



### THE DRAMA OF THE DAY.

MISS McFLIMSY.—"And have you really decided to go upon the stage, dear?"

MISS GUSHERTON.—"Oh, yes! I have my dresses all ready, and am having a play written up to them!"

### MOLE ON HORSEBACK.

I NOTICED Mole out driving yesterday with his best girl. He was apparently giving his fair innamorata some valuable "pointers" about driving. With extended arms, and head very much on one side, he would give his gaunt charger a lick with the whip and beam with satisfaction, when his sarcasm of a horse would break into a spasmodic, camel-like trot, and whiz down the street at the rate of three miles an hour. This event resurrected in my mind a little incident that occurred last summer. Mole decided to go to a baseball game at Hogwash; and as all the livery rigs were engaged, he decided to borrow a horse from a friend and go horseback. We were just starting out, when along came Mole. He was perched away up on a large lumbering horse, and looked embarrassed on account of the stirrup straps being ridiculously short for his long legs. "See him prance! See him prance!" howled a small scrub-headed boy. This remark directed every one's attention to Mole. His horse was prancing up the road, with his tail facing one ditch and his head the other. Suddenly he darted forward, and in a fit of elephantine playfulness tried to climb over a six-foot board fence. Mole yelled "Whoa!" and tugged at the bridle till he was black in the face. The gentle animal, yielding to Mole's stern command, did stop very suddenly, but Mole kept right on, and made a very substantial dint in the soft mud that garnished the ditch. Mole arose with a baleful glare in his eye, picked up a large club, and smote the fiery horse with savage vigor.

Then he attempted to remount, but his fiery steed kept backing away, or varied the monotony by going around in a circle, till Mole was quite giddy, and had a kink in his neck. Finally a sympathetic bystander gave Mole a leg-up. He jammed his hat down on his ears, took a firm grip on the bridle, and hit his charger a tremendous thump with the club. The gentle animal stood up on his hind legs, gave a couple of indignant snorts, and then broke into a feeble, death-dealing trot, that threatened to loosen the top of Mole's head. He swayed to and fro, bobbed up and down, and finally disappeared from view over the brow of a hill. We overtook Mole about a mile out of Hogwash. He was leading the horse, and looked weary and discouraged. "What's the matter?" we enquired. "Oh, nothing," said Mole, in a dreary tone of voice. "Horse frightened by steam thrasher, bolted, and threw me into a pool of slimy water. I scrambled out, chased the diabolical brute three miles; lovely time; have quite a collection in each boot—mud, water, and a few snails," and Mole smiled in a forlorn way. All efforts to coax Mole into our rig failed, and he "hoofed" it into Hogwash. He arrived in time for the match, and enjoyed it as well as could have been expected. I noticed, however, that he paid a small boy to ride "Jumbo" home. He told me next day that he was dying to take that horse for a week and "train" him. He never did it, however; perhaps he forgot. Who can tell?

E. A. C.

How many do "fore and aft" make?