

three spasmodic kicks, and succeeded in propelling myself about one foot six inches without my farther mishap. Emboldened by my previous success, I resolved to follow exactly the directions of the book, and "beat my way" auster in half an hour. "Now," the book said, "strike out with the right foot bodily at an angle of 120 deg. from the left." I did this, and some time after another I could not get the right kick into position; in fact, it pointed in a straight line, so that two legs were at an angle of 180 deg. Some fiend skating backward, then purposely sat down softly upon my head and raised a lump of about eight pounds on my forehead, and then stirred me for setting down on the ice, as if it were my fault; I got up again, and, after some further collisions with posts and people, to the amusement of the skaters, I mastered the art sufficiently to be able to make three strokes per minute. I then resolved to strike a compass course for the lower end of the rink; started out and got to the middle in about ten minutes, and would have got over all right if somebody had not strack against me and started me on a terrific rate down the remainder of the distance. I failed to turn the corner, and just as the band struck up "See the conquering hero come," I came, and brought up in grandeur against the wafer cask,—cut my eye, split my coat right down the back, and tore both knees of my pants. I got up again and made for the upper end again to put off my skates and start for home, and on my way up, went through several gymnastic performances *gracefully* and well, among which were waltzing on my right ear to the tune of "Away down upon the Swanee River" from the Band, and executing the double grape vine with variations about six times. In half an hour, however, I reached the dressing room, got off my skates and left the rink a sadder and a wiser man. My expenses for the evening I summed up as follows:—

Pair Skates,	\$2.50
" Boots,	5.20
" Skates,	40
Suit of clothes, spoiled,	15.00
Hat, spoiled,	2.00
Doctor's attendance,	5.00
Total,	\$30 10

I may also include \$2.00 which I have since paid in buying a revolver with which to assassinate the author of that book if I should ever meet him, and I will give on word of advice to the unwary. To any person who intends learning to skate I say, pad yourself with not less than four pillows, wrap a good soft blanket about your head and hire two boys to assist you during the operation. If you don't wish to do this, don't try to learn to skates.

N. B.—Any person wishing a new skating outfit can obtain it from me at a liberal discount.

SUCH IS LIFE.

Riches we wish to get,
Yet remain spendthrifts still;
We would have health, and get,
Still our bodies ill;
Bafflers of our own progress from youth
to life's last scenes.

We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within;
We would have misery cares,
Yet will not cease from sin;
We want all pleasant end, but will use
our harsh means.

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not we do,
And we lean upon the thought;
But our own acts, for good or ill, our
mightier powers.

But next, we would reverse,
The scheme ourselves have shown,
And what we made to curse,
We now would lean upon,
And feign kind gods, who perfect what
man vainly tries.

MATHEW ARNOLD.