

line has, as might have been expected, produced a host of imitators. Two of these, Miss Minnie Palmer and Miss Annie Pixley, recently appeared at the Royal here. Miss Palmer, who came with a play called 'Our Boarding School,' has little but her beauty and her sweet singing voice to recommend her. She has few of the virtues and most of the vices of the original whom she copies; and to her borrowed stock of the

latter commodity she has added some native to herself. Miss Pixley, however, is an actress of a different order. Her *Miss*, in the dramatisation of Bret Harte's well-known story, is a genuine child of nature, and, barring a few touches of self-consciousness and some other trifling blemishes, as unstudied as it is delightful. The imitator here, has far surpassed her original.

THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

Little Nellie was looking at some pictures of wild animals when Mr. Jorkins called, and appealed to that gentleman to explain one of the pictures. 'That is a wild boar,' said he, and the little lady looked at it thoughtfully and replied—'It doesn't look like you, does it, Mr. Jorkins?' 'I hope not,' responded the guest. 'Why?' 'Because,' said the artless infant, 'mamma said, when your card was sent up, "There is that old bore Jorkins again!"'

The more a man accomplishes the more he may. An active tool never goes rusty. You always find those men the most forward to do good, or to improve the times and manners, always busy.

Lady: 'But tell me, Miss Jenkines, why you are not satisfied,'—Governess: 'Well, the fact is, madam, I should be perfectly contented to stay if Master Tommy were not so plain, but I am afraid of his being taken for my little boy some day, when we are out walking, and that would be so very unpleasant!'

Macready was one of the most careless actors at rehearsals, and was often an enigma to the country actors. At one time he was playing *Virginius*, in which his natural and colloquial style threw the actors off their guard. One in particular imagined the 'star' to be addressing him in familiar conversation. For instance, the lines—

'Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in?
Or will you do so?'

were spoken very naturally, and the actor replied. 'Oh, I don't mind, Mr. Macready! Just as you like—the way they do it in London.' Another instance occurred when he was rehearsing *William Tell*. The line was, 'Do you shoot?' 'A little,' was the answer; 'but I don't fancy them cross-bows, Mr. Macready, though I'm fond of a gun.'

It is related that Archdeacon Denison was once closely pressed in an argument, but was evidently resolved to die hard; and at length his antagonist, a virtuous engineer of the Smiles ideal, lost patience at the regular warfare of the Archdeacon. 'Look here, sir,' he exclaimed despairingly, 'do you acknowledge that two and two make four?' 'I am not prepared to make an admission of that importance,' replied the Archdeacon, 'till I have given the subject the maturest consideration. Sometimes it is supposed they make twenty-two.'

In a Connecticut district school, a few days since, a little boy six years old was seen to whisper, but denied doing so when reproved by the teacher. He was told to remain after school, when the teacher, trying to impress upon his youthful mind the sinfulness of not speaking the truth, asked him if they did not tell him in Sunday-school where bad boys went who told falsehoods.