

AT THE TELEPHONE.

"Hello!" "Hello!" is answered fair,  
And then I ask in accents clear,  
"Is that you, darling? are you there?"  
My love's own voice replies, "I'm here!"

"I'm here," you say—ah! voice so dear,  
But "here" to you is "there" to me;  
And "there" to you to me is "here."  
Ah! love, dear love, what mockery!

What was Tantalla's fate to this?  
To hear thy soft voice at mine ear,  
Yet know thy lips I cannot kiss,  
So far apart is "there" and "here."

Yet trust me, love, when next we greet  
Each other—'twill not be through air,  
And what we'll say, 'twixt kisses sweet—  
Well, 'twill be neither "here" nor "there."

—RISGR.

AN ESSAY ON MAY.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

May is a month that has been much sung by poets, and as a rule it deserves all the praise they have managed to give it. It *may* be a very beautiful month, and it *may* not. Very often it is a kind of a half-sister to April. The only way to ensure a fine, warm, genial May is to refrain from taking down the stoves and to continue to wear your heavy flannels. It has been proved that the spouting of overcoats and the gift of all winter clothing to a tramp has caused May to be a repetition of December and January, with a touch of March thrown in.

In olden times May-day, that is, the first of the month, was celebrated in Merrie England with much rejoicing. Much love and good feeling was engendered in every country town and village by the selection, by the young cavaliers of the place, of the prettiest girl to be Queen of May. As human nature was presumably much the same then as now, it may be imagined what pretty speeches were made by those maidens who were *not* selected for the honor, about the fair May Queen. Of course none of them ever hinted that she was a freckled, stuck-up thing, or that her hair was red, or her ankles thick, or gave vent to any of those little feminine endearments which one would suppose the occasion would call forth. Oh dear, no! Every lass in the place was ready to avow that the Queen of the May was the most beautiful damsel that the sun e'er shone on, and the beaux were doing what was eminently right and proper in lavishing all compliments and endearments on the Queen. History does not tell us that any king was chosen as a mate for the May Queen, and this must be considered as a lack of judgment, for he would certainly have been the *ma-king* of a lot more fun. But the dancing round the *May-pole* went on without the election of any male sovereign, and as he was never voted for, it certainly was not a *May-poll* that the happy young people tripped around in the open air, it being evident that there was no *canvass*, at least for a king.

Another good effect of May-day was that nearly every sweep washed himself, at least on that occasion, and promambulated the streets, often in a most glorious state of inebriation, in a tower of evergreen, and was called a Jack-in-the-Green. If May-day had been productive of no other good but the suggesting to the mind of a sweep that an annual washing might be beneficial, it did a great deal. From the appearance of sweeps in the nineteenth century it would seem that all the May-day traditions had long since passed away, and in this connection it might be remarked that an aversion to soap and water does not seem to be confined to the arcaic order of sweeps.

May is a very popular name for a girl who chances to be born during this month, and though she cannot be considered as a nuisance because such was her fate, still she is certainly herself a *ma-lady*. There are, probably,

more people born and married during May than February; this curious statement is caused by the fact that there thirty-one days during the former month and only twenty-eight and a quarter on an average in the latter.

Nothing further of importance in connection with the month of May suggesting itself, this instructive and erudite essay must now be concluded.



AT THE DUDES' CLUB.

Mr. Sofbranz (entering)—Aw, waitaw, did you see a man here awking faw me lately?

Waiter—No, sir; I haven't seen anything like a man round here since I first came.

[Exit Mr. Sofbranz.]

THE LATE ECLIPSE.

TOLD IN TWO CHUNKS.

I.

When the Jonesville Literary and Scientific Association learned that one of those rare phenomena of nature, a partial solar eclipse, was to take place in the month of March of this present year of grace, a warm discussion took place as to the propriety of appointing a commission composed of the most scientific of the members of the association to take observations on the occasion, for the purpose of settling some, if not all, of the questions principally in dispute among scientists and physicists as to various solar matters. It was strongly urged that the association should not, when such an opportunity occurred of solving them, leave unsolved problems of the utmost astronomical importance. It was pointed out that eternal glory would devolve upon the association as a body, and upon the members composing the commission as individuals, on its being made known to a wondering world that the materials of the sun's body, the nature and attributes of the mysterious corona, the philosophy of sun-spots, and the reason and cause of the sun's continued heat had been fully investigated and determined, and the true laws, rules and regulations governing the orb of day laid down with precision and particularity. On the other hand the opposition brought forward the question of expense, and it was more than hinted that no member of the association was capable of finding out any of these things anyway. This last argument lost the day to the opposition. A majority of the members, justly thinking themselves slandered, voted for the motion, and the expediency of the commission was resolved upon.

The next thing was to select the members who were to compose the commission. Here, I regret to say, a very acrimonious debate arose, and names which should have called forth reverence only evoked bitter personal remarks. To show how little regard was had for scientific renown, I may instance the remark of Bunter (a low-minded individual of an envious and grudging nature), who, when my name was proposed, said I did not know a photosphere from a hemisphere. (I silenced him by asking what kind of a photosphere he meant. Unable to answer, he subsided into deserved obscurity.) However, not to enter into details of what was afterwards felt to be an undignified squabble, I may shortly chronicle the fact that Messrs. Jones, Smith, Brown and Robinson were, together with the writer, appointed as a commission, whose labors should throw a much needed light on questions as to the answers to which the highest scientific minds had long hopelessly differed.

The commission, of course, met and organized, and to each member was assigned the special branch of investigation he was to undertake. On this some difficulty arose, and here I may say that I expected nothing else when Jones was put upon that commission. Personally I have nothing against Jones. In private life he is a most estimable person, but he has no special scientific knowledge, and has a very limited capacity for any minute and delicate investigations, such as those we were about to undertake. Knowing this, I proposed that to Jones should be assigned the duty of taking photographs of the sun in different positions both before and after the eclipse for the purpose of definitely ascertaining what traces the eclipse had left upon the sun's surface, the question being still a doubtful one notwithstanding the amount of observation directed to this point. But Jones violently resisted the placing of this duty on him, even going so far as to state that he did not believe the eclipse left any traces at all. So determined was he that rather than the commission should come to a deadlock, I undertook to accept the work he refused. But I rebuked him for his highheadedness, and told him my researches on the point in dispute would lend an undying lustre to my name when the name of Jones should have perished from the memory of man.

Jones said he didn't care, he was going to operate the photometer, and he guessed he could get enough glory out of that. This was startling. A photometer! "Why, Jones," we all cried, "we haven't got one!" Jones said no well-regulated commission ever went prospecting after coronas and things without a photometer, and that we must get one or give up the job. Well, when we came to think of it, you know, it struck us forcibly that Jones was right. How else could we accurately time the eclipse? So we said we would let Jones attend to that if he knew how to work it. That put Jones' back up, and he said no one knew better how to get along with photometers than he did, and that when a child they were his favorite playthings.

So to Jones fell the photometer, while Smith was deputed to handle the spectroscope, Brown was to watch the proceedings through the microscope, Robinson was to specially observe the corona, the sun-spots and any photospheres which might appear, and I was to record photographically the traces left on the sun's surface by the eclipse, with the view more especially of ascertaining the force of the impact.

(Concluded next week.)

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