

CUPID.

Is there man more grossly stupid— Can you so easily markmen find, Like this so-called boy-god Cupid, Mischievous and color-blind? Now, he takes a dart from quiver, Aims at tender hearts—but look! It has pierced the young man's liver, And has struck her pocket-book. Look again! With gleeful inhuman Files the arrow o'er its track— Rich and learned and white the woman, But the man is coarse and black. Thus the boy-god takes his pleasure, Aiming wildly, shooting wide, Ever filling up the measure Of distress and humbled pride. Were he mortal, he would suffer; But keep well this thought in view: He would make some pathway rougher, Were this flesh immortal, too. Columbus Dispatch.

MR. BOLDON'S EXPEDIENT.

"I am fairly dished—ruined—done for. I had better order my coffin while I can pay for it." This was the sad soliloquy of Mr. James Boldon, solicitor and notary public, as he sat alone in his office in High-st., Westborough, one October morning. And truly Mr. James Boldon's position was not a happy one. He was a young man, lately admitted as a solicitor, and he had spent all his little capital to no purpose in trying to make a practice for himself in the town of Westborough.

He was almost a stranger in the town, and, although he had been there nearly a year, he had hardly succeeded in making an acquaintance, much less in gaining clients. The report that there was "an opening" in the place, on the strength of which he had come there, had proved to be entirely fallacious. The town was just large enough to hide him. It was in vain that he went regularly to St. Augustine's Mission Chapel, in the hope of having his name put on the building committee of the new church; in vain that he frequented (at proper hours) the billiard-room of the new Royal Hotel; in vain that he sedulously attended the county court and the police court with a glazed black bag which held nothing but a newspaper and one or two law books. Business would not come to him. Nobody knew him, and nobody cared to know him.

There was, indeed, one man who knew him—one who might, if he had had any business whatever, have proved a useful friend—Mr. Lionel Winn, editor of the Westborough Independent. The young lawyer had made the acquaintance of Mr. Winn over the billiard table. But of what use was it to have the means of getting a flattering notice in the newspaper, when there was absolutely nothing to notice?

It was nearly 12 o'clock. Mr. James Boldon had been looking over his ledger and even his sanguine disposition failed him, as he marked the state of things there disclosed. He rose from the table with a groan, put on his hat, and, telling his solitary office-boy (who was improving his time by boring holes in the lid of his desk) that he would not be in till after lunch, he sauntered forth into the street. Not having any particular object in view, he thought he might as well go to the railway station and get a London paper, and thither he directed his steps.

After buying his paper, Boldon observed on the platform the station-master, whom he knew by sight, engaged in an angry altercation with an elderly man, who looked like a farm laborer. A little crowd surrounded the disputants, and Boldon sauntered up to see what was the matter. "A tell 'ee a' ve come from Lamborne, an' a'll pay no more," said the man. "You must pay the fare from London all the same," returned the station-master, angrily. "Here's the by-law. You can read it for yourself—that is, if you can read."

"Naw, a caan't." "Well, it says that any one traveling without a ticket must pay the fare from the station at which the train started. How am I to know you only got on at Lamborne?" The dispute went on, the station-master, who had been a sergeant in the guards and had a great idea of the importance of his office and the necessity of enforcing the law, having evidently the best of it. The young solicitor ventured to say something for the man, and was roughly advised to mind his own business. This rather nettled him; and as the poor man protested that he could not pay the fare from London—seven shillings and ten pence—and there was every prospect that he would be taken before the magistrates, Boldon good-naturedly paid the money for him, and the matter was at an end.

Our hero walked abstractedly back to his office, pondering over the hard case of the poor man whom he had succored; and his deliberations lasted for some time. On the following Saturday morning Boldon omitted to shave, and stayed indoors all day. After a substantial early dinner he proceeded to make some changes in his raiment. He put on an old tweed suit considerably the worse for wear, and a pair of boots that had seen better days. His hat he took from a well-merited oblivion, and finally adorned his neck with a red and blue woolen comforter. Thus equipped, he set out for a walk to Lamborne, a small town about ten miles off.

He reached his destination about 7 o'clock in the evening, and his first proceeding was to go to an inn and order some tea. Having refreshed himself he left the inn after exchanging a few words with the landlady, and visited two or three shops. In each shop he made one or two small purchases, directing that the goods should be sent to him at Westborough; and in each case he was careful to take a receipt for the money he paid. Then he went to the railway station, at which he knew the London train for Westborough and the west would stop in a few

minutes, made one or two trifling purchases at the bookstall and managed to engage the man who kept the stall in conversation for some time. The train came in as he was still talking to the man at the bookstall, and Boldon quietly took his seat in it, without having gone through the formality of taking a ticket.

When the train arrived at Westborough, the young solicitor explained that he had joined the train at Lamborne and tendered the fare from that town. As he expected, the money was refused, and the full fare from London demanded. This Mr. Boldon positively refused to pay, and accordingly he was detained till the station master was sent for.

That official, in all the majesty of gold-laced coat and tall hat, soon arrived, much annoyed at being disturbed at his evening meal.

"What's all this about?" he demanded sternly, as he came upon the scene. "They want to make me pay the fare all the way from London, and I've only come from Lamborne," answered Boldon in a humble tone. "Of course you must pay the whole fare. There's a by-law on purpose, made and provided."

Mr. Boldon mournfully shook his head. "Oh, no, sir!" he said meekly, "I really can't do that."

"You'll have to go to the lock-up, then," rejoined the station-master, roughly. "You'd best pay up."

Mr. Boldon, only shook his head again and sighed heavily.

As the lawyer expected, the official was exasperated by his obstinacy and encouraged in his high-handed manner by the meekness with which he was confronted. None of the railway people recognized in the shabbily dressed, unshaven individual before them the spruce gentleman who had paid a poor man's fare a few days before.

"Bonnor, go for a constable," said the station-master, with the air of an inflexible judge awarding a term of twenty years penal servitude.

"Don't do that; I'll give you my name and address, I'm known in the place—that is, I'm quite respectable you know."

"Oh, I dare say," returned the station-master, with true official superciliousness.

There was an awful pause while the porter was gone to fetch the constable. "Don't you think," suggested Boldon, almost timidly—"don't you think it might be as well to telegraph to London for instructions?"

The station-master frowned. "They couldn't complain of you in that case, at any rate," pursued Boldon.

The station-master hesitated. "I'll wait in the waiting-room till you get an answer," said Boldon, as he led the way to that cheerful apartment.

The official darted a suspicious glance at his prisoner. Still, the advice was prudent and he acted upon it. In half an hour the answer came back.

"The passenger without a ticket must pay the fare from London, or be charged before the magistrates."

"Just let me see the message you've got," said Boldon, when the result was announced to him. "If it is as you say I'll go quietly or else pay."

They showed him the message. "No, I really can't pay all that money, you know," said Boldon sadly, as he read the telegram; and accordingly he was marched off to the police office, guarded by a policeman on the right and by a constable in the imposing uniform of the Great Railway Company on the left.

As it was Saturday night, nothing could be done that day, and Mr. Boldon did not choose to disturb the Sabbath rest of Mr. Lionel Winn, his only available friend, by asking him to bail him out on Sunday.

On the Monday morning, however, an early message was sent to Mr. Winn and he promptly appeared and bailed out the young lawyer, who was heartily tired of his incarceration. Later in the day the case came on before the magistrates and Mr. Boldon, attended with the landlady of the inn at Lamborne and one of the shopkeepers who were able and willing to prove that he could not possibly have traveled from a greater distance than Lamborne on the preceding Saturday night. The charge was of course dismissed, one of the magistrates a jolly old fellow, named Bracebridge, remarking that Mr. Boldon, who seemed to be a respectable solicitor, had been treated shamefully, and that if he stood in Mr. Boldon's place he would be inclined to let the Great Railway company hear of the matter again.

Next day the Westborough Independent contained a long account of the "incredible and really scandalous outrage to which one of the most respected members of the legal profession in our town has been subjected," and it need hardly be said that, in a day or two, the course at which the worthy magistrate had hinted was adopted. Mr. Boldon brought his action against the railway company for false imprisonment and malicious prosecution.

As everybody knows, Westborough is an assize town, and the case of Boldon v. the Great Railway company excited a good deal of public interest. Everybody wished to know how the law stood on the question, for everybody had had occasion sometime or other to travel without a ticket.

Mr. Bustard, Q. C., was counsel for the plaintiff, and nobly he performed his task. He pictured his client, a member of an honorable profession, a gentleman of delicate and sensitive feelings, dragged by the ruthless hands of the police through the crowded streets on a Saturday night, exposed to the rude gaze of the jeering mob, and shut up in a cold lonely cell for the greater part of two whole days. And all for what? Because this gentleman had the courage, the public spirit to resist an unreasonable and illegal impost. It was the interest of every railway traveller, he might, therefore say of every man, woman and child in the three kingdoms—that the rights of the traveller and the liberty of the subject should be vindicated in the person of his client. "My client does not care for damages, gentlemen," said Mr. Bustard in conclu-

sion. "That is not his object in coming here. His object is to expose an abuse, an illegal abuse gentlemen, which has been too long continued—to clear his own character of the ignominy which has been cast upon it—vindicate the sacred principle of the liberty of a free-born Englishman."

As for the question of law, Mr. Lynx, who was for the railway company, hardly ventured to rely upon it. "It has been held over and over again," said Mr. Justice Portman, "that this by-law is bad and illegal. It affects to inflict a fine of arbitrary and varying amount, where there is no breach of the criminal law; for here, as in most such cases, there is no pretence that there was any attempt to defraud. You will find a verdict for the plaintiff, gentlemen," he added to the jury, "with such damages as you, looking at all the circumstances of the case, may think will fairly compensate the plaintiff for the wrong he has suffered."

The jury promptly found their verdict—damages fifty pounds. The result was received with some cheering, which became general when Mr. Bustard announced that his client had never intended to put the damages in his own pocket, and that he would send a check for the amount to the treasurer of the County Hospital.

This well-timed generosity settled the question of Mr. Boldon's popularity. The Ladies' Committee of the hospital-nominated him at once as one of their male advisers, and his name was put on the list of life governors. The amateur dramatic and choral societies sent him tickets for their entertainments, given for the benefit of charity. The Westborough Independent printed in a prominent position the letter of the hospital treasurer gratefully acknowledging Mr. Boldon's munificent gift, and added a few laudatory words of his own.

Finally, after a pleasant little supper in Mr. Boldon's lodgings, there appeared the following paragraph in that excellent organ of public opinion: "We have heard it rumored lately that a few of our more prominent townsmen have been talking of according to Mr. James Boldon, solicitor, a substantial mark of their appreciation of his public-spirited behavior in a late trial, and of his interested conduct in handing over the fruits of his victory to one of the most deserving of our local charities. We have heard it whispered that W. H. Bracebridge, esq., J. P., who has already publicly expressed his sympathy with Mr. Boldon and Algernon Tracey, esq., the treasurer to the Daleshire County Hospital, have expressed some intention of heading the subscription list. We give this to our readers with all possible reserve, but we have no hesitation whatever in saying that such conduct on the part of the gentlemen we have named would reflect honor up on themselves, and would not be wanting in appropriateness, as the names of both of these gentlemen have been associated with the public vindication of Mr. Boldon's honor. Our readers may depend upon our keeping them acquainted with the progress of events."

This promise was so faithfully carried out, and the proposed testimonial was so thoroughly taken for granted that Mr. Bracebridge and Mr. Tracey found themselves compelled to take the honorable place which had been assigned to them. The mark of esteem took the form of a purse of sovereigns, which reached the respectable figure of one hundred pounds.

A dinner was held as a matter of course, to celebrate the event, and the presentation was made in proper form. Mr. James Boldon returned thanks with a becoming modesty, declaring with some humor that more by far than even their generous gift did he value the happy consciousness that his humble efforts in the public service had been appreciated, that he had gained the good will of his neighbors and that he was now no longer a stranger in their midst but one of themselves, a Westboroughian to the backbone, accounting the esteem and respect of his fellow-citizens his richest possession.

In this Mr. Boldon was perfectly right. Clients came in apace. He got his name up for good—Whitehall Review.

A Farmer Dumfounded.

From the Rockland, Me., Courier. A Rockland man who owned a cow made a bargain with a butcher to kill and sell it on commission. It so happened that the first offer the butcher received for the meat was from the owner of the cow, who did not recognize the carcass. Three-quarters of the meat was sold to him for five cents a pound, and he afterward sold it again at a small profit. The next day he bought the remaining quarter, beating the accommodating butcher down on his price, and sold that quarter for a small profit. When he settled with the butcher for his own cow he was indignant that the meat man sold it so cheap, and was dumfounded when he heard that he himself was the purchaser.

A Dying Mother's Prayer Answered.

From the New York Sun. A Maine newspaper says that Mrs. Esther Potter, of Long Ridge, who has just died, after a long illness from consumption, was the mother of four children, the youngest a baby. She could not bear to think of leaving the little one, and constantly prayed that it might go with her when she died. A few days ago, when it was plain that she was about to die, she called her family around her, and bade them good-by, and then, clinging to her baby, prayed that it might die too. It had been perfectly well, apparently, but, after a kiss from its dying mother, closed its eyes, and in five minutes was dead.

A Model Love Story.

When the average writer of short stories or sketches determines to invent what is classed by the general public as a "love story," he begins by selecting fanciful names for his hero and heroine. Then he describes them at length as to their personal appearance, and rather briefly as to their qualities and character. The heroine he invariably endows with all the physical charms that nature in her kindest moods bestows; or, if he goes so far out of the beaten rut as to admit of the outset of the narrative that she is not exactly beautiful, he at once hastens to provide her with certain specific charms, of such transcendent beauty that all possibly admitted defects are driven so far into the background as to become entirely forgotten. There seems to be an unwritten code among story writers to the effect that it is utterly impossible for a man truly to love a woman unless she has physical beauty that Venus would have envied. The possibility that true womanliness alone, in the broadest sense of that term, may inspire love, never occurs to them, or if it does, they crush it back as unworthy of consideration.

The personal appearance of the hero is not considered of so great importance, though it is usually deemed advisable to shower upon him a fair supply of what is commonly termed "manly beauty," a conveniently flexible expression, admitting a variety of interpretations. His character is but vaguely alluded to.

Having thus "created" the principal characters, the writer inspires them with a mutual passion for each other, which he calls love, but which is generally developed into a strange mixture of folly, faithless distress and exulting agony. Obstacles are shoved between the lovers ad libitum, and regardless of consequences, for the truth of the adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth" must be maintained at all hazards, even at the risk of driving the lovers to madness or death (in the story), and of shrouding the reader in Stygian gloom. The hated rival, the treacherous female friend of the heroine, the proud and obstinate parent, the miscarried letter—these and a hundred and one other well-worn means are employed to destroy the lovers' bliss. They are, perchance, separated for years, and when the individual who has created them by a few strokes of his pen, has tired of keeping them away from each other, allowing them to pine away slowly, and stirring up the sympathies and harrowing the feelings of the reader, he brings them together again after having deprived them of years of happiness. If he knows his business well, he will introduce into every other paragraph or so a reminder to the effect that he is not evolving fiction, but merely relating facts as they actually occurred.

Now, I think this is all wrong, I may be in the minority with my opinion, but so was Galileo when he first began to lecture on the subject: "The earth do move." Galileo at length convinced the majority that he was right, and I shall not take a back seat for him. Then, too, I have this advantage over him, that I am in a position to get my views published in a newspaper, while he was not so fortunately situated. In order to demonstrate more clearly what brand of a love story I would recommend, I will write one briefly after my own mind, and allow a discriminating public to judge its merits or demerits. Autograph testimonials from those who like this kind of a story will be gratefully received by me, and not published without the sender's free consent. Every well-adjusted story should have a title, and I will call mine "A Tale of True Love that Ran Smooth."

This is the story: Ella Stone, operator on the typewriter in Knott & Scott's law office, was at her post every day, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, from 9 o'clock in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon and during the six months that she had served the firm, John Scott, the junior partner, on whom all the office work devolved, had ample time to make a study of her. It was a habit young Scott had to make a study of persons with whom he brought into contact provided he considered them worth his while. Ella was one of those whom he considered worth studying. There was nothing striking in her personal appearance; she was good looking only as a thousand of other young girls are, until relentless time dims the luster of their eyes, causes the roses on their cheeks to fade, and pencils the lines of care upon their features. Health and youth are in themselves physical charms, unless a person is positively ugly; and in the possession of these Ella was charming. But description of her would apply as well to a hundred others in a crowd, therefore it would be superfluous to describe her. Young Scott also had no traits that would distinguish him in any marked manner from the average young man. As the protege of Elias Knott, a veteran lawyer with a large practice, considerable money and consequently no little influence, he was assured of a comfortable income, and could afford to look upon the bright side. It is easy to ignore the dark side of life when one has no cares. Having thus introduced the two principal characters—it would be out of place to call them the hero and the heroine, for there was absolutely nothing heroic about either—it is in order to announce that each considered the other a very amiable sort of person. John frequently gazed with pleasure upon Ella's young face as she deftly touched the keys of the

typewriter, bills he dictated to her the verbose contents of long legal documents; and she found that tone of voice quite agreeable, and considered him altogether a pleasant young man. This state of mutual feeling continued for some time; and as there is no such thing as a standstill in nature, and everything must either advance or go backward, their relations gradually developed into love. Of course it was not the kind of love that strikes people like a flash of lightning, upon their first meeting, and which exists mostly in the professional imagination of writers; it was a natural culmination of a series of successive conditions. Acquaintance grew into friendship, friendship into a quiet kind of affection which rapidly ripened into love. It never entered the minds of these young people that destiny had intended them for each other; neither thought that death would follow should the other experience a change of mind and drift to another allegiance. Such thoughts never bothered them; they were happy in each others' society, and, while a disruption of their relations might have been a disappointment, and might have been regretted as such, neither would probably have gone into a slow decline and pined away, refusing to be comforted. In this they were not different from most people, for love is never an instantaneous creation like a bruise that follows a sharp blow; it is like a blossom that cannot have its being until the seed is sprouted, the plant grown and the young bud has been formed. Place two young people of opposite sexes in a position that brings them constantly into each others' company, and unless their natures are mutually repellant at the outset, they will at length conceive an affection for each other. It is a natural result of natural causes. There was nothing to obstruct the course of the love of John and Ella; both were fortunate in having their respective parents still living, but the latter interposed no objections to what promised to be a happy union. Nor was there anywhere a rival to John, nor any coquette to charm him away from the object of his affections. At length the time came when John decided to ask Ella to be his wife. He did it without the fear and trembling and the agony of suspense that have come to be considered the mental conditions of a young man about to propose matrimony to a young woman. Nor did he come prepared with a set speech, nor cast himself upon one knee while declaring himself, nor say that he could not do without her. In fact he knew beforehand pretty positively what her answer would be, so he merely drew her a little closer—he was sitting beside her—and said gently: "Ella, you know that I love you, will you marry me?" Ella did not remark, to her credit be it said, that this was all so sudden, that she must have time to think. It was not sudden, for she had expected it; why should she? So she merely placed her hand in his and simply answered: "Yes."

For some reason that I could never clearly understand, writers always consider this the proper place to "draw the curtain." I refuse to do so. I will venture the assertion that John kissed Ella several times or oftener, and she did not blush every time as though it were something to be ashamed of. Then they discussed plans for their future, and it became quite late when John started to go home. I forgot to remark that all this occurred at the home of Ella's parents, and not in the law office where Ella's resignation was now soon to be accepted, as the reader might have supposed. John did not linger for four hours on the front stoop before leaving; he went at once after he had started, first having bidden his affianced appropriate good-by, or rather good-night. He did not walk on air as so many lovers do on similar occasions—in the writer's mind—his steps were decidedly upon the earth, and the decidedness thereof was about the only outward manifestation of any exultation he felt. He was glad; contented with all the world and with himself, and consequently happy. Ella likewise felt happiness within her, but she did not go to the seclusion of her chamber and sob out her joy. She retired and slept soundly. With others this would have been the proper place to insert loads of agony and grief and distress; but I am not like others in this respect. After remarking that in due season John and Ella were married, and that they lived in domestic happiness thereafter, my story is finished, and I may add that any other young couple would have received the same treatment at my hands as did John and Ella. But, says the reader, there is no plot, no romance in such a tale as this. True, there isn't; but that is not my fault; that is the fault of life. There is no depth, no vigor about the love you attempt to portray, adds the disappointed reader; it is cold, insipid, flat. Do you think so, kind peruser? Perhaps you imagine that love is a sort of cyclone that comes without warning, rips everything to pieces and tears around generally until it gets tired and goes away somewhere. That is wherein you are mistaken. It isn't like that at all; love isn't. There may be a sort of feeling that operates in that wild fashion, but it isn't love, it is—well, I'll be hanged if I know what it is—passion, perhaps. Real love is the sunshine that comes with the dawn of life's days; that grows warmer and more gladdening as it tends to the zenith, whose night not the darkest cloud of sorrow can entirely shut out, and which abides until existence itself is swallowed up in the night of eternity. There, how is that? I thought that sentence out myself. All the foregoing is not exactly in my line, but I did the best I knew how. At any rate, if you don't like this kind of a love story, you are not obliged to like it, you know.—Albany Express.

Real Romances in Life. London Correspondence Toronto Week. I want to tell you something I heard as I came from "Partners" the other night. About forty years ago a Mrs. Monroe, a childless widow with a large fortune, took a house in Curzon street for the season, and wanting a companion, bethought her of her niece Jessie, the eldest daughter of a clergyman in Scotland, a young lady only just out. The girl was written for, came and proved a great success, for she was an excellent dancer, exceedingly pretty and blessed with a good digestion and consequently with a good temper. It was after the May drawing room, at which she had been presented, and at the ball at S. House, that captain—shall we call him Nemo?—meeting her for the first time, fell desperately in love before the end of the evening. A few rides in the early morning by the Serpentine, a few "drums" in the Arlington street or Park lane, the opera twice, the theatre once, endless dinners, routs and balls, and then just at the end of the season, he proposed and was accepted. The lover having little money, Mrs. Monroe generously agreed to give her niece an allowance, and insisted on the marriage taking place in town, instead of upsetting the quiet little woman close to the loch on the west coast. So St. James's Piccadilly, was filled with the elite to view the ceremony one early autumn morning, and Miss Jessie in orange-blossoms and Brussels lace sat in the old barbaric fashion through the long wedding breakfast, afterwards, in flounced gown and round-curtained bonnet, going with her bridegroom for their honeymoon to the Italian lakes. Captain Nemo was a sailor, and soon had to start with his ship for a cruise of fifteen months. I think there was a talk of his wife joining him, but the station selected was an unhealthy one, so after all she remained in England with her aunt to look after her. Letters were to be very regular, and the time would soon pass. When the letters were all written and received, and the very last of the fifteen months had dragged itself away, the day arrived on which Jessie was to meet her husband at the railway station. No one was on the platform but Mrs. Monroe, looking white and strange, who gave him a note to read, and then took him to his pretty little empty house from which the inmate had flown only that morning to Paris. The poor lady wept, and asked that her carelessness might be forgiven; she had been duped, deceived and would never see the wretched girl again. Captain Nemo was quite gentle. Yes, he would try to dine with her that night and they would talk what was best to be done. Then he went into the morning room, where Jessie's miniature still hung on the wall, and an hour afterwards, when they went to call him, he was found dead with a bullet through his heart, clasping her portrait and her cruel letter in his cold fingers. There being no World or Truth in those days, the scandal was quietly hushed up. After a time Mrs. Nemo appeared again in London, but none of her old friends noticed her; her own people sternly cast her off. Mrs. Monroe answered no appeal and formally refused any communication, and finally when she died left not a penny of her fortune to her erring niece who had so grossly deceived her. So year after year came and went, and matters grew from bad to worse. A woman educated so long ago was not so likely to be able to help herself as is the Girton-trained girl of the day, with her practical common sense, and it became more difficult for her to keep her head above water. Within the last ten years she has found occupation, however; and if you like to come with me some afternoon I can show you a small spare woman in neat bonnet and shawl, with fine China-blue eyes and lint-white hair, diligently sweeps a crossing in the very heart of her old neighborhood; which small woman is Mrs. Monroe's niece, the girl who was presented to the Queen, who danced at S. House, who was married at St. James's, Piccadilly, and had an Italian honeymoon. She refuses help now from any one.

Not Enough Time. From the London Globe. Not without reason did George Eliot lament over the decrease of "that fine old gentleman, leisure." He has long been dead and buried by this age of haste and bustle, but his loss is one not easily supplied. Leisure is by no means a synonym for idleness, as some persons appear to think. In the old days when leisure flourished, men worked, though they did not hurry. The wagon arrived eventually at its destination, though it did not rush along like the express train. There still exists a few remote nooks of the earth where people hold to the Spanish maxim that "Haste comes from the Devil," and labor is performed after the fashion of "Sleepy Hollow." To drop into one of these places is a marvelous rest and refreshment to the denizen of cities, where life is carried on at high pressure. There is something pathetic, in reading many a modern biography, to note how an hour's space for performing an hour's labor is the boon most earnestly desired and most seldom attained. Philanthropist, statesman, artist, author—all echo the same complaint; all lament at being overwhelmed and overdriven, compelled to perform twenty-six hours' work in twenty-four; of having no leisure, no time for repose. Rank and wealth bring no exemption from the burden of labor; they rather increase it. Bridget—"Enjoy slape, is it? How could I, I'd like yez to teil me? The minit I lay down I'm aslape, and the minit I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it to come in?—Philadelphia Clasp.