

of the Duke's personal friends, and to get from them letters of recommendation which even Wellington could not easily disregard.

"Something must clearly be done, however; for, although the fellow had hitherto been kept at bay, he was evidently determined to give the Duke no peace till the matter had been fully gone into. For a moment Wellington looked so grim that the secretary began to hope for the order, which he would gladly have obeyed, viz., to kick the inventor into the street forthwith. But the next instant the iron face cleared again, and over it played the very ghost of a smile, like a gleam of winter sunshine upon a precipice. Show him in," said he, briefly.

"The observant secretary noted both the tone and the smile that accompanied it; and he inwardly decided that it would have been better for that inventor if he had not insisted on seeing the Duke. It came the great discoverer—a tall, slouching, shabby, slightly red-nosed man, with a would-be jaunty air, which gave way a little, however, before the 'Iron Duke's' penetrating glance.

"'I am glad to think that your Grace appreciates the merits of my invention,' said he, in a patronizing tone. 'They are, indeed, too important to be undervalued by any great commander. Your Grace cannot fail to remember the havoc made by your gallant troops at Waterloo among the French cuirassiers, whose breast-plates were not bullet-proof; whereas, if —'

"Have you got the thing with you?' interrupted Wellington.

"The inventor unwrapped a very showy looking cuirass of polished steel, and was just beginning a long lecture upon its merits, when the Duke cut him short by asking:—

"'Are you quite sure it is bullet-proof?'

"'Quite sure, your Grace.'

"'Put it on, then, and go and stand in that corner.' The other wonderingly obeyed. 'Mr. Temple,' shouted Wellington to his secretary, 'tell the sentry outside to load with ball cartridge, and come in here to test this cuirass. Quick, now!'

"But quick though the secretary was, the inventor was quicker still. The moment he realized that he had been set up there on purpose to be fired at, and to be shot dead on the spot if his cuirass turned out to be not bullet-proof after all, he leaped headlong through the open window with a yell worthy of a Blackfoot Indian, and, darting like a rocket across the court yard, vanished through the outer gateway; nor did the Duke of Wellington, from that day forth, ever see or hear of him again."

HE WAS APPRECIATED.

A San Francisco paper tells of a well-known member of that community, now dead, who, when State senator, was engaged in some very radical measures which sorely cut into many people whom he thought were in need of reform. They abused him thoroughly, but in his honesty he maintained the fight strongly. A friend of his from the city visited him in Sacramento while the measures were pending.

"Well, what do they say of me in San Francisco?"

"They don't speak very well of you."

"What do they say about me? That's what I want to know."

"Well, they say very rough things about you. I don't care to—"

"Speak it out. Tell me how they talk."

"They call you a liar, a scoundrel, a thief, an ignoramus, an idiot—everything they can think of that's bad."

"Ah," said the Senator, rubbing his hands in glee, and chuckling in perfect enjoyment, "they feel me, my boy, they feel me!"

BILL NYE'S PHILOSOPHY.

To the young the future has a roseate hue. The roseate hue comes high, but we have to use it in this place. To the young there spreads out a glorious range of possibilities. After the youth has indorsed for an intimate friend a few times, and purchased the paper at the bank himself later on, the horizon won't seem to horizon so tumultuously as it did afeertime. I remember at one time purchasing such a piece of accommodation paper at a bank, and I still have it. I didn't need it any more than a cat needs eleven tails at one and the same time. Still the bank made it an object to me, and I secured it. Such things as these harshly knock the fluff and bloom off the cheek of youth, and prompt us to turn the strawberry-box bottom side up before purchasing it. Youth is gay and hopeful, age is covered with experience and scars where the skin has been knocked off and had to grow on again. To the young, a dollar looks large and strong but to the middle-aged and the old it is weak and inefficient. When we are in the heyday and fizz of existence, we believe everything, but after awhile we murmur, "What's that you're givin' us," or words of a like character. Age brings caution and a lot of shop-worn experience purchased at the highest market price. Time brings vain regrets and wisdom teeth that can be left in a glass of water over night.—*The Ingleside.*

HOW TO CRUSH A CRITIC.

Mr. Robert Burdette, the humourist, gives the following account of the manner in which he crushes his journalistic enemies:

"Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Sometimes, when a man has pitched into me and cut me up rough, and I want to pulverize him, and wear his gory scalp at my girdle, and hang his hide on my fence, I write the letter or editorial that is to do the business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him! Gall and aquafortis drip from my blistering pen. Then, I don't mail the letter, and I don't print the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer. Next day I look at it. The ink is cold; I read it over and say: I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and bowie-knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer. The next day I read it again. I laugh, and say: Pshaw! and I can feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is, I am ashamed I ever wrote it, and hope that nobody has seen it, and I have half forgotten the article or letter that filled my soul with rage. I haven't been hurt, I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along, making twenty-four hours a day as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy."

Question Drawer.

A correspondent asks the following questions:—

1. Are Dufferin, Cardwell, and Bothwell counties, and, if so, what are the Capitals of the two former?
2. How many cities are there in Ontario?

REPLY.

1. Dufferin is a county, Cardwell a township, and Bothwell a village. The county town of Dufferin is Orangeville.

2. The cities of Ontario are:—Bellefille, Brantford, Guelph, Hamilton, Kingston, London, Ottawa, St. Catharines, St. Thomas and Toronto.