

are mainly devoted. One remarkable incident is described in almost identical terms in both the Greek and Sicilian tale. When the heroine has been supplanted she yields to despair and thinks of killing herself. Having obtained a "knife of murder" and a "whetstone of patience," she tells them her sad tale. The Greek maiden calls upon the knife to rise up and cut her throat; and the knife tries to do so, but the stone holds it back. The Sicilian heroine addresses her remarks chiefly to the stone, and as it listens it swells and swells, until at last it cracks. Then she seizes the knife and is about to put an end to her troubles. But in each case the Prince whom the supplanted bride has rescued overhears what she has been saying, and rushes in to prevent her from stabbing herself. After which all goes well. In Basile's "Pontamerone" the heroine, unjustly reduced to the condition of a kitchen maid, tells the story to a doll, a knife, and a piece of pumice stone, and at the end declares that if the doll does not answer her she will stab herself with the knife, which she has previously sharpened on the pumice stone. Then the doll, "gradually swelling like a bagpipe," makes reply. And one day her uncle overhears the whole story, and rights her wrongs.

These tales of mésalliance have their own peculiar features, which distinguish them, if they have kept true to their original type, from stories of even a somewhat similar nature. The leading idea is the same, although the part usually played by the hero has been allotted to the heroine. Thus in a Greek story a mother who had prayed for a child, "were it but a jackdaw," gave birth to a bird of that kind. And when it had grown up it went one day to a retired brook to wash the family linen. And there "it laid aside its feather dress and became a maiden of such beauty that she made the whole brook gleam." After a while she donned her feathers and became a jackdaw again. A prince who happened to witness all this, fell desperately in love with her, and insisted on marrying the jackdaw. At the close of the bridal day she slipped off her feather dress and remained a lovely damsel till the morn, when she resumed her bird shape. The Prince begged her altogether to discard her feather dress, but in vain. So at last he ordered the oven to be heated red hot, and, while his wife slept, he hung her feather dress into it. The smell of the burning awoke her, and she rushed to the oven to rescue it. But before she arrived it was utterly destroyed, so she had to remain a woman for the rest of her life. To a similar idea with respect to transformations is probably to be ascribed the singular Gaelic tale (Campbell) of a woman who gave birth to a hen, which performed various wonders after it had grown up. One day, when the hen had been left in the King's palace while the King and Queen went to church, "she went to a chamber and she cast off the husk that was upon her," and the King's son found it and put it "into the hot middle of the fire," after which she had to remain "a fine woman," and the King's son made her his wife.

THE FROG PRINCESS.

The Sicilian story of Peppino contains an incident probably borrowed from one of the Pysche stories. Peppino is married to a mysterious wife whom he has never seen, for she visits him only when all is dark. Like Pysche, he yields to curiosity, and gazes at his sleeping spouse by lamp-light. A drop of wax falls on her fair cheek, and instantly she disappears, and he finds himself alone on a snow-covered mountain. As there are princesses who marry frog husbands, the best known among them probably being the hero of the "Three Feathers" (Grimm). Very similar to his frog bride is the rat bride of the hero of the Norse tale of "Mother Roundabout's Daughter." No mention is made of a husk in either of these stories which have evidently followed in the same model. The frog and the rat turn into lovely maidens, without any sufficient reason for their transformation being given. In a Greek parallel to the story of the "Three Feathers," given by Hann, a King orders each of his three sons to shoot an arrow into the air, and to take for his wife the lady near whom it falls. The eldest son thus obtains as his bride a King's daughter, and the second a Prince's daughter; but the youngest son finds nobody near the spot where his arrow is sticking in the ground. On digging there, however, he lights upon the entrance to a vault, in which there are a number of female apes, one of whom he selects as his bride. Eventually she produces a hazel nut, out of which she takes a dress for her husband, "and her own beauty" for herself, and she turns into the loveliest of damsels. A Russian variant of the story supplies the hat incident, which is wanting in the others. In it the youngest son's arrow falls into morass, and no living creature but a frog can be found near it. "He wept and wept, but there was nothing to be done; he had to take the frog for his wife." He and his brothers were married at the same time, "the frog being held in a bowl." After a time the king desires to see which of his three daughters-in-law is most skilled in needlework. Prince Ivan weeps sadly, thinking of his bride, for "the frog only creeps about on the ground, only croaks." But while he sleeps "the frog goes out of the house, flings off her skin, and becomes a fair maiden. She calls to her servants, who bring to her a shirt of the most excellent workmanship," with which the work of her sisters-in-law cannot for a moment compete. The king next demands from his daughters-in-law proofs of their skill in making bread, and

the frog princess once more gains the day. Finally he invites the three princesses to a ball, in order to see which of them is the best dancer. The frog tells her husband to go on before her. Then she doffs her husk, arrays herself splendidly, and goes to the palace, where all receive her with clapping of hands and cries of "What a beauty!" And her dancing is something marvellous to behold. Before the ball comes to an end Prince Ivan drives home, finds his wife's skin or husk, and burns it. His wife comes home and seeks in vain her husk. Then she cries: "Prince Ivan, thou hast not waited quite long enough. I should have been thine. Now God knows what will happen. Farewell! Seek me beyond twenty-seven lands in the thirtieth kingdom." And she disappears. Her husband asks a blessing from his parents and sets out to look for her. Long does he, Psyche like, sadly seek her. At length, aided by two hags, to whose huts he successively comes, he finds her in the house of her elder sister. But at his approach, as he has been warned, she turns into a spindle wound round with gold. He waits for a favourable moment, breaks the spindle in two, and throws one part before him, the other behind. Immediately appears his wife in all her beauty, saying, "What a long time thou hast been, Prince Ivan! I was on the point of becoming another's."

The story of "Beauty and the Beast"—I return to the point from which we started—is evidently a moral tale, intended to show that amiability is of more consequence than beauty, founded upon some combination of a story about an apparently monstrous husband with another story about a supernatural husband temporarily lost by a wife's disobedience.

A BUDDHIST MYTH.

As an example of this kind of manipulation, and also as an ending to the present article, may be taken the following story from Tibet, in which some Buddhist philosopher has manifestly turned a "husk myth" into a moral tale about a Beauty and a Beast. In early days there lived a King Sakuni, who enjoyed the friendship of the great god Indra. He was rich and powerful, but the fact that he was childless long made him sad. At length Indra took compassion upon him, and his wives all bore him sons. One of those, Kusa by name, the son of Sakuni's chief queen, had "a face like unto that of a lion, the eighteen marks of ugliness, and an exceedingly powerful frame." On account of his plainness he was long disliked by his father. But at length Kusa's prowess in battle, or rather his success due to magic implements given to him by Indra, reconciled Sakuni to his hideous son. After his other sons were married, the King tried to find a wife for Kusa, but for a long time unsuccessfully, for all the neighboring monarchs exclaimed, "We are ready to give our daughter, but not to Kusa." At last however, a bride was found and the marriage took place; but she was never allowed to set eyes upon her husband who was kept out of her sight during the day, so she was unaware he was so hideous. Nor was he aware of his own ugliness, for he had never been allowed to see a mirror; and he had always been prevented from bathing, for fear that the water might serve as a looking-glass and let him know what manner of man he was. Unfortunately, one day his wife caught sight of him as he sported with his brothers-in-law. Hearing that it was her husband, she determined to obtain a view of him when he visited her at night. So she lighted a lamp and concealed it under a basin. And when her husband was with her, she suddenly removed the covering, and the light revealed to her his hideousness, whereupon she shrieked, "A demon, a demon!" and fled. Her deserted husband followed her to her father's home. Under various disguises he pleased her by his skill; but each time that she obtained a good view of the unknown stranger whose performances at a distance had won her good will, she uttered the same cry of horror and fled from him. Then came an opportunity for him to display his matchless strength and courage, which his wife admired so much that she resolved to overcome her dislike, and once more to accept him as her husband. It happened one day, however, that Kusa found himself overcome by weariness in the neighbourhood of a river. So he went down into the water to bathe. And as he stood in the stream he suddenly caught sight of his likeness in the water and exclaimed: "As I have the eighteen marks of ugliness, and a face like that of a lion, and as on that account this king's daughter has no liking for me, it is useless for such a one as I am to continue living. I will go and kill myself." So he went into a thicket with the intention of hanging himself. But, when he was on the point of doing so, Indra called to him from heaven, told him to take courage, and gave him a jewel to wear on his forehead, which had the power of effacing his ugliness and making him, so long as he wore it, look like other men. After which all went well with him; and he who had been like unto a beast lived happily with the Beauty, who had already forgiven him his ugliness in consideration of his military merits.

When a woman combs her back hair into two ropes, holds one in her mouth until she winds the other upon her tuck comb, and then finds that she has lost her last hair pin, she feels that the sex needs two mouths—one to hold the hair in and the other to make remarks with.

BURLESQUE.

SOLD.—A young man sat up half an hour one night after his chum had gone to bed, sewing the legs of the innocent sleeper's trousers together. He sewed them strong, and laughed long and silently after he went to bed, as he pictured the scene in the morning. When the morning dawned, he rose with a glow of anticipation on his face, and as it slowly faded away sat down upon the side of the bed, and dejectedly cut open the bottom of his own carefully sewn trouser-legs, and when his unsuspecting chum asked what he was doing, sighed and said, sadly, "Oh, nothing." And he wearily thought how full of meanness was this base, deceiving, old world.

LAUGHABLE CONTRETEMPS ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF KATE CLAXTON'S NEW PLAY.—The heroine had married an army officer, who, going to the war immediately after the ceremony, has been reported killed. Supposing herself a widow, she has married secretly again. Her baby by the second husband (it is of Monday night's performance that I am writing) was brought for her to see. The yearning mother, acted by the stately and beautiful Alice Dunnin Lingard, caught up the baby and hugged it affectionately. The baby wrinkled its pudgy little face. It was a boy, according to the play, but Mrs. Lingard, forgetful of the dilemma, exclaimed, "Oh! she's going to cry." This made the audience laugh, and all the gravity of the scene was destroyed. The author intended that the first husband, not dead after all, should enter at that instant, gaze in wonder and suspicion at his wife and the baby as the former faints, and exclaim—

"Why does my wife swoon?"

The husband was Frederick Robinson, an excellent actor, besides being a teacher of dramatic aspirants. He strode into the apartment and nearly lifted himself off his feet with a tragic start at the sight. Mrs. Lingard dropped the crying baby and tumbled gracefully down on her back. Then Robinson did not say, "Why does my wife swoon?" but, by a transposition of parts of the two important words in the sentence, roared out—

"Why does my wolf swoon?"

There was an instant of wondering silence on the part of the audience. "Wolf swoon"—what did that mean? The blunder was quickly understood, however, and the declaration by the wife's sister that the baby was hers, was lost in a great roar of laughter, instead of bringing down the curtain on a thrilling tableau.

HOW HE CURED A SMOKING CHIMNEY.—Yesterday as a citizen of Woodward avenue was helping a tinsmith to elevate a smoke-jack to the roof of an addition on the windy side of the house, preparatory to hoisting it atop of a smoking chimney, an old man with a ragged bundle under his arm came along, halted, and soon became deeply interested.

"That chimney smokes, don't it?" he finally inquired.

"It's the worst one in town," replied the citizen.

"And you want to stop the nuisance, eh?"

"Yes I do."

"And you think that smoke-jack will do it?"

"I hope so."

"Well, now, I kin stop that smoking in ten minits, and I won't hurt the chimbley nor put up any smoke-jacks," continued the old man, as he laid down his bundle.

"If you'll do it I'll give you five dollars," rejoined the citizen, who disliked the idea of disfiguring his chimney with the clumsy jack.

"Kin I have the kitchen for five minutes?" asked the man.

"Yes."

The cook was instructed to vacate, and the old man took possession. Removing the top of the stove he poured in enough water to put out every spark of the fire. Then going out he called to the citizen on the roof:

"Has she stopped smoking?"

"Well, I don't see any smoke at all," was the reply; "what have you done?"

While he was coming down the ladder the old man made off, eating a pie he had taken from the oven. The last half of it he had to bolt down while on the run, but at no time in the race did the citizen, tinsmith or servant-girl get within twenty rods of him.

THE SMALL BOY "HAS SOME FUN."—He was naturally cruel, and he told an acquaintance one day that he had a new trick to play on the public—something entirely new. He had a long string and a brass key tied to the end of it, which he said was the instrument of torture. Over the front sidewalk a maple tree sent some pretty strong branches, making a seat hidden by leaves. Into this, after dark, the boys climbed.

"Now wait," said the principal, "till the first victim comes, and don't make a noise."

Pretty soon an ordinarily-dressed woman came along, and just as she had passed he let drop the key on the hard sidewalk, immediately pulling it up again. Both now watched developments. The woman came to a sudden stop, began fumbling in her pocket, and wondered what she could have dropped. She started on, but had not gone far before she came back, impelled by curiosity, and began a careful search of the walk. Meanwhile the boys in the tree had stuffed their fists in their mouths to keep from scaring the game, and dared hardly look below for fear of laughing out. A sympathetic sister came along, and together they picked up stones, and turned over all the chips on the walk. No money, no key, nothing did they find; and so went on to their homes, perhaps to worry all night; or perhaps a giggle in

the tree turned their looks of disappointment into a cheap smile, and a laugh from the same place made them have awful wicked thoughts about boys.

One victim found a piece of tin, and laying the cause of the noise to that, was saved from a great deal of worry. But when she picked it up and threw it down several times to test the sound, the boys nearly fell out of the tree. A man, when caught, would slap all of his pockets and glance around a little, but it was seldom that he was brought to a hard-pan search. When any one saw the trick after searching half an hour and saying all kinds of little things for the amusement of the boys, he simply went away hurriedly. There was no remark to make, no name to call. To get out of sight as soon as possible seemed to be most desirable. The trick is harmless—no one breaks a leg or loses an eye in its process. It might be recommended to constitutionally tired boys as a good way to sweep the walk. The victims will throw all chips and stones into the street by curiosity power, as it were.

A NEW "EXCELSIOR."—It was about half past seven o'clock in the evening, when a youth created something of a sensation by passing through an Alpine village, in a driving snow storm, carrying a banner upon which was inscribed the strange device, "Excelsior." His brow was sad, but his eye (according to all accounts he had but one eye) flashed like a falchion from its sheath, while he pushed on, looking neither to the right nor left, but not forgetting to call loudly, "Excelsior!" At first, the villagers thought he had been drinking, and a policeman was started on his track, but finding there was nothing disorderly in the boy's conduct, he was permitted to go his way unmolested. In happy homes the young fellow saw the light of household fires gleam warm and cheery, although coal was away up out of all reason, as it always is in cold weather; above, the spectral glaciers shone and from his lips escaped a sigh that was heard all over town, to this effect, "Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass," the old man said; "I've lived here for ninety years; I'm the oldest inhabitant, an' I never saw the signs more favorable for a big storm. Besides, the roarin' torrent is wide and deep, an' if you get across you can't get back for a week, unless you go around by Rabbit-hash an' cross on the bridge. Take my advice, young feller, an' stop over night; you'll find the Washington, right over the way, the cheapest house in town. Shall I take your baggage?" The boy turned up another street, indicating that he intended to climb the hill, on the west side of the town.

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest your weary head upon this breast." And right here the conduct of the young man becomes inexplicable. He did not accept the maiden's invitation, although she was comely, about sixteen years of age, and evidently belonged to the best society. He simply said that he was in a hurry and would probably stop the next time he was in town. The maiden passed in the house, slammed the door and remarked to her mother that if she ever offered to assist a man in distress again she hoped she might be blessed. The young lady was quite indignant indeed.

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch! beware the—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" screamed the boy, who was getting out of patience, and the well-meaning peasant retired without completing the warning, which was, no doubt, something about "the awful avalanche."

At break of day, as heavenward the pious monks of St. Bernard uttered the oft-repeated prayer, they were startled, nay, shocked to hear a young man, shouting "Excelsior," and cursing the country black and blue for being the roughest, coldest and most forbidding of any he had seen since he left New Jersey. "How far is it to the next village?" he asked, "for I have something here that will knock the socks off of anything in this country." With that he passed on, still grasping in his hand of ice that banner with the strange device, while in the other he carried a little tin box labelled, "Excelsior Corn and Bunion Eradicator."

M. BERT professes to have discovered a fusion of oxygen with laughing gas—protoxide of nitrogen—which will create a revolution in anaesthetics. He says that—Dentists only make use of the protoxide for extended operations, by producing short but repeated anaesthesia, separated by phases of sensibility. The reason why these alternations were requisite is, that when the patient breathes nothing but the laughing gas the blood is deprived of the amount of oxygen necessary to support life.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.