



GORDON B. AFTER THE "GLOBE"
WITH A SHARP STICK.

SOLD!

A BALL ROOM REMINISCENCE.

She was fair, and her hair
Had a gleam of the sun,
And her face just the blush of the morning;
Her blue eyes, half concealed
By long lashes, revealed
Each a shy little Cupid, for warning.

But in vain, in her train
Of adorers I sighed;
Not a dance before supper was left me;
So I stood by the wall,
Never dancing at all,
Since the fates of my Queen had bereft me.

Yet, at last, doubt was past,
My patience was crowned,
And my arm round her slim waist was twining;
To the "Reve de jeunesse"
We were floating express,
While the wax-lights, like love's stars, seemed shining.

'Twas a dream, with a gleam
From Hymen's bright torch;
For, like Caelebs, a wife I was seeking;
"With this girl," thought I then,
"I'll be proudest of men,"
So of love I began softly speaking.

In her eyes some surprise
I remarked, as I spoke
Of the havoc her beauty had wrought;
And then offering my all,
Asked permission to call,
Tho' I hinted her name I'd not caught.

O! the smile, which the while
Flickered over her face,
It was ecstasy surely to wake it;
And that quick upward look,
As my measure she took,
'Twas a poem, if I'd power to make it.

"Don't you hear," said the dear,
With a low, rippling laugh,
"How the 'Reve' has been changed while you're
raving?"
'Tis the *Vietron dir'* now,
And I think you'll allow
That the hint's like a clause they term 'saving.'

This was plain; yet again,
When we stopped by the door,
My fond hope, like a fool, I was staving,
When she tapped with her fan
A tall cavalry man,
Saying, "Good night, my husband is waiting."

THE "GENTLE" SPORT. — (Scene — River
Avon, Linlithgowshire; herculean ploughman
and city artisan are angling).

C. A. — Hoo a'e ye gettin' on up thare?

H. P. — Never had grander sport ae ma life.
I've just had four grate big yins on, yin after
the ither, bit they aa wabblod aff as I wi
landin' thum.

C. A. — Weel, I've never got a rise.

H. P. — An' nae wunder; hoo could ye hae a
rise whun I've riven the jaws aff them aa? —
Glasgow Bailie.

AN ADVENTURE IN CEYLON:

OR, A TORONTIAN IN THE EAST.

I have just returned from a trip to the Orient. I went east, old man, and I landed in the Island of Ceylon. Having "done" Colombo (and its hotel keepers), seen the cinnamon gardens, out at Marandahn, visited Arabi Bey at Slave Island, sauntered through the Pettah and climbed a few cocoanut trees at Mutwalli, I chartered a rice boat, and starting from the bridge of boats, began the ascent of the river Mahavilanga. For a couple of days I met with no adventures worth mentioning, but on the third, towards evening, I desired my coolies to run the boat to the river's bank, as I had been informed that there was a ruined Buddhist temple, well worthy of a visit, in the neighborhood. Having disembarked, I took my way, entirely alone, through a dense jungle, and as I penetrated further into its dark and gloomy recesses, the silence became most intense, nay, almost painful; true, it was occasionally broken by the metallic note of the bell-bird, the chattering of the minah, or the distant call of the four-spurred partridge, but these, being only heard at long intervals, served to make the intervening silence all the more impressive. I followed the almost imperceptible path which I had been informed led to the object of my quest, for about a mile and a half, when I suddenly emerged into an open glade, and on casting my eyes round about I descried the ruins which I was seeking. Huge blocks of grey stone lay round about, intermingled with beautifully sculptured fragments of what had evidently been the capitals of some ornamental columns. To my left I saw a portion of the ruined temple still standing, and, vent on seeing all that was to be seen, I entered a low door leading into the interior of the crumbling edifice, and found myself in a low, gloomy, damp vault-like chamber. My eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, I found that a narrow passage led still further back from the chamber I had first entered. I pursued my way, filled with a strange, undefinable sensation of dread and awe, but fully determined to explore the place thoroughly. Snakes, from whose eyes pale, lambent flames appeared to stream, glided noiselessly past my feet, huge white bats whirled on silent wing around my head as I went on, the passage gradually widening as I proceeded, till at length I emerged in a vast and lofty cavern, but at the same time my nostrils were saluted by a most horrible and sickening odor which seemed to permeate the atmosphere of the place. The loathsome smell had the effect of nearly causing my senses to leave me, and I staggered forward, my foot striking against the remains of a human skeleton which I had failed to observe in the obscurity, and causing them to rattle with a weird and grisly sound, at the same time a pack of jackals, alarmed by the clatter I had made, rushed past me toward the open air, yelling and screaming in a most discordant and blood-curdling manner. The deathly odor appeared to become more and more powerful. I can compare it to nothing I know of, so horrible was it, and it seemed to proceed from thousands of decomposing and festering corpses, as indeed I found to be the case, for, when my sight became fully accustomed to the subdued light, I was, indeed, in a vast tomb into which huge numbers of dead bodies had been thrown without any attempts at burial. I was shocked and horrified by this discovery, and it was many minutes ere I could proceed with my investigations; besides, I was nearly overpowered by the awful stench which filled the place. Having regained some of my strength, I determined to leave the vile spot with as little delay as possible, and was about to do so when I saw a human figure advancing toward me from the further side of the cavern and as he drew near I saw plainly

that he was an European, any doubts I might have had on the subject being dispelled by his words as he greeted me with,



"Hallo! what are you doing here?"

"Well, I was exploring, but I can't stand this abominable smell: I'm going to get out of this."

"Smell! what smell?" enquired the other, "I don't observe anything."

"You don't? well, your nose must be blind then: pah! it's awful," I said, holding my own.

"But what are you doing here?"

"Exploring, like yourself," was the answer. "Came up from Colombo to-day, only just out here from Canada and—"

"From Canada!" I interrupted, "from Canada. Why I'm from Canada, but let us get outside and talk, I really can't stand this horrible odor."

"Well, everything seems perfectly sweet to me; in fact I enjoy the perfume," returned the other, "but possibly the sensitiveness of my olfactory nerves has been deadened by my occupation in Canada."

"Well, if the smell you've been accustomed to is any worse than this it must be a holy terror," I said, "why, what are you, and what is your occupation?"

"I'm a lawyer, and for the last ten years I've attended the Toronto Police Court regularly every day."

"Oh!"

SWIZ.

HIS IDEA OF SOBERING UP.



Y gracious, Harry,
you look terribly tough:
What's the matter?"

"Been on a regular old bender; feel like a boiled owl. Say, what's a good thing for a fellow when he's this way?"

"Exercise, plenty of exercise: take a walk of several miles, as hard as you can go, into the country."

"S'that a good thing?"

"Best thing I know. It'll soon knock the vile alcohol out of you."

"Well, will you come with me?"

"I don't care if I do."

"All right, I'll go, but just wait a minute while I go and get my bottle filled to take with us!"

One thousand dollars in gold weighs four pounds. That is why so many newspaper men are roundshouldered. — *Chicago Telegram.*