

Bidelina's fell purpose. But how was he to reach Hogg's Hollow in time?

"It's a cold day when Jiggersnoot, of Hogg's Hollow gets left," he said. Hastening to the only blacksmith shop within five hundred miles he ordered a bicycle of the most modern construction to be built for him inside of two hours. The blacksmith said it was impossible, but Jiggersnoot handed him a package of U.S. bonds, some shares in the Georgian Bay Island Resort Company and a deed of a lot on St. George St., and the vehicle was ready at the appointed time. Meanwhile he had hired several camps of lumbermen and a tribe of Indians to go ahead and clear him a path through several hundred miles of forest. By speeding day and night in spite of every obstacle he arrived at his destination on the afternoon of the wedding day. The assembled company were expecting the tragedy to come off. The newly-made husband had just stepped around the corner to see a man, and Paoli, an aged servitor, had approached the bride and was handing her a carving knife; "Remember your vendatta," he hoarsely hissed. "Bear in mind your proud, ancestral motto 'Lettergo Ghallagheri,' and act accordingly."

"Hold!" said Jiggersnoot, "there's some mistake. Jim ain't the man, besides your Oath of Vengeance don't count."

"Why not?" asked Bidelina, her heart wrung with conflicting emotions.

"It wasn't regular, not having been duly administered by a commissioner for taking affidavits or a J. P."

"It's just as well," said Bidelina, resignedly. "Come to think of it I'm rather fond of Jim, and would hate like everything to mess up the new carpets with his gore."

"This won't do," muttered Paoli. "The thing can't be allowed to fizzle out this way. The public demand Blood. Just hand me that carving-knife, please, and I'll see what I can do to keep up the interest."

So saying he deeply perforated the diaphragm of one of the bystanders, and went out to take a walk round the block. The detectives at last accounts were working up the case, but the ordinary police force have kept the assassin moving on so continuously that it is doubtful whether he will ever be captured.

(THE END.)

A SUMMER MEETING.

The laurel-bordered river runs
To ripples at her feet;
The wary trout discreetly shuns
The angler's snug retreat,
With anxious heart he throws and heaves
His unsuccessful hook;
And idly turns the fly-filled leaves
That mark his trouting book.

Hid deep among the golden wheat
That bows to breezes cool,
She comes with eager, trustful feet
To seek the placid pool.
Her shining eyes demurely glow
As his they meet—then seek,
Nor match the fairest flowers that blow
The blushes on her cheek.

The brooding leaves their whispers cease,
The birds are hushed and still,
The setting sun, the sense of peace,
The distant purpled hill;
The man; the maid, she passing fair,
With pouting lips and frank;
The angler's fish-pole lying there
Neglected on the bank.

W. C. N.



KICKING A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN!

THE above outrage on our fellow-citizen, Edward Hanlan, appears week after week in a lager beer advertisement in the *Australia Bulletin*.

THE FEMALE RECITER.

MODERN civilization has a good many things to answer for. It has produced, for example, the Lady Elocutionist—the young person of dreamy eyes and fluffy frizzes, who sometimes holds us in more or less of a spell at platform entertainments. The responsibility of the age in connection with *this* characteristic product is terrible, for the feminine elocutionist is numerous, and is regarded in the less cultured communities in the light of an affliction. Why she should be so regarded is not clear, but no doubt the absence of culture in these communities accounts for it. Elocution is one of the finest of the fine arts, and it is not, perhaps, strange that as yet the general public of the new world has not risen to a full appreciation of it as represented in the person of its female Professor. In the older civilization of Europe, where the art instincts of the people have been brought to a fine point by long ages of familiarity with literature, the young lady elocutionist is a success. In Europe they can see the artistic fitness of poses, gestures and inflections of the voice which are either meaningless or wearisome to us. They can understand the hidden beauties of a system which concerns itself with emphasis and phrases and attitudes, and regards the meaning of the author as a secondary consideration. The cultivated Europeans find a strange delight in listening to reciters whose object is to pronounce the words with awful correctness and to wave their arms at the places where, according to the elocutionary authorities, the arms ought to be waved. Poetry or prose that is infused with the sentiments of real life, and delivered as if it had some connection with human nature, of course, falls upon the æsthetic tastes of Europe, whereas, sad to say, this is the very sort of thing that "goes down" in America. Hence, the young lady elocutionist is a popular favorite across the seas, while here she is unkindly placed in the same category as blizzards, cyclones, and other calamities. The moral would seem to be that the young lady elocutionist ought to migrate, and if she did so unanimously and for good, we fear the raw, rough and democratic inhabitants of this continent would secretly rejoice.