



PHYSICAL "CULTURE."

MR. PADDY MCFINN, the well known leader of sporting society, has just added a valuable meissonier to his private gallery.

LORD JENKINS' CURSE.

A TALE OF PRIDE AND PASSION.

CHAPTER I.

"HARRY BERNARDO GRIGGS! My daughter, a Jenkins, unite herself to a penniless, low-born, professional spring poet! Well, I guess not."

The speaker was Lord G. W. Jenkins. He was the last of his race, and he looked it.

"Say not so, father," moaned the fair young girl who knelt at his feet.

"Yes, I will say so, and I'll stick to it, too. This has been a bad year for spring poetry, and I notice that Griggs is wearing his last summer's hat. Now, see here: I won't accept any son-in-law whose income does not equal mine, and you know my estates bring me in big money. Find such a man, and I will waive the question of birth and let him marry you."

"I cannot give up Bernardo," wailed the girl.

"Then," thundered Lord Jenkins, "take him, and take also my CURSE!"

With a shriek the unhappy girl fell unconscious to the floor, while Lord Jenkins, smiling sardonically, strode from the room.

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR has passed. Lord Jenkins is seated in his library. For a twelvemonth he has not seen his daughter, for on the night after receiving his Curse she eloped with the spring poet.

Suddenly the door is flung open, and an elegantly attired man enters.

"You here, Bernardo Griggs!" cries Lord Jenkins, springing to his feet.

"Just so," responded the new comer. "I am here to ask you to remove that Curse from my wife. It has occasioned her no end of inconvenience and annoyance."

"So I should imagine," chuckles the nobleman. "Well, that Curse stays right where it is, so we may as well drop the subject. How's poetry?"

"I am no longer in the spring poetry business," replies Bernardo Griggs. "I have struck something better. And now we will return to the Curse. You will remove it and receive me as your son-in-law, for my income is now about double yours."

"Why, what are you doing?" asked the amazed nobleman. "Are you pitcher for a base-ball club?"

"No, your lordship. I am running a fashionable summer hotel."

"Come to my arms, my boy!" cried Lord Jenkins with deep feeling. "Consider the Curse as off, and bring your wife round to tea. We will never part again."

WRESTLING WITH ELECTRICITY.

STUBB'S WORKS IT ON THE AGENTS, THE HIRED GIRL WORKS IT ON HER MASTER, AND GETS KNOCKED OUT HERSELF.

We had a fair-sized earthquake at our house last week. I would not volunteer this rare bit of information were it not that I am in need of sympathy. Sympathy is the subtle electrical current that unites all men in a tender bond of fellow-feeling. I want that electrical current now, as a kind of antidote for a plethora of the common fluid which still courses through my veins, owing to a wrestling tournament which I had last week with a twenty-horse-hower electric battery.

A fresh crop of agents have sprung up in this city during the past few weeks—they must be fresh, as they don't seem to understand the risk they run in ringing at my door bell. They "know not Joseph." I bought a forty-dollar electric battery the other day, and attached wires to the door-bell and knob, and made all arrangements complete for a grand reception to be rendered the first agent who would call. I then placed myself in a recess commanding a good view of the street. Pretty soon I saw a "rag or bottle" man heave in view. He approached the door and reached stealthily for the bell. I turned on a current as big as the Gulf Stream. There was a weird, unearthly howl that would have done credit to a steam calliope, while the perpetrator executed a Dutch roll in the air, alighting on his feet; he then went off like one of these straight flashes of lightning that mean business. I yelled after him to return and get the bag which he had forgotten, but his hair was already brushing cobwebs off the sky three blocks away.

I was happy. I made up my mind there and then to forego my summer fishing trip. There was more fun fishing for pedlars.

That same day I chanced to glance out of the window just as a slick looking individual stepped up to the door, holding a book in one hand. "Aha! a book agent!" thought I. "Three extra thrills for you, old fellow." When he hurriedly retired from the door I noticed that he flew behind him several remnants of a broadcloth coat, but he travelled so fast I could not distinguish his features. The book which he kindly left behind on the steps proved to be a Bible, and on the fly leaf was written:—"Rev. Josephus Badgero, D.D." That was our pastor! After mature consideration, Mrs. Stubbs and I have decided not to attend Dr. Badgero's church any more.

When I realized the fact that I had created a serious schism in the church I handed the battery over to our servant girl, and strolled out into the country to "weep