

get it as well as ever I did, and to know what's going on. Being observant I feel that in this everlasting talking in twos a great deal of conversational talent is lost or never brought forth. What is to prevent people chatting trash or meaningless nothings when there's only one pair of ears to listen, and the well-known gift of tongue belonging to the head of the family is only used to say "how do you do," and to mention when supper is ready. Fashion or no fashion, I say that society loses much when a Mrs. Pencherman is perforce silent. How, I ask, can I have the flashing wit, the sage argument, the new opinion and the sparkling repartee of a Lady Holland's salon in my Rural Dell drawing-room when the most original remarks must always fall lifeless on an audience of one person? Instead of catching encouragement from other lips, with the spur that rubs intellectual sparks from the friction of different minds, scintillating with the alternative brilliance of wisdom and humor that are so peculiarly the inheritance of political families. These are some of the reasons that I use to warn "society" to moderate her *tôt-à-tôtting*. How I long to revive old times, when I was a girl and they sat around of an evening and listened to father and one of the neighbors discussing books and the affairs of the nation. But things are changed, my young people don't seem to take to that sort of general conversation, Tom says "it's a long sight nicer to talk than to listen," that boy has a wonderful insight into human nature, and it's just his father's experience at Ottawa, while he pays the most polite attention to every one else in the house, he can't get any one to listen to him for five minutes, queer is not it? I spoke to Lucius about it the other day and he turned round on me with some of the suavity of manner his constituents know so well and said, "I suppose Mrs. Pencherman *you* can't understand that somebody's got to listen." I saw he was irritated, so I did not worry him, but just said softly, "Oh, yes, my dear, I do, but if I was in your place, I'd make it be the other fellows."

"I haven't a doubt of it, my love," was all the notice he took of my remark, and he walked off to the library, but as he shut the door I heard him grumble "I guess we know what we'er about when we keep women out of politics." But what has that got to do with general conversation?

J. M. LOES.

THERE was an old party in Me.
Who always had voted for Ble.,
But he bolted because
Of the fishery lause.
And he says he won't do it age.

AMONG the great moral questions one of the most difficult to answer is as to the relative sinfulness of going from church to church to avoid paying for one's preaching, or of strictly adhering to one house of worship and never paying one's pew rent.—*Boston Transcript*.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A BRONCHO.

It was just after the one hundredth performance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show that a reporter of *Life* called upon one of the Bucking Ponies for the purpose of eliciting a few items of bronchial information.

The gentleman was found in his sumptuously furnished box stall smoking a cigar and toying gently with some fricasseed hay. He smiled pleasantly as he rose, and with much *empressement* extended his fore-hoof to the reporter, and stated how much he appreciated the attentions of the

dear people of the East, and how he longed for next season to come around, when he expects to appear before them in a full line of star parts.

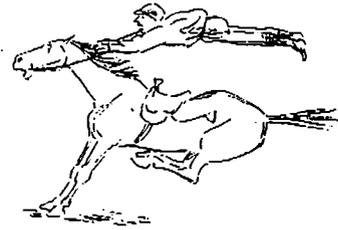
"Could you give a few points for the readers of *Life* on the science of Bucking?"

"With great pleasure," replied the affable Broncho. "It is very simple and easily learned. If you will kindly step up on my back I'll teach you the whole thing in less than a minute. You may gather your points afterward."

"You're very kind," said the reporter, climbing on his host's back.

"Oh no, not at all," replied the Broncho quickly. "Now, there are four motions. Ready?"

The correspondent reluctantly expressed his readiness.



"ONE."

"One," said the Broncho, gathering his hind legs beneath him, as the reporter assumed a horizontal position.

"Two," he continued, raising himself to an angle of forty-five degrees, as is shown in Fig. B, while the correspondent reached out to remove a large horsefly from the top of his car.



"TWO."

"Three," he ejaculated, with a sort of a rocking-chair motion that caused the interviewer to lean slightly forward and pull his stirrups up higher, so that he could see how the land lay.



"THREE."

"And four," said the Broncho, looking slyly around at his pupil, who, suddenly remembering an engagement at the hospital which demanded his immediate attention, was taking the shortest cut to the sidewalk through the second-story window on the north side of the garden.



"AND FOUR."

"Well," yelled the Broncho after him, "I never saw a cowboy get through the motions quicker than you did. You literary fellows are smart, and if you'll come in and rehearse to-morrow you'll be an accomplished Broncho steerer in less than a week."

But the reporter not caring for a rehearse of any kind, much less a rehearse, kept on his way, rejoicing that very little more than some of his valuable time had been killed by the interview.—*Carlyle Smith, in N. Y. Life*.