and dumb, Fill my heart grows faint and sickens Lest at last you should not come.

Select Ziterature.

"Yes, the home for stray cate; it is some where on this street. These are both stray cats. I had to take them in, but I couldn't keep them, poor things-I have three al-

ready," she went on to explain with sweet "I should say not," I assented fervently, as the gray villain I held began to struggle and scratch afresh in frantic efforts to regain

At last she turned to me with a solemn

ittle pucker in her forehead. "This is very

"But there is nothing else for you to de,"

ventional, but it's common sense. I will do

assured her earnestly. "It may be uncon- aged.

which frightened her.

ventional," she began hesitatingly,

his straydom. She looked reproachful. We had begun slowly to climb the hilly street with our forlorn burdens, she evidently still

hesitating whether to allow me the precious trust. For some steps we walked silently, for the situation was just a little difficult,

and I could find no remark sufficiently apropos. I could feel her eyes scan me covertly you until you have disposed of them to suit as we went, though I kept mine diligently

upon the contortions of the beast which I held. And, internally, I was laughing at the absurdity of the situation, and wondering what the boys would say to see me now.



