

— "In my younger days," he said, "I was clerking in a country store where we had seven or eight clerks. We took eggs and all kinds of truck in exchange, and that's where the trouble started. Every morning our eggs would be missing; a few would be found on the floor, where they had evidently been dropped by some prowler. We suspected thieves, and set a watch, each taking one night in a corner of the store where we could see everything that was going on without incurring the danger of discovery. Well, one night on my watch, about an hour after closing, I heard a squeaking and scampering and then saw an army of rats, of all sizes, come from their holes. The eggs had been placed in the pan of an old-fashioned beam scales, which couldn't be reached by crawling, as the sides of the pan were too slippery. Now, you needn't smile, gentlemen! We are coming to the tough part, but I'm prepared to make affidavits. I'll be blessed if those fellows didn't jump on the counter and run along the scale. Then one old fellow humped his back up under the scale pan, and another fellow jumped up, and a third and fourth rat followed until they had a pyramid reaching to the level of the eggs. One grey-haired old customer, who appeared to be a veteran in villainy, climbed up on the top, ran and took out an egg between his paws and passed it down by his mates to the counter. In that way he emptied the pan, and springing down to the counter, he caught an egg between his two front paws and rolled over on his back. The little fellows caught his tail in their teeth and dragged the grizzled thief down to the end of the counter. Another hill of rats was formed and the eggs gently removed to the floor, where the performance was repeated until all the holes had been stocked up. By working all night, they would steal our entire stock, and scarcely leave a trace, except where they dropped an egg and spattered the floor."

— A lecture on "Some Boys I Have Known," was given by M. Max O'Rell, the popular author, in Aberdeen. There was a large audience, and Professor Struthers occupied the chair. The lecturer, who was cordially greeted, remarked that if the audience expected to hear a serious discussion on education, they would go away disappointed. He intended simply to tell them of some young English friends of his, and if he should seem too critical, the audience would please bear in mind that he himself was once a boy—and he was everything that was good. Boys he was always suspicious of, were those who tried to be perfect boys, and especially those who succeeded in their efforts. By genuine boys, he meant those who shirk their work whenever they can, and who are always ready for honest play. The typical Master Johnny Bull is a good little boy. He sometimes makes slips in his exercises, but errors in them never. Of course he occasionally forgets his lesson, but he always knows it. His memory is his weak point. He has done his best—whatever that may mean—and though his lesson has now escaped his memory, he knows he repeated it to himself in the train, without a single mistake. He knows he did. One of his pupils, in excusing himself for being with-