

ATLANTIS.

Prand Isle of the long distant ages,
Wield land of phyllophora's dreams,
The name, in all history's pages,

AN AWAKENING.

"Will you come down to our place
next Monday, Charlie, for a couple of
day's shooting?"
"Monday? Yes. Delighted, old
chap."

come out with me before breakfast."
"Charlie is not shy, but a very decided
feeling of embarrassment creeps over
him. Of course it is a mistake. He
has known some rapid young ladies in
his time, but never one who would have
come into his room to call him before
she had ever been introduced to him.

another month. Just because I
wanted you to meet her. She is capital
company and sings divinely. Just like
a woman. Last night asked a
dozen questions and was quite inter-
ested about you, and this morning
flies off without stopping to set eyes
on you."

of the hand which seized her's.
"Don't you care a little for me, dar-
ling?" he asked.
Lillian turned away her head.
"You have quite forgiven me for
what happened at the court, haven't
you?" she pleaded, haltingly.

ENGLISH BILLIARDS.
A Silly and Stupid Game That Is Ob-
solete in America.
The Pall Mall Gazette inquires, in
connection with the bankruptcy of
Cook, the famous billiard player, whether
the English taste for "billiards and
show games" is dying out. The facts
in this case are certainly curious. Cook
is one of the best English players, and
occupies a position like that of Schaefer
or Slosson in this country. Yet he
swore that while the rent of his saloon
was \$1,250 and his marker and his
waiter cost him \$25 a week the gross
receipts of his place since April had
not exceeded the latter amount week-
ly. He attributes his misfortune to a
decline in the popularity of the game.
Everybody knows that in this country
the popularity of billiards is steadily
increasing. There is not a billiard
saloon in New York of which the weekly
receipts are so small as that of the
saloon kept by one of the most famous
players in London, while a player of
Cook's rank could here earn a salary
greater than Cook's total receipts by
simply playing every day in one place
and thus attracting customers to it. In
a general way Englishmen are quite as
fond of games, either of skill or chance,
as Americans are, and it seems odd
that while billiards are more and more
played in the United States they should
be less and less played in England.

THE OLD CHAPEL.
From sunlit eaves, that gently cant,
The long and sleepy shadows fall
Across the wild-grown sod, a slant
The slowly mouldering chapel wall.
The chapel long in mosses dressed,—
The snail upon the crumbling sill,—
Beneath the eaves the swallow's nest,—
But prove that God's is nature's will.

WAYLAYING A GROCER.

Why Washboards Took the Price of
Strawberries Took a Sudden Rise.
One afternoon not long ago a very
innocent-looking middle-aged man en-
tered a grocery on Michigan avenue,
bought a nickel's worth of tobacco, and
suddenly began laughing.
"Whit's happened?" queried the as-
tonished grocer.
"Say, I've got a friend who roasts on
the top limb of American history. What
he doesn't know about the Revolution-
ary War isn't worth knowing, and he's
mighty glad to air his opinions on ev-
ery possible occasion. Say, I've got
him down to rights."

Church Gigglers.

Some churches, remarks The Christ-
ian Life, London, are troubled with
groggers and some with gigglers. We
cannot tell which is the greater nuisance.
An eminent minister recently said of the
latter: "Giggling is described in the
dictionary as the act of laughing idly,
fittering, grinning." It is silly and
childish enough anywhere, but in church
it is abominable, and yet there is no
place where giggling is more common.
It is natural in school girls, but when
met in young women of 19 or 20 it is
unpardonable. It is frequently a char-
acteristic of young men with incipient
mustaches, who think they qualify them-
selves for manhood by affecting con-
tempt for which their elders revere. They
giggle at anything. If they catch
the eye of an acquaintance, they giggle;
if a woman rises too soon for a hymn,
they giggle; if a baby cries, they giggle;
if some one drops a book, they giggle;
if the clergyman coughs, they giggle;
if the plate is handed to some one who
puts nothing in it, they giggle; if some
one near them sings out or repeats the
responses louder, they giggle; if the
choir makes a mistake, they giggle. In
fact, nothing is too small or insignificant
to arrest their notice and produce a
giggle.

Newspaper Circulation.

There is no public faith in the accu-
racy of the daily reports of newspaper
circulation which have been published
in many journals. Even when sworn
to they are not believed, for the reason
that they may be honestly sworn to and
yet be largely false. Any number of
papers may be printed and distributed
and sworn to as circulation; but how
many are returned? how many are not
sent to bona-fide readers? If the cash
payments for circulation were honestly
sworn to, the honest circulation would
be reached; but no newspaper has ever
attempted that only honest test of bona-
fide readers. Purchases by political
committees; special sales to advertisers,
which are often made at nominal prices
to give the appearance of circulation;
specimen papers sent free through can-
vassers or by mail to introduce the
paper bear no relation to bona-fide
newspaper circulation, and journals
which specially force and boost circula-
tion always withhold from their pub-
lic figures the large percentage of papers
not read or paid for.—Philadelphia
Times.

Throwing Passengers Overboard.

The barbarous custom of throwing
passengers overboard as soon as the
breath has left their bodies when they
die at sea on a transatlantic steamer
has nearly run its course. Since our
statement that an ocean passenger
steamer is legally bound to deliver per-
sons who pay their passage in advance
at their port of destination, whether
they die or not, we have received assur-
ances that convince us that we are cor-
rect. As caskets can be obtained in
which a body can be kept in a fair
state of preservation two weeks with-
out the use of ice, all European passen-
ger steamers should be compelled to
carry them. The relatives or friends
of those who die at sea would gladly
pay the extra expense entailed in pre-
serving the bodies and returning them
to land for decent and Christian
burial.—New York Marine Journal.

The Press.

The press sways the world. It is the
great lever by which human minds are
moved; the moulder of public opinion;
the elevating and ennobling power that
lifts us, work-worn and weary though
we may be, out of the time deepened
ruts of conservatism, and places us
fairly and squarely upon the even and
upward track of advanced thought and
feeling.
Every element that has contributed
to the growth and prosperity of a beau-
tiful city, and helped to place her in
the envied position she occupies among
the chief cities of a nation, becomes a
subject of pride to her citizens, and of
interest not only to them, but also to
the great multitude who are connected
with her by social ties or business re-
lations. And among the agencies that
have brought about this result, none
has been more powerful than her press.
This is the golden age of the press.
Long live the newspaper; verily, it
sways the world.—St. Louis Magazine.

As many as 30,000 shawls are made an-
nually in the Vale of Cashmere, which are worth
on an average, \$1,000 apiece.