

THE THOUGHTS OF THE THINKER.

If you could but think how I think and think
How fair your enchantments be,
You would think with surprise how you ever could link
A doubt in your thoughts of me.
But that somebody else may be thinking the thought
That I think, is a thought I think
Till my ruminant mood to such frenzy is wrought
That I wish that I never could think.

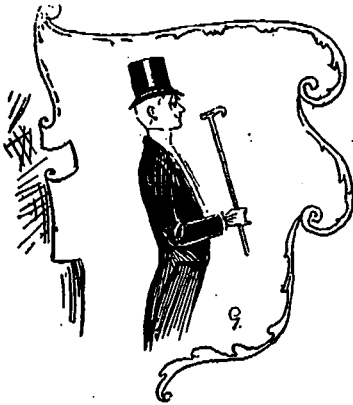
Do you think that if I could really think
What you really think of me,
And were I to compare it with what I think—
There would any difference be?
For in thinking of all these thoughts, I shrink
From thinking that you, perhaps,
Are thinking the thoughts that of you I think,
About some other chaps.

But these thoughts that I think of these thinks are so great
That I think—at the thought my heart sinks!
I will think myself into a permanent state
Of perpetual thinking of thinks.
And I think that the think-well that holds my supply
Of thinks, will decidedly sink,
And will run just as clean and tectotally dry
As the one that is holding the ink.

Ottawa.

CHAS. GORDON ROGERS.

RUTHVEN'S REVENGE.



"GET out!" Charles Wentworth Ruthven drew himself up proudly as these words passed the lips of a middle-aged and consequently bald man, in the latter's sumptuous office. The young man's mouth twitched, and his fingers worked nervously—as he tied the strings about his canvassing bag.

"I shall remember you, sir," hissed

Charles, when he had put two tables, four chairs and a wire screen between himself and the rude, bold man. "You will have reason to remember Charles Wentworth Ruthven."

"I have no doubt," sneered the bald man. "And now—git!" And Charles "got."

"Refused!" muttered the young man, as he walked quickly over to the shady side of the street to trade a copy of his work off for a glass of lager. "Henry M. Stanley's work refused! But to be told to get out! It is too much!"

The next day the man who had told C. W. Ruthven to "get out" had seventeen visitors—fourteen of them were book-agents—nine of these were canvassing Henry M. Stanley's work. The bald-headed man stood the test pretty well, but he looked relieved when evening came. When he got home he found his wife had had eleven callers. Ten of these had been book-agents; seven of these had been selling Henry M. Stanley's work. The bald man breathed hard and low.

The second day was a magnified repetition of the first. He had twenty-three Stanley visitors in all. They came in twos, threes; literally in shoals. They gave him no peace. They were unctuous, suave, inoffensive. If told to "get" they heaved big sorrowful sighs, tied up

their books, said "good afternoon, sir," and went. But they came again.

The man now began to have dreams, visions, nightmares. Henry M. Stanley danced an African war dance on a pile of books, in the centre of a score of circling, smiling, dancing book agents. The title-page of every book he opened seemed to have engraved on it "In Darkest Africa." The papers seemed to contain nothing else.

He began to get thin; he lost his appetite, his rest; was haunted by terrible spectre book agents as well as material ones. And one day, when he sat there at his desk, a bowed and broken man, a step came, the door opened and a book agent—of course—walked in. It was Charles Wentworth Ruthven!

"Will you have Henry M. Stanley's book *now*?" said the visitor with a grim smile.

"I have fifteen copies of it," moaned the poor bald man, as a large salt tear fell with a loud splash on the surface of one of the books in question, which he was using as a paper weight.

"My wife has seven. My family is well nigh starving. My eldest son has left me and gone to explore Africa, the North and South Poles, and Chicago, to christianize the heathen."

"I spare you," said Charles Wentworth Ruthven. "I see my revenge is accomplished."

But the next day the agent saw crape on the office door, and he passed silently by. C. G. ROGERS.

"SOCIETY AS I HAVE FOUND IT."



BY A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.



BY A BOOK AGENT.