

COULDN'T STAND IT.

ACTRESS—"How did Yowler do in *Virginia* last night? Have you heard?"

ACTOR—"I'm told he was so bad that one of the steam-pipes burst and hissed him off the stage."

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

VIII.

THERE seems to be two kinds of people what go to fairs and most everything else too. One kind has seen all you kin bring on—seen it and it don't amount to nothing, and the other kind they go 'round soppin' up information an' they get laughed at. 'Taint likely any one body's seen all there is to see, but there's lots o' folks that 'pear to have taken in all they've got minds to understand, an' I'd hate to let on I wuz one o' 'em ef I wuz some folks.

My, what sights o' things I did see up there. I've been goin' reg'lar fur a good few years, an' I do hev a good time.

There was a woman makin' bullion work up in the big building, an' I stopped to talk with her. She said she most couldn't keep from laughin' the way the people called it bead work an' unsel an' all them things what it ain't. I wuz real glad I knowed it wuz bullion—jest happened so, for Mary Tibbets what used to live near us, she come to Toronto to get her livin' doin' it, an' she made a hat-band with it fur her pa an' sent the name of it in the letter, so we all learned off him what it wuz called. It's pretty fine stuff an' awful tedious stringin' the little springy things on your needle, but I tell you the men folks what wear soldier's caps an' fancy collars an' pinnies, an' free mason's fixin's they shine like a golden sunset, as they say in books.

Another woman was sewin' gloves. It wuz more ticklisher work than the other, fur the little strips of kid had to go jest so. She had little pinchers to keep the edges even, an' her machine seemed to be layin' over on its side, but I guess it wuz on purpose. Some folks don't seem to have no sense, an' the way the mob mussed up those gloves with their dirty hands wuz a caution. The gloves wuz pale blue an' a dreadful delicate pink, an' I wouldn't be afraid to bet that among the visitin' folks there wasn't a pair of real clean hands in the buildin'—that is, anywhere further than ten feet from the front door. It wuz terr'ble dusty, an' 'twusn't crowdin' anybody's godliness agin the wall ef they were dirty there. No one what wuz more substantial than a shaddery ghost could keep clean.

I wuz out 'mong the cattle considerable. They made a good showin', an' I learned off some o' their names, so's I'd know cows as wuz cows when I heerd of 'em. The one's I used to milk an' climb fences from wuzn't none o' these

fancy work stock. They got called Blackie an' Brindle an' Spot an' Cherry, an' I guess they wuz pretty common cows.

The dogs is always dreadful interestin'. There wuz a bull dog with a cage thing in front of him, so's he couldn't grab you, an' there wuz little pet pussy-cats of doggies in cages so you couldn't grab them. The rest wuz more or less loose. The Russian wolf-hounds wuz fine. They've got Roman noses like the Polish Jew in a piece Mr. Irving played here last winter. I know that nose fur I used to see it every time I wuz alone in the dark fur quite a spell.

Speakin' o' play actors minds me that I saw Sol Smith Russel there in that very show. He wuz comin' down from the top flat an' I wuz a goin' up, an' I stopped right still an' got a good look at him in his everyday clothes. My, he's a real born actor ain't he? Ef he feels bad you feel bad, ef he's down trodden, your dander's on the rise, an' when he gits married you feel glad fur him, poor thing. He's a reg'lar preacher—he is—an' his sermon's is sugar-coated.

It's a pretty good place to stay at—that fair is. You've got lots to see, an' good places to rest when you're tired, an' real good vittles. I don't know what more a body could want. Ef any one does think o' anything an' it's in reason, Mr. Hill 'll git it by next year ef they'll let him know. But my, it's a big fair fur plain bodies that don't travel an' we mostly don't.

SUSANNAH.

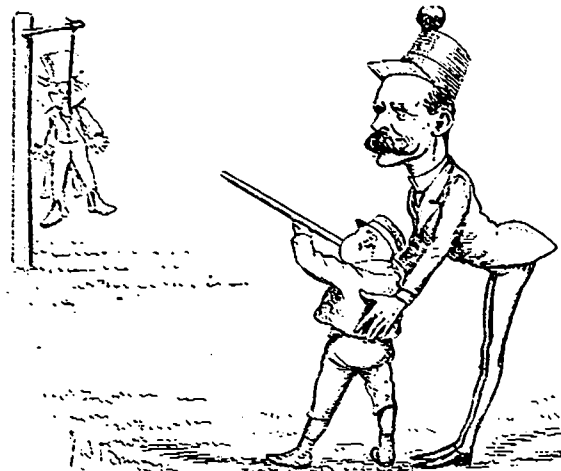
MICROBE POISONING.

LIFE would be tolerable if it were not for microbes. Scientists may enjoy them and gloat over their infinite variety and the unlimited explorations they promise them in the still great undiscovered microscopic world, but it can hardly be said that everyone can rejoice in their unearthing.

There seems no way for us now to achieve perfect health and happiness, until some one invents a glass-case for us to walk under, and all our clothes and food are subjected to antiseptic treatment. It remains, while we await these preventives being patented, for a *New York Herald* young man to add the last drop to our apprehensions on this score.

This enterprising newspaper reporter has discovered in Buenos Ayres, a Professor Beaurigard, who despatched his friends to another world, by means of cholera and yellow fever bacilli, introduced into ice which was served to his guests at little dinners he was famous for.

The professor was an artist in his way. He never invited more than three people, at a time declaring that a quartet



"TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT."

[The School Board at its last meeting approved of the plan to celebrate the coming anniversary of the Battle of Queenston Heights by a military demonstration by the School boys in Queen's Park.]