

"Nay, my lord. Behold this scroll, signed with the signet of the Cardinal, from which I have learned the secret of my birth."

"Then you are——"

"I am——" But, overcome with the intensity of her emotion, she fell fainting to the floor.

[Soliloquy of author—"How in thunder am I going to finish the thing up, anyway? I have got the whole plot inextricably mixed up. I can't for the life of me see how to straighten things out. Ha! I have it now."]

Meanwhile, a figure in a slouched hat and *roquelaure* which enveloped his whole person, glided along the corridor. "I must dissemble," he remarked, and succeeded in doing so with such success that nobody appeared to notice him. Glancing furtively around him he drew a package from under the ample folds of his cloak, observing as he did so: "The hour for r-r-revenge has struck and so have the hands in the adjacent factory. Aha! T-r-remble, tyrants, for your doom is sealed! Too long have the masses been crushed 'neath the iron heel of the oppressor." (The remainder of his able address on the labor problem is omitted, owing to want of space.) Hastily depositing his burden in an angle of the wall he withdrew.

There was a roar that shook the earth for miles around, and the castle of Rudesheimer was obliterated from the landscape. Thus we see that it is usually the unexpected which happens, unless it turns out otherwise.

THE END.

SNOBBERY SUPREME.

OUR boodle plutocracy and mushroom wearers of decorations furnish us from time to time with some forcible illustrations of purse-proud insolence and haughty contempt for the common people, but, after all, to appreciate the height and depth and fulness of genuine snobbery, you must go to Britain. The best attempts of our would-be aristocrats in this direction are but weak and feeble imitations of the real insular snob. London *Truth* gives currency to an incident which, had it transpired in his day, would have delighted the heart of Thackeray and afforded material for another chapter of his famous "Book of Snobs." It seems that Col. Russell is the Tory candidate for East Aberdeenshire. He and his wife happening to meet a local school-teacher and his wife, asked them to call, intending it probably as a mere formal compliment. The school-teacher and his better half, however, took it literally and dropped in in a neighborly way on the Russells, only to be asked what their business was and shown the door. The following letter was afterwards sent them by Col. Russell's factor, which is such a perfect gem and *chef d'œuvre* of snobbery that it is worth reproduction entire:

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. Russell, of Aden, has instructed me to inform you that she is very much surprised at you and your wife coming to the front door and asking to see her without any reason. Mrs. R. wishes it to be distinctly understood that she never receives visits from any of the people in this district: she could not receive one without many others. If she wishes to see anyone she sends for them, and expects that they will come by the back door. If at any time anyone wishes to speak to Mrs. R. on any business connected with the social or moral or intellectual interests of the community, or for any philanthropic purpose, Mrs. R. will be obliged if they will let her know beforehand, in order that she may fix a time to see them which suits her own convenience, and she will give them an



SAID HE WAS THE NEW CURATE.

MRS. NEWCOME—"Did you show the new curate into the parlor, Mary?"

MARY—"Yis, mum. Oi left 'im lookin' at yure weddin' prisints. He sed they was the finest he'd iver seen."

THE NEW CURATE—"This is the last, and hurry up too, fur they's some one comin'."

interview in the business room set apart for that purpose. In any case of illness or trouble Mrs. R. is always ready to assist, but the application should be made by letter, for she cannot possibly permit unauthorized interviews upon her privacy. Mrs. R. begs me to add that she feels convinced that your conduct arose from ignorance of the world and its customs, and not from any intentional impertinence. She is, therefore, ready to forgive what has passed, but begs that it may not occur again.

There! Let our imitators of British exclusiveness and aristocratic hauteur try as hard as they please, they can never hope to equal that. Why, it soars to heights of class insolence as far above their conceptions as the powers of a Shakespeare are beyond those of the esteemed contributors to our waste-basket. Only by long centuries of evolution in the process of grovelling before royalty and spurning cads and menials, could such a perfect efflorescence and culmination of snobbery be attained. Our holders of cheap titles and pot-bellied tax-eaters are emphatically not in it.

AN OBVIOUS UNTRUTH.

JOHNNY—"Say dad, I guess old Ginglesnap is a liar."

FATHER—"What makes you think that, my son?"

JOHNNY—"Why, I seen a lot of men at work to-day movin' one of his houses, an' you know he told you the other day that his property was carryin' itself. I thought at the time it was kinder funny."

SOLE ASTRONOMY.

OUR sympathy goes out to the soul astronomer, whatever his sect, his creed or kind; for life is the unit of consonance among all mankind.—*The Jury*.

THE man who courts a lovely girl,
Whose dad repels his suit,
May well excite our sympathy
When hoisted by a boot.
For oh! how dismal is his plight,
The sole his system jars,
Then burst upon his dazzled sight
Unnumbered gleaming stars.