



THE CONVENIENCES OF MODERN TRAVEL.

No, he is not paralyzed in any sense of the word. This is only Tom Longman who has been compelled to ride all night in a crowded car on an accommodation train. He's not quite straightened out yet, but will be all right in a week or two.

THE PLEADER.

I SAW him plead; a gentle child he supplicating knelt,
With tearful eyes, and fingers clasped beside his mother's knee;
Where oftentimes in happier mood perchance he'd aptly spelt
The mysteries evolved from out his infant A. B. C.
But now maternal wrath, and threat of timely chastisement
Did stimulate his tongue to press condonement for his deed;
And tender baby tears and sobs were with his promise blent,
But Fate was stern—he lost his case, tho' aptly he did plead.

I saw him plead; in youth's fair prime he knelt beside a dame
Of Hebe form and Psyche face, but with Diana's frown,
And cold and unresponsive tongue, that chilled his ardent flame,
And smote his erstwhile glowing hopes to furthest zero down.
She smiled upon another one, a gallant millionaire,
Who dipped his flag, like Antony to Cleopatra's grace;
And so, despite his pleading fine, Fate's taunting, leering stare
Did mock him with the memory of one fair, heartless face.

Once more I saw him plead; 'twas in Chicago's court room tall;
His client was that Cræsus who had won his early flame;
For now the Cræsus sought divorce of matrimonial thrall,
From her he charged with having soiled his fair unsullied name.
She saw relentless vengeance shine in the immobile face
Of her rejected early love, and heard the sapience fine
That echoed in his argument—in short he won his case:
And when he passed—"revenge is sweet"—he said—"and it is
mine!" C. G. R.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
One frosty winter day,
Instead of going straight to school,
I did the truant play.

I remember, I remember
That long and jolly slide
On which I split my little pants—
To sew 'em up I tried.

I remember well that needle,
How keen and sharp its prick;
But ah! it did not hurt so much
As my wrathy parent's stick.

I remember, I remember
That cane, it rose and fell,
Descending on my pantaloons
And causing me to yell.

I remember, I remember
My angry parent's eye,
And now I must confess I'm glad
I am not now a boy.

N. L.

OVER THE DISHES.

"OCH HONE, Molly, did iver sorrow come afther a will-intentioned gurl in the way it folleys me about, an' all owin' to the goodness av me heart? Mebbe you've hard that I've got me warnin' for this day wake, but I'll jist tell ye the sarcumstances av the case so that you'll see fwere the blame lies. It all comes av that fancy driss ball at the roller skatin' rink yisterday, bad cess to it. Missis would go to it, though I hard the masther tell her she had betther stay at home, as he expicted some wan in the avenin'. But go she did, an' afther she wint, whin I was swapin' out her room, I saw her illegantist driss hangin' in her closet. Then I sez to mesilf, 'It's a fancy driss ball, an' faix but I've taken a fancy to this driss, an' what harrum if I go to see the fun in that same?' An' the more I considered it the aiser it samed, until I made up me moind to go. So afther you had gone home, Molly, I slips on the driss, an' puts on wan av the missis's foine bonnets, an' stips out into the strate as illigant as you plase. An' I goes to the rink an' jines the crowds in the galleries, an' nearly gits the loife squazed out av me. Afther watchin' the skaters shootin' about in their quare drissis for some toime, I thinks I'd better be goin', in case the missis might come back afore me. So I pushes out as quick as I could, an' jist as I was in the throng av it, a gentleman stips up to me, an' takin' me by the hand quick loike, drags me afther him to the dure. It was so suddint I didn't know whether to scrame for the polace or to faint dead away. Then the manin' av it came loike a flash into me moind, an' I saw that the gentleman had mistaken me for the missis, bein' in her clothes, an' was goin' to run away wid me. An' thin I knowed what she mint by insistin' on goin' to the ball, jist to give the masther the slip, but, thinks I, I'll stop the schame before it goes farther. So I jist said nathin', knowin' that me brogue would bethray me, but I let him pull me to the door. 'There's a cab waitin', sez he, 'an' it's lucky I saw ye, for I thought you had been in charackter.' 'Talk av her charackter,' said I to mesilf, 'or your own, ayther, as if you had any worth lookin' at. But I'll be aven wid you, for I'll jist tell the cabby to drive you along to the masther's house, while I steps back upon the pavemint.' But whin we got to the cab, an' whin I ran up to spake wid the driver, faix ye might have knocked me down wid a dish-cloth,