

bully you, and don't forget your mother; good-by" said his Uncle.

"Thank you Uncle," Phil replied, pocketing the coin; "bet I won't, good-by; good-by Buz," and Phil was left to take care of himself.

(To be continued.)

POLLYGOLLY.

THIS pen was held suspended over a shining sheet of blank paper that seemed thirsting to receive my thoughts. I was ready to dash off with lightning speed a profound and brilliant essay on the ORIGIN OF EVIL, a subject which I proposed to make as clear as mud to all philosophical inquirers like-minded with myself. Alas! My pen was arrested in mid-career, like one of Saturn's thunderbolts when the upstart Jupiter took to business on his own account. There sounds the swift step of my dear wife on the floor. I know the meaning of that step; she is in trouble, as sure as my name is David Jones. "What is the matter, Jane?" said I, with solemn utterance, concealing all my anxiety, and the wild scattering of my fine ideas.

"Matter!" said she, "The papers declare that the servant girls in Belgium, or Spain, or Brazil, are all joining the International Society; that they are about to revolutionize the world; that they are no longer to take any orders from their mistresses, but issue orders and make us their slaves. Will it be so with us? You, dear Jones, know everything. Tell me what you think, really and truly. Pollygolly stared at me like a wild cat when I told her she must come in to-night before eleven o'clock. Is she an Internationalist?"

With serene face and beaming eye I responded: "The origin of evil is a problem which has never yet been solved. Adam and Eve tried it, and the result was quite disheartening and disgusting. Their eldest boy, Cain, tried it with most damaging effect. And so it has been down to the days of Kant and Comte. Happily for the future, David Jones was born in the good town of Stoneville, in the year 1820, and in due time David studied Mind and Matter, and found out the old secret. Thy husband, Mrs. Jones, is