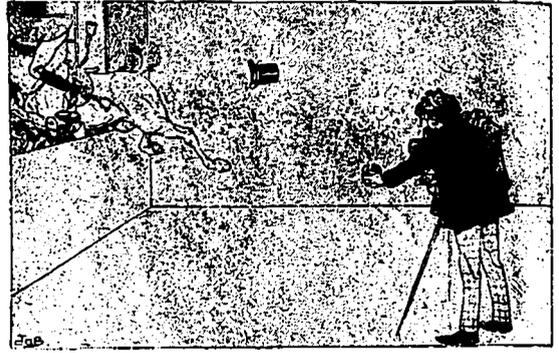
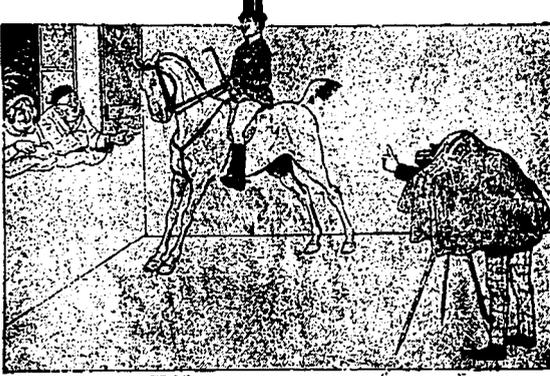


PHOTOGRAPHING THE EQUESTRIAN.



11.

THE BUMMER'S LAMENT.

A FALL of gloom hangs o'er my soul;
 The future's dark,
 A sadness that I can't control,
 As turns the needle to the Pole,
 I may remark.
 So turn my sombre thoughts in gloom
 To that sad hour,
 And fatal date that seals my doom,
 Making life joyless as the tomb.
 Then withs the flower,
 The blossom of a gay career.
 Oh fate accursed!
 Soon, soon the time approaches near
 Synchronous with September sere
 The fatal first,
 Dost query wherefore thus I gaze,
 As on the brink
 Where some abysmal depth displays
 Its terrors 'neath the moon, faint rays,
 Know that thenceforth the boozey pays
 Ten cents per drink!

THE "ROPE ME IN."

SOME men dread death; others worldly mishap. Alphonse Amaranthine stands in fear of something worse—something strange, intangible, sudden, appalling—something he terms "Rope me In." The exact nature of this climax, pestilence, beast or horror we have never been able to fully ascertain from him, although he appears to recognize its presence with a keener sagacity, a more marvellous intuition, than even instinctive self-preservation would warrant. At the most unexpected moments this terrible fate rises before him, his face assumes a hunted expression, his brow lowers, his eyes become alert—withal, he seems pleased. This curious phenomenon—for one hardly knows what else to call it—has occurred frequently in our presence, and at times we should have deemed propitious. For example: meeting him on King Street the other day at noon, we perceived him to be fatigued and (h-o-t) warm. The milk of human kindness in us had not been soured by the weather, hence we took him with us into Webb's. He got into a chair in a cool corner; we gave him fish, brook-trout and Boston chips and tender beans, with just a bit of the choicest porter-house; we gave him fruit, bananas, peaches, with water-ices and apollinaris. He was quite peaceful, consuming much and speaking calmly. The doors pushed open every minute with incomers and outgoers, men and women, some moving with undue alacrity, some with hauteur and some with languid grace. Presently a lady, young and of interesting aspect, passed our table and

seated herself to the right, bowing pleasantly to Alphonse. He pulled out his handkerchief, mopped his head, leaned warily towards us and whispered with a ghastly excitation something about "Rope me In." Where was it, what could it be? The interesting young woman was absorbed in her paper while she nibbled her roll; the assiduous waiters, silent and perspiring, hurried to and fro their trays; somewhere in this very place, the mysterious, the awful, was. Alphonse assured us it was so. We acquiesced with vague respectful sympathy, and pressed him not to mind it, not to lose his appetite, to eat more. The interesting young woman having sent the waiter for a cup of coffee, leaned back to contemplate the vigorous scene. Suddenly she looked across at us. Alphonse fainted. A commotion ensued. We got him into a hack and drove him home and put him in bed, and placed hot water on his head and ice upon his feet, or *vice versa*, and then we sat and watched him with sorrowful solicitude. For several hours he slept deep and, one might add, loud. At five o'clock the nemesis hovering over him must have winged its flight, for he awoke quite refreshed. We questioned him cautiously as to his sensation. The cloud had apparently dispersed. He spoke of going down town. At this juncture the maid appeared with the mail. There were several business letters which he tossed airily into the paper-basket, with the smiling excuse that he was already *dun* out. There was one square cream envelope on which was inscribed his name in delicate letters. He tore it open.

THURSDAY MORNING.

DEAR MR. AMARANTHINE,—Will you join us at tennis to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock? We are all in splendid training. I would particularly like to see you. Hastily, yours,
 PINETOPS, TORONTO.

GLADYS MOORE.

A shuddering groan rent the air. Alphonse had fallen. As we gathered him together his stricken remains found strength to utter what we interpreted as, "another!"—"Rope me In!"

There is much about us inexplicable, incomprehensible. But science is gradually ploughing a thoroughfare into the depths of the mystery of truth, uprooting moth-eaten ideas, turning over many old bones, and otherwise startling the inhabitants of the globe. It has lately been reported that "Rope me In" is a germinal disease which is making an alarming headway. Singularly enough it would seem to confine itself to the stronger sex, finding life, perhaps, in their very exuberance. The most remarkable feature, however, in this matter, is that microscopic effort has discovered the parasite to be an infinitesimal ass. We eagerly await further information.