



WAITING FOR THEIR PREY.

**HUMOROUS.**

"YES, sir," began the distinguished-looking stranger, "I have delivered the same lecture two hundred consecutive nights, sir!" "That's nothing," declared Peckson, "My wife often delivers two hundred same lectures in one consecutive night."

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn round and look after a gentleman?" "But, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."

A SEATTLE girl thoughtlessly told a friend that the names of the donors would not be displayed with the presents at her wedding. Of course the news got abroad and when the day came not even the presents were displayed. They consisted of thirty-six plated sugar spoons and nineteen salt sprinklers.

"No, I can't give you anything," said Jay-smith to a collector for the missionary cause. "Charity begins at home," as Shakespeare said. "But Shakespeare never said it." "Oh, well, he would if he had thought of it."

WHEN a man wants to believe in ghosts, and is ashamed to, he believes in hypnotism. Many a man who cannot control his own mind talks gravely of controlling the minds of others.

"Have you the same teachers as last year?" was asked of a little chap who went to school for the second term yesterday. "Yes, they are all there. None of 'em has died yet," replied the boy.

TENDENCY OF THE AGE.—Congress (1891): Who is this knocking at my doors? Applicant: It is I, please your Highness, seeking a pension. Congress: But who are you that you should make such claim? Applicant: I am a poor, disabled census enumerator.

AT THE PARTY.—"Johnny, put down that cake at once; have you no manners?" "Don't speak so loud, papa; you ought to be glad that no one saw how badly I have been brought up."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—She: So, Jack, your rich uncle is dead, and I suppose you will inherit a large share of the property. I

know he promised to remember you in his will. He: No, I am just as poor as ever. My uncle kept his word, though. She: Why, what do you mean? He: This is what the will said: "I promised to remember my nephew Jack in making my will. I remember the young scamp so clearly that I shall not leave him a cent."

MISS MAY TURE: Oh! Edith, dear, do you know that Fred actually proposed to me last evening. Edith: Just as I expected. Miss May Ture: Why did you expect it? Edith: Why, when I refused him last night he said he would go and do something desperate.

UNCLE SAM: You Canadians are not very wise. Canuck: What do you mean? Uncle Sam: You don't know enough to come in out of the reign.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly. No; but we know enough to stay out of the hail Columbia.

WOULD TAKE AN ELEVATOR.—Elevator boy (to old Mr. Kentuck, who has just arrived at the hotel): Will you take an elevator, sir? Old Kentuck (smiling broadly): Waal, I don't keer ef I do. I'm feeling a little low spirited jes' at present.

A NEWSPAPER, in announcing a death and a marriage, got the two sentiments, "a sad affair," and "a happy event," transposed, and the editor is "not in" to anybody for the present.

Not many Sundays ago a south side Sunday school was invited to participate in a union service with another school a few blocks away, and formed in line with the Superintendent at the head, and marched out of doors singing the Superintendent's favourite hymn, "Hold the Fort." Bystanders stopped, and every one looked on at the beautiful sight of the proud Superintendent marshaling his handsome cohorts of carolling children up the street. Their singing charmed all hearers, too, but when they struck the second stanza,

"See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on"—

somebody snickered, and the Superintendent dropped back to the rear to speak to the tutor of the infant class.

**SOME FAMOUS POEMS.**

Gray's Elegy occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote Thanatopsis in the shade of an old forest.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox composed her little poem, The Land of Nod, while rocking her baby brother to sleep in the cradle.

Cowper wrote John Gilpin's Ride when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.

The poem The Falls of Niagara, was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut. He wrote it under pressure, in response to a call for "more copy."

General Lytle wrote I am Dying, Egypt, Dying, on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

After the Ball, the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to receive in the pages of a noted magazine.

Poe first thought of The Bells when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up, and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

Thomas Moore, while writing Lalla Rookh, spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot instead of in a retired dwelling in Devonshire.

Old Grimes, that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of Judge Albert G. Green, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and enjoying its humour, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

**Robinson Crusoe Island.**

A German traveller, Herr Alexander Ermel, has recently paid a lengthy visit to the historic Robinson Crusoe Island, and has published an interesting account of the hermit enthusiast who has been living there since 1877. In that year the government of Chili offered to rent the island to the highest bidder. Strange to say, a Swiss of noble family, Alfred de Rodt, a restless genius, who had fought on the Austrian side in the war of 1866, and on the French in the war of 1870-71, was assumed lucky competitor. The poetic flavour of the Robinson Crusoe Island attracted him, and he thought he found there a place of contentment and rest after a life of remarkable ups and downs. But he failed to find what he sought. He has discovered by sad experience that one individual cannot manage to cultivate the island. Although he put his whole fortune, fully fifty thousand dollars, into the enterprise, the end has been a failure, with himself physically a wreck. His term of lease expired in 1885, but he cannot resist the spell and fascination of the island. He still lives there, and intends to die there. He had brought only a few colonists with him; and besides these there are still a few very old men from the time when the island was a penal colony of Spain. The writer concludes, that a curse seems to rest upon this fair speck of paradise, and that the island, which ought with its wealth of vegetation to be able to support flourishing colonies, now scarcely furnishes sustenance for a few men. Such is the tragedy of the Robinson Crusoe Island in our day.

**Eve's Tomb.**

Situated near the desert, about a quarter of a mile from the western gate of the city of Jeddah, an object of interest to Christian and Mussulman alike, is the grave of Eve, or, as she is called in Arabic, "Sittua Hawwa," the mother of mankind. It is difficult to trace the origin of the legend that allots to Eve this desert tomb as her last resting place, and it is doubtful whether it is of any great antiquity. However this may be, the tomb is regarded with great veneration by the numerous pilgrims who visit Jeddah, and few fail to worship at the shrine.