THE BIBROP OF MENTZ.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Between the picturesque town of Bin-gen and the beautiful ruins of the stern old castle of Rheinfels, an old crumbling ower may be seen rising out of the very enter of the Rhine. This tower is called the Mouse Tower

nd a strange legend is told of the way in which the tower acquired its peculiar name. The story runs as follows:

Archbishop Hatto was a powerful rince, and a high dignitary of the hurch; but his ruling passion was a ove of gold.

Like many other prelates of that day, Bishop Hatto used his holy office to enich himself, and not to relieve the suferings of the poor; and to do this it is aid that he resorted to cruelities which ould have put the celebrated robbers the Rhine to the blush.

For many years the fruitful fields on he shores of the Bhine had yielded rich rops of corn-so rich, indeed, that Bishop Hatto had found it necessary to uild a number of new graneries to store way his grain; for not only had he all the corn from his own rich fields, but he tacted his tithe with the greatest severy from the humblest and poorest pea-nt as well as from the richest farmers. Of course the people grumbled at his, when none of the bishop's followers ere near; but when Archbishop Hatto ode through the town of Mentz (or fayence) with his body-guard around im, the people knelt in the mud to ask is blessing, doffing their caps; for they new, if they did not, they might have o doff their heads (for the bishop's otion of Parliament was to summon the ads of the people to the palace, but to ave their bodies behind) and shout at he top of their voices, "Long live the reat and good Hatto, Archbishop of entz!"

But in the midst of this greatness here came a year of sore distress. A earful famine broke out all over the

A blight destroyed the vines; the Colado beetle of the period ate up all the otatoes-that is, if there were any-and is smut changed the golden ears of corn to black dust.

What were the good people of Mentz d Bingen to do? Work! but they had work; besides, how could they work thout food? Starvation stared them the face, and naturally made them al very uncomfortable.

The Bishop of Mentz held high mass, nd prayed that the famine might cease, blessed the lands, but that was ll he did.

His granaries were bursting with the ch corn he had saved and hoarded; but ot one grain would he give to the starvg poor.

It must be confessed that the bishop orked hard enough in praying, and at irst the people were very much obliged or his kind endeavors; but when no ool came of it all they began to grumble, and ask each other if it would not be better for the bishop to save his prerious breath, and open a few of his gran-ries, so that at last, as the bishop rode brough the streets of Mentz no one bent the knee, and no one doffed his cap, but he men stood erect, their thin faces nce with anger, their arms crossed up-that the ghosts of his victims haunted in their breasts, and their heads thrown him that he could not rest-not in the back defiantly.

As the bishop ambled along on his paltry, followed by his knights and his archers, he raised his hand to bless; but nstead of the cries of "Long live the pishop!" one terrible word was shouted orth by the crowd in a hollow chorus: "Bread! The bishop was shocked at such want f manners, and waved his hand to order ilence; but still the cry went up in erce tones from the men, pleading acents from the women, and peevish, fret-ul cries from the children:

hands with glee, as he listened to the cry and thought that all the corn in the land was his; and he determined that he would op's apartments.

keep it. "They croak like frogs," he langhed. "Listen to their 'Bread! bread!"" "To me 'tis more like the baying of a pack of hungry wolves," sighed Her-

"Or the yelping of a lot of snarling curs," chuckled the bishop.

But here the cry was changed, and the

bishop's check grew pale. "Blood or bread, blood or bread, blood or bread."

Then came the heavy blows of sledgehammers on the palace door.

"Your grace! your grace!" cried the captain of the guard, as he hurried into the room and fell on one knee before the bishop, "the people, headed by Riquen-bach, the armorer, have taken taken up arms and threaten to burn the palace to ground unless you throw open some of your granaries!"

"The traitorous knaves!" cried the bishop. "How can I part with my corn? Can we not shoot them down? Do anything but open the granaries."

"Impossible, your grace! In a few hours the palace will be in ruins! May they spare your grace!" "What! kill me? They might-they

would! So-so it is war, is it? Haste you, good Hermann, and tell them that in two hours the largest granary shall be thrown open to them. "Go! "he con-tinued, turning to the captain of the guard-"and send Fetzer to me. Yes, res," he muttered, when he was alone, 'they shall have food to last them their lives, and a good fire to cook it; but shall not hurt my palace!" Fetzer, for whom the bishop

had sent, was a cruel, desperate fellow, ready for any deed and with him the bishop consulted for a quarter of an hour.

"It shall be done, your grace," said Fetzer. "A right goodly joke, and one to be remembered.

At that moment loud shouts arose "Long life to Bishop Hatto!" for the people had heard of the bishop's intention to open his largest granary, and their gratitude knew no bounds.

"Go, good Fetzer, go!" cried the bishop; orders!" "and see you fail not in my

At the appointed time Fetzer and some of bis followers opened the door of the big granary, and in rushed the starving people, anxions to get a hand-ful of the grain. Starving women, children, and men knelt down on the floor and commenced eating the dry corn. Suddenly a cry arose that the doors of the granary were closed, and then that

the place was on fire. It was but too true. By the bishop's orders, Fetzer had set fire to the barn, and all the poor starving wretches were burned.

As the bishop heard their shricks, he cried out to Fetzer:

"Ha! ha! How merry my mice are today! How they squeak over their corn! Hal ha! ha!

Down fell the roof with a crash, and soon the whole place was a heap of smoldering ashes.

Tired with his day's work, the bishop retired to bed—but not to sleep. It was not that his conscience pricked him, or least.

There they were, behind the wainscot, nibbling away with their sharp teeth. They rattled about in the most ghostly manner, tearing the arras, and playing all kinds of pranks upon the archepiscopal counterpane.

Bishop Hatto made a furious resist-

ance; but it was no use. He fain would have fled, but could not get out of the tower.

Many mice were killed, but they conquered in the long run, and the bishop was eaten, the last sound that rung in his ears being the squeaking of his merry mice.

The people on the shore, who had been kept awake all night by the screams of the bishop and his followers, pulled off to the tower, where they found no living creature. There were a few dead mice and a heap of human skeletops, one of which had a miter on the skull and a

broken crosier in his bony fist. From this the the people guessed that the skeleton was all that remained of the bishop; and to commemorate this dread-

ful retribution they named the building the Mouse Tower. Let all people remember that it is their duty to relieve the sufferings of others, and not to sneer at them. If "virtue is

its own reward" wickedness is not its own punishment. As a proof of this we may quote the legend of the Bishop of Mentz and the Mouse Tower.

Emperor Nero's Love for Music.

In his own person Nero gave the world proof that love for the divine art of music can live in the blackest soul. When he ascended the throne he summoned Terpnos, the ablest of the "eitheraedi," to his court, and became his industrious and studious pupil in singing, neglecting none of the measures which were practiced by the Greek musicians of that day for the preservation and development of the voice. The baritone voice was naturally weak, a little rough and hoarse, and only by means of incessant practice,

by the greatest care in vocal and instrumental delivery, did he succeed in accomplishing anything in music. During his whole life he was filled with the con viction that he was the first virtuoso of his time, and he died with the words, "What an artist perishes with me!" When, toward the end of his reign, the proprietor of Gaul, Julius Vindex, rose against him, nothing pained the Emperor more than the fact that in the Gallic insurrection he was called a miserable cithara player. Desiring to shine as a tragic singer as well as a cithara player and poet, he introduced musical festivals into Rome in the style of the Greek festivals and in a princely manner. Suctonius says that "their leaders carned 40,000 sesterces." Finally he deter-mined to exhibit his art before the connoisseurs and the public of Rome, and this happened in the second spring games, in the year of '64, a short time after the first persecutions of the Christians. All the world had desired to hear his divine voice, but Nero only wished to appear in his garden. Finally, when his body guard united their soli-citations with those of the people he promised to take the public stage, and sent his name to be inscribed on the list of singers and cithara players. He drew lots with the other contesants, and when his turn came he ascended the stage followed by the tribunes and suc-

rounded by his intimates. The praefecti praetoria carried his cithara. After he had taken his place and played the prelude, he had Cluvious Rufus announce that he wound sing Niobe, and he sand

Tommy. Isn't this a ripping place! It seems to me as if the downs were like great green waves, rolling along and swelling bigger and bigger; and here we

are, you and I, up on the very top of the biggest wave of all, which hangs here forever, as if it would plunge down the next moment and swamp the real old sea. Sybil. What nonsense you do talk, Tommy! Come; it's quite time I began my lesson. What's this book, which you

say I can read? T. The Anthology.

The what?

The Anthologia Latina.

What's that?

T. Ob, I don't know; it's a sort of colection. It's good for girls, because it

leaves out the bad things. S. But I want to read what boys read. T. You can't, you know. We have to read awfully improper things at

school. S. I don't see why it is good for you to read things which it isn't good for me to read. I don't see why girls should be different from boys.

T. I don't see why either. I suppose it's best. I think I am glad you are different.

S. Do let us begin. You are so idle. T. It's so awfully jolly doing nothing up here. I should like to lie here forever on this nice short grass and stare at the sea. Isn't the sea dazzling in the sunlight? It looks like millions of penknives.

S. Penknives! It's like diamonds. T. Should you like to have millions of diamonds? I wish I were a fellow in the "Arabian Nights," and I would give 'em

S. I don't wish for anything so silly. Do sit up, and let us begin. T. Oh, very well. Here you are; I

picked out this for you to read; it's all correct; It's about the death of a sparrow

S. Well? T. Well-I say, Sybil, I wish the brim of your hat was a little wider.

S. Why? T. Because, as we have got to look over the same book. It would be jolly to sit in the shade of the same hat. We should be like Paul and Virginia.

in love with each other-in an opera; or

S. How silly! Come, now; de begin. T. You must begin; see if you can translate it. I've got a stunning translation of it in my pocket, which my tutor made.

"Lament, O-S.

T. "Venuses and Cupids-

S. But there was only one Venus.

T. Oh, that don't matter. It's a sort of poetic license: they have to make it scan, you know. I can't make out the next line; and I can't make out my tutor's translation of it; but it don't matter; it's only a fill up. Go on at passer. s.-The sparrow of my girl is dead, The sparrow-dilicta-

T. (reads from his tutor's translation:)

The sparrow of my dearsest girl is dead. The sparrow, darling of my dear. is dead. Whom more than her own eyes she loved so: For he was honered-voiced, and he would know His mistress, as a cirl her mother dear; Nor from her gentle bossm would he go But dopping round about, now i here, now here. He piped to her alone most sweet and clear.

S. There nothing about "sweet and

clear" in the Latin. T. You are so awfully particular.

S. Oh! What is the meaning of Ore;? T. Orci! Let me see the book. Oh, Orcus is—at least it isn't really what we mean when we-I'll see how my tutor puts it. Ah!

S. Tommy, how can you be so

T. You wait till I do it. I'll

you back a hundred ostrich-tails

on your head when you go to Cour

I'll kill sparrows on the wing with

tol in either hand you like; and marry you and the Indian princess die of jealousy, and—

S. Tommy! I think you are going :

S. Then don't talk any more nonse

T. Home's the word; and I'll carr the book. Poor Master Sparrow "Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque!"-Blackwood's Magazine.

The Charmed Sword.

Once upon a time (all fairy tales com-

mence in this way, so of course mine must) there resided in Persia a poor

prepared, when the time arrived, to start

But one morning Hezrim was consid-

erably astonished by his son informing him that he (Zelim) was about to

travel to a far-off country. "But why is this, my son?" asked Hez-

"I have had a dream, father," replied

"And what didst thou see in thy

"I was visited by a fairy, who in-formed me that the beautiful and be-

loved Princess Snowdrop has been car-

ried off, and she also told me that the

youth who rescued her, on him would

the king bestow the hand of the Princes,

and I am determined to go in search of

the princess." "Let me persuade you from such a rash undertaking," said Herrim. "Are

there not beauteous maidens enough in

But Zelim was not to be persuaded

Accordingly, Zelim set out the next

morning in search of the princess, tak-ing with him his father's blessing, and a

sword, said to possess magic qualities, presented by his father.

After traveling two or three days, dur-

ing which he encountered and overcame

many difficulties, he came in sight of a

great castle situated upon the top of a

Zelim resolved to pay a visit to this

castle, and, if possible, obtain shelter

In a few minutes he was at the castle

Zelim then pulled the bell-rope, and

the bell clanged out dismally on the

The gate was opened in a few minutes by an old hag, so hideous that Zelim shuddered at the sight of her.

"Who are you, and what are you,

snarled the hag. "My name is Zelim. I am the son of Hezrim, the baker of the city of Yezd, and I desire shelter for the night," re-

"Well, come in and I will see my

Zelim stepped boldly in, though a sight of the hag would have frightened

They were soon in the presence of the

owner of the castle, whom Zelim dis-covered to be a dwarf, who could have

measured no more than three feet in

height, but who possessed strength to a

The required permission was obtained,

Without doffing his clothes, he threw

Zelim sprang off the couch, drew his

magic sword, and rushed out of his room

to the place from whence the cry pro-

After searching in several rooms, he

The door was locked, but Selim, with

a mighty effort, burst it open and rushed

The sight which met his gaze was this:

"Who art thou, and why this situa-

The maiden was reassured at the sight

of the handsome stranger, and answered:

"I am the Princess Primrose, and am the captive of the owner of this castle."

Zelim's heart gave a great bound at

This the beautiful princess of whom he

Our hero's thoughts were cut short by

the appearance of the dwarf, who, utter-

sooner touched our hero's magic blade

than it melted like lead and fell to the

right through the heart of his opponent,

With one blow Zelim cut the bonds

and, seizing the princess, who had

fainted, in his strong arms, he rushed out

of the castle, and was on his journey to

the King of Persia, the princess' father.

In a few days he reached the palace.

daughter returned safe, and rewarded

greatest reward of all-namely, the hand

itants at the marriage of the handsome

Zelim and the beautiful Princess Prim-

Zelim sent for his aged father, and pro

vided for his comfort for the rest of his

The magic sword was carefully pre-

The king was overjoyed to see his

But in a few months he received the

Great was the rejoicing of the inhab-

who fell to the ground lifeless.

Zelim handsomely.

of the princess.

lim's descendants.

days.

With a swift pass Zelim ran his sword

was in search, and he about to resone

A maiden, beautiful in the extreme, bound to the wall, and sobbing as if her

and Zelim was shown to a room where he

one but little more timid than he.

this city to choose from?"

from his course.

high hill.

for the night.

evening air.

sponded Zelim.

remarkable degree.

was to pass the night,

ear to ear.

castle.

close by.

heart would break.

tion?" asked Zelim.

these words.

What bliss!

her!

husband," said the woman.

gate.

T. Not very mad.

im in business.

rim.

Zelim.

dream?"

It's quite time to go home.

back to school next half to get a little football, and then I'm off; and I'll ring

lous?

I'll hap befail ye, shades of grim despair, Who glut yourselves with all things that are fair! Ah! he shirks the difficulty; it's just

like him. S. You surely don't think Marion

pretty do you? T. I don't know.

S. You must have very funny taste if It must be the sun. you do. Now, Clara is pretty, if you like.

T. Yes; isn't Clara pretty? My word! isn't she pretty?

S. Yes: of course she's pretty.

T. What are you staring out to sea like that for? Are you looking at that sail?

S. I was thirking that some friend might be on board that ship. How strange it would be! Fancy if Mr. Redgrave were coming home on that ship!

T. Redgrave! What on earth makes you think of that old chappy? S. How ridiculous you are, Tommy! He isn't a bit old; and I think he's very

baker, by the name of Hezrim Ispa-han, who had but one son, Zelim. Though poor, Hezrim had contrived to give his son a good education, and was handsome. T. He's a jolly old humbug. When he's playing tennis with me, he's as lively as possible; but when he's with the women he looks sentimental, and makes eyes; and as for his not being old, he must be thirty if he's a day. S. That I'm sure he can't be. I'm sure

marrying a millionaire or something.

He told you all this precious story, did

S. No; Aunt Adelaide told me; but

he turned to me and said, with a melan-

S. Not a bit like that. He said, with a

T. Some day! That means when you are a young lady. I know I sha'n't like

you when you are a young lady. I hate

S. It's ridiculous of you to say that

Marion is pretty. T. I never said that she was pretty.

said that she was not as pretty as

S. You are a disagreeable boy, any

S. Of thinking me your very best

T. Then why do you talk about that

S. You are very disagreeable, and I

way. You have always made such a pre-

S. Marion is almost a young lady.

T, Ah! but she's different.

T. What did he tell you ?

T. I know it. Like this!

choly smile-

young ladies.

Clara.

tense of-

friend.

T. Of what?

old Redgrave?

he is quite young. Of course he isn't a

he?

T. Well, I don't mind being a boy. wouldn't be a man for anything, and if I was I wouldn't be a flirt. S. Don't be so horrid, Tommy. Poor

Mr. Redgrave has been very unhappy. That is what makes him look like that. He was in love with the most beautiful

lady in the world; and she was very cruel, and married a millionaire or something. T. I don't see anything very cruel in

S. Oh, it was one day he was laughing with Aunt Adelaide about women; and

S. Who were they? T. They were young people who were something.

very sweet and melancholy smile, that I must take care not to be a flirt, because some day I might do a great deal of mischief; and that women ought to try to do good to people, and not harm.

"Bread! Bread! Bread!

"Hermann," whispered the bishop to is steward,"I like not the looks of these naves.

"They look lean and hungry as the olf in winter, and are dangerous, your

"Dangerous!" exclaimed the bishop, rging his steed on at a quicker pace. I do not quite understand you, Herann. Do you think they would dare

ouch our sacred person ?" "I cannot tell," said the steward, with sigh. "The wolf and bear, in summer me, when well fed, may growl and snarl ometimes, but never bite. These men re starving; those they love are wasting way before their eyes. No wonder they en their mouths.'

"How can we stop them?"

'By putting something into them, id thes teward.

"What! Me fill all these mouths?" ied the bishop. "You must be mad, ermann. I think, now, that if that llow yonder, with the doublet much too

'Which one, your grace? There are many. Alas! each man's doublet is uch too loose for him."

"Yonder man with the black beard. ow, if we could make him an example, at once string him up at the palace

"Pardon me, your grace; but that man Master Riquenbach, the village arrer.

"That Riquenbach! Why he is a fine,

terrupted Hermann, with a bow. "You speak too plainly, Master Her-

nann, said the bishop, sternly. "I will ave that traitorous fellow seized and anged to-night. They may cook and eat m if they will."

"Pardon me, your grace, but if they do, e fire they will roast him by will be the nes of your palace. Listen, your grace e cry of ' Bread' grows louder; and, by saints!" he continued, turning round aning on his horse's crupper, and gaz-g behind him—"and by the saints! as his hands upon, and be thankful that he pass along they fall in line and fol- got it before the mice. us. Be warned in time, yoar grace. pen one of your barns to the people,

t they, in the delerium of their hunr do violence to your most sacred per-

On rode the cavalcade till it reached shop Hatto and his followers were in-

But the crowd guthered thickly outside Bread! bread! bread!"

Bishop Hatto was dumbfounded. Never had a mouse been seen in the palace before!

He put his hand out of bed and took up his mitre, which he always of a night kept on a chair by his bedside; there was a nest of mice in it, and the lining was gnawed away. However, he put it on his head, so as not to catch cold, and jumped out of bed.

He hastily moved his feet into his slippers, but drew them out rapidly, for mice were in the toes of the slippers, and their sharp little teeth were soon in the toes of the bishop. Seizing his crozier, the bishop laid about him with a good will, smashing everything, and scattering the precious stones from his pastoral staff all over the place.

In rushed the servants-they had better have brought the cat-and then a terrible scone presented itself to their view.

Everything that was gnawable was gnawed, even to the toes and nose of the bishop., The arras was in shreds, the bedclothes and hangings were in tatters, the furniture was ruined, and as for the bishop's wardrobe, it was in holes-too holey to suit the bishop. But this is not all, the next day the

larder was found empty, the granaries the same, and the skins of wine and barrels of beer in the cellars had been eaten through, so that all the drinkables were gone also. butter.

The mice came out by millions and millions; but, strange to say, they only turned their spite against Bishop Hatto, the cruel Fetzar, and his follows.

The bishop took horse and fied to an-other palace, followed by Fetzer and his men

But no sooner were they settled down than the mice came after them. The bishop knew he could not have brought them in his luggage, for the simple rea-son that they had left him no luggage to bring from the other palace.

How then, did they come here? They left him no time to answer the question, for they ate him out of house and home as quickly as they had done

before. And now was the powerful Bishop Hatto as miserable as the poor creatures whom he had treated so cruelly, for he

the water.

Bishop Hatto at once gave his consent e Archbishop's palace, the gates of he would have given everything he had bich were closed and barred directly, to get rid of the mice, even to his very mitre.

So the tower was built, and the bishop and his followers shut themselves up in gates: and kept up the solemn cry: it, believing they had conquered the last

lace gates, than courage returned, and walked up and down, rubbing his river, scaled the walls in spite of the Courier.

for an hour. Nevertheless, he postponed the contest for the principal prize and the other numbers of the programme till the next year, in order to have an opportunity to be heard oftener. The postponement was too long for him, howeven, and he ap-peared repeatedly in public. He did not scruple even to associate with the actors of the private theaters, and one enterprising manager, a practor, closed an engagement with him one day for 1,000,-000 sesterces, a remuneration which he owed less to his art than to the testy and dangerous artistic pride. Besides the cithara songs,he sang a number of tragic parts in costume. When he impersonated neroes and gods, he wore a mask made to resemble his own features while the masks of the heroines and goddesses copied the features of the woman of whom at the time he charced to be most fond. Among other roles he acted the parts of Orestes, Œipus and Hercules. BUTTER FROM A HAND-OBGAN .- The

Keokuk Gate City has unearthed the meanest man on record and locates him at Burlington, Iowa. The story, as the paper mentioned tells it, is that while a deaf, dumb and blind hand-organist was sleeping on the postoffice corner the wretch stole his instrument and substituted a new-fangled churn therefor, and when the organist awoke he seized the handles of the churn and ground away for dear life, and when "the shades of night were falling fast," that meanest man in the world came around, took his churn, restored the organ to its owner, and carried home 4 pounds of creamy

A young attorney, a day or two since, having delivered himself of a speech in the Superior Court, asked the clerk if he could smoke in the room. "Yes," was the reply. A pipe was handed out and the gentleman was busily engaged in building smoke columns in the air, when the Judge laid a \$5 fine upon him. "I thought you said that I could smoke here?" inquired he indignantly of the clerk as soon as he got his breath. did," was the reply, as that busy officer preceeded with his minutes. "Didn't you smoke?"

A considerate friend: Some people when they are tight are very considerate. Not long since Gus De Smith, being under the influence of a dinner party, called at the residence of Colonel McSpillkins on Austin avenue. "Ish Colonel Me-Spillkinsh in? I want to see him on

got it before the mice. Then Fetzer proposed to the bishop that he should build a tower on a rock in the middle of the Rhing "For" "aid he the middle of the Rhine, "For," said he, "the mice will not be able to get over again shom day when he's out."

> A cold weather conundrum: "Will the coming man shut the door behind him?" is the latest inquiry. It is to be hoped that he will, for the going man seldom does .- Somerville Journal.

The planet Saturn is now in opposition to the sun. But the sun will prob-

I wish it wasn't all about a sparrow. I don't care for a sparrow. Ah! look at that lark. He got up quite close to us. Phew! doesn't he jump? What great leaps he goes up in! Musn't he be tremendously happy? Fancy being able to go like that, and having wind enough to sing all the time!

S. I wish you wouldn't let your eyes wander all over the country. If you don't keep them on the book we will never get on.

T. All right. This other's a jolly one -this one-"To Lesbia?

S. Who was Lesbia? T. She was the girl who had the spe row; he is in love with her; but you had better not think of her. I believe she wasn't at all a good sort.

S. What a pity! T. She made him awful unhappy.

S. It was his own foult. I can't think why people fall in love. T. Of course it's awfally silly to fall

in love.

S. I think it horrid. T. People say that a man and a woman can't be friends, because one of them is sure to fall in love. S. That must be nonsense. Look at

you and me! We have been friends for ever so long. T. Yes; and do you know, Sybil. I'd

rather you were my friend than any fellow I know.

S. It seems very hard, this, "To Les-bia." What's the meaning of basiationes? T. I think it means "kisses."

S. Oh! T. "You ask how many of your kisses, Lesbia, are enough and more than enough for me. As great as the number of Lib-ian sand in spice-bearing Cypence, be-tween the oracle of—something—Jove and the sepulchre of old Battins, or as many as are the stars that-

S. Oh, we won't go on with that. Poets are always so silly when they begin to talk about those things. I do wish you would finish one thing before you begin another; you-

T. "It's good to be off with the old love before you are on with the new-" S. Tommy.

T. All right. I'll attend awfully well now. Go on; see if you can do it. Go on with the Spadger.

S. "Who now goes through the waytenebricosum?

T. "Full of shadows." S. "Thither, whence they refuse anybody to return.

T. That's right. You really do know a lot of Latin. I say, do you think that Clara could be friends with a chap without trying to make him in love with her? Clara isn't a bit like you.

S. Clara is very pretty. T. Do you think she is prettier than iard. Marion?

S. Clara is prettiest; but Marion has up; and I'd bring yon back a jolly lot of things too-a ship full of apes and---so much character.

T. Marion could be friends with a boy. S. Friends with a boy! What an ex-pression! What bad English you do

talk! T. I always do when I am happy. One stunning things; and diamonds from the diamond fields; and silver from the silcan't be jolly grammatically. Marion doesn't care about boys. think

ver mountains; and gold dust from the S. Indeed? Suppose we go golden rivers; and parrots and paroquets The magic sword was carefully and a Red Indian princess in feathers served, and kept as an heirloom for

our sparrow. T. I should like her to like me.

shall go home. T. No, no; don't go. It's so jolly here. Let's solemnly promise to be each other's friend.

S. Till when? T. Forever and ever.

S. I should like to show these stupid people that a man and a woman can be friends without caring about each other

His head was entirely out of propor-tion to his body, being extraordinary large, with glaring eyes, a huge nose, and a mouth which seemed to reach from one bit! T. Ye-es. Only I don't know what you'll be like when you are a young iady.

S. I sha'n't be that for ever so long. I don't think that I shall be old, or begin to think that I am old, until I am twenty.

Without dofing his clothes, he threw himself upon the couch, and was soon in the arms of the drowsy god Morpheus; for he was very tired, having traveled many miles that day. How long he slept he knew not, for he was awakened by hearing a piercing shrick proceed from some part of the castle T. I'm afraid you'll be awfully pretty

when you're a young lady. S. Don't be so silly, Tommy. T. Any way, you'll like me better than old Redgrave ?

S. Of course. And you'll like me better than Marion?

T. Yes.

S. And Clara?

T. Ever so much better than Clara. S. Very well, then.

ceeded. T. What do you mean by "Very well, heard groans issuing from the chamber

then?" S. That is settled; and now I can go on with my lesson.

T. But we almost polished off poor Mr. Sparrow.

S. What a way to talk!

T. It don't do for a girl. You have to say "prunes" and "precision" all day to make your mouth pretty. S. Tommy, you are exceedingly silly;

and it's better to say "prunes" than to chew grass; and if you ain't going to look at the book instead of staring out to

sea, I shall go home. T. All right, Sybil. We'll do him up in less than a jiffy out of my tutor's

translation. Here you are:

Ill hap befall ye, shades of grim despair, Who giut yourselves with all things that are fair! How fair the little bird ye reft from me! O deed ill done! Poor little bird, for thes-For thy dear sake my girl's sweet eyes are red, An d : Willich all with tesrs that thou are dead

By George, it is most awfully touching ing a howl of rage, sprang upon him. Zelim stepped nimbly aside and raised his charmed sword, which, however, no isn't it, Sybil? Fancy how long ago that poor little beast died, and here we are still sorry?

S. "Little beast!"

T. Oh, look! far away across the sea do you see that tiny little sail? Fancy if ground. it was my ship coming in!

S. That is so like a boy. Perhaps you

T. Nomore! Oh yes, I should turn

T. Oh, apes are a detail; they come in

with ivory, and peacocks, and all sorts of rose

S. You are the strangest boy. T. Shouldn't I just like to have a ship? wish it was ever so long ago; and that might sail away and fight a Spaniard. S. I should like to know what the

Spaniards have ever done to you, that you should want to fight them. T. I don't know; but I'm sure it would be jolly good fun to fight a Span-

would never come back

S. Tommy.

and.