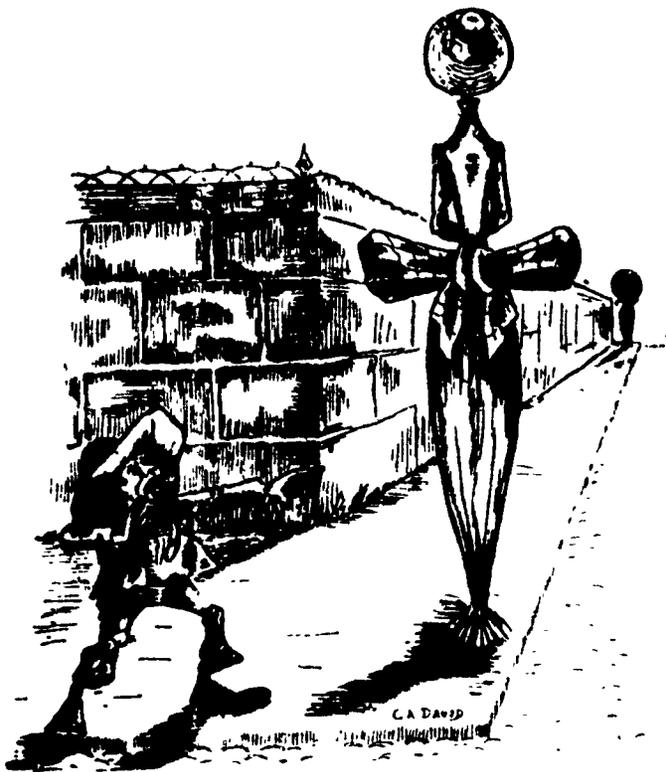


is certain to find a ready sale the moment its merits are understood,—an invention which every one of the intelligent men and women to whom I am speaking to night ought to possess. Here it is, ladies and gentlemen," he said, taking a valise from the floor of the pew, and running on in a high, nasal key, as he opened it. "The most wonderful invention of the age,—the New England combined egg-beater, can-opener, tack-hammer, frying-pan, and lid-lifter! To introduce it among you I have, for the present, made the price merely nominal, being but twenty-five cents. Step right up, and——"

The stranger made a hurried and somewhat ungraceful exit, assisted by the janitor and two deacons. Then a hymn was sung, and a long, gaunt, sad-eyed man outside heard it, and gazing silently at the far-off stars, murmured, "It was a daisy scheme, and blame me if I can see why it didn't work." And he walked down the street slowly and thoughtfully.

TIMOTHY.



"IS THIS A DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME."

—Shakespeare.

POLONIUS ON THE HORSE.

I HAVE never been on a horse but once—that was in my childhood's days. I have been troubled with loose teeth ever since. The horse was broad and fat, and my legs were short and stuck out at right angles. The "ups and downs of my life" (particularly the downs) during that horseback ride are still quite vivid in my memory.

The horse is a useful and intelligent animal. This has been said so often that the horses themselves are beginning to believe it, and are getting more independent and aristocratic every day, with the exception of the street-car horse. I think the absence of the street-car conductors has made the horses sad; they used to amuse the horses sometimes—

[Private.—I was going to say that the airs of a newly-fledged street-car conductor are enough to make a "horse laugh," but a cautious friend reminds me that the *Globe* has had that phrase copyrighted.]

If you don't think you know quite as much as the average horse, and probably never will, perhaps you had

better have as little as possible to do with a live horse. If you want to fool with a horse, a clothes horse is a very innocent and harmless thing in that line. But don't run against one in the dark. Next to falling over a wheelbarrow, I don't know anything that awakens more painful interest in a man for half an hour or so than to become entangled with a fully developed clothes horse in the dark.

Don't try to harness a horse if you are not sure you know what the bridle is and which end of the horse to put it on. You will get confused and nervous, and the horse will always have a contemptuous opinion of you; very likely he will secure a good big lock of your hair, too, or a chunk out of your arm, to remember you by. Don't try to deceive a horse, even if you think you are smart enough. It may be possible, even politic, to make say a woman believe you are not afraid of her, when you know in your inmost soul that you are. You can't play that game on the horse. I know this is not very flattering to the ladies; but I am a desperate old bachelor now, and have been declined so often by womankind that I have resolved to have revenge at every opportunity.

If you want a horse that will wear well, get a grey one. They are not immortal, of course, and their grey hairs will, in process of time, be brought down in sorrow (or joy) to the grave—or the tannery. But all the old, decrepit horses I have seen have been grey ones, and therefore I conclude that color in horse-flesh is tough and not easily discouraged.

A good many people speak very often and very highly of the "dark horse." But you can't rely on this representative of the equine race. You may be deceived in him, as he is not always clearly defined. He is not near such a hard, substantial fact as the saw-horse, for instance. There is nothing ephemeral or sentimental in the saw-horse; it is not here to-day and away to-morrow—not much. Who ever heard of an ode being written to a saw-horse? There is no poetry in that back-breaking relic of the days of human torture.

I am not wealthy, and never had anything to do with the fast horse. My conviction is that a fast horse and a fast man are much alike; they are both expensive, and, as a rule, cost more than they are worth, and their fastness is about all they are good for.

I can't say that I know anything more about the horse that would be new and interesting. He is not my "hobby" anyway.

POLONIUS.

THE JUBILEE.

THE Jubilee, the Jubilee, how glad we all must be
That now there's going to be an end to our famed Jubilee.
I've seen it up on all the walls, and up on all the streets,
It's in the mouth of every one that anybody meets,
And Queen Victoria's photograph in every shop I see,
And all because it's now the time of the blamed Jubilee.

I cannot buy a pound of soap, but it is asked of me
Whether I want the brand they call the brand of Jubilee.
I cannot buy a box of tea, but some one will demand
Whether I want the superfine—that is, the Jubilee brand.
My wife can't buy a piece of silk, but Jubilee's 's name,
And on my life, I do declare, it's a prodigious shame.

I think I'll take to some lone isle in sultry southern seas,
And for this reason, that there'll be no beastly Jubilees.
I'll light my pipe, and smoke it in quiet and in peace,
And cries of Jubilee for once will altogether cease,
And if they have a king or queen, their doctor I shall be,
And precious care I'll take that they shall have no Jubilee.

B.

A BURNING question—Where is the fire?