

WHAT THE CIRCUS DID.

We were a quiet and sober set. Little accustomed to noise and frolic, Decent and modest at work or play, And oh! so proper in every way.

Nobody ever had seen us go At all too fast, or at all too slow; No matter how gaily we talked or sang, We never had used a word of slang.

The boys on their heads, with feet in air, Are riding wild horses on each high chair; Or down on their backs on the sidewalk brick, Are balancing tubs for a juggling trick.

Alas and alas! 'tis a woeful sight The way we are changed at the time I write! Father is swaying against the breeze, Hung by the toes from a high trapeze,

I wish in the night, I wish in the day, I wish with my heart, I wish with my head, I wish with my ears which are nearly dead, I wish with a sort of mute despair.

WHAT IS HOSPITALITY!

BEFORE THE PARTY. "There, I believe old Mrs. Peckham's name completes the number! William, my dear, will you please listen to this list of invitations, and see if I have omitted any one to whom we are indebted?"

It was a way Mrs. Barnes had of planning with her daughter Alice some expensive indulgence, and when too late to be recalled, springing the subject upon her husband in an easy, matter-of-course way, which left him no alternative but a half unwilling consent.

"Why, you see, my dear," she went on, in answer to his questions of surprise, "we haven't had a large company in over a year, and we are really under obligations to all these people—fifty-eight I make in all."

"I do detest large companies," began Mr. Barnes. "I'm sure you cannot dread this thing any more than I do," put in Mrs. B., "and all the work and care to come upon me, too; but it is not so bad as a number of small gatherings, just as it is better to have several doled teeth all extracted at once, rather than to keep dreading them."

"That is very well for literary people, whose houses are full of objects of interest," said his mother—"And who have other ways of entertaining people than through their stomachs," whispered naughty Alice—"but we must have an elegant supper, or we will give up the party."

side-down of the house from top to bottom, the polishing of silver, the importation of crockery and extra help (?), and the endless cooking, cooking, for the Barnes family could not afford to order their supper from the local Delmonico's.

"How dreadfully early some people do come. Here, Alice, help me on with this lace quick; I hoped to have a moment to breathe."

"Good evening, my dear Mrs. Rollins; how kind of you to come early; we shall have time for a real little visit before there are other arrivals."

Remarks like these in the going-home carriages: "Such a stupid affair! Why will people like the Barneses try to ape gentility, and give fashionable parties when they don't know how?"

"Why ever again, my dear?" urged Mr. Barnes, gently. "Why need we accept invitations we do not care to return? Why can we not hereafter invite our friends and people whom we wish especially to make happy, in small companies, which will not tire you to death in preparation."

"It does seem as if that were the better way," assented the wife, absently, thinking how she could get breakfast out of that mass of confusion in the kitchen; "but then, society, you know."

"But the bills began to come in. They looked large placed over against the small family income. The father and mother were talking them over one night after the children were in bed. They must be provided for by 'pinching' somewhere else, as Mrs. Barnes had said. She was ready with her devices."

way which I am afraid they would not like me to mention. Not that they exactly planned it so, but the next summer it came about in this wise. Mr. Barnes took no vacation, but stayed in the city and worked hard all the hot, long season. Fred was luckily invited to the home of a college friend.

"If I had been writing a fable, instead of a fact, I would put at the bottom this little moral: We all wear masks. Things are not always called by their right names. There is still much slavery in the world, much voluntary servitude. We are all slaves to the burdensome social customs, whose yoke we abhor, but dare not throw off."

At present the comet is about one hundred and sixty millions of miles from the earth, and its distance from us will probably not be less than eighty millions at any time, though further calculations will be necessary to settle that point.

It is now invisible to the naked eye, and by a small telescope, though it is readily seen, yet owing to its smallness it can hardly be distinguished from the stars which surround it.

A Frenchman, M. Menniser, has just proffered a novel and bold plan for enabling vessels crossing the Atlantic to communicate with the mainland.

General James M. Coale, who died at Frederick, Md., a few days ago, left \$10,000 each to the following institutions: Georgetown College, Georgetown, D. C.; St. John's Literary Society, Baltimore; St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys, Baltimore; and the Little Sisters of the Poor, Baltimore; besides smaller bequests of from \$2,000 to \$5,000 to other schools and charities.

—N. Y. Independent.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—The Baptist ministerial army in the United States numbers 16,514, beside the licentiatees.

—There were 1,756 races run during the season of 1881, and the amount of money that changed hands was \$987,284, of which \$811,935 was won in the United States.

—Jay Gould's total wealth is estimated at over \$60,000,000, of which \$40,000,000 is invested in railroad and telegraph stocks, and \$20,000,000 in bonds.

—The Alder gulch, in Montana, has been steadily producing placer gold for twenty years, and is now worked out as high as water can be carried on its sides.

—The great activity in business circles is made manifest by the fact that the outward-bound mails from New York City are unprecedentedly large.

—The Astors pay taxes in New York on \$11,500,000 worth of property; W. H. Vanderbilt on \$3,250,000; A. T. Stewart's widow on \$5,250,000; Amos R. Eno, \$4,000,000; J. G. Bennett, \$1,200,000, and so on.

—Nothing makes so much noise as a rickety wagon with nothing in it, unless it be a man who insists on talking when he has nothing to say.

—El Perkins cut open a Florida alligator and found fine knots in its stomach. That's nothing. An alligator is not obliged to make a diet off of rocks and gravel-banks all the year round.

—A Philadelphia editor bears the name of Comet. He should have no difficulty in providing a tale for his paper, but it is hoped he will not get out of his orbit, and pitch into the Sun or the World.

Both Useful and Orn.

It is very easy to say that the decorative mania leads our women to waste time and to deface crockery and other objects. Instead of thus ridiculing those whom we should treat with the utmost tenderness, why do we not take them by their respective hands—figuratively speaking, of course—and lead them into fields where their passion for decoration can be exercised in a way that will be of real benefit to the race?

Miss Sophonisba Brewster has for some time delighted in decorating the family china—including the preserves and the porcelain-lined preserve-kettle. Mr. Brewster regarded his daughter's labors with great disdain.

The bird when turned loose in the yard soon became the subject of unrestrained admiration on the part of the hens of the vicinity, who came to the fence and, peering through at him, remarked to one another in a cackle too plain to be misunderstood: "Isn't he just too, too, too, too utterly utter?"

In the course of the day the owners of the hens appeared and carried them away, but before night the decorated rooster went fourth and brought back a new harem of thirty-four fascinated hens, all of whom furnished the Brewster household with eggs on the next morning.

The new rivals of the original decorated rooster were sufficiently gorgeous to retain the allegiance of their harems, and three of them challenged him to single combat, and whipped him so thoroughly that the discouraged bird persistently remained at home and shunned all female society.

That night the game-cock returned home, at the head of a procession of three hundred and eleven hens. In fact, as was afterward learned, there were not six hens left in the whole township who had not yielded to the fascinations of the gallant Pompeian stranger.

—Massachusetts has been having an epidemic of big fires. In the words of a native of the Emerald Isle: "The inhabitants of that State are hardy, but the towns are tinder."

—Silver hair-pins are used by gray-haired ladies.