

THE SONG OF THE GUN.

The furnace was white, with steel
 a light.
 When my new-born spirit came,
 In a molten flood of the war god's
 blood,
 In a passion of fire and flame.

I looked o'er the deep from a lofty
 steep
 With a strong heart full of pride;
 Like a king alone on his stately
 throne
 Whose word no man denied.

My thunder spoke from the battle
 smoke,
 When the waves ran crimson red,
 And heroes died by my iron side.
 Till the foreign foe had fled.

The sentence of death was in my
 breath,
 And many a ship went down—
 Oh, the gun is lord of the feeble
 sword,
 And greater is his renown.

Now the long grass hides my rusty
 sides,
 And round me the children play;
 But I dream by night of a last great
 fight,
 Ere the trump of the Judgment Day.

For men must fight in the cause of
 right,
 Till the time when war shall cease;
 And the song of the gun will never be
 done
 Till the dawn of lasting peace.

THE PROFESSOR'S WEAKNESS.

"Has the mail gone?" asked the
 Hour Hand. It gave a scarcely per-
 ceptible jerk as it spoke.

"The mail has gone," replied the
 Minute Hand, with some acerbity.
 "And if you hadn't been so near asleep
 as doesn't matter, you'd know the mail
 was gone. You'd know, too, that it
 was two minutes late starting. Why
 on earth don't you look about you?
 'Tis me word, you give me the fair
 hump!"

Charing Cross station was, by com-
 parison with its recent stress and tur-
 muld, deserted. A few people who
 were still waiting under the clock for
 other people who had arranged to go
 with them to the play, but had mis-
 taken the year, looked anxiously up at
 the Minute Hand and said: "Eother!"
 and mentally gave themselves just the
 five minutes more. Porters came back
 from the platforms, furtively counting
 gains and mopping their foreheads
 with the backs of their hands.

"Oh, two minutes late, was it?" said
 the Hour Hand slowly.

"My gad!" said the other, with af-
 fected admiration, "you can grasp an
 idea quickly when you like. How on
 earth do you manage it?"

"It reminds me" went on the Hour
 Hand, placidly, "of one night—"
 And told this tale.

Young Mrs. Waterhouse finished the
 writing of a dutiful letter to her moth-
 er. The letter assured the anxious old
 lady that the writer was quite happy;
 that there was really no necessity for
 worry; and that mamma might make
 herself quite content at Biarritz.
 Geoffrey was the best of husbands,
 and, although, of course, much en-
 gaged at South Kensington with his
 feebly abstruse experiments and his
 new book on steel fibers, he was ex-
 tremely attentive and kind. And she
 was, with much love, mamma's af-
 fectionate daughter, Helen Waterhouse.

"Mamma won't believe it," said
 young Mrs. Waterhouse, with a kind
 of comic despair. "She is always
 wanting to know about the skeleton.
 'Thank goodness there isn't one!'"

"On the clean blotting paper there
 was an impress of some of her hus-
 band's writing. A palette-shaped mir-
 ror stood on the table and, half un-
 consciously, she turned the pad to-
 ward it.

"Wonder to whom he has been writ-
 ing?"

It was quite easy to see. Mrs. Wa-
 terhouse glanced at it casually at first,
 then her face merely pink, with much
 attention.

"I want you, my dearest, to believe
 that I am quite true to you. I am
 bound by certain ties to others, but to
 you, my sweetheart, my own dearest
 Alicia—"

"Alicia!" cried Mrs. Waterhouse
 aloud, as she panted and sat back in
 her chair. "Alicia! Alicia who, I won-
 der?"

She knew his writing so well that
 she could scarce be deceived on that
 point. The whole thing in a moment
 was clear. Her dear mother, with a
 less cramped experience of the world,
 had been right after all.

"There is a skeleton," said the trem-
 bling Mrs. Waterhouse. She tore up
 her letter to Biarritz into many small
 pieces. As the last fragment went
 into the ferns in the fireplace she felt
 a kiss upon her neck.

"Don't do that, please," she said.
 "Beg pardon," said her husband.
 "Did I frighten you?"

He took off his hat and adjusted his
 pince-nez. His coolness almost took
 her breath away.

"I must say, Geoffrey," she declared,
 "that I can't help admiring your—your
 cheek!"

"My love I admire yours. I meant
 to have kissed it just now."

She took up a newspaper and, twist-
 ing it violently in her excitement, made
 an endeavor to speak with calm-
 ness.

"I have been reading rather an in-
 teresting fragment, Geoffrey. Shall I
 tell you what it was?"

"Quote away."

Mrs. Waterhouse recited from the
 column of vintage furnished by a rug
 the letter to Alicia.

The professor dropped his glasses
 and looked intensely disturbed.

"Now, my dear love,"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Waterhouse.

"My dear Helen, then, will you al-
 low me to say—"

"I only want to know one thing. Did
 you write this ridiculous stuff, please?"

"Why, yes. I'm not going to deny
 that. Of course, it's only part of the
 letter to the girl, but if you like I can
 tell you what happens afterward."

"I don't want to know. If this gets
 known, what will be thought of you?
 You will be the laughing stock of your
 colleagues."

"That's very true," acknowledged
 Prof. Waterhouse, with concern; "that
 is very true, and it must never be
 known. I can't drop the affair now,
 unfortunately, but you know—"

"There's really no harm in it, and I'm
 not the only man who—"

"Really?" In a tone of remote and
 frigid interest.

"I frankly admit, though, that I
 should be very sorry for it to become
 known. Of course, it seems to you a
 very foolish thing to do."

"By no means."

"But I really don't believe that I
 could have endured the strain of writ-
 ing that new work of mine if, at the
 same time, I had not—"

"Let me ask you one more question,
 please. I understand, Geoffrey, that
 you are sorry now that you ever lent
 yourself to such a—such a despicable
 business."

"That's not quite the point, my
 dear." He was recovering now his
 usual composure. "That's not what
 I'm sorry for. I'm sorry to be found
 out. I wanted to keep it quiet. But
 there's no earthly reason why anybody
 but ourselves should know. After all,
 every man has his hobby."

"Geoffrey, I won't listen to you!"

"Well, my dear, I can't force you to,
 can I? I believe if you would only
 let me tell you the whole affair from
 beginning to end, you wouldn't be so
 much annoyed about it. It really isn't
 so bad as you think. Alicia's a most
 delightful girl, and it has been a re-
 creation for me, you know. And I
 have been slugging away so of late,
 and—"

The door slammed. Mrs. Water-
 house went upstairs to her room,
 and hurriedly, very hurriedly, packed
 up a portmanteau. There was time
 to catch the mail at Charing Cross,
 and she meant to catch it. The great
 thing was to get away to Biarritz,
 away from the stifling atmosphere of
 this house, away from London. She
 rang for her maid.

"Parker,"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The mail goes at 8 from Charing
 Cross, I think?"

"It used to go at 8, ma'am," said
 Parker, cautiously. "When we went
 away, if you remember—"

"Yes, yes, of course. I want you
 to pack a bag for yourself, and we
 will catch the mail to-night."

"Catch the mail, ma'am, to-night?"

"Yes, yes. Lose no time, and send
 out for a cab."

"Well, I never," murmured Parker.
 Mrs. Waterhouse had some intention
 of having one fine, big, square scene
 with her husband before she left, but
 there was little time to spare. More-
 over, it occurred to her that she could
 be quite as bitter in a well-composed
 letter, to be dispatched from Biarritz
 as in a hasty interview.

"Come along, Parker," she called.
 "It's all very well to say, 'come
 along,' muttered Parker, discontent-
 edly, "but this is a rum sort of a game,
 and I don't half cotton to it."

"We've got twenty minutes. Tell
 the man to drive carefully, but to
 drive very fast."

The most galling thing about the
 whole deplorable affair was the cer-
 tainty that her mother would meet
 her at the station with an "I told you
 so, my poor lamb," expression. Still
 there was no one else to whom she
 could go, at any rate she could always
 control mamma. She always had
 done so.

"Charing Cross."

"The mail, lady," said the porter
 civilly. "The mail goes at eight fif-
 teen. It's later'n it used to be."

"Parker, will you get some papers?
 Get one or two for yourself, you
 know."

Parker, still rather inclined to be
 cross, went to the book stall. It had
 restored the excellent maid to compli-
 cent submission to what she termed
 all this romping about, to find the new
 number of the Lady's Own Chatter-
 box on sale. It was her own particu-
 lar favorite journal.

"We'll get in now, Parker," said
 Mrs. Waterhouse. There twenty
 minutes to wait, but we may as well
 take our seats. Seconds, please, por-
 ter."

They found comfortable corner
 seats. For a while they watched the
 stout, perspiring ladies and slim
 daughters and the pet dogs. The usu-
 ally demure Parker sniggered so
 much when she saw the Frenchman
 kiss each other that she dropped the
 Lady's Own Chatterbox. Mrs. Water-
 house took it up and held it in her
 hand.

"Professor is not coming, ma'am. I
 suppose?" asked Parker, respectfully.

"No, Parker; he is not coming."

"Reminds me," said Parker, cough-
 ing slightly, and pulling on her loose,
 black cotton gloves; "reminds me of
 the time when we all went out to
 Italy, when you was married, ma'am.
 I shall never forget that time. There
 was me and you and the professor—"

Mrs. Waterhouse gave a little
 scream.

"Please don't speak to me for a lit-
 tle while, Parker. I—I want to read."

She began, now that the first heat
 was over, to wonder what her future
 life would be like. She was a dutiful
 daughter, but life with mamma at
 Biarritz (mamma especially strong in
 regard to inconvenient reminiscences,
 mamma with a predilection in regard
 to the table in favor of everything
 being boiled, did not seem to her to be
 the cheeriest possible existence. She
 looked at the tiny gold watch on her
 wrist, but could not see the time until
 she had patted each eye with her
 handkerchief. Parker, bolt upright in
 her corner, after the manner of Mrs.
 Willis, gave a sympathetic sniff.

Eight ten.

Doors were being closed, second-
 class passengers were rushing on, cry-
 ing, "Get in anywhere!" It is never
 your first-class passengers who cry
 "Get in anywhere!"

"I must read," whispered young
 Mrs. Waterhouse to herself. "I must
 do something to keep myself from
 thinking. I shall faint if I don't di-
 vert my thoughts."

The "Lady's Own Chatterbox" lay
 on her lap. She put one small foot
 against the seat opposite and leaned
 forward to get the steady glare of the
 electric light on the page.

"Any more going on?" cried the in-
 spector on the platform, aggressively.

"We commence this week a story
 by a new writer, Walter House, enti-
 tled 'Alicia's Only Love.' It will be
 found complete with romantic interest,
 and, in short, a wonderful picture of
 high-class life of the present day,
 with all its faults and follies."

"Now, then," cried the inspector on
 the platform in an aggrieved tone to
 a belated passenger, "are you going on
 there, or are you not going?"

Mrs. Waterhouse began to read.
 Chapter I. was headed the Countess.
 "Alicia was half-leaning, half re-
 clining on an ottoman, reading a deli-
 cately scented letter from Sir Harold
 De Beer. It opened thus: 'I want you,
 my dearest, to believe that I am quite
 true to you. I am bound by certain
 ties to others, but to you, my sweet-
 heart, my own dearest Alicia—'"

"Parker" gasped Mrs. Water-
 house, with a scamp of delight. "Come
 out a tickly!"

"Right away!" shouted the in-
 spector. "Stand away there, please!"

"Here, stop!" cried Mrs. Water-
 house.

She caught up her skirts and jump-
 ed nimbly out. An active porter seized
 the bags, and as the train was mov-
 ing, caught the descending Parker
 neatly and swung her round upon
 her feet.

"Ow's that 'umprer?" asked the
 porter.

"O-u-t, out," said the inspector. He
 turned his hand-lamp to Mrs. Water-
 house. "Hope you're all right, ma'am."

"Thank you, yes," said Mrs. Water-
 house, breathlessly, "I'm all right
 now."

The Hour Hand interested in his
 story had not noticed the close ap-
 proach of the other. Down below, the
 porters, armed with giant brooms,
 were sweeping the dirt off the plat-
 form onto the waiting passengers.
 The book stores were closing and the
 boys were having a furtive game of
 snowball with the rolled up discarded
 placards of the evening papers.

"The professor is still writing
 anonymously for the 'Lady's Chatter-
 box,'" remarked the Hour Hand, "and
 his wife doesn't mind."

"I wish you'd mind," said the Min-
 ute Hand, with some bitterness. It
 was seventeen minutes to nine.

"When you've finished your chow-
 chow, perhaps you will kindly allow
 me to pass."—Pall Mall Budget.

HONOR AMONG GAMINS.

Touching Story Related of the Boot-
 blacks of Glasgow.

A few weeks ago a gentleman, go-
 ing through a crowded part of the
 city of Glasgow, Scotland, noticed a
 pale-faced little bootblack waiting for
 hire. Touched with the delicate look
 of the child, he thought he would give
 him the blacking of his boots to do.
 Accordingly, he gave the little fellow
 the signal. The boy at once crept
 lamely toward the gentleman, and, as
 he pulled himself along, was nimbly
 supplanted by another little boot
 black, who was immediately at the
 gentleman's feet and ready to begin.

"What is this for?" asked the gen-
 tleman of the intruder, somewhat an-
 grily.

"It's a' richt," said the newcomer,
 brightly.

"Jamie's jist a wee while out o' the
 hospital, and the rest o' us take turn
 about o' brushin' for him."

Jamie smiled pleasantly by way of
 assuring the gentleman that his com-
 rade's story was true.

The gentleman was so gratified by
 this act of brotherly kindness that he
 gave Jamie's friend a whole shilling
 for his work, telling him to give six-
 pence to Jamie and keep the other
 sixpence himself.

"Na, na, sir," quickly replied this
 little hero, giving the shilling to Jan-
 ie and hurrying from the spot—"na,
 na, sir; none o' us ever take one o'
 Jamie's siller."—Children's Record.

Laying an Army Telephone.

An interesting experiment of install-
 ing a telephone by trotting cavalry
 was recently successfully undertaken
 by some Prussian Uhans between
 Berlin and Potsdam. Two sets of one
 officer and two non-commissioned of-
 ficers proceeded in the early morning
 respectively from Berlin and Pots-
 dam. Each set was equipped with a
 complete telephone apparatus which
 one of the men carried in a leather
 case on his chest, besides the requi-
 site quantity of thin wire. The end
 of the wire was connected with the
 respective towns' telephone station, and
 the wire was, by means of a fork fixed
 at the end of the lance, thrown over
 the tops of the trees along the road.

As each kilometer of wire was thus
 suspended a halt was made, and it
 was ascertained whether there was
 connection with the station. A new
 kilometer of wire was then connected
 with the former, and on went the men.
 The two sets met at Teltow. The
 wires, having been respectively tested
 with their respective stations, were
 connected, and telephone connection
 between Berlin and Potsdam was es-
 tablished. The distance is about twenty
 miles, and the whole thing was
 done in about four hours.—Scientific
 American.

Cannibal Cruises.

One of the tales dug up out of the
 misty past is that given by the York
 (Me.) Courant of the wreck of the Not-
 tingham galleon on Boon Island. This
 vessel, which was bound to Boston
 from London, was driven on the island
 in a terrible gale on the night of Dec.
 11, 1719. The weather was so dread-
 ful that some of the sufferers soon
 died. There was nothing to eat but
 shreds of raw hide, rockweed and a
 few mussels. After a few days two
 of the men attempted to get to York
 on a raft, but were drowned. At last
 the hunger of the survivors became so
 raging that they ate some of the flesh
 of their dead comrades, and, having
 no fire, must, perforce, swallow this
 raw. Immediately their dispositions,
 which had been kind and helpful,
 seemed to undergo a total change. In-
 stead of praying, they began to swear,
 and quarrels commenced. At last,
 after twenty-three days of this horri-
 ble life, they were rescued, being then
 mere skeletons and unable to walk.
 A lighthouse was erected on this is-
 land in 1811.

BICYCLE MANNERS.

POLITE ARTS OF THE ROAD FOR FAIR WHEELERS.

Fashionable Girl's Lament—What
 You Should and Should Not Do
 While Pedaling in the Park or
 in the Country.

Young ladies of the fashionable
 world, and for that matter, the older
 ones, too, who have become slaves of
 the wheel, have recently been discuss-
 ing the urgent need of a recognized
 formula of bicycle etiquette.

As far as swiftness is concerned,
 the sport is in its infancy; everything
 is crude and unconventional to the
 delicately-nurtured social eye, and the
 young buds of the ballroom are all at



One Advantage of Bloomers.

When they find themselves out on
 the road spinning along on the demer-
 itic "bike." It may not be long be-
 fore regular professors of bicycle de-
 partment will be making the rounds
 of the homes of the rich, instructing
 the maids and matrons in the etiquette
 of the wheel, just as the little boys
 and girls are now being taught the
 polite arts of the ball room.

But at the moment everything is
 chaotic in this most important field of
 the fashionable woman. She uses her
 good common sense and her innate
 gentility is a sufficient guide to meet
 correctly the ordinary happenings of
 life as wheel, but bicycling is no ordi-
 nary sport and happenings of an ex-
 traordinary kind continually occur.
 The laws of conventional life cannot
 apply to these unforeseen events, and
 the well-bred woman who insists upon
 being conventional, and at the same
 time a bicyclist, does not know quite
 where she is at.

The instructors in the big academies
 where women are taught to ride the
 bicycle are taking cognizance of the
 peculiar state of affairs, and instill in
 the minds of their pupils a few of the
 primary laws of wheel etiquette, while
 their bodies are being educated in the
 mysteries of the "bike."

Here are some of the etiquette rules
 which a fashionable girl said she re-
 ceived from the woman instructor of
 the academy where she rides. She ac-
 knowledged that she may have for-
 gotten some of them, just as she for-
 gets the vital point in the art of dis-
 mounting and frequently comes a
 nasty cropper in consequence.

The first one was, never criticize a
 fellow bicyclist, particularly if she is a
 woman and inclined to stoutness. The
 moral of this is that in a few years
 you may be stout yourself, and a
 bicycle rider for the sole purpose of
 reducing weight.

Another is, when you are riding in
 the park or on the road and a cranky
 horse which comes along which rears
 and plunges at sight of your bicycle,
 always dismount without delay and
 turn your wheel flat on the ground.
 Serious runaway accidents can some-
 times be averted by a little courtesy
 of this kind. It only takes a minute or
 two of time, and as all women bicyc-
 lists ride for pleasure, that much lost
 time is of little consequence to them.

Always keep to the right in riding.
 You may be called names if you forget
 this rule on a crowded road. In pass-
 ing a vehicle or wheel going in the
 same direction, it is usually safest to
 go by them on the left.

Try to foster the feeling of brother-
 hood and sisterhood among all wheel-
 ers. Remember that accidents happen
 to the best bicyclists just as they do
 in the best regulated families. If any-
 thing goes wrong with a man or woman
 wheeler, render any assistance you
 can. No man will take advantage of
 such assistance to thrust his acquaint-
 ance upon you at a future time. He
 would run the risk of ostracism by fel-
 low bicyclists who, perhaps have sis-
 ters, wives or sweethearts devoted to
 the sport.

If you are unfortunate enough to
 have an accident happen to your
 wheel, do not hesitate to accept the
 proffered assistance of the first wheel-
 man who comes along. If he is of the
 right kind, as he probably will be, he
 will set your wheel right and then pur-
 sue his journey. Should he ever pass
 you again he will give no sign that he
 had ever met you before.

Don't be afraid to mention the word
 bloomers in the presence of a man.
 If he be versed in bike manners, as
 all true wheelers should be, he will
 regard the word purely as one for ordi-
 nary conversation as it surely is, in
 bicycle talk.

Right here the young lady interrupt-
 ed her talk on bike etiquette to say
 something about bloomers. She did
 not regard the garments favorably

when she first took to bicycling, but
 thinks differently now. The way of
 her conversation happened in the fol-
 lowing manner, as told by herself:

"I was riding on the boulevard one
 morning when something happened to
 my wheel. I don't know what the na-
 ture of it was, but the wheel wouldn't
 work. I got off and waited for some
 time, hoping that someone would come
 along to fix it. But there were only
 some women wheelers out besides pedes-
 trians, and they didn't know any more
 than I did."

"At last I decided on heroic meas-
 ures, and began to push my wheel to-
 ward home, two miles distant. I must
 have walked a mile in this uncom-
 fortable manner when a wheelman
 came along. He dismounted and asked
 me what the matter was. I told him
 I didn't know. Then he took hold of
 my bike, turned it upside down and,
 putting it between his legs gave it a
 good shaking. Then to my surprise it
 worked all right."

"Why didn't you do that?" he asked.
 "Before I knew what I was saying
 I replied: 'Because I couldn't. I don't wear
 bloomers.'"

"But I wear them now" she quite
 unnecessarily added, the fact being
 easily apparent.

Coming back to the question of bike
 manners, the other laws laid down
 are these:

Don't ride on a bicycle built for two,
 as it attracts attention and comments
 from passersby, which may not be
 pleasant. Avoid in every possible way
 anything that will distinguish you in a
 marked way from the grand army
 of wheelers.

Some men in riding out with women
 are inclined to help the latter when a
 hill is reached by placing one hand on
 the girl's shoulder and pushing her
 along. Riding a bicycle up an ordi-
 nary hill is too easy for the average
 wheeler to need aid. If the hill is
 very steep dismount and push your
 wheel to the top.

Don't allow a young man, one on
 either side to speed you by catching
 hold of your handles and pulling you
 along. It's dangerous, and may result
 in a bad accident. Then, again, it does
 not look well, and attracts attention.
 If one fears the attention of pedes-
 trians, wears a veil, not thick, enough
 afford the vision. It will protect the
 face from dust, and thoroughly conceal
 identity.

Don't try to ride rapidly. Fast rid-
 ers meet with accidents sooner or later,
 and a woman in a smashup does
 not appear to advantage. It's bad
 bike form, too. For the same reason,
 be careful about coasting, and always
 be certain in advance that the brake is
 in good working order.

Always respect the feelings of pedes-
 trians and be careful of their safety.
 In streets frequently crossed, ride as
 slowly as possible. Kindly considera-
 tion of the pedestrians will begot the
 same for the wheeler.

Thus it can be seen that the true
 woman wheeler has more to learn in
 bicycling than the mere pushing of
 pedals.

GOING INTO ACTION.

Scenes on the Chinese Fleet Just
 before the Yalu Fight.

The Chen Yuen's forenoon routine,
 drills and exercise had been carried
 out, and the cooks were preparing the
 midday meal, when the smoke from
 the enemy's ships was sighted by the
 lookout man at the masthead. They
 were made out almost simultaneously
 from several vessels, and before even
 a signal could be made from the flag-
 ship the bugles throughout the fleet
 were sounding merrily the "officers'
 call" and "action." Columns of dense
 black smoke shooting upward from
 our funnels told that in the depths of
 each vessel stokers were spreading
 fires, and using forced draft with
 closed stove holes, were storing up
 energy in the boilers, that breath
 might not fail when most needed in
 the coming fight. These black pillars
 of smoke must have signalled our
 presence to the enemy, for their
 "smokes" now increased in volume
 and height, showing that they had
 also put on forced draft, and, like
 ourselves, were preparing for the con-
 test.

For weeks we had anticipated an
 engagement, and had had daily exer-
 cise at general quarters, etc., and lit-
 tle remained to be done. There were
 woful defects in our ammunition sup-
 plies, as will be seen; but had we
 kept the seas for a year longer before
 fighting, there would have been no
 improvement in that respect, since
 the responsibility for the defect lay
 in Tientsin. So the fleet went into
 action as well prepared as it was hu-
 manly possible for it to be with the
 same officers and men, handicapped
 as they were by official corruption
 and treachery ashore.

In far less time than it takes to
 read these lines signals had been
 made from the Ting Yuen to "weigh
 immediately," and never were cables
 shortened in and anchors weighed
 more speedily. The old Choa Yung
 and Yang Wei, being always longer
 in weighing anchor, were left astern,
 and, afterward, pushing on to gain
 station, probably gave the fleet a
 seeming wedge-shaped formation for
 a short time, thereby giving rise to
 the report, widely circulated, that we
 used that formation in advancing to
 the attack. Our actual formation,
 which has justly been criticized, was
 an indented or zig-zag line, the two
 iron-clads in the center. As the fleets
 neared each other, officers and men
 strained their eyes toward the mag-
 nificent fleet of their country's heredi-
 tary foe, and, on all sides, there
 were animation and confidence.
 Commander McGiffin, of the Chen
 Yuen, in the Century.



Gilbert Parker recently encountered
 a Canadian bishop whom he had
 known in his boyhood. The bishop
 pompously inquired: "Ah, Gilbert!
 and are you still writing your—ah—lit-
 tle books?" Mr. Parker promptly an-
 swered: "Yes, bishop. And are you
 still preaching your—ah—little ser-
 mons?"

Dean Hole tells of an old-fashioned
 cathedral verger, "lord of the aisles,"
 who, one noon, found a pious visitor
 on his knees in the sacred building.
 The verger hastened up to him and
 said, in a tone of indignant excite-
 ment: "The services at this cathedral
 are at 10 in the morning and at 4 in
 the afternoon, and we don't have any
 fancy prayers."

The late Sir John A. Macdonald was
 once at a reception, and a bishop from
 Belgium was present. As the party
 were being escorted by a body of men
 in Highland costume, the foreign bis-
 hop, seeing the bare legs and kilts,
 asked why these men were without
 trousers. "It's just a local custom,"
 gravely replied Sir John; "in some
 places people take off their hats as a
 mark of honor to distinguished guests;
 here they take off their trousers."

At one time the Duke of Wellin-
 gton's extreme popularity was rather
 embarrassing. For instance, on leav-
 ing home each day, he was always
 intercepted by an affectionate mob,
 who insisted on hoisting him on their
 shoulders and asking where they
 should carry him. It was not always
 convenient for him to say where he
 was going, so he used to say, "Carry
 me home; carry me home;" and so he
 used to be brought home half a dozen
 times a day a few minutes after leav-
 ing his own door.

Suzanne Laxier was a good actress,
 but extremely stout. She was one
 night enacting a part in a melodrama
 with Tallade, the original Pierre of
 "The Two Orphans," and this actor
 had at one moment to carry her faint-
 ing off the stage. He tried with all
 his might to lift the "fleshy" heroine,
 but, although she helped her little
 comrade by standing on tiptoe, in the
 usual manner, he was unable to move
 her an inch. At this juncture one of
 the deluges cried from the gallery:
 "Take what you can and come back
 for the rest."

The lectures of a certain Oxford
 tutor were once reported to be "cut
 and dried." "Yes," said Prof. H. J.
 Smith, the witty mathematician,
 "dried by the tutor and cut by the
 men." A dispute arose at an Oxford
 dinner table as to the comparative pre-
 stige of