

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

The Rev. Thomas Baxter was a curate of the muscular, energetic type, which, fortunately for the church, is turned out not infrequently by our universities and public schools. He was a big, broad shouldered young man, who, besides distinguishing himself greatly both on the river and in the cricket field, had taken a very respectable degree, for he was by no means afraid of hard work of any description. Such men often make capital parsons, and Tom was hardly less energetic in his parish work than he had been in very different spheres of action at Eaton and Oxford. But there were limits to Mr. Baxter's endurance; he liked an occasional holiday, and this was the only point upon which he and his vicar, the Rev. Septimus Straightway, were not entirely agreed.

Tom stunk off to a telegraph office and in guilty haste dispatched a wire to the effect that he was suffering from a severe attack of lamboleg, but would, if possible, return in the evening. By 11 o'clock he was at Lord's. The mere sight of the ground was so welcome to him that he was determined to spend as much time there as he possibly could. He knew, of course, that he would be friends to meet any number of his old friends, and that the whole proceeding was extremely risky; but he consoled himself with the thought that, as Mr. Straightway rarely, if ever, went into society of any sort, he was not at all unaccounted for himself in the pavilion and awaited the beginning of the play with pleasant impatience. The Heathcotes were all enthusiastic cricketers, and he counted on their appearance by 12 o'clock at the latest.

His position. His stiff collar was growing limp, and his heavy black garments began to give unimportant. "Wonder if I dare to take my coat off," he asked himself. The mental answer was "Yes," and he proceeded to do so. Then he felt better. finished the plate of pie, and had another tumbler of the champagne. "I feel half inclined to go out and face him," reflected Tom, but his heart failed. He pined the dust cloaks, coats and umbrellas in one corner, and tried to make himself comfortable. Presently, however, the match was resumed, and then his real suffering began. Tom had never endured such torture. Loud applause frequently broke upon his ears; shouts of "Well hit!" "Well bowled!" "Well caught!" and, sometimes, more maddening even than these sounds, there was a deep lull of suspense in the noisy crowd, or a distinctly audible sigh of relief, which told his practiced ears that some exciting crisis of the game had come or gone.

He vainly peered over the half drawn blind to catch a glimpse of the players; he could, however, see nothing but a forest of black hats and variegated sunshades. Binns returned—Tom dared not quit his hiding place, and despair once more possessed his soul. "Suppose I'm here for the afternoon. Holy Moses, how appalling hot it is!" (Heat is apt to relax the propriety even of a curate's language.) "Wish I dared to take some more of my clothes off!" And then his eye fell on the champagne bottle, which was nearly half full. "Well, I can have another drink, at all events!" And again his troubles seemed less. He stretched himself out as well as he could, for he was a big man and the space was small, and by degrees he finished the bottle. "If only I had a weed," he reflected; "haven't smoked for months, it seems years."

And growing bold even to recklessness, he hunted in the pockets of the other men's overcoats till he found a cigar case. When he had lit a cigar he felt comparatively at ease. It was very hot, he thought, but a peaceful feeling stole over him; the hum of the crowd grew fainter and fainter; the shouts of applause more distant; even the hammering of sticks and umbrellas on the ground, within six inches of his head, ceased to annoy him. He pulled at his lips, and he felt that he was no longer a curate, but a man. He was awakened by a rough shake and about in his ear of "Hi, wake up!" Returning to semi-consciousness he distinctly heard exclamations of "Shameful!" "Disgusting!" "Who would have thought it!" And then a familiar voice said in somewhat quivering accents, "Leave him to me, papa. I must see him alone." Tom pulled himself together with a jerk, opened his heavy eyes, and found himself confronted by Miss Alice Heathcote, who stood with flushed cheeks and indignant expression at the door of the drag.

THE FIRST SQUALL. A slight unpleasantness which arose between a loving young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Bolivar Pyke had been married about six weeks, and were still oppressively happy. Now a ripple of discord had stirred the frog pond of their domestic harmony, and their life had run smoothly and unobtrusively as a Chicago baseball club's progress down the toboggan slide. If there was anything that could have made Bolivar happier he didn't know what it was, unless, possibly, it was if he had his tough, leathery, and gnarled old uncle in California had gone to the good world; while the addition of forty more emporiums and closets to the hoard could hardly have added to the felicity of his young wife.

It was an evening in May—an ordinary evening in May, 1890—and the rain had stepped. It was falling as it fell in the seventeenth day of the second month of the 600th year of the life of one Noah, and in a sheer despair the signal service man began to predict wet weather. "Buenavista," said Bolivar, looking abstractly about the room, "if it wouldn't be asking too great a favor—" "What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Pyke, tenderly. "Please try the other knee while this one is getting tired."

Such was the story that was current about the death of Jasper Grindley's two bears; and it was tragic enough until Jasper came in with his account of the affair. DUCKED HIS MATE. "Then two young b'ars," said Jasper, "beat all creation for smartness, and it was jest that smartness of their'n that done 'em both up. They was always playin' tricks on one another, and one day one of 'em was takin' a leetle tramp around the house. He come to a bar that stood at one corner of the house, half full of rain water. He didn't know what it was in the bar, of course, but thinkin' that maybe there was sumpin' in that that would pan out a heap 'o fun fer him, he riz up on his hind feet, an' puttin' his forepaws on top of the bar, looked over into it. Not bein' anything but water in the bar, the chances is that the little cuss 'd ha' got down agin an' gone on lookin' fer sumpin' else to git fun out of; but, jist ez he riz up on the bar, 'o'other b'ar happened round that way. He seen his mate nosin' inter the bar, an' all on a sudden it struck him that he see some fun in the situation. So what does he do but sneak up behind 'o'other b'ar grab him by the hind legs, an' quicker than I kin tell ye he lifted him up an' soused him head first in the bar. While the onfor'nit b'ar in the bar was splutterin' an' kickin' an' twistin' an' chokin' in the water, the tricky little sarpin't that dumped him in just danced an' pranced around, an' holered till you'd ha' tho't he'd 'a' busted, the thing hit him ez being so consarned funny. The b'ar in the bar would ha' drowned in short order if I hadn't ben club by an' run an' turned the bar 'p an' let him out."

A BROKEN HEARTED B'AR.

TRUE STORY OF THE DEMISE OF JASPER GRINDLEY'S PETS.

A JOKE WITH A WATER BARREL BROUGHT INTO A LATE DUTCH OVEN AND LED TO PREMEDITATED SUICIDE BY DROWNING—THE ACCOUNTS DIFFER SLIGHTLY.

AN ASTONISHED SOUTH SEA KING.

REMARKABLE TWINS.

TWO WOMEN SO NEAR ALIKE AS TO RECEIVE THEIR HUSBANDS.

THE FLOWER INDUSTRY.

SOME GREAT UNEXPLORED LANDS.

WINDTHROST AND BISMARCK.

PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE AMONG THE CLERICAL OPPOSITION TO CELEBRATE IN A SUITABLE MANNER THE 78TH BIRTHDAY OF SIR WINDTHROST, THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE REICHSRATH IN WHOM PRINCE BISMARCK RECOGNIZES A FOEMAN WORTHY OF HIS STEEL.

A NEW BRANCH OF ROGUERY.

Muzzle stealing has become a regularly established branch of roguesry in Great Britain since the promulgation of the recent ordinance compelling all dogs to go muzzled. The worst of the matter is that dogs, being delighted to get rid of their muzzles, aid and abet the thieves in the perpetration of the robbery. Dog owners are in despair and plaintively inquire in dog Latin: "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" The only suggestion to be offered in response thereto is that since the law requires dogs to wear muzzles all the time, a person should be appointed to attend each dog and prevent its muzzle from being stolen.—New York Tribune.

ENGLISH FRAND COFFEE.

WOMEN WRITERS IN FRANCE.

AN UNEXPECTED REPLY.

MONKEYS MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL.

TWO KINDS OF UNHAPPY PEOPLE.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

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