

of dollar-store specs, a deceased plug hat and a Boston way of speaking, he called on No. 1, and the family being absent she invited him into the parlor. After the veer of the clover-kicker had somewhat worn off he pointed to piano and asked her if she could "play on that thing." She smiled on him with a 13-tallow candle illuminating expression, and with the air of a marchioness snubbed at a strawberry festival yanked a stool to the instrument and made a wild plunge at "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," but which bore a striking resemblance to a drove of Texas steers crossing a bridge. Then she made another break. This time it was "Over the Garden Wall," and he endeavored to pick up the lost notes in a voice which seemed to spring from the cavity of his boots and set all the dogs in the neighborhood to howling.

In the meantime domestic No. 2 had been made acquainted by a meddling urchin of what was going on at the ranch of her rival, and she began wrestling with the pots and kettles like the head cook in a lumber camp. In her excitement and confusion at the startling intelligence she replenished the water cooler with the contents of the coal-scuttle, and started to wind the kitchen clock with the stove poker.

The deft fingers of No. 1 had just curdled all the new milk on the street by executing so true to nature an imitation of a thunder-storm, when No. 2 sailed into the room and the picnic began.

"Strike me blind!" gasped No. 2, as she kicked a \$2 tureen off the mantelpiece, "but this is a nice lay-out, sure!"

"What do you want here!"

"What impudence!—My feller."

"He isn't your fellow,—are you hun?" smiling up at him like a calf at its mamma through a crack in the fence

"He is!"

"He isn't!"

"I say he is, and if I catch you monkeying with him again I'll shake all the false teeth down your throat!"

"You pile right out!"

"Come outside and put me out!" shouted No. 2, as she shook down the maroon-tinted tresses of her last year's chignon, and prepared to charge on the ramparts of the enemy.

"Woman!" shrieked No. 1, "do you defy me in my own house!" and she seized an Oscar Wilde cuspidor and brandished it in the face of her rival.

The excitement now equaled in intensity a tar-barre conflagration at an anti-suffrage caucus. By this time quite a crowd had collected on the opposite walk, and bets were offered and as quickly taken on the staying powers of the respective contestants. In the meantime they had the poor clover-kicker charging around the room like a six-mule team in an Irish bog. The ominous shadow of his legs and boots, as he vaulted over the articles of furniture in the room, was more graphically than gracefully depicted on the rich lambrequins to the dead-head audience on the outside. At this juncture No. 1, becoming fagged out, let fly the cuspidor at the head of her rival. But alas! it flew wide of its mark and struck our young hero on the apex of benevolence, and amber drops as large as ax-handles began to course down the eyes, nose, mouth and immaculate shirt front of the sacrifice. With a smothered cry he rushed from the room out into the night, and the scenes which knew him once will know

him no more forever.

No. 1 followed No. 2 to the front gate, and as a parting salute shied the link of an old stove-pipe at her, but which, with her customary accuracy, struck a young urchin, who was taking the convention in from the opposite side of the street, in the pit of the stomach and doubled him up in jackknife style.

And such is high life below stairs in this nook of the woods.

HUB SYKES.

PARADISE LOST—A REVIEW.

The question as to whether future advancement in the fine arts is possible is especially worthy of consideration. Swing's statement that the beautiful has gone down under the tide of the useful never to rise again is acquiesced in by many admirers of that great mind who accept without reluctance the theory that the childhood of the world has gone forever, and that the real earnest work of life has taken its place. Others, looking regretfully over earth's joyous youth when man claimed nature for an elder brother and wanton beauty gushed from every heart, have dared to hope that the spell so rudely broken might be restored—at least to some winged Arfelor that some crafty Midas of the future may be endowed, when he lists, with the golden touch. It behooves the latter, while considering this subject, to beware of false analogies. Art and science are not so similar that progress in one can be inferred from progress in the other. The great truths of science are as multitudinous as the thoughts of God, and its fields still open for exploration as boundless as the universe itself. Science will, therefore, remain in an imperfect state, and although its rate of advancement should continue to increase year by year in geometrical progression, yet there would still remain worlds of thought in philosophy for the Platos, the Baccans and the Spencers of the future and other starry systems still more magnificent for another Columbus of the skies. The fine arts, on the other hand, developed from the beginning with surprising rapidity, rising to that summit of perfection beyond which it seems impossible to go. This precious excellence is due to the supremacy, in the infancy of the world, of the imagination over the other faculties of the mind. Everything then had the charm of novelty, everything was tinted with poetic tones. As knowledge increased, reason usurped the royal power, and imagination that was wont to act a tyrant's part was bound in brazen chains and confined under the oppressive Pelion of his own creation.

The muse of epic song that clothed all nature with the beauty and vigor of immortal youth; that inspired the hero on the plains of Troy with the deepest and sublimest feelings and sentiments in human nature; that created on Mount Olympus a system of anthropomorphic deities and celebrated their glorious deeds in inimitable verse, was supplanted by the tragic muse, whose humbler duty was to depict the passions of the mind. Scarcely had the valiant combatants engaged in elemental strife been lulled to rest; scarcely had the last report of the Titans' artillery died away in the dim distance of the past, when a fiercer conflict began to rage in the mind of man. The fact that the rhapsodist has given way to the dramatist indicates clearly the decay of poetic genius; yet in its place has been substituted a genius in some respects more sublime. Nature, once standing out prominently adorned with the