

A TOMBOY.

That long-legged darling, Alice James, plays cricket with the Johnson boys; A dozen engines could not make So shrill a noise.

THE ROMANCE OF A PIPE.

"P-I-I-f, Minnie! It's a horrid smoking carriage." "So it is, Maud. Well, it couldn't be helped. There was no time to choose our carriage; in fact, we had luck in catching the train at all. These underground trains scarcely give one time to wink."

use it yourself, perhaps you can spare me my pipe now," suggested the stranger, smiling. "Oh, it is yours, is it? Here you are," she said, handing it up to him.

Minnie owed her opportunity to the pipe. If you took the opinion of the three persons, adding in Aunt Agatha and Maud, you would probably find them concur in Minnie's original verdict upon the said pipe, viz., that it was a regular clinker—London Truth.

THE PASSION PLAY. In the little watch making town of Selzach, Switzerland, this summer there will be presented a new version of the Passion Play. With rare exceptions, the production nowadays of a play of this kind, dealing as it does with a living and breathing representation of Christ upon the stage, provokes little opposition in many of the European countries.

In the sermon scene the Savior is shown standing in the shade of a great tree as He preaches to the people His doctrines. There is a wonderful dramatic art in this scene, as the crowds are slowly worked up to a wild pitch of enthusiasm for the Master and His teachings, and in this spirit they lead Him to Jerusalem.



The death of Sir Patrick O'Brien recalls his reply in the house of commons to Mr. Biggar, who had been nagging Sir Patrick for the fun he could get out of it. "Sir," said the latter, "if I were to say to this house that I regarded the honorable member for Cavan with contempt and disdain, what would the house reply? Sir, the house would say: 'Pat, me boy, toight ye are.'"

General Gordon of Georgia, tells the following story of the war period to illustrate the shrinkage of the Confederate currency: "One day a cavalryman rode into camp on a reasonably good horse. 'Hello, cavalryman,' said a foot-soldier. 'I'll give you three thousand dollars for your horse.' 'You go to the bad places,' was the horseman's reply; 'I just paid one thousand dollars to have him curried.'"

There was once a prominent man in Chicago who had a very exalted opinion of his own city. He died, and when he reached his eternal home, he looked about him with much surprise and said to the attendant who had opened the gate for him: "Really, this does great credit to Chicago. I expected some changes in heaven." The attendant eyes the Chicagoan a second, and then observed: "This isn't heaven."

Sir John Hopkins, admiral of the British fleet which came here on the occasion of the Columbian celebration of 1893, appeared on deck in a fine new uniform, and said to Julian Ralph who was his guest on the Blake at the time: "Will you look at me?" "Sir John," said Ralph, "I should think you would feel proud." "Pray send me a puppy dog with a gladiolus in his mouth."

One day Maurice Barrymore dropped in at the Lambs Club and met a few congenial friends. "By the way, boys," he said, "how is dear old Joe Holland? Where is he now? I should so like to see him." "Why, he's playing over in Philadelphia at Mrs. Drew's theatre. Why don't you jump on the train this afternoon and run over there. You'll see him play Brutus in 'Julius Caesar' to-night." "I'd love to do so," said Barrymore, enthusiastically, "but, thank God, I can't."

A neighbor, whose place adjoined Bronson Alcott's, had a vegetable garden in which he took a great interest. Mr. Alcott, too, was interested in his potato patches. One morning meeting by the fence, the neighbor said: "How is it, Mr. Alcott, you are never troubled with bugs, while my vines are crowded with them?" "My friend," replied Mr. Alcott, "I rise very early in the morning, gather all the leaves from my vines, and throw them into your yard."

An English clergyman, who was suddenly called on to preach to a congregation of college students, was unable to speak without notes, and had only one written sermon with him, which was on the duties of the married state. The topic was hardly one that he would have chosen for this occasion, but he hoped that it would pass muster as being appropriate by anticipation. But unfortunately he did not read the sermon over, and so, before he knew it, he had uttered this appeal: "And now, a word to you who are mothers."

When, after the second battle of Bull Run, General Sigbee, assumed command of a division of the Army of the Potomac, he gave an elaborate farewell dinner to the officers of his old Excelsior Brigade. "Now, boys, we will have a family gathering," he said to them, as they assembled in his quarters. Pointing to a table, he continued: "Treat it as you would the enemy." As the feast ended, an Irish officer, Captain Byrnes, was discovered by Sigbee in the act of stowing away three bottles of champagne in his saddle-bags. "What are you doing sir?" gasped the astonished general. "Obeying orders, sir," replied the captain, in a firm voice; "you told us to treat that dinner as we would the enemy, and you know, general, what we can't kill, we capture."

Wordsworth was present at a polite dinner one night, when he was informed that Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, was present. While the latter was building the Skerrievore Light-house he had been in the habit of swinging in a hammock during the evenings and reading the "Excelsior." This was told Wordsworth, who was delighted. At the end of the dinner, he was called upon for a speech. He rose and said: "Gentlemen, I can not make a speech; I never did, and am afraid I never shall. But there is a gentleman here present, Mr. Stephenson, the great engineer, and if you call upon him to speak, he will doubtless tell you something that will interest you more than anything I could say; he will tell you how he passed the long summer evenings when he was building the Skerrievore Light-house."

In a New York town which has a colony of colored people one big darkey was one day employed in setting out shrubs on the lawn of a handsome estate. The master of the house was nowhere to be seen, and a number of the gardener's friends were leaning comfortably on the fence watching the operations. Another darkey driver for a physician living next door, looked curiously at this row of spectators, and then addressed the doctor, who was just getting into his buggy. "Doctor Wilson," he said, solemnly, "dere's somebody dead at Massa Jones's, sartin sure." "Dead?" echoed the doctor; "no such thing, Caesar. I should have heard of it if there had been any illness in the family." "Well, sah," said Caesar, pointing to the row of sable individuals leaning on the pickets, "if dere ain't nobody dead at Massa Jones's, sah, den w'at fer is all dat yet mournin' strung along the fence?"



Peter.

stion Play will be produced in England, which will be the first time that anything of the kind has been presented in an English-speaking country. It will be in form of tableaux vivants or living pictures, other features of the dramatic art being dispensed with.

Supporters of the "Passion Play" claim that it is a most desirable religious agent, as it teaches the events of the Bible pictorially and in a vivid way that produces a lasting impression upon the mind of the spectator.

House Nerves.

"House nerves" is the latest name invented by medical experts for the peculiarly depressing set of ailments which afflict people who stay indoors too much. Merely as house nerves the ailment can be regarded with some complacency; but for all that it is not a thing to be laughed at. All over Europe the rush for existence is playing havoc with sensitive cerebro-spinal fibres. People recognize all the symptoms which the inventors of "house nerves" describe as quite common today. They are "low spirits and brooding," much irritability and generally "morbid habit" of mind.

Women, especially women who are delicate and afraid to go out, owing to the weather, are those who suffer most from this malady. They have a way of imagining that something aw-ful is happening to their husbands or children when they are out of their sight; they conjure up accidents, analyze their feelings and lose their power of will. All this occurs because people are too sedentary, and stay at home too constantly. Unfortunately, a housewife, as her name implies, is one whose duty it is to stay at home for a considerable portion of each day; and all the mischief arises from her not being able to tear herself away from home ties and forget all about them in some form of out-of-door amusement or occupation.

Lightning Struck the Razor.

About 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon a commercial traveler called at the hairdresser's shop of Mr. R. H. Marshall, No. 34 Lockwood road, and sat down to be shaved. He was duly lathered, and when Mr. Marshall had extended the razor and was about to begin the shaving operation, the lightning struck the razor from his hand and imbedded the blade about three-quarters of an inch in a wooden partition close by, where it now remains for passers-by and customers to see, with a label appended below it on which is written the following: "Notice—While shaving a young gentleman on Wednesday afternoon the lightning took the razor from my hand and buried it in the ceiling (partition) as above."—Huddersfield (England) Examiner.

Exigency.

"Married ten years, and you and your wife are still one?" "The pale man with the unkempt hair glared fixedly." "Yet he be at length rejoined, in a hollow voice, 'we are still one, but we hope some day to be able to move into a larger flat.'"—Detroit Tribune.



Christ.

Three Wise Men, accompanied by the shepherds, knelt while the music slowly increases in volume until it reaches a grand hallelujah of adoration. This scene is one of intense grandeur and church dignities who have witnessed it have had nothing but praise to say of it.

A New Kind of Lozenge.

Mrs. Briggson—Harold, mother called in at your office yesterday, and seeing some cough lozenges on your desk, took several. To-day she is suffering dreadfully, and she thinks you mean to poison her.

What Do You Call This?

"Are you going to work?" inquired one gentleman of another when they met on a crowded elevated train the other day.