

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO:

Full a hundred years ago times were
different you know

Women didn't try to fill the posts of
men;

Nor were brains of children oft by o'er
cramming rendered soft,
Yet the folks were very happy even
then.

There were no quick-rushing trains, nor
sweet music-hall refrains
Such as reach me even now within my
den;

Ladies didn't deal in slang, nor their
prettyresses bang,
Yet the folks were very happy even
then.

There was no electric light, and it wasn't
reckoned right,

For boys to smoke before the age of
ten;

The torpedo wasn't made, barrel organs
never played,

Yet the folks were very happy even
then.

Those great pills which sell in flocks
(worth you know how much per box)
Hadh't come within the British public's
ken,

Nor did brassy German bands play in sum-
mer on the sands,

Yet the folks were very happy even
then.

—Pick-me-up.

Not on the Passenger List.

(By Luke Sharpe.)

The "Gibrontus" of the Hot Cross Bun Line was at one time the best ship of that fleet. All steamships have, of course, their turn at the head of the fleet until a better boat is built. An accident happened on board the "Gibrontus" some years ago which was of small importance to the general public, but of some moment to Richard Keeling—for it killed him. The poor man got only a line or two in the papers when the steamer arrived, and then they spelled his name wrong. It had happened something like this: Keeling was wandering around very late at night, when he should have been in his bunk, and stepped on a dark place that he thought was solid. As it happened, there was nothing between him and the bottom of the hold but space. They buried Keeling at sea, and the officers knew absolutely nothing about the matter when inquisitive passengers,



The Coming Man and his Girl.

hearing rumors, questioned them. This state of things very often exists both on sea and land, as far as officials are concerned. Mrs. Keeling, who had been left in England while her husband went to America to make his fortune, and tumbled down a hole instead, felt aggrieved at the company. The company said that Keeling had no business to be nosing around dark places on the deck at that time of night, and doubtless their contention was just. Mrs. Keeling, on the other hand, held that a steamer had no right to have such man-traps open at any time, night or day, without having them properly guarded, and in that she was also probably correct. The company was very sorry, of course, that the thing had occurred; but they refused to pay for Keeling unless compelled to do so by the law of the land, and there matters stood. No one can tell what the law of the land will do when put in motion, although many people thought that if Mrs. Keeling had brought a suit against the Hot Cross Bun Company, she would have won it. But Mrs. Keeling was a poor woman, and you have to put a penny in the slot when you want the fingers of justice to work, so the unfortunate creature signed something which the lawyer of the company had written out, and accepted the few pounds which Keeling had paid for Room 18 on the "Gib-

rontus." It would seem that this ought to have settled the matter, for the lawyer told Mrs. Keeling he thought the company acted very generously in refunding the passage money; but it didn't settle the matter. Within a year from that time, the company voluntarily paid Mrs. Keeling £2100 for her husband. Now that the occurrence is called to our mind, you will perhaps remember the editorial one of the leading London dailies had on the extraordinary circumstances, in which it was very ably shown that the old saying about corporations having no souls to be condemned, or bodies to be kicked, did not apply in these days of commercial honor and integrity. It was a very touching editorial, and it caused tears to be shed on the Stock Exchange, the members having had no idea, before reading it, that they were so noble and generous.

How, then, was it that the Hot Cross Bun Company did this commendable act when their lawyers took such pains to clear them of all legal liability? The purser of the "Gibrontus," who is now old and superannuated, could probably tell you if he liked.

When the negotiations with Mrs. Keeling had been brought to a satisfactory conclusion by the lawyer of the company, and when that gentleman was rubbing his hand over his easy victory, the good ship "Gibrontus" was steaming out of the Mersey.

(To be continued.)

MATTER-OF-FACT, ANYHOW.

Aristocratic Mater.—Well, Cecil, what do you think of the two Miss Hazeldeans? Aren't they just lovely? Which do you admire more—the dark or the fair one?

Cecil.—I don't see any difference between them.

A. Mater.—No difference! Why? How?

Cecil.—They both want husbands.

EUPHEMISM.

Lady.—You had better wait up for the master to-night, Thomas, and if he is very tired you might help him to bed.

Thomas.—Yes, ma'am, but hadn't John better stay up along with me, 'cause when the master is very tired he's awfully lively and strong.

Lady.—Just as you please, Thomas.