

MY PHOTOGRAPHS.

Here's number one:

A sweet child's face, tanned brown by wind and sun;
Unruly curls, and eyes that flash with fun;
My first love-dream, the "sweetheart" of my youth—
Ah, how I worshipped little winsome Ruth!
(Girls grow so fast! I am my father's son,
And step-son of my "number one.")

And number two:

Oh, how we loved and swore by all things blue—
Blue eyes, blue skies—forever to be true!
And did all other foolish things and sweet
Which lovers do—too sacred to repeat.
All that is past: a gentle moneyed Jew
Is owner now of "number two."

And number three:

A vanished Summer-time comes back to me;
A country lane and wood and trysting-tree.
Fair Jenny Lee, that sunny Summer-time
Was one swift spell of sensuous, sumptuous rhyme.
Now known to fame as "Jane Minerva Lee
On Woman's Rights"—"my number three."

And number four:

Ah! let me look upon this face once more—
The royal, loyal face of "Reine Lenore."
A regal Reine, the loveliest of all queens.
We both were mad when we were in our teens
She's really huge, and happy with Le Gore;
And twins three sets—has "number four."

And number five:

Soft lines and shadings, which at once revive
Dear memories of Angel Annie Clive.
Too frail for earth, too pure for mortal love,
Death took her to the better life above.
She ate too many pickles well to thrive,
And so she left me—"number five."

Last, number six:

These piercing eyes my wandering mind transfix,
And bring me down to thoughts of Ellen Dix.
Ah! Ellen Dix, our youthful dreams are o'er.
The "ship" is wrecked on a rocky shore,
For know ye that Ellen Dix—
Alas for me and "number six."

A CHESS DRAMA.

Circumstances led me early in December to pay a visit to the pleasant city of Laertnom, Adanac. Pleasant because of its position, of its surroundings and the genial character of its citizens. Wandering along one of its suburban streets, one evening, I found myself in front of a strange-looking building, not resembling a church, nor a railway station, nor yet a powder magazine; but a sort of compromise between the last and the first. Curiosity induced me to enter the building; but before doing so I carefully examined my boot heels to see that there were no iron or steel pegs which might strike a spark, and then taking off my hat with the most reverent humility, I considered that I had sufficiently provided against the two principal dangers which seemed to threaten me.

Opening an inner door I ascended a crooked stairway with a door at its foot, which slammed behind me and nearly produced a case of vertebral dislocation. On arriving at the head of the stairs I found myself in a large, lofty and dimly-lighted room, which seemed equally well fitted for a Sunday-school or a Fenian Lodge. About twelve or fifteen gentlemen were either seated or standing in the middle of the room, and a very exciting discussion seemed to be going on at the moment I entered.

"I beg to remark," said one gentleman, who, from his clean, neat and natty appearance, I shall call "Wash," "that it is carrying the joke too far altogether, and that I, for one, intend to protest against—"

"Exactly," exclaimed another, who from the penetrating expression of his countenance I shall call "Search," "we protest against being represented as such, veritable chessplayers that we do not know the difference between a stalemate and a checkmate."

"Why," ejaculated one whom I afterwards learned was called "Horsenden," "he actually made me move my king up to the other man's king, each being in check to the other."

By this time I had discovered that I was in the rooms of the Laertnom Chess Club, and that an angry discussion was going on in regard to some one who had in some manner offended the *amour-propre* of the members of the club. I at once concluded that all this discussion had reference to an article entitled "A Chess Rehearsal," which I had the day before read in the *Naidanac Illustrated News*; and I was not surprised at the excited state of the club, for the article described them as little better than simpletons; while the writer of it had carefully concealed his connection with those he vilified by pretending to be an outsider, a mere visitor to the town as I was myself. As these thoughts flashed through my mind I began to study the company more attentively; and almost fascinated that I could distinguish each and all of them by the descriptions of them given in the article.

"Well," observed one who from his quiet demeanour I rightly conjectured to be "Weho," "there was a good deal of wit and point in some of the remarks even if they were a little overdone; and I think—"

"Oh!" broke in Horsenden, "it is all very well for you to talk about the wit of the article when your corns were not trodden on; but suppose he had ridiculed you instead of playing the sycophant, perhaps your mental vision would not have seen the wit of the article."

"Aye, aye!" remarked Wash, approvingly. "There is some truth in that, Weho; you must acknowledge there is some truth in that. I think you must admit that the writer treated you with marked favor, and that it is easy for you to overlook his treatment of others. Perhaps had he stroked your fur the wrong way,

you might have set up your back as some others have done. Eh! ha! ha! ha!"

I thought this a favorable opportunity to say a word, and ventured to remark:—"If you will excuse me, gentlemen, for putting my finger in this pie, I think I can tell you a fable which very nearly illustrates your position, and which suggests a mode of redress for your grievance. Have I your permission?"

As they had all noticed my close attention to what was going on, none of them seemed at all surprised at my speaking; and "Weho," who I found was the president of the club, courteously replied:—"We shall be glad to hear what you have to say, sir, though I do not promise that your suggestion will be adopted."

"Nay," I said, "I make no suggestion, but merely relate a fable, and leave you to draw your own inferences. May I begin at once?"

The president's permission being given and the attention of the others secured, I began as follows:—"In a pleasant valley in a tropical range of mountains somewhere near the equator, pleasant from its situation, from its surroundings and from the genial character of its inhabitants, but denuded unpleasant from its torrid heat, dwelt a small colony of monkeys—"

"Oh! oh! I say," exclaimed Wash, deprecatingly, "this is quite as bad as 'Rybar.' Monkeys indeed! And then you spoke of the genial character of the inhabitants of this valley. Ha! ha! ha!"

"We are not disciples of Darwin here, I beg to observe," chimed in "Search," "for though we have known many a man make a monkey of himself, we never knew of a monkey being developed into a man. But excuse these interruptions, sir stranger, and proceed."

"A colony of monkeys," I continued, "which led a very simple and happy life. Their principal occupation was cracking chestnuts and regaling themselves on the contents, which sometimes consisted of double kernels. Great was the pride and joy of the monkey which found one of these double kernels, and great the admiration and envy of his fellow-monkeys. You have probably observed, gentlemen, that these two last mentioned feelings almost always accompany each other. However, the members of this colony were in general on good terms with one other; and though each of them carried a tail behind him, not one of them bore tales against his neighbor. Silly chattering there was in plenty, and much practical joking; but nought that was done in unkindness of spirit. If a monkey, in his climbings, failed to reach 'the top of the tree,' the others did not deride him, but extended a helping hand, and oft a useful 'tail did unfold.'"

There was one old monkey, however, whose scandalous adoration (that is to say—the tale of his life) bore no record of anything accomplished which excited either the admiration or the envy of his companions; and I must here tell you that the prowess of a monkey is known by the worn and scarred condition of his tail, of which he makes much use in climbing; and that one of these monkeys was as proud of a mutilated tail as any human battle-scarred veteran could be of his various disfigurements.

This old monkey grew tired of his condition of mediocrity, and cast about him for some scheme of action or deed by which he might distinguish himself. Failing in this, it occurred to him that he might attain nearly the same result by belittling others; and so he determined to turn cynic by pointing out and ridiculing the little foibles and weaknesses of his companions. In this he met with considerable success for some time; and generally excited a laugh among those who were not the direct subjects of his jokes, which did not seem equally palatable to his victims. In fact, as this old monkey slyly remarked to a friend:—"It was amusing to see how some of them laughed, but it was still more amusing to see how some of them didn't laugh."

At last, however, when nearly all of them had passed through the fire of his scathing wit, they held a council to consider the best means of punishing the offender. After much voluble chattering, furious gesticulation and many frightful grimaces, it was, however, still undecided what action should be taken; when one of their number, an "odd-fellow" in his way, proposed that they should "bounce" the old monkey after the most approved style. The whole assembly "bounced" with delight at the idea, and the proposal was received with frantic acclamations and adopted unanimously. It was resolved to carry out the idea on the first opportunity. The chance soon offered itself, and the "bouncing" was immediately begun according to the *quadrumanian* idea of that ceremony. No sooner had the old monkey opened his mouth to utter one of his jokes than an active young monkey seized a clod of earth and threw it down his throat. A second monkey caught him by the ear, spun him round and cast him on the ground. A third jumped on him, while a fourth twisted his tail until he shrieked with the pain. Others took their share in making the old fellow uncomfortable, and as the fun (for them) waxed fast and furious, they got more and more excited, and became more cruel in their attacks. One bit off his left ear, and as he had now but one ear left, this became his left ear, and was at once adroitly amputated by another monkey. Thus the poor old fellow lost his left ear twice; and while it could be logically proved that his right ear had not been touched, yet it was gone. Ergo, this old monkey must have had three ears.

In vain the old fellow tried to escape his persecutors by dodging about among the trees. If he climbed to the top of a high tree, a score of his enemies were after him in a trice; and if then he sprang into an adjoining tree, it seemed to be alive with monkeys. Once he crawled into a hollow tree, but they threw in such numbers of stones that he was glad to scramble out again. Several times he showed fight, and though he recovered an ear for an ear, and a toe for a toe, yet the odds against him were altogether too heavy. In short there was no escape from his enemies; and, bruised, bitten, torn, scratched and half-flayed, in utter desperation he jumped into a deep part of the stream which flowed through the valley, dived to the bottom and held on to a jagged rock until death released him from his sufferings. Thus miserably perished one who had been a respected member of his tribe; and who, but for an unfortunate ambition to distinguish himself, might still have enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-creatures. The moral of my story, gentlemen, is too plain to require notice; and the suggestion it offers to you is equally plain. Your action, of course, will be modified by the difference in the circumstances and in the character of the actors."

"I should think so indeed," exclaimed Wash, who always seemed to get the floor first, "I should not like to bite off both of a man's left ears. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"The drift of your suggestion," quietly remarked Weho, "is, of course, that our friend Rybar should be heavily sat upon."

Here half-a-dozen members of the club sprang to their feet, and all endeavoured to speak at once, creating a perfect babel of voices; while the president rapped on the table and vainly called—"Order, order." The excitement ran high, and I began to fear that serious trouble would follow my rash interference; but at length quiet was restored, and some one was endeavouring to train his ideas into intelligible form, when footsteps were heard on the stairs, and a tall, handsome and dignified looking gentleman entered the room and advanced to the excited group with an expression of surprise on his benign countenance. My nearest neighbour leaned over toward me and, regardless of grammar, hastily whispered, "that's him."

I looked with astonishment at the noble figure before me, unable to conceive that he could have been the author of the article which had appeared in the *Naidanac News*; but when I noticed the fierce expression on the countenances of those around me I was compelled to believe that it was even so; and again the same dreadful misgivings as to the result of my interference took possession of me. Watching my opportunity I quietly sneaked down the stairs and out into the street. Scarcely had I reached the foot of the stairs, however, when I heard loud voices above, followed by a rush of feet, a scuffling sound, the crash of tables overturned, chairs thrown about, yells, oaths and shouts of "help," "police," "police,"—or was it not all imagination, a phantasm of the brain, the result of my overwrought feelings in describing the unhappy fate of the poor old monkey? Surely these dreadful sounds could not be real? I shuddered as I thought of that venerable old gentleman at the mercy of the angry men I had just left; and again my heart smote me for having interfered in this matter. I hurried away from the building, which now appeared to my fevered imagination to be a lunatic asylum; but I had gone only a short distance when I heard the crash of broken glass overheard, followed by a heavy fall on the side-walk, and a deep groan. Horrified beyond measure, I dashed down the street, not daring to look behind me, and took the shortest road to the railway station, intent only on putting the greatest possible distance between myself and a place where I had been the hapless cause of such a tragedy.

I did not quite shake off this phantasm (if such it was) until I read in one of the *Laertnom* papers the following item:—"A large dog, supposed to be mad, and which had found his way into the rooms of the chess club, made a sudden and violent attack upon the gentlemen present. After a desperate struggle he was thrown out of the window, falling thirty feet to the pavement below. When examined his skull was found to be fractured by the fall. Happily none of the gentlemen were injured beyond a few bruises and scratches." In my heart I hoped that this incident had proved a diversion in favour of the old gentleman whose appearance had impressed me so favourably; and I trust that he will accept this warning, for there may be no mad dog lurking around on the next occasion.

Mexico.

SANK INTO.

FOOT NOTES.

On the first day of a recent Session, as the terms are called in Scotland, the students at the Edinburgh University read on the door of the Greek class-room: "Professor Blackie will meet his classes on the 4th inst." A wag took out his pencil, erased the "c," and made the notice read thus: "Professor Blackie will meet his classes on the 4th." A group of young men hung about the door on the opening day to see how the Professor would take the joke. Up he came, saw at once the change in his notice, stopped, took out his pencil, apparently made some further alteration, and passed into the room with a broad grin on his face. A roar of laughter followed him. As altered for the

second time, the notice ran—"Professor Blackie will meet his asses on the 4th."

It is related of one Job Walmsley, a Yorkshire advocate of teetotalism, who was humorous in a rough way as well as eloquent, that he was waited upon on one occasion by a young gentleman who was ambitious to shine upon platforms, after the manner of Jabez Inwards, Simeon Smithard, and Mr. J. B. Gough. "Tha wants to be a public speyker, dos' tha, lad? An' tha thinks awm the chep to put tha up to a wrinkle about it! Tha's reight, I awm! Now harks tha! When tha rises to mek thy speych, hit taable an' oppen thy mawth. If nowt comes, tak' a sup o' watter an' hit taable again. Then oppen thy mawth wider than afor. Then if nowt comes tak' thyssen off, and leave public speykin to such as me."

MORE BEAR THAN LAW.—When Gratiot, Michigan, began to be disturbed by pioneers, and had its first justice of the peace, a farmer named Davison walked three miles to secure a warrant against a neighbour named Meacham for assault and battery. To save the constable a six-mile trip, the defendant walked in with the plaintiff. They encountered his honour just leaving his house with a gun on his shoulder, and Davison halted him with—"Squar, I want a warrant for this man for strikin' me. 'I'm in an awful hurry—come to-morrow.'" "So'm I in a hurry; and I'm goin' to have a raisin' to-morrow." "Meacham, did you hit him?" "Yes." "Davison did you strike back?" "No." "Meacham, would you rather work for him three days than go to gaol?" "I guess so." "And that will satisfy you, Davison?" "Yes." "Then make tracks for home, and don't bother me further! My son has just come in with the news that an old bear and three cubs are up the old beech down at the edge of the slashing, and I'm going to have some bear-meat if it upsets the State of Michigan. Court's adjourned."

MR. COMETTANT relates that he has been to Elsinore in search of Hamlet's tomb. He and his friend reached a hill on which formerly stood an abbey, at the extremity of the terraced gardens of Marientyst, where, they were told, they would behold the sublime metaphysician's tomb. Finding nothing, they inquired of a passer-by, "Hamlet's tomb, if you please?" "Which tomb is the one you want?" "Which tomb! Are there two Hamlet's tombs? He can't have been buried in two places at once." "Possibly. Nevertheless, there have been three Hamlet's tombs, though only half of one is still remaining. I must inform you, if you don't know it already, that one single tomb was quite insufficient to satisfy the curiosity of English visitors. At one time there was no Hamlet's tomb at all at Elsinore; for, as you are aware, the Danish prince never set foot in Zealand, either alive or dead. * But the English, who came in crowds to Elsinore, insisted on having one; and so somebody made them tomb the first. But the crowds of tourists increased to such an extent and so annoyed the owner of the land where the monument stood, that in order to divide, if he could not suppress the flocks of pilgrims, he set up another tomb at the further end of his property. But that did no good; because the English—you know how curious they are?—would visit both the tombs. He therefore, driven to despair, erected a third tomb. The two first have disappeared, and only a portion of the third remains. I suppose the English have carried away the rest of it piece-meal in their pockets to enrich their Shakespearian museums."

A UNITED STATES post-office agent was inspecting the office at Iron Rod, Montana, which consisted of a saloon, a post office room, and a faro bank. The mail-bag was emptied on to the floor, the crowd overhauling the letters, registered and all, selecting what they wanted, and the rest were thrown into a candle-box. "Where's the post-master?" asked the agent of the bartender. "Out mining." "Where is the assistant-post-master?" "Gone to Hell's Canon; and, by thunder, Bill Jones has got to run this office next week! It's his turn." The government official demanded the keys of the office. The bartender coolly took the candle-box from the bar, placed it on the floor, and gave it a kick, sending it out of the door, saying, "There's your post-office; and now git!" The agent reported, "Knowing the custom of the country, I lost no time in following this advice, and got." This is why the post-office at Iron Rod was discontinued.

Before the shop-window of a picture-dealer in Vienna stood a lady, who appeared to take special interest in an instantaneous photograph of one of the principal streets in the capital, for she presently entered the shop and bought the picture. On a closer inspection, aided by her glasses, she had no doubt in her mind as to the identity of the two figures in the street which had first arrested her attention. On reaching home, she subjected her daughter—a blooming lassie of eighteen summers—to a severe cross-examination; but the latter denied in the most positive terms having at any time promenaded the streets in company with a young gentleman. On being shown the photograph however, she saw that further denial was useless. The sun, according to the German proverb, had brought the truth to light. Nor could she prove to her mother's satisfaction that her fascinating young teacher of music, in taking her out for a walk, had improved the occasion by giving her a lecture on counterbass—on harmony, possibly. The curly-haired pianist has been dismissed, and a white-haired gentleman of grave demeanour engaged in his place.