



#### HIS MEASURE.

HIS REVERENCE (*Treating Pat, who has brought him a load of wood*) - "Say when, Pat."

PAT. - "Go on, yer riverince, the top on the glass 'll stop you."

#### NEW STORIES.

OUR friend, Mr. David Boyle, who was lately called to the precincts of classic Cambridge to give his opinion as an expert, upon some question of Indian archeology, has returned with a couple of good, original stories. One day he accompanied a Boston friend on a visit to the house of the late James Russell Lowell, at present the residence of that distinguished author's daughter, Mrs. Burnett. With characteristic diffidence, Mr. Boyle, upon being introduced, apologized for his intrusion, saying in extenuation that he was a foreigner. "You do not speak like a foreigner," replied Mrs. Burnett, "from what country do you come?" "From Canada," replied David. "Oh," laughed the lady, "we do not regard Canada as very foreign." "Then I may mention that I came originally from Scotland, which is perhaps foreign enough, and moreover I don't suppose that coming from Scotland gives me any claim whatever to visit this house, as I am not aware that there is any Scottish blood in the Lowell family." "There you are wrong," retorted Mrs. Burnett, "my father would have been much grieved to have heard you say that. My great-grandmother, who lived at the time of the Revolution, was a Scotch woman of the real Calvinistic, covenanting, uncompromising stock. She was a loyal Briton to her last day. When the Declaration of Independence was issued and the new Republic set up, she would have none of it. On each recurring fourth of July to the end of her life, she retired to her bed-room, locked herself in, attired herself in deepest mourning, and spent the whole day in reading her Bible!"

The other story has to do with Lowell's distinguished neighbor, Longfellow and goes to illustrate the query "What is Fame?" Longfellow, as is well known, lived in the old historic house which had originally been Washington's headquarters, and which was on that account one of the points of interest for sight-seeing strangers in that neighborhood. One day

a party of raw ruralists from Maine called to look over the place, and were shown through by the poet himself, who was always kind and courteous to visitors. "Wal, 'taint much of a house, is it?" commented a tall, rawboned member of the party. "No," replied Longfellow, gently, "it isn't very grand, but it suits me very well." "Do you own it now?" asked another of the tourists. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And what might your name be?" asked a third. "My name is Longfellow," said the author of the Psalm of Life, modestly. "Longfellow!" echoed the Maine man - "say, be you any connection of the Longfellow of Androscoggin County, up in Maine?"

#### HE BROKE THE RECORD.

THE character of the "rale giniwine Yankee" is forcibly illustrated in a story they tell of a party doing the "grand tower of Yurup." The routine sights of Italy were being "done," and the tourists were being shown the glories of an old church, at Naples. "But say, took a-hera mister," expostulated one of the party, a typical Uncle Sam from the rural districts of Vermont, addressing the guide, "what is thair wonderful 'bout this church. 'Course its old, but that hain't very strange secin' it was built a long while ago. Is they anything else to it for folks to see?" He was informed that the special feature which attracted visitors was the lighted candle on the altar which had been burning for more than a hundred years, and soon the visitors were standing in the presence of this sacred object, which was solemnly guarded by a couple of priests. "An' you mean to tell me that thair light has be'n burnin' more'n a hundred years an' hain't be'n out in all that time?" demanded the Yank, incredulously. "Yes, sir," replied the guide. "Hain't never ben out for a hundred years, come now, honest Injun?" "It has never been out, sir. The sacred light has been tended day and night by devoted priests, and has never been out." "Not for a hundred years, did you say, mister?" "Not for a hundred years, sir." "Wall, I swow!" ejaculated the Yank; as he leaned forward to get a closer view of the candle. "Puff!" - a terrific blow of wind from his iconoclastic mouth. "Wall, et's out, *now*, anyhow!"

#### JOURNALISTIC "ENTERPRISE."

THE *Evening News*, by a piece of high minded enterprise, secured from the convict MacWherrell an article entitled "Why I should not be hanged," which it published on Wednesday. A few additional coppers went into the office till as a result, no doubt, but if the editor of the *News* had any real sense of the dignity of his profession he would feel mean enough to follow this article up by another written by himself, and entitled, "Why should I not be Kicked?"



1.

THE JUVENILE SPORTSMAN - "Cricky! there's a bird. Just see me pin it!"