

PICTURESQUE ATHENS.

The Streets Are Made Brilliant by Marble Houses.

Of the three mountains including the plain of Athens, Mount Pentelios is the highest (4,640 feet); Mount Pentelios (3,641 feet), with its regular triangular shape suggesting the pediment of a temple, is the most imposing; but the thyme-covered, honey-producing Hymettus (3,308 feet) has always been most intimately associated with Athens. It lies nearer to the city, and from almost all the streets and all the windows looking eastward can be seen its curved line marking the blue sky above, except on the rare gray days, when clouds resting on its top are an infallible sign of rain. The various hues of the mountains and the smaller hills forming an inner circle around Athens, combined with the view of the sea, lend an additional effect of airiness and buoyancy to the aspect. In the long, straight streets of the new town from end to end, nothing impedes the view on either side.

In praising Athens, we must not draw a veil over her defects. Such improvements as are indispensable to a modern city have not kept pace with her growth in extent and affluence. The stages of this progress can be seen in the structural inequalities even of continuous dwellings. These dwellings may be chronologically divided into three categories: those of the first settlers, when all were poor, and the main necessity was at any rate to be housed; those of the thrifty citizens, who felt the want of more space and greater convenience, but had little regard for external appearance or interior comfort, and considered carpets and plate-glass a luxury, and even chimneys of small consequence; and those of the wealthy immigrants, who gave an impulse to the building of elegant houses among all who, thanks to increasing prosperity, could afford to imitate them.

The proximity of the quarries of Hymettus and Pentelios enables Athens to supply herself with a building material which no other city could have at equal cost. Marble, in itself an embellishment, is profusely used, and loses none of its brilliancy in the dry atmosphere, whose transparency makes pleasant to the eye even the light colors spread on the stone walls, which in other latitudes would hardly be bearable. The agreeable effect thus obtained is increased by the trees in some of the streets and squares, as well as in the gardens of the better class of houses. But Athens might and would be more verdant still were it not for the lack of abundant water. This want was felt in antiquity as well; to it may partly be ascribed the epidemics recorded by ancient historians in times of war, when the number of inhabitants was increased by those of the surrounding country seeking refuge within the walls.

Antoniou Plus endowed Athens with a perfect system of water works. They consisted of subterranean galleries collecting the waters of the neighboring mountains. To these old Roman aqueducts, successively discovered, repaired, and utilized, Athens still owes her scanty supply of water. Projects for increasing the supply are ever talked of, but will be deferred so long as the municipal finances remain no better than the national. Meanwhile, the macadamized roads between the fine sidewalks are hardly watered. This fact and the nature of the soil, notorious for its thinness since the days of Thucydides, account for the dust, which is the greatest blemish of Athens. An English lady was heard to admire the picturesqueness of its whirling clouds; but even were that single representative of an optimistic minority on a fine day, succeeding one of rain, to see the town and the clear outline of the distant mountains through a dustless atmosphere, she could not help regretting that the same effects are not artificially attainable.

On the whole, Athens will show to best advantage if visited after Constantinople and other towns in Turkey, as the standard of comparisons will be fairer than that afforded by the great capitals of the West. It must not be forgotten that, if one of the most ancient, she is at the same time one of the newest among European towns; nor ought the long period of her decline ever to be lost sight of when comparing her with other towns. The traveler who, remembering that long period of Turkish sway, counts on receiving an Oriental impression from the aspect of Athens is doomed to disappointment. Even the national garb is fast disappearing. It may still be worn by a few elderly Athenians. Those, and a peasant here and there selling milk or cheese, recall the day when their dress was the national one. It is, however, the uniform of certain soldiers of light infantry, who may be seen parading the streets or mounting guard at the palace, in all the white splendor of the fustanelle. The wide blue trousers of the Aegean islanders are not less rare, nor is the small chance of seeing them at the Piraeus, among the craft from the various islands moored along the quays. The uglier and cheaper product of the slop-shop has replaced the picturesque drapery of the olden time. The monotony of the modern costume is broken only by the priests with their long black robes and their peculiar hats.—"Public Spirit in Modern Athens," by D. Bikelas, in Century.

How He Selected His Deputy.

That tale related in the telegrams of an Alabama girl who shot a young man a couple of times and then married him recalls the method employed by George Bardsley, one of the early day sheriffs of Ellis County, in appointing his deputy. One night he was called to Chris Riley's saloon, where "Texas Frank," a newly arrived desperado in Hays City, was "shooting out" the place—a

performance which consisted in the promiscuous firing of his "gun" at the barkeeper, bystanders, lamps, bottles and pictures. Sheriff Bardsley grabbed the first weapon handy in his own saloon, which happened to be a double-barreled shot-gun, and proceeded to Riley's on the run. Dashing to be ordered Frank to throw up his hands, and the response was a bullet from Frank's 44. Letting go both barrels of his shotgun, Bardsley brought the desperado to the floor, so full of shot holes that he couldn't hold either air or water.

Frank was not killed, however, and in course of time recovered, under the kind attention which he received in the county jail. Presently it was observed that the Texas man was walking around town without a guard, and a little later the people were astonished to find him serving legal papers and making arrests. Bardsley was approached by a newspaper man at this time, when the following colloquy took place:

"Is Texas Frank your deputy?" queried the reporter.

"Yep," was the sententious response of Bardsley.

"How does that come?" was the next inquiry.

"Well, you see," said Bardsley, "most sheriffs appoint their deputies, but I like to shoot mine."—Kansas City Journal.



George W. Cable expects to sail for England in a few weeks. He has made arrangements to give public readings from his works in London and the provinces.

Dean Farrar quotes Tennyson as having related to him the remark of a farmer who, after hearing a fire-and-brimstone sermon from an old style preacher, consoled his wife by saying: "Never mind, Sally; that must be wrong. No constitution couldn't stand it."

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who will be remembered by many Chicagoans as a visitor to the World's Fair, has written a book entitled "Picturesque Burma, Past and Present," which she has also illustrated. She writes in a chatty way of the far-off country as she saw it.

A movement has been started to recognize publicly Herbert Spencer's services to philosophy and science, upon the completion of his system of synthetic philosophy. A committee has been formed at the Athenaeum Club, London, to decide on the form of this recognition.

Though a site has been chosen for the bust of Sir Walter Scott, there will yet be a little delay before it is finally set up in Westminster abbey. This is due to several causes, one, though certainly not the most important, being that the money has not yet been fully subscribed.

Says the London Daily News: "A new volume of the poet laureate? One forgets for the moment that Tennyson is dead. Then one yawns at the recollection of Mr. Austin's name and the announcement that his new book is to be entitled 'The Conversion of Winckelmann and Other Poems.'"

There is to be published in Liverpool early in the new year "A History of the Liverpool Privateers and Letters of Marque," by Gomer Williams. The greatness of the city, says the publisher in announcing the character of the forthcoming work, was sukkled on the twin infidelities of slave trading and privateering, and the book is to consist of an account of both.

In some remarks on the promised Byron revival W. E. Henley says that the public "has had enough of fluent minor lyrics and hidebound (if superior) sonneteers, and is disposed in the natural course of things to renew its contact with a great English poet who was also a principal element in the aesthetic evolution of that modern Europe which we know."

People who have seen manuscripts of W. D. Howells's writing have been surprised that the work of a man who is such a prolific writer should show so many changes. "One little sketch of his that I happened to see," says an admirer of the author, "was crossed out and rewritten many times. And it was a simple sketch, not a story—one that I should have thought he would have written at a sitting without changing a word."

Second Fiddle.

Stylish maid,
Many charms,
Puppy dog
In her arms,
Youth drops in,
Cool receipt—
Darling pug
Still is kept,
Lover sighs,
Looks at her;
Wishes he
Was a cur,
Ten o'clock,
Time expired;
"Tom, good night,
Fido's tired."

—New York World.

A Traveller's Forethought.

Little things illustrate certain Englishmen's knowledge of American geography very picturesquely. An Englishman who had taken the Pacific express at Philadelphia called out on going to bed before the train started: "Portah! portah!"

The porter came. "What is it, sir?" he said.

"Please wake me up when we get to San Francisco, you know," said the Englishman.

Men have better health than the women, because they sigh less when things go wrong, and kick more.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

set on a roundish hilltop.
And weather-stained and gray,
The little mountain schoolhouse
Looks down on the lonesome way,
To other dwellings is near it,
"Tis perched up there by itself,
Like some old forgotten chapel,
High on a rocky shelf.

at the cobwebbed windows
I peered, and seemed to see
The face of a sweet girl teacher
Smiling back at me.
There was her desk in the middle,
With benches grouped around,
Which fancy peopled with children—
Grown up this many a year.

toys and sturdy children
Trudging there, rain or shine,
Eager to be in their places
On the very stroke of nine.
Their dinners packed in baskets—
Turnover, pie, and cake,
The homely toothsome dainties
Old-fashioned mothers could make.

Where did the little ones come from?
Fields green with aftermath
Sleep in the autumn sunshine,
And a narrow tangled path
Creeping through briar and brushwood
Leads down the familiar way;
But where did the children come from
To this school of yesterday?

Oh, brown and freckled laddie,
And lass of the apple cheek,
The homes that sent you hither
Are few and far to seek.
But you climbed these steep hills like squirrels
That leap from bough to bough,
Nor cared for cloud or tempest,
Nor minded the deep, soft snow.

Blithe of heart and of footstep
You merrily took the road;
Life yet had brought no shadows,
Care yet had heaped no load.
And safe beneath lovely roof trees
You said your prayers at night,
And glad as the birds in the orchard
Rose up with the morning light.

One is the fair young teacher;
The scholars come no more
With shout and song to greet her
As once, at the swinging door.
There are gray-haired men and women
Who belonged to that childish band,
With troops of their own around them
In this sunny mountain land.

The old school stands deserted,
Alone on the hill by itself,
March like an outworn chapel,
That clings to a rocky shelf,
And the sentinel pines around it
In solemn beauty keep
Their watch from the flush of the dawn
Till the grand hills fall asleep.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Cosmopolitan.

Don't Be Sarcastic.

In connection with the work of our Teachers' Bureau, I have within a few weeks had occasion to make inquiries concerning the work and the success of a good many teachers. In several instances these inquiries were made concerning people of whom I knew something already; in not a few cases I know a good deal concerning the teacher's personality, ability, preparation and conscientiousness. In more instances than one I have been pained, almost shocked, to receive a reply something like this: "Oh, Miss— is a good woman; she is bright and faithful, but the pupils do not like her; she is too sarcastic."

This has set me to thinking, and it ought to set every one who reads these words to thinking—real, earnest, personal thinking. The old inquiry, "Is it?" is in order. So use the expressive American phrase, it "doesn't pay" for a teacher to spoil or to mar the salutary influence of ability and earnest labor by indulgence in this unworthy practice. If you will think carefully you will see that sarcasm is always the outcome of some unworthy personal feeling—vexation, or self-esteem, or a desire to retaliate. I can think of only one condition that would justify its use in school, and then only sparingly and in perfect good nature. I think it sometimes happens that a conceited student, one afflicted severely with "cranial enlargement," can have his disease best treated by a keen, good-natured thrust of sarcasm.

Look at the origin of the word sarcasm, and reflect whether the thing is not true to the original sense of the word. The most helpful thing in a teacher's work is genuine sympathy between teacher and pupil. Is this feeling possible if the teacher indulges freely in sarcasm?—E. C. H., in Public School Journal.

Teaching Reading.

The work of the teacher of reading may be summed up under these three headings: 1. Teaching the pupil how to read. 2. Teaching him what to read. 3. Training him to habits of correct reading. The work of teaching how to read may be divided into two parts: 1. Teaching the pupil how to gather thought. 2. Teaching him how to express thought. Though a pupil is able to make out quite readily the words placed before him, he is still often unable to get the meaning of a sentence through not being able to combine the ideas suggested by those words. He experiences the same difficulty that older people have in listening to one who speaks too slowly. The child is unable to think slowly. After four or five weeks in word-mastery he should have some exercise in reading groups of words as "a tall oak-tree," "a high fence," "a man and his dog." Later on he can read sentences.—W. A. McIntyre.

Some Simple Devices.

The work in any school which is the most far-reaching is the reading work. The teacher combines her reading and nature work. It is always a language lesson. Now, to determine one of the most useful devices, that is, one of the most general, "all purpose" materials to have on hand, it will be worth while to examine some of the aids offered for the reading work.

There are charts that are to be used

during the reading recitation. There are many advantages to be derived from this chart, but many of the most successful primary teachers prefer to make the lessons themselves, which they wish to use. Then all the material the children bring to school, all the holidays and circuses can be utilized, and the interest in the reading lesson be increased. Probably the most useful material is made by having the letters of the alphabet printed on card-board and cut so there is but one letter on a card. We have our alphabets painted so the small letter is on one side of the card and the corresponding capital on the other. There are three e's, two each of the a's, o's and u's, and one each of the consonants of the alphabet. The letters should be good, plain type, about a half inch long. Eight or ten of these alphabets put into an ordinary spool box (which is thrown away at the dry goods store), are prepared for each child. This kind of work is suitable for the First Reader children, so it does not require very many.

The busy work with the very smallest pupils may consist in having the children make lessons from the readers or from the board on their desks, each using the letters from the box given him. A little later the teacher may put stories on the board, leaving blanks to be filled, which the children make on their desks, putting in the proper words. Still later, when they have learned to spell, or when they can hunt up words which they can't spell, they can make their own stories about the flower, the bird, or the squirrel. There are teachers who object to having the children do any of this purely copy work in making their stories exactly like those of the book or on the board. Of course such work as this is most elementary, and just as soon as the children can spell the necessary words they should be encouraged to give stories of their own. When they put these stories into letters they frequently wish to use words they cannot spell. It is hardly advisable for them to spell the words as they may think them likely to be. It is better for them to leave blanks and read the stories just as if the words were really there. If a word is misspelled for a few times it is a very hard matter to correct.—Sarah E. Tarney Campbell, in Inland Educator.

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls all manner of names, at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of a man by heedless and ill-natured idlers were brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin cushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy, when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress, or our affairs.—New York Ledger.

The French Convention.

The old French convention lasted three years one month and four days. It had 749 members and passed 11,210 decrees. Of its 749 members, 58 were guillotined—Dumy, June 26, 1793, being the first, and Bishop Huguet the last, October 6, 1793; 8 were assassinated and 2 shot; 14 committed suicide; 5 died of grief; 6 perished in accident; misery; 3 died on the highway, to be eaten by dogs; 1, Armandville, the last wearer of the red cap, perished in a drunken fit, 4 died mad; 2 were killed in the army, 1 was carried away by the Prussians and never heard of; 3 died suddenly; 1 expired in prison; 1 fell dead of joy on learning that Bonaparte had disembarked at Prejus; 138 perished in exile or in penal settlements, 23 were never heard of from the date of the eighteenth Brumaire; 65 vanished after the coronation of Napoleon, and 25 died in poverty and obscurity. The convention had 63 presiding officers, of whom 15 were guillotined and 8 transported; 22 were outlawed, and 6 sentenced to imprisonment for life; 4 died in madhouses, and 3 committed suicide.

A Cruel Gibe.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, was a man, it is said, "generous of his money, but whose tongue dropped gall." He once visited Paris with his friend Luttrell, a man whom he and everybody else loved and respected. One day a stranger beckoned to Luttrell on the street, and spoke to him apart. When he returned he said:

"That fellow knew me; he asked me if my name was Luttrell."

"And was it?" said Rogers, quietly.

"Their companions were astonished to see Luttrell turn pale at this simple question as if he had been struck a blow. There was, they discovered, some disgrace attached to his birth and he had been adopted by a man, who gave him his name."

Rogers knew and admired his friend's honorable life, but he could not deny himself the malicious pleasure of this cruel gibe. It hurt Luttrell but for a moment, but published in Rogers' memoirs will always remain to tell of the poet's disloyal malignity.

The name wheat is derived from a Saxon word, "hwæta," signifying white, because the flour from this grain is lighter in color than that from another.

LIFE IN JAMAICA.

The Island Belongs to the Colored People.

I found myself in a great, shadowy, roomy, hotel, with hard-wood floors and furlings of veranda, giving on a garden which had run somewhat to seed, but contained several palm-trees, and an assortment of lizards, green and brown, in agreeable confirmation of the propinquity of the equator. Round about this hotel and its environment we wandered till lunch was ready; there were oranges, bananas, and several other fruits which I do not specify only because I am still unable to recollect their names. As to their flavor, I can only say that I do not care much for it as yet; there was one that tasted like butter, and another that had the consistency of cream cheese and the taste of strawberry jam.

On the whole, the flavor of these Southern products strikes the Northern visitor as insipid and too sweet, and makes one understand why Englishmen always hanker after curries and the like sharp condiments in the tropics; but no doubt we are sophisticated and wrong and ought to like what seems to us insipidity. Meanwhile, the oranges, bananas, and pineapples are all much better here than they ever are after enduring export.

As for the breadfruit and yams, of which we also had specimens, they are a mixture of the potato and the sweet potato, and are less captivating than either. They have almost no taste at all, and I should suppose that one finally would come to regard them in much the same light as bread, something usefully filling, but without character enough to inspire either loathing or devotion. With the aid of sauces and gravies, however, they go down very well.

The bill of fare included likewise fish which was good, and meat which was not very good; it has to be eaten too soon after killing to have lost its toughness. But one does not expect to eat much meat down here; vegetarians are in their element in the tropics, especially that superior order of them who favor that part of the vegetable kingdom which grows above ground. The country women, who walk fifteen to twenty-five miles a day in the sun with burdens on their heads which must sometimes weigh not less than fifty pounds, and who are never in the least tired—these ladies, it appears, live on fruit and yams only, and find them all-sufficient diet.

After dinner I went into a barber shop, and submitted myself to the ministrations of an artist there. The shop was at the rear of the little structure which bore the sign; the front part of it, if I remember right, was devoted in part to the sale of tobacco. On three sides of the room were windows protected by wooden gratings painted red and blue; through them I saw bits of intense blue sky and green fronds of palm. On a wall just outside the establishment a lizard ran and hopped, and the eternal buzzard alighted on a corner of a bill within my range of vision. Close beside me a young darkey with a countenance of illimitable amiability labored assiduously on an instrument in the nature of a hand-organ; out the works were in full view, and in the opinion of several bystanders seemed to vie in interest with the tunes. This music took the place of the traditional barber's conversation, though that also was abundantly available on demand, and was, indeed, carried on with much vivacity between the various employes and some visitors who appeared to have come in for that purpose. It sounded like a mixture of Italian and French, and may have been Jamaican popular English, for aught I know. I could not understand it.

I accepted these details as being typically tropical; but, on the other hand, the chair in which I sat was made in Rochester, New York; on the wall were a large lithograph of Brooklyn Bridge and a portrait of President Cleveland. Electricity, too, has got to Kingston, and the wires run through the branches of the mangoes and palms. The house in which I have taken up my abode is fitted throughout with electric bells, but I am happy to add that none of them work. In one of the larger shops, I think, there is an elevator, the only one on the island.

I said just now that the white people look out of place. That fact, so far as I can judge, is the moral of the story here. The island belongs to the colored folk, and the others are gradually being crowded out. The proportion is already about thirty to one against the latter; and while the colored race goes on multiplying, the whites are packing their trunks and moving out. Is this movement to be arrested or not? I doubt whether it will be arrested by the English. Workmen imported from the States do not succeed here; that is, they all die in two years from rump. The coolies do admirably, but they cannot be the final solution of the problem. Perhaps the best thing we can do is to become colored people ourselves.—"Summer at Christmastide," by Julian Hawthorne, in the Century.

Where Sleep Is a Disease.

On the western coast of Africa the natives suffer from a fatal malady known as the sleeping disease. The person attacked by it is seized with a sensation of drowsiness, which continues to increase in spite of the efforts made to throw it off. Finally the patient sinks into a profound sleep, which continues until death ensues. The most curious feature of the disease is that apart from the drowsiness the patient seems much as usual.

Yarn from Wool.

Yarn made of wool is getting into the market. It is smooth, flexible, elastic and otherwise much like fiber yarns.

All the members of a family secretly laugh at the efforts made by another member to be agreeable to callers.

TRAPPING THE CUNNING RAT.

A Novel Plan for Making Them Destroy One Another.

The following novel plan of trapping rats was described by a writer in Cornell June, 1890: "The cunning of rats makes attempts to catch them in traps almost futile, their keen scent recognizing the places where a hand has been, and warning them to avoid so dangerous a locality. The use of gloves smeared with aniseed may lull the suspicions of the animal; but traps will never be the means of greatly diminishing its numbers where it has fairly established itself. The best course to take where the extermination of a colony of rats becomes a necessity is to make them help to destroy one another in the following manner: A number of tubs, proportionate to the number of rats in the place from which it is desired to rid them, should be placed about, the middle of each occupied by a brick standing on end. The bottom of these tubs should be covered with water to such a depth that about an inch of brick projects above it. The top of the tub should be covered with stout brown paper, upon which a dainty meal of bacon rind and other scraps dear to the rat palate figures, a sloping board giving the rodent facilities for partaking of it. The feast should be renewed for several nights, so that all the rats in the neighborhood may get to know of the good food which is placed within such easy reach. When it is judged that this policy has been pursued long enough, the center of the brown paper should be cut in such a manner that any rat venturing on it will be precipitated into the cold water below. It might be thought that the result of this would be the capture of a rat, or at the most two, for each tub prepared, but no such meager result for the trouble that has been taken need be feared. The rat, finding his trust abused and himself struggling in the water at the bottom of the tub, soon recovers sufficiently from the shock to discover that there is an island of refuge, on to which he clambers, and squeals his loudest for help. Now the squeal of a rat in trouble attracts every one of his kind within hearing, and very few moments will elapse before the victim of misplaced confidence is joined by one of his friends. The newcomer is as quick to discover the chance of escape from a watery grave as was the original victim, but when he attempts to avail himself of its presence, it becomes apparent that there is no room for more than one upon it. The first comer resists with tooth and nail the efforts of his companion in trouble to dispossess him of his cognate vantage, and the squeals which form an accompaniment to the fight for a footing upon the brick, attract more rats to the scene of the tragedy. The conflict waxing more and more furious as rat after rat topples into the water, and by morning bedraggled corpses in plenty will gladden the eyes of the man whose losses at the teeth of the rats have induced him to adopt this means of thinning their numbers. Some years ago the plan described above was tried in a city warehouse, with the result that 3,000 rats were destroyed in a single night.—Hoard's Dairyman.

Mother of Pearl.

Pictures inlaid with mother of pearl are in great favor this season. First the picture is painted, only it is not all painted, for speckled over it are variously shaped bits of unpainted canvas. These spaces are left for the insertion of splinters of mother of pearl cut to fit. The result is an opalescent, iridescent effect that is altogether lovely. "The Maid of the Mist," jauntily riding the seething caldron of Niagara, is arrayed in rainbow colors, as though played with the sunlit spray that dashes over it. The Washington monument, tall and stately, no longer is ghastly white, but gleams with warmer hues caught from sky and earth and sea.

There is fresh fancy for inlaid furniture, and tabourettes from Turkey come with a veneer of dark wood inlaid with mother of pearl of the most beautiful tints. Chairs of similar finish are offered in quaint designs. A folding camp chair from Damascus is in light brown wood so like sandalwood that the imagination catches the Oriental perfume. It is carved in stripes and inlaid with large stars of pure white pearl. Damascus and Bagdad and American—the Arabian Nights and the new world days! And all for less than \$20, so have the hard times reduced the price of luxuries that they may be sold at all, while so many have not money enough for the necessities.

Moving the Well.

A family who have recently taken into their employ a rosy-cheeked Irish maid-of-all-work, say that her blunders caused them amusement enough to compensate for any trouble they may entail.

One day the man of the house stated in Bridget's hearing that he intended to have a wood-house built on a piece of ground which at that time inclosed a well.

"And sure, sorr," said the inquiring Bridget, "will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot when the wood-house is built?"

A smile crossed her employer's face, and instantly Bridget saw that she had made a mistake of some sort.

"It's meself that's a fool, I'm thinkin'," she said, hastily, bound to retrieve herself. "Av coorse when the well was moved every drop of water would run out av it!"

Of Course Not.

Aunt Maria—But why didn't you sing out when he attempted to kiss you?

"Why, you know, auntie, I never can sing without my notes."—Boston Transcript.

The one who works the hardest receives the most blame. The idle, doing nothing, are responsible for nothing.