

write, referring to the proverb about 'the man who is born to be hanged.'

At the latter part of sc. 1, Sebastian, Antonio and Gozalo develop, for gentlemen, an admirable command of scurrilous language. The boatswain did his duty, and was roundly abused. How like real life are Shakespeare's scenes!

BOATS.—'What, must our mouths be cold?' His mouth, it would seem, was the main part of him. What went in thereat, with what came out therefrom, made up his being. Well, admitting all that, is he utterly unlike people we know?

Boatswain figures only in the first and in the last scene of the play. His last entrance, Gonzalo greets with

'Now Blasphemy!

That swarest grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?  
Hast thou no mouth by land?'

Boatswain on shore and becalmed doesn't seem the same man:

How much mankind, chameleon-like,  
With circumstances changes colors!  
.....'Not an oath on shore?'

Out on the Bay of Quinte, abreast of Bath, fifty years or more ago, Jerry, the 'bold, bad man' of the village, the most jovial jester in all the taverns of the district, was caught in an open boat by a squall. One of his two companions dropped his oar, sank upon his knees, and began to repeat prayers. Jerry vigorously blasphemed at him, and threatened to throw him overboard if he did not instantly resume his oar, and pull for dear life. He pulled. When shore was won, Jerry turned toward him, and said contemptuously, 'Now pray on dry land—if you *must* pray:—not when you think you are going to be drowned.' How much has terror to do with religious emotion! or, rather, we ought to say, how little genuine religion is there in that which accompanies terror! Wm. Dunbar (circa 1500) sick, sang

'Timor mortis conturbat me!'

and many a more modern and less learned sinner, as true cause of his sudden piety, might confess

'The dread of death distracteth me!'

But the Good News, according to Paul of Tarsus, is that the Deus-Homo sets free 'them who through fear of death have been in bondage all their lives.'

### Our Wallet.

A gentleman of color recently came into a newspaper office desiring to obtain employment for his boy. 'What can he do!' asked the editor. 'At fust he can't do nuffin but edit yo' paper, but after he gits mo' sense he can black yo' boots an' sweep yo' floo', mos' likely.'

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Among Patti's half-million dollars' worth of diamonds are many that came from the crowned heads, three Kings and two Queens being among the donors. There is a man in Chicago who used to wear diamonds who is now wearing pawn jewelry, owing to his having three kings and two queens mixed up in the affair. The other man held three aces and a pair of jacks.—*Peck's Sun.*

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The New York *Christian Witness* published the Ten Commandments a while ago, and now some country papers are reprinting them under the head-line of 'Pearls of Thought,' credited to the *Witness*.

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Maker of musical instruments, cheerfully rubbing his hands: 'There, thank goodness, the bass fiddle is finished at last!' After a pause: 'Ach, Himmel, if I haven't gone and left the glue-pot inside!'

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'Can I take your daughter in to supper?' inquired a New York youth of a woman from the country at a swell party.

'Can you take her in to supper? Why, of course you can; and you can take me, too. That's what we came here for.'

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With sails of gloom now sails my ship  
Away the wild sea o'er,  
You know how sorrowful I am  
And trouble me so sore.

Your heart is faithless as the wind,  
And flutters evermore;  
With sails of gloom now sails my ship  
Away the wild sea o'er.

—FREE LANCE.

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Dr.—'Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?'  
Pat—'Yes, sir, I have; but I don't feel any better yet; maybe the lid hasn't come off yet.'—*Judy.*

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HOT SHOT FROM BOSTON.—New Yorker (who has been 'stuck' more than an hour with intellectual young lady from Boston): 'You say you despise New York men. Then why do you come to New York, and why do you go to New York parties?'

Young lady from Boston: 'For a complete intellectual rest.'—*Life.*

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'I want to get a dog's muzzle,' said a little fellow, entering a hardware store. 'Is it for your father?' asked the cautious store-keeper. 'No, of course it isn't,' replied the little fellow, indignantly; 'it's for our dog.'

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The story is told of an American farmer who, when once in search of a young bull, arrived at the railway track just in time to see a train coming along at full speed and his bull upon the track with head down and ready for a fight with the locomotive. The old man swung his hat and shouted at the top of his voice: 'Go it, you little fool! I admire your pluck, but despise your judgment.'—*McGill University Gazette.*

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At a recent meeting of French lawyers, M. Joseph Reinach collected some of the historical words which form the essence of Gambetta's eloquence. Among those pointed out, the following are most characteristic: At Bordeaux M. Gambetta said: 'When in France a citizen is born, a soldier is born at the same time.' At Harve—'There is no social cure because there is no social question.' At Paris—'I feel myself free to be both a believer in Joan of Arc and a pupil and admirer of Voltaire.' At Cahors—'Do not cry out "Vive Gambetta," but cry "Vive la Republique;" for the young have to grasp the idea, and have the conviction that men are nothing, but that principles are all.' At Menilmontant—'Not the sword alone can undo the Gordian knot; not power alone the international question.'

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One day as Thackeray was walking along Wych street, he passed a group of dirty little street Arabs. One little female tatterdemalion looked up at him as he passed and then called out to her younger brother: "Hi, Archie, do you know who him is? Him's Becky Sharp." "By Jove," said Thackeray to a friend "strange as it may seem, that little maiden gave me more pleasure than if I had received a complimentary letter from his Grace the Duke of Wellington. When your name gets into the slums that means fame; you have touched the bottom."