

"'You'd better go to him now,' said the Spaniard, bitterly sarcastic. 'It seems to me I have won the bet; but let him keep the money; for I have given him a lesson. He can keep the money, but you'd better advise him to be wiser in the future and not to mock at subjects so serious.'

"He strode off abruptly, leaving us all stunned, as it were, with astonishment. We opened the door of the summer house, and there, unconscious and lying on the floor, we found the young student. He soon came to himself as we struck a light and lifted him on to a bench.

"On the table was the paper with the name 'Francois Vialat' scrawled across it. As soon as ever the student began to realize all that had happened, he vowed that he would kill the wretched man who had made him go through such horrible torture. He rushed back to the inn in search of him, and on being told that the Spaniard had already left, he started off at a frantic rate in pursuit.

"And do you mean to say," I exclaimed, my hair standing on end with horror, so tragically had Uncle Bayle related his terrible experience—"do you mean to say that, after such a proof as that, you can absolutely refuse to believe that there is anything in what the Spiritualists tell us?"

"Yes, I do; and for a very good reason—neither the Spaniard nor the young student put in an appearance again. And we had been fools enough to lend the money we bet!"—*Strand Magazine, from the French of F. Soulie.*

THE melancholy Jacques is a good type of Philistine. A Philistine laughs because he knows somewhat concerning the Relative Importance of Things. Still, he laughs only on the surface; down underneath he never smiles—the old world is too sad. And so, if I am now serious (as well as sincere), and tell of death—the Great Death that awaits us all—will you pardon it?

A Theatrical Troupe from New York was recently making a tour of the small western cities. Unlike most theatrical troupes, the members were all on very good terms with each other. In fact, there seemed to be a genuine bond of fellowship among them. At Burlington, Iowa, the Leading Lady was taken severely ill with an acute affection of the throat. The company took her on to the next stand, at Keokuk. A physician was called, and all was done that could be done, but the patient grew rapidly worse, and in a few hours passed out. She was a good girl—all of her savings had been sent at regular intervals to her old parents at Rahway. And now, after sending all of her effects, trinkets, and money to the old folks, a collection was taken up to defray the funeral expenses. They would give her a decent burial—it was all they could do for her now. A committee of three went to the Undertaker's and ordered a fine cedar casket.

"Shall I line the casket with white or lavender satin?" asked the Undertaker.

"Just which you please—we do not care for expense," said the spokesman.

"Yes, I know; but you do not understand. You see, if the deceased was a single lady the lining must be white; if she was married, it should be lavender."

The committee withdrew to advise. After some consultation they came back and the spokesman said: "We have decided that the lining should be white—pure white—but we think you had better trim it with lavender."—*Philistine.*