



EMULATION.

MAYOR KENNEDY—"Ald. Hewitt, your colleague Stewart has stepped down and out because, owing to certain developments, "his usefulness is for the present gone." I trust you do not intend to let him surpass you in the—er—that is to say, in—er—doing what good manners and self respect call for."

THE OFFENDED LETTER.

ON the morning after Dean Hole's lecture at Massey Hall, there came a ring at the door-bell of the house in which the very reverend doctor was a guest. The girl who responded came to the door of the dining room where the Dean was regaling his host after breakfast with some "more memories," and said it was a person to see the visitor from Rochester. "Show the gentleman into the parlor," said the host. "One of my hearers of last night, I trust," said the Dean, "anxious to contribute something to the restoration of my Eastern front." So saying he repaired to the parlor, where a queer-looking little being, shaped like the letter G, rose and greeted him.

"You wished to see me, I believe?" said the Dean.
 "Yes, sir," replied the caller.
 "I don't think I have the pleasure of knowin' you," added the very reverend.
 "No; you are evidently a perfect stranger to me, and that is really why I have taken the liberty of calling upon you. I am puzzled to know why you should have gone out of your way last night all through your lecture to treat me with contempt," responded the little fellow somewhat warmly.
 "Really," said the Dean, nervously, "I scarcely see your meanin'. I am not aware—"
 "You're doing it again now," replied the other.
 "Doin' it again? What do you mean? I should be sorry to treat anybody with contempt, and if you will make your meanin' plan,—"
 "There you go again! I call this too bad!" and the little fellow grew quite indignant. "Let me explain at once who I am, and you will see what I mean."
 "Yes, please do let me know *who* you are," replied the Dean, "then perhaps I can tell what you're drivin' at."
 "I am the letter G, that's who I am, and I want to know why you should cut me every time you use a word in which I am the final letter? You never fail to do it, and I don't like it, sir, and I don't think it's becoming in a man who is educated, much less a clergyman."
 "My dear G," replied the Dean, "you astonish me. I

had no idea I was in the habit of ignorin' or cuttin' you; and if I have hurt you feelin's I am really very sorry. It must have been a mere oversight on my part; I certainly had no idea of bein' offensive."

"I accept your explanation, of course," said the aggrieved letter, "but it is very hard to bear all the same. I don't know how you have fallen into the vulgar habit—for it certainly *has* a vulgar sound—and I would strongly advise you to break yourself off it. I understand it is a sort of fad among the 'smart set' in England to cut me, but I expected better things of high church dignitaries, and I can tell you, sir, that your treatment of me last night simply spoiled your lecture in the opinion of many of your hearers. I will say no more just now, but I hope you will keep an eye on yourself hereafter and treat me as respectfully as any other member of the alphabet."

So saying the visitor bade the Dean good-morning and retired.

AT 1.150 P. M.

MABEL—"I like a man with some go to him."
 GOSTIN—"O—er perhaps I'd better say good night."
 BOSTON MOTHER—"Why does Priscilla blush?"
 ANNETTE—"Please, mem, she's studying improper fractions."

Kate Field's Washington.

THE windlass, or story without an end. A labourer works to get money, to get strength, to get work, to get money, to get strength, to get work, to—



MIXED.

SWIGGER.—"Is thish th' other shide of ther street?"
 OBLIGING STRANGER.—"No, you drunken idiot. It's over there, of course."
 SWIGGER.—"Cur'us! Feller over there shaid 'twere over here."