

"How ridiculous!--as if no one ever tried to paint on plush before!"

"Bella is so sweet and beautiful, Mrs. Roberts," I fibbed, "that you ought to be content to shine now by your daughter's reflected light!" A ripple of laughter.

"Oh, how *could* you be so cruel? The poor woman might as well sit in the outer darkness at once!"

"Mrs. Roberts said, 'She will go to Italy in a year or two to finish her studies in music.—although Mr. Profundo and Professor McThorax have told me that she needs very little further training, and—'"

"It's not likely dear Bella will get any nearer Italy than Hamilton."

"No, indeed. Have you ever noticed the amount of gold in Mrs. Roberts' mouth? The woman's teeth are actually more gold than anything else!"

"She must be a brilliant conversationalist when she opens her mouth wide. But Bella's strivings to be a *cantatrice* are a great deal more hopeless than the strivings of that mauve china monkey"—giggling—"to climb up to the chandelier by the crimson silk cord."

"Oh, infinitely!--you mean in that hideous room where she spends so much time at the piano making herself sallow every day."

"Yes, and narrow-chested." A pause. "Oh, Kate, when we were at the Commencement at Atonement College, Friday night, you remember. George Smith told me, while the Bishop of Kamschatka was delivering his address on Foreign Missions, that he would take the services at the church of the Innovation on Sunday, and—"

"And you never told me, Sadie!" Reproachfully.

"I am *so* sorry. But it was just beautiful, Kate, at the church. George preached exquisitely, and I wore pale-blue *faillé*. And"—the fair speaker was ecstatically at a loss for a moment or two—"Oh, yes! and he came into my Sunday-school class in the afternoon, and was *so* nice—oh, you can't think!--and—"

"Oh, it must be just too lovely for anything to really belong to the Church of the Innovation!" Rapturously.

"Oh, yes, indeed. And oh, Kate—"

At this point, (having suddenly noticed that I was being carried past my destination), I regretted to have to leave the car.

H.

A TERRIBLE PLUNGE.

A YOUTH stood on a fallen tree,
Whose branches in the river lay,
And in his mind—it seemed to me,—
Wild thoughts chased wilder thoughts away.

"I cannot leap," he seemed to say,
"Yet for that reason 'twas I came
In the dark river's watery way,
To cast my strong but shrinking frame.

"Oh, what would my dear mother say,
My loving sister Maggie, too,
If they should know what I to-day
Had here intended now to do?"

"But such weak thoughts I'll harbor not,
I will not play the coward's part;
So, fields and woods and every spot
I love, farewell! be still sad heart."

He leaped, and now the dark, swift stream
Had quickly hid his form from view;
Aloft was heard the eagle's scream,
Shocked at what man had dared to do.

Silence upon the river came,
The circling eddies swiftly fled;
But look!—once more the youth's lithe frame
Arises, for he is not dead.

Ah, to have felt Death's awful hand
Laid coldly, heavily on one's head!
The youth his dark eyes turned to land,
And most excitedly he said:

"Bally, old fellow, jump right in.
The water's beautiful;
Don't stand like I did, shivering,
For fear it might be cool."



Professor Jinks—You are making excellent progress, Bertha. You evidently take great delight in music.

Bertha—Oh, not much, but pa has promised that as soon as I finish these exercises he will get me a *real* teacher.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

AN ATHENIAN RETORT.

ON a warm afternoon in August Socrates and Nicratius, after having witnessed the celebration of one of the festivals in honor of Artemis, boarded a street car—one of the Piraeus line—to return to the city. The car was full of tired Athenians, who sat in silence, gazing sometimes at the long walls on either side the dusty roadway, upon which the rays of the sun beat vertically. The great heat and the weariness resulting from their forenoon of pleasure was oppressive to the carfull of bright, volatile Athenians, who seemed to have exchanged their natural lightness of mood for a state of irritable unsociability.

Socrates was always eager to be talking with some one, and the silence maintained in the car was very unpleasant to him. After looking around him in vain for a man with whom he might begin conversation, his eye fell on the