### PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR

# St. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 21.

THE BISHOP'S DILEMMA.

FRANK R. STOCKTON little knew what he was doing when he wrote the fatal words:
"Which came out of the door, the lady or the tiger?" The story which had no end brought to Mr. STOCKTON not only no end of tame, but also no end of blame. Hundreds of people answered the question to their own infinite satisfaction. These people enjoyed the way the tale did not end. But there were others that did not.

The gifted author whom his parents,

ministry, made frenzied readers understand that he would, in another story, tell which came out of the door. The other story was called "The Discourager of Hesitancy." It was well for Mr. STOCKTON, when it was discovered that this tale left the reader in as maddeningly uncertain a frame of mind as the original story, that he kept out of the way of the disappointed; for if he had not, it is certain that his hesitancy would have been speedily discouraged, and that he would have answered the questions with which each story ended, even it he had to descend to the level of fiction in order to

The increasing trouble that Mr. STOCK-Ton's story brought upon him--for at that he did not himself know which came out of the door-did not deter others from following in his uncertain footsteps. A writer in the Cosmopolitan left the question of an unfinished love-story entitled "What Sa7 You, Women, to This?" for that He Dead?" which also appeared in the the reading of the tales of STOCKTON and his imitators, just as his "Jumping Frog" seems in some measure to have been due to the study of an old Greek tale.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS is the latest offender in this line. Professor ADAMS has made a careful study of the eccentricities of bishops, the results of which he has given to the wicked world in the form of admirable people do not seem to realize, or to want to other people. His latest effort in this line is a story which appeared in Munsey's PROGRESS. It is one of those stories that it is to be hoped Mr. STOCKTON will read in agonies of remorse—for it is as clewerly brought to the place where it ought to end, but does not, as STOCKTON'S own greatest

story, was inclined to believe that the BISHOP OF OKLAHO, being the BISHOP OF OKLAHO, went on the train for Chicago, and vet hoped that she was mistaken wrote to Professor ADAMS, asking him if the train really did "leave without the bishop." The following is the professor's somewhat evasive answer, which the recipient has kindly allowed us to print :

FELTON HALL, Cambridge, Mass., July 9, 1894.

definiteness.

Many thanks for the kind words you say of my slory. I have been rather surprised at the interest it has excited. I have had inquires concerning it from many quarters—one this morning from Hampton, Virginia, the writer of which has an elaborate theory of his own on the matter, while a gentleman in Washington sends me quite another. In the light of this discussion regarding it, it is rather amusing to remember that at least eleven editors have declined the story.

Very cordially yours,

Oscar Fay Adams.

lady, the other in the shape of a tiger, and asked him which he would have, promptly answered, after the manner of the commercial traveller, "Both." Professor ADAMS seems to intimate in his letter that the train left without the bishop.

# ACTION AND INTERACTION.

various parts, scattered throughout the most prodigious stretches of space, there is one. The mysterious ether in which floats the material universe is unceasingly thrilled by the tremors through which heat, light, nature, are transmitted from one portion connected with the vast bulk of humanit of matter to another. The hundreds of by a thousand subtle ties. Nowadays, extent that Professor Jevons compares it to a kind of stirabeat or porridge—all these are ever emitting or transmitting energy of some kind, and so are continually affecting one another. The material universe, there-

though our senses are too gross to detect the infinitesimal distances which part them. They too are in constant motion, circling round each other and variously affecting each other exactly as their larger brethren. And just as the entire pebble is more or less affected by any agency operating on any one of its parts; as its general temperature is speedily changed when heat is brought to bear on even one of its atomic or as a blow at one end modifies its atomic action as a total, so any modification of material forces at one part of the universe is promptly propagated in all directions brain, such as the Bishop or Orthonorcal and the states which may ere long result in the finishing of the world's first ship railwe remember the coarseness of our human senses and the limited range of their oper-ations, we shall do well to let our scientific faith be "the evidence of things not seen." Well says Mr. BROWNING

No lily-muffled hum of summer bee But finds some coupling with the spir

The stamp of a baby's toot moves "the great globe itself," even though the keenest human perception, aided by the most powerful scientific instruments, may fail to detect the motion. The lighting of a match sets going the light-waves through the im-mensity of space just as truly, though not on so large a scale, as the blazing Arcturus, which would be equal to seventy suns such as our own. The kiss with which two lovers part wakens the sound-waves which. though they soon cease to excite the nerves of hearing, flutter off on all sides into space, causing more or less change of temperature, and to some degree changing the distribution of matter. Stars so re-"What Say You, Women, to I man for that portion of humanity to answer. But the ladies did not agree. And MARK TWAIN'S most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or is most audacious story, "Is He Living or is most audacious story," Is He Living or He Dead?" which also appeared in the Cosmopolitan, may have been inspired by story—of what elements they are composed, how fast and in what direction they are going-across the awful vastness of the

SHELLEY, in speaking of the mysteries of the stars, says: "So is it in the world of living men." What corresponding pheno-mena to those already described have we in the human universe? It is plain that whenever two or more human beings are short tales, which clearly show what some the rest and be affected in turn. From this action and interaction grows up civilrealize—that bishops are as harman as ization and all that it implies. Nothing of the kind could emerge from the isolated effects of individual men and women, no matter how numerous or how naturally gilted they might be. This unification of the social organism, however, depends ob-viously on the facility with which its constitutional units communicate with one another and act on each other. In early days societies were small, their

> wants but little, and the range of interdependence among their units was compara-tively limited, and between the various societies themselves there was little inter-course save in the line of war. If we go societies themselves there was little intercourse save in the line of war. If we go
> back only a little over a century to the
> days of New Brunswick's pioneers we find
> the inhabitants of its hamlets living, one
> sightle with another in least the reason that the deacon did exactly
> as he did,
> And he got to using language very much like
> Captain Kind.
> And out of that blamed hoss-trade he finally
> backslid. neighbor with another, in close union and dependence, but necessarily isolated to a very great extent from humanity at large. Instead of sending two or three thousand miles for their flour, their beans, their cattle-feed, their seeds, they raised all these for themselves. They imported no diamond dyes, which nowadays even the Indians use, but gathered golden-rod and alder-barle and various other products of secure the gardens, and their sugar largely provided by their maple-groves. They had very lit-tle knowledge of what went on either in

field and forest wherewith to desired hues. Their medicines were mainly culled from the herb-beds in their The will be noticed that the professor is much more satisfactory than Mr. Stockton, when his hostess set two icercamp hefore him, one in the likeness of a cream the foreign and solutions.

The will be noticed that the professor is much more satisfactory than Mr. Stockton, when his hostess set two icercamp hefore him, one in the likeness of a cream the civilization of those days with that of the present we see a difference not only set their own country or in foreign lands, nor did their ignorance on these points give them any great distress. When we compare the civilization of those days with that you'd ought to.

"A court-martial on me will tell, oh! in the present we see a difference not only in the likeness of a court-martial on me will tell, oh! in the present we see a difference not only in the likeness of a court-martial on me will tell, oh! in the present we see a difference not only in the likeness of a court-martial on me will tell, oh! en his hostess set two location, one in the likeness of a in the size of the social aggregate, but in the shape of a tiger, and the quality of the union formed. This is the quality of the union formed. This is with that treacherous fellow." steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the growth of science, and the increased use of machinery. All these agencies, while powerfully affecting individual societies and their units, increasingly and irresistibly tend to unify modern civilization and to make the various civilized nations "members one of another."

The citizen of a civilized community today telephone, the growth of science, and the vidual societies and their units, increasing-ly and irresistibly tend to unify modern The universe is a unit. Between all its civilization and to make the various civilizcontinually going on an action and inter-action which indissolubly bind them into articles he puts on his table or wears on electricity, all the forces, in short, of nature, are transmitted from one portion connected with the vast bulk of humanity of matter to another. The nundreus of millions of luminous stars; the dark stars which Sir Robert Ball, the eminent asous; the smaller portions of matter with which intervening space is filled to such an extent that Professor Jevons compares it to

tists tell us, not really in contact, dians watched with the greatest interest though our senses are too gross to detect the recent strikes in Chicago, tearing that way. Even the creations of a writer's brain, such as the Bishop of Oklaho and is promptly propagated in all directions brain, such as the Bishop of Oklaho and to every other part. Small may be the change thus effected, even infinitesimally so, and yet if we are to follow the teachmind and rest of brain of readers in ings of modern quantitative analysis and subtle reasonings based thereon, if led to international amenities. And if we led to international amenities. And if we are to believe Mr. STEAD, not many ages will elapse before telepathy will more thoroughly unite the minds of the world.

In a word, as the physical ether which fills space binds together the remotest parts of the material universe, so the civilizing agencies are increasingly generating a kind of social ether of international intelligence and refined public op-inion which surrounds and permeates the great civilized communities of the present day, furnishing a medium whereby they ining the day when the nations of the earth shall be knit together in one great union, based upon the nobler aims and tendencie of their common humanity.

### BY MEN IN OTHER LINES.

The names of ROBERT J. BURDETTE, GEORGE DU MAURIER and A. CONAN DOYLE are familiar ones, but are not generally associated with poetry. And yet, judging from the three poems in our last issue written by the bearers of those names, these men are poets entitled to take their stand in the foremost rank of poets. Mr. Bur-DETTE'S "Sackcloth and Jests" is not true poet does-has lived his poem. Another bit of verse wrung from the gentle humorist's sad experience was that so well loved by the late Governor Boyp,--"Since She Went Home", written on the death of BURDETTE's invalid wife.

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S little poem, with its touch of theosophy, is as grand a burst of genius as his novel, or as any picture he ever drew. And now that CONAN DOYLE has killed SHERLOCK HOLMES, when he might just as well have saved him by arming him with his eternal revolver instead of with his everlasting matchsafe, it is to be hoped that he will expiate his sin by producing more such ballads as that of the "Eurydice."

While speaking of poetry written, by great men who are not in the regular poetry business, it may be mentioned that BILL NYE has written a poem that is far ahead of the most of his prose. The following verse gives an idea of the poem:

And even MARK TWAIN thinks that he must keep up with the procession. He has just written some verses for the Galaxy; but, although his prose is far purer and funnier than that of NyE, who feels compelled to bolster his alleged witticisms with vulgarity, and who makes himself a laughing-stock so that people will laugh at his jokes, Mr. CLEMENS has tailed to pro-duce even passably good verse, and gives no promise of becoming as good a humor-ous poet as he who as a minstrel is almost silent-EDGAR WILLIAM NVE.

Da Gama now writes to PEIXOTO: "I'll

Tuesday's Sun had the following edi-

even in a row.

Wednesday's Sun had the following editorial comment:

The Vigilant has won a turn at last, and now it is more plain than ever that the two boats are not allowatched.

Philadelphia was the city in which the independence of the United States was pro- claimed to the world, and where the great

standard-bearer of the democratic party, and eventually governor of Texas.

The oath which the brilliant Mr. Cores drew up for the conscientious Mr. ALL. BRIGHT contains a touch of humor, despite

The great strike struck Uncle Sam in the pocket, but the old gentlemin is getting even. Dess is in jail, and Pullman will have to pay a rattling good incom: tax.

"Bob" owns a baby; or rather it-which in this case means a boy—is the particular property of Mrs. Larsen, the happy wife of him who, as it were, grew in his newspaper life in the office of PROGRESS. If little chap begins to stick type and write paragraphs as soon as his father did it won't be long before he is on the staff of ome newspaper; and if he inherits the paternal genius—that particular newspaper will be in luck.

The Delineator's summer holiday number has been received from the American department store. S:enography and type-writing is treated in the Department for Women Series, and The Young Girls' Toilet is Chapter V. of "M sther and Daughter." "The Game of Golf and How to Play it" has already been well written up for the Century by the Canadian author W. George Beers, but the article on the same subject in this number of the Delineator will be enjoyed none the less by the reader of Dr. Beers' article than by one who does not know anything about the good old game.

The musical correspondent of Phogress talks about music on the squares in his own columns and suggests that some move DETTE'S "Sackcloth and Jests" is not funny; the infinite pathos of the last line, and in fact of the whole piece, shows that the writer has done as MILTON said every two neet does has lived his noem. Any a concert from the registry office steps, and while the location might be better still it is better than having no concert at all. The citizens have rather had the idea since the days of Mayors Jones and Grant that the music was a gift from his worship and sometimes this has been the case but if there had been no such notion there is not much doubt but that a subscription would have been started and enough raised o engage the bands occasionally.

Which Will Wear the Laurel?

The Kentville Advertiser says: "A poetical contest between the well known local poets, Professor Willard Ells, and E. F. Johnstone, will be held in Scotia Hall, about the 26th ot this month. The reputation these talented rivals epjoy will certainly tend to draw a "arge and enthusiastic audience. Some brilliant outbursts of poetic genius may be expected, as each of the poets is striving hard for a monopoly of public favor. The band has consented to play selections during the evening and the management will spare no pains to preserve good order. The admission fee will be placed at a very low figure, so that all may have an opportunity of listening to the brainy warlare of these intellectual giants."

While the world knows only one Carlyle, the natives of the small Annandale town where he was born have a provoking habit of asking pilgrims thither the astounding question- "Which Carlyle?" There is a of asking pilgrims thither the astounding question—"Which Carlyle?" There is a tradition in the district that an old roadman, now dead, happening to be addressed by a party of Carlyle devotees, ran over the names of the various members of the family, and dwelt with special emphsais upon that of Sandy. "who was the grandest breeder o' sows." "But there was one called Thomas, you know," rejoined the leader of the pilgrims. "Aye," retorted the old roadman. "There was Tam; he gaed awa' up to London, but I dinna think he ever did muckle guid."

# An Absent-Minded Mu

"A court-martial on me will tell, oh! but I fear to be exiled with MELLO: he's a shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was. To look in the control of the cont 'Why,' said his friend, 'there is no glass

there!'
'Bless me!' Burrowes observed, 'I did
not notice that before.'
Ringing the bell, he called his servant,
and questioned him respecting the lookingglass. 'Oh, sir,' said the servant, 'the
mistress had it removed six weeks ago.'

# A Peppery Queen.

On a recent Shakespearean tour a new heavy lady joined us at Manchester, her opening part being the queen in "Hamlet."

This actress, having been disengaged for some time, to preserve her wardrobe from moth had smothered it in black pepper. Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect upon all on the stage.

The king, after a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty sneeze that made the stage ubtrate. All the royal courtiers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetically. Hamlet came on with most subject that the royal courtiers and the stage ubtrate. All the royal courtiers and the royal courtiers and

ever emitting or transmitting energy of some kind, and so are continually affecting one another. The material universe, theresore, is just as truly a coherent, individual entity as a pebble. The atoms of which a pebble is composed are, as scien-

there is only one man who is fitted to be FERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

nder the maples sat Jennie and I.

It seemed not strange that her tiny hand Should nestle so trustingly fond in mine; That her soft brown ringlets' althing strand My clumsy fagers like shill should within the 'American's and the strange of the strange

For I that old, old story had told-

Her heart was mine, tho' her lips refused
To utter the longed-for syllable, "Yes!"
But musing she sighed, and sighing she mused;
What meant her sighs and her musing, guess!
And there we pledged by the streamlet's flow,
As the stars peeped out from the quiet sky,
Ever so many years ago,
Under the maples—Jenny and I.

There are frosty threads in the soft brown hair.

That I twined round my fisqers years ago,
And the brow of my wife may be less fair.

Than it seemed in the sunset's ruddy glow;
Yet I know, when I class her to my breast,
There's a warmer thrill than in days gone by,
When the clouds sank royally down in the west,
As under the maples sat Jenny and I.

SARAH A. BROCK PUTNAM.

### Lays of Summer-Time

Lie on your back and look "up in the sky";
Hear the grasshoppers chirp and the catbirds
"Too lazy to live and too lazy to die;"
This is the right state of mind for July!

But to drink in the whole out-of-doors in July ... 5 Does a fellow more good than a pint of old rye!

II. MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN. Last year my little garden-plot

The earth-born plants, that skyward gazed,
Were blighted in an evil hour;
And I with grief was nearly crazed,
Viewing my ruined cauliflower. The frail flowers oped their pale blue eyes,
Which soon, alas! were closed in death!
It seemed that cyclone from the skies
Blasted the blossoms in a breath.

This year, indeed, my frenzied eye Shall gaze upon no baneful blight; The garden my neat cottage by Will be, I ween, a splendid sight.

My plot no marplot plague shall mar; My squashes, turnips, beets and pea Will make my garden fairer far Than that of the Hesperides.

My flowers, though men may deem is strange Shall rival those of elfin glens— Why will there be this wondrous change? \*
My next-door neighbor's killed his hene\(\(\chi\_i\)

HARRY ALBNO' WOODWORTHS

# Just Them Two.

Old Aspotogan, your glorv lies,
On a path to your starry crest;
In a dreamy shadow beneath a tree,
In a summer twilight's rest.
Under the tree the pink and red
Of a flower was warm and true;
With May winds loving the balmy sky,
The sea, and "just them two."

Old Aspotogan, good friends are we, Though a thousand miles and more May lie between us across the world To a dim and distant shore. The birch and pine in your silent dells,

The warm sun saw a flower and same
Hastily down the sky;
And over the green arbutus leaves
Whispered a last good bye.
The silence then had a lauguage sawes.
A meaning they fondly knew;
The time and the scene are forever designed to be a lauguage sawes.
The bars, and "just them two."

Crants Goldz.

A Marguerite. I know a lovely Marguerite,

As mirthful as the May;
The summer of her life is sweet
As roses by the way.

Her image haunts the balmy land Of dreams the poets sing; The land where love's immortal songs Their sweetest incense bring:

Her night-gemmed hair has that dark charm No language can define; A prima donna she may be, Where stars of glory shine.

One tender song she sweetly sings Of loving hearts and hands; United, strengthen friendship's tie Along time's fateful sands.

O spirit of the true heart's peace, Guard well her path of life; The beautiful and good reveal, And shield her in the strife.

Should fortune lead her on the way, To fame's enchanted hall;
May memory turn the jeweled key
And there my name recall.
a Crag, July, 1894.
CYPAU CYPRUS GOLDE.

In' untarnished azure, we were late descrying, At early morn is fouled with misty gray; And where pale windrows late last eve were lying Waves the bright starry green of yesterday.

From change to change we go, from gloom to glory,
And from the glow again into the gloom;
All, all are good,—the frozen time and hoary,
Th' autumnal splendor and the vernal bloom!

Voice of the grief that is voice O lonely sea, thou art? Voice of a sorrow that, cease! Beats on earth's breaking i

All day long till the evening; All night long till the morn; Voice of the bitter burden, Too-heavy-to be borne!

Speech, for lips that are dumb!

Voicing the sorrow of ages,
Till the end of the world shall be;
When "there shall be no more sorrow,"
And "there shall be no more sea!"

When thy troubled heart shall be quiet;
And death and time shall cease;
And the last low sigh, of the last and heart,
Shall die on the shores of Pears.
JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

(Processe is for said in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. M. Merrill.)

JULY 11—Dr. and Mrs. Borden, the Misses Gladys and Elame Borden, Miss Dot Borden of Moncton and Professor Hammond are enjoying a driving tour through Nova Scotis.

Mrs. McDongall accompanied by her three child-ren left on Friday for Pictou where they will spend

he summer months.

Miss Daisy Wood who has been visiting friends in Oxford has returned.

Mrs. Longstroth of Sussex is the guest of Mr. En.

Mrs. Charles Pickard. Mr. Dave Allison has returned from a trip to

Halifax.

Miss Copp and Miss Nellie Copp are spending
the vacation at Port Eigin.

Mr. Aubrey Smith of the Merchants' Bank of
Halifax, Truro, is spending some weeks with Dr.
and Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. C. J. Willis and family have taken a cottage
at Port Eigin for the summer.

Mr. Rainnie, of St. John, is the guest of Mr. and
Rrs. James Rainnie.

Beston, and Rrs. Day, and Mr. Edward Day, of
Beston, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Waiter
Fewier

Boston, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fowler. Miss Edna Lawton, of St. John, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. P. Foster. A ratuar Cogwell, now of Lunenburg, is spend-ther vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Edwar. Cogswell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Milner went to Shediac on ...

Tuesday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Milner's Tuesday, to attend the runera; or many uncle, Mr. Chipman Smith.

Mr. Arthur Ford, who has been in Truro for the mast rear, is spending his vacation with Mr. and

uncie, Mr. Chipman Smith.

Mr. Arthur Ford, who has been in Truro for the past year, is spending his vacation with Mr. and Miss Hay.

Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. Robert Miller.

The baptist Sunday school be'd its annual excursion to Cape Tormentine, on Saturday last. The day was very pleasantly spent by the large number which attended.

Mr. Amos Ogden has the sympathy of a large circle of friends, in the death of Mrs. Ogden, which been in falling they sternoon. Mrs. Ogden has onest beloved lady and her untimely death is deeply regretted by all.

Mrs. Botsford, widow of the late Senator Botsford, passed peacefully away this morning, at the age of eighty years. She was a most estimable lady. Her first husband was the late Mr. J.F. Allison. She leaves three children, Mrs. Alfred T. Parson, of She leaves three children, Mrs. Alfred T. Parson, of She Leaves Mrs. I. Mrs. J. F. Allison, of Sackwille, and Mr. Frank Allison, of Chicago.

WILD THYME.

### An Unruffled Mind.

An Unruffed Mind.

Some years ago there lived in Mauch Chunk, Penn., a good citizen and pillar of his church who took lite easily. He may be living now, and there seems no reason why he should not live forever, as the has nothing else to do. One Monday morning, after breakfast, he was diligantly studying his newspaper. For three hours he read on with delight, During that time his wife had told him over and over again that the poles, upon which the clothes "had ought to be a-drying," were prostrate on the ground, blown down by the storm.

"Mary," said the student, as he looked.

"Mary," said the student, as he looked at his better half over his spectacles, "don't be uneasy. The good Lord, in his own good pleasure, blew down them poles, and when it suits his convenience he'll blow

Somewhat Non-Committal

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is at his country home at Beverley Farms, is said to be writing a story of his brilliant lite. Longtellow and Holmes taught the world of authors "that lions should not be bears." The geniality and kindliness of Oliver Wendell Holmes have brought him many requests from aspiring writers who desire his seal of approval to create a market for their "brain wares." A woman in the far northwest sent him some rhymes, requesting his opinion of them. She witlessly thought they were poems. Mr. Holmes returned the verses and illustrations that accompanied them with a note, stating:

My Dear Mrs. Blank-You are a very good Yours sincerely.

OLIVER WENDRILL HOLMES. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is at his

An Ideal Employer.

Patrick—"If all men wor loike moy employer, there wouldn't be so much throuble between labor and capytal."

throuble betwane labor and capytal."

Wife—'Didn't yes stroike?"

'No. We got already and sint in our commands, pawin th' bosa, loike th' gintlemon thot he is, 'called us into his office and showed us his books."

'An' phwat' good wor thot?"

'Sure we found he wor losing wan thousand dollars a month."

'Yez did?"

'We did. An' roight thin an' there we unanymously resolved thot we'd kape roight along war-rkin' at the ould wages till the business comminced to pay expinses."

International Amenitic

Extract from a French paper: At the table d'hote a dish of radishes is served up. A German sweeps all the radishes into his plate and begins to eat them.

"Look here, sir," says a neighbor we.
too, are fond of radishes."

"Oh, not as fond as I am," replied the

German.

Extract from a German paper: At the table d'hote the salad is passed around.

A Frenchman empties the dish on his own

plate.
"I say, monsieur," says one of the guests,
"we like salad also."
"Oh, not so much as I do, monsieur," replies the Frenchman.

When Dr. Murray wrote to Browning is the interest of the Philological Society new dictionary, asking for the significant of certain words as used by the poet Browning replied: "Don't know what meant, sak the Browning Society."

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