ATLANTIS.

Proud isle of the long distant ages,
Wierd land of philosopher's dreams,
Thy name, in all history's pages,
With mystical radiance gleams: Enchantment her glamour of glory fias cast like a mantel o'er thee, As Time has repeated thy story.
Lost gem of the sea. Atlantis,
Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

Bright sunshine no more gilds the mountains; The slopes are enshrouded in night; Und secrued are thy clear gushing fountains, Once crowned with seven-bacd light; All hushed are thy bird-notes, once gladly Resound ng o'er valley and lea; Slow tides through thy forests sweep sadly, Lost gem of the sea, Atlantis, Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

Sunk in ruins, thy palaces nestle
Where finn, tribes fearlessly roam;
Far above thy rich fields the staunch vessel Sails swift through the high tossing foam. Thy monuments, fallen and shattered, Can give to tradition no key;
The threads of thy banners are scattered,
Lost gem of the sea, Atlantis,
Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

Thy sons lie at rest 'neath the waters, Their tombs 'mid the coral groves placed;
And with them repose the fair daugnters
Who e presence thy mans on halls graced.
All at peace are thy foes and defenders: Side by side, sleep the s'ave and the free;
What now are thy kingdoms or splendors,
Lost gem of the Sea? Atlantis,
'Atlantis' lost gem of the sea.

What scenes of earth's newness clysian Were rimmed by the curve of thy shore, Ere came mighty Nature's decision, "Stand then before heaven no more?" What tales of heroic endeavor, What wisdom of wond'rous degree, Are sealed in thy bosom forever, Lost gem of the seaf Atlantis,

Great mother of untions unnumbered, Once teeming with manifold life; For centuries past thou hast slumbered, Unmoved by the surges' boarse strife. Man's curious questioning scorning, Close-hidden thy secret shall be Till thou greetest eternity's morning, Lost gem of the sea. Atlantis, Atlantis! lost gem of the sea. -Char es Moreau Harger, in The Current.

Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

AN AWAKENING.

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

"Monday? Yes. Delighted, old

Then the friends proceeded to settle details. They would meet at the station and go by the 5:30 train, which would land them in comfortable time for dinner.

Now, if Charles West had a weakness, it was that he was prone to be a little obl vious about time, and was in the habit of running his engagements rather fine. The Monday afternoon, to beguile the time between luncheon and · the train, he called on a pretty woman of his acquintance, and she was so amusing that he stopped until the last moment and then jumped into a hansom, telling his jehu to drive like the devil. Unfortunately, his own watch had stopped (he forgot to wind it up lie. the previous night), and how could be know that his hostess' clock was a quarter of an hour slow?

him that the train had departed, bearing Captain Leslie with it. The Captain had left word that he hoped Mr. West would go by the next train, which was not until 8:30, and reached Dat 10:15. He would drive the dogeant over to meet ham-it was six miles from

the station.

Charlie swore exhaustively. He was not ill-tempered, but surely, if a man might be justified (which I by no means admit) in indulging in bad language, here was a case in point. To find yourself in the east end of London, with two hours and fifty minutes on hand; to have foregone a pleasant dinner and evening; to have put your host to great inconvenience and probably to bave given a bad impression to his family before your arrival-all these things are extremely vex ng.

But, having a tolerably happy disposition. Charlie, after his first outburst of wrath and disgust, took it very well. He got into another hausom, returned to his club at the West End, read the papers, dined lightly and took excellent care to be in time for the 8:30.

It was a slow train; it stopped at nearly every station, and arrived at thirty-five minutes late. friend, who had time to recover his first feeling of resentment at Charlie's confounded inconsiderateness, met him cordially. The dog-cart was capacious, and they managed to cram in the servant and luggage and went off at do still for the bazaar." a spanking pace to the court. The moon shone brightly, the roads were excell int.

"Jove!" uttered Charlie, drawing a long breath, 'How good everything smells, and what a blessing it is to get out of London,"

They drove through a long avenue of trees and came to a big, old-fashioned red house with a great mere shining

I ke a mirror in front of it.

"I expect," said George Leslie, "that we shall find everybody gone to bed; all my people are tremenduously

And so it proved. The friends refreshed themselves in the dining room tete-a-tele, then returned to the smoking-room, and the hour of I had given tongue from the stable-clock before they thought of turning in. Leslie showed Charlie his room, spacious and tapestry-hung, and the young gentleman, having drawn back the curtains which the housemaid, after the manner of her kind, had hermetically closed, and thrown one window wide open, retired to bed, to sleep the sleep of the just. He awoke en sursant by hearing his name, "Charlie! Charley! do wake t was a pretty fem nine voice, and Charlie was not in the habit of be-

ing called in this fashion. He started and looked up. What he saw was a slim young lady, with a very pretty figure, in a blue cotton gown and the back of a charming head with golden plaits. The fair one was looking out of the window and apostrophiz-

ing him at the same time.

come out with me before breakfast." feeling of embarrasment creeps over 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. But how on earth was he to intimate to her that she was in error about his identy? She had called him Charlie, too! Leslie's name was George, and he had no brothers. In any case it was rather a strong order for a girl to come into any man's room who was not her

Charlie buried his head under the clothes, and awaited the denouement.

It was not long in coming. "Charlie," said the fair one again, and this time her voice indicated that her face was turned in his direction, "if you don't wake up this instant I will throw a wet sponge at you. You are a lazy pig!

Then he heard her proceed to the washing-stand and dip a sponge in the water, and partly wring it. Next moment, with unusually good a m for a girl, it bounced on his head, which was protected by the bedelothes.

Charle smothered a laugh, it was becoming too ridiculous.

"Very well, then," said the voice, approaching; "I shall come and drag the colthes off you."

Now he must not with promptness. He raised himself a little and put the clothes just far enough back for his assailant to see his laughing blue eyes. The damsel stopped midway in her career; an express on of stony horror flashed into her face; her checks deed with crimson, and uttering an agon zed little grown she turned and fled.

Charlie laughed all the time he was

ing how she would meet him at breakfast. By Jove, what a pretty creature she was! Would she tell any one or would she ignore the incident? He would take his cue from her. The family were all assembled in the breakfast--room when he came down, and he was presented to his host and hostess; to three nice, fresh-looking girls. Leslie's sisters, and a fair young fellow about his own height and coloring as "my cousin Fane." But where was the fourth, his charming visitant? There was no other place laid at the table, and breakfast came and went and she did not appear. He heard the other girls address the cousin as Charlie, and comprehended that that was the young gentleman for whom he had mistaken. Still he did not approve of a girl, such a pretty girl, too, making so free with a "A brother is all very well," It was evident that no one knew a syllable about the event of the morning. Every time the door opened Charhe looked toward it; his eyes wandered over the lawn into the garden. He was almost distrait.

"Have you any more sisters?" he asked of Leslie, as they walked together to the shooting, a little apart from the father and cousin.

"No, only those three," replied Les-"And quite enough, too. Charlie was completely mystified. He did not shoot as straight as usual; his thoughts were distracted by the When he arrived on the platform he protty, golden-haired creature who had was met by his servant, who, with a aroused him from his slumbers. He countenance inexpressive of emotion, could not have dreamed it no, there pleasurable or otherwise, informed was the wet sponge on his bed when

> The shooting was over; he and Leslie were strolling homeward along the road, when a smart little village cart with a trotting pony, and freighted with two lad es came toward them.

> "This is our parson's wife," said Leslie. "Such a good sort-I must introduce you to her," And, as he made a sign to the charioteer, she pulled up, and Charlie saw her companion was h s fair friend of the morning.

"How are you, Mrs. Grey?" cried Leslie, cheerly. "Let me introduce my friend West to you. Mrs. Grey, Mr. West; Lil, Mr. West."

Lil made the slightest motion of her head, without meeting Charlie's eyes. Leslie indulged in some gay bandinage with Mrs. Grev and Charlie, though he felt slightly embarrassed, tried to make conversation with Miss Lil. She answered "yes." or "no," as occasion required, and never once raised her eyes to his tace.

"Do come up and dine to-night. Mrs. Grey." entreated Leslie; 'my mother would be so awfully pleased. I'll go home and get a note from her if you think it necessary."

Mrs. Grey appeared to waver; then Charlie distinctly saw Miss Lil pinch her friend in a meaning manner. "Many thanks; I am sorry, but I cannot possibly manage it to night," Mrs. Grey answered. We have so much to "Lil, you young puss!" cried Leslie,

"what do you mean by deserting us in this way? It is a very poor compliment to West, here." "We are so busy settling about the

"Well, I suppose you are com ng home sometime to night .Shall I walk down and fetch you?" "Do!" said Mrs. Grey; but again

bazaar," replied the young lady.

West saw the surreptit ous pinch, and Miss Lil replied hastily: "No, please don't. Mr. Grey will

see me home. I do not know when I shall be ready."

The pony was getting impatient.
"We must be off." said Mrs. Grey.
Tommy is in a hurry." And away they

"What do you think of our parson's wife " asked Leslie. "Not much the cut of a parson's wife," replied Charlie. "By Jove! what a figure, and what a fit her jacket

"She's the right sort," said Leslie. "It would be'a deuced good job if there were more like her. Bring a lot more sinners to repentance!" and he laughed

merrily. "Who is the young lady with her?" asked Charlie, trying to speak indifferently.

O, that is Lilian Fane, my cousin, Charlie's sister." "A feight seemed taken from his friend's breast.

"O!" he said with a gasp of relief. "Tiresome, capricious money," ex-"She mustotake it unsteady, exclaimed: elaimed Leslie. It is such a glorious morning; aren't into her head all of a sudden tha you askanned of yourself, you great idle creature, to be lying there missing all this lovely sunshine? Do get up and about the bazar; it is not to be for response to his wordsor to the pressure

another month. Just because I of the hand which seized her's. Charley is not shy, but a very decided 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 interested about you, and this morning flies off without stopping to set eyes

on you. A smile curled Charlie's upper fip. "She is lovely," he said, "It is very unk ad of her."

"Nusty little vixen," retorted Leslie. In his heart Charlie was secretly provoked. Leslie's sisters were nice. cherry, fresh-looking girls, but they could not hold a candle to Lilian. He was dying to see her again. He had never felt such an interest in a girl before. She did not make her appearance that evening, and the following morning at breakfast she was still absent. He was piqued. It was simply ridiculous for her to go on shunning him on account of a stupid little contretemps that might have happened to

"I'm afraid." he remarked with a touch of pique, as they were standing in the hall waiting to start on their shooting expedition; "I'm afraid it is I who am driving Miss Fannie out of mured, the house,'

"Humbug!" returned Captain Les-"Wha should you?" Then, as a sudden thought struck him, he turned | him happy, on his heel and went into the morning

"Mother," he said, ask Mrs. Gray to dine to night, and make Lillian come back, wirether or no."

As Mr. West was a gentleman of independent fortune, and she had three daughters, Mrs. Leslie was not altohaving absented hersoif.

"Of course I will ask them, my getting up. He could not help wonder- dear," she replied; "but they are so busy with their bazar that I am not at all sure I shall persuade them to come.

"If you don't," observed Leslie pointedly. "West will fancy you are keeping Lil out of the way on pur-I am pretty sure he thinks so

"George!" exclaimed his mother indignantly, "how can you say anything so absurd?"

"Well, take my advice, and have her back to-night;" and Captain Leslie departed without giving his mother any time to make a rejoiner.

He had, however, said quite enough. Mrs. Leslie forthwith put on her bonnet and went down to the rectory. She found Mrs. Grey and Liban sitting under a tree together making a languid pretense of needlework. Mrs. Leslie greeted both affectionately. "We particularly wanted you to come up and dine with us to night," she said to the rectoress; "and this haughty truant must not remain away longer," smiling sweetly on Lilian.

"Oh, aunty, we are so busy!" cried the young lady, plying her needle vigprously.

"You must not quite forget, my love, that you are my guest,,' said her aunt, with a certain amount of dign ty and a tone that implied reproof. Lilian understood it and colored

"I shall be delighted to dine," interposed Mrs Grey, hastily; "and you must not blame me for monopolizing so much of L l an's time."

I do not blame any one," see you both at dinner to-night."

So, as Miss Lilian and no desire to offend her aunt, she overcame her repugnance to meeting Mr. West, and, to that gentleman's great delight, he had the pleasure of taking her to dinner that same evening. Two or three neighbors had been invited. But, although Charlie had an immense fund of small talk and was reputed excellent company, he failed altogether in inspiring any interest in his fair neighbor. She appeared, as she was, perfeetly uncomfortable, and only responded to his sallies by monos. Hables.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and after dinner some of the young people went out into the gardens Charlie watched his opportunity and pounced on Lilian, keeping her engageed in conversation until they were separated some little d stance from the others. Then he said suddenly, and without a slight flutter at his heart-

"Way will you not speak to me? Surely it is not my fault that such a stupid little accident should have occurred. Why need you bear malice because I was put in the room that your brother had been occupying?"

In the moonlight he could see the swift crimson racing through her fair

"I-I shall never, never get over it!" she said, putting up her hands to cover the flames that were burning her face. What can you have thought of me? If-if an one were to know it I should never hold up my head again."

"I hope you think I am a gentleman." er ed Charle, indignantly. "I suppose you don't think one word cause it has no breath to waste in cries, would ever pass my lips on the sub-

"Will you swear it?" said the discomfitted maiden. And he swore by all his goods. Af-

ter that she became more friendly. He had up to this time entertained a rooted avers on to matrimony-even now he could not quite make up his mind to propose to Lilian, but thought he would wait and see how he felt. He was delighted to find that she lived in London, and struck up a tremendous friendship with her brother, whom he bade to dinner and many other entertainments. Every day after he was parted from Lilian he felt worse and worse; he began even to think that it was the best thing in the world for a young man to settle down, and that the constant presence of a domestic angel

must make Heaven of earth. So when L lian returned to London, Charlie, aided and abetted by his namesake, contrived to see a great deal of her. He was invited to d ne at her mother's house, and one evening, when he had inveigled her into the charming conservatory that led out of the drawing-room, he, in the milst of pretending to admire a flower, turned suddenly to her, and in a voice that was a little

.O. Lilian, can't you see how awfully

"Don't you care a little for me, dar-

ling?" he asked. Lilian turned away her head. "You have quite forgiven me for what happened at the court, haven't

you?" he pleaded, maladroitly, She dragged her hand from his and turned a pair of flashing eyes upon him. "If you dare remind me-"she began.

'No, I won't, I won't," he interrupted her. "But, don't you see, darling" -and just the least twinkle of mischievousness came into his blue eyes-"if you feel so dreadfully bad about it. it would be all put quite straight by your marrying me. Then you may throw any number of wet sponges at me without any quaims of conscience afterward.

This was too much. Lilian tore herself from him and rushed into the decline in the popularity of the game. there.

"Forgive me, darling, and say that you do care a little for me." he pleaded, taking her hand for the third time. "I-I will think about it," she mur-

"Think now," he said kissing her whether she woule or no. And ultimately she decided to make

Backbone of the Continent.

The pass through the "Garden of the Gods" is a particularly novel and interesting spot. The rocks here have been graduily worn away by the attrition of ages, and have assumed the in the difference between English and gether displeased at the pretty cousin most odd and grotesque figures. A American billiards. The British conlittle stretch of the imagination and one is immediately among the gods and heroes of Gree an and Scandina-

vian mythology. We reached our destination a little past noon, and after refreshing ourselves with a most abundant and inviting lunch by the side of a clear, rippling brook, we proceeded to take a view of the "Seven Falls." This is a magnificent cataract, with a perpendicular fail almost equal to that of Niagara. There are seven flights of steps by which you ascend the mountain, where you gain a better view of them than from below. Standing here we are impressed not only by the beauty and sublimity of the falls, but American people, to almost all of we feel the inspiration of the spot. Here we are poised upon the main axis of this continent, the great dividing range which separates the streams

of the Pacific slope from those of the broad central plains. Last week I took an excursion to the valley of the Arkansas and the Royal Gorge, one of the most wonderful sights in this region of wonders. This day's experience in my life will ever form a page in my memory with the leaf turned down. Never shall I forget the awakening dawn of that glorious morning-the sun kissing the mountain heights, and adown the hillsides, and deep into the dark valley, pouring a flood of radience-the earth arousing from her night of sleep, and through all her arteries bounding the pulse of life. The low veiling mists reflecting rainbow hues. Diamonds flashing back the sunbeams from every leaf and spray and nower, sparkling emeralds carpeting the earth, and the whole universe disadvantages with cricket, though the returned | clothed in its thousand varied lines, all Mrs. Leslie, naively; "but I hope to combine to make a scene fitting a king,

and that king-the king of Heaven .-Manitau Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Why the Baby Cries.

The young bachelor who volunteered an opinion as to the reason for a baby's smile, and the summary justice which he received at the hands of the baby's nurse, are well known, but why the baby cries is a matter as to which few men have any curiosity, provided it is not too late to have an engagement down town when the concert begins. The Mother's Manuel of Children's Diseases" explains the matter thus:

"Cries are the only language which a young baby has to express its distress, as smiles and laughter and merry antics tell without a word its gladness. The baby must be ill, is all that its cries tell one person; another, who has seen much of sick children, will gather from them more, and will be able to judge whether its suffering is in the head, chest or stomach. The cries of a baby with a stomach ache are long and loud and massionate; it sheds a profusion of tears; now stops a moment, and then begins again, drawing up its legs to its stomach; and as the pain passes off, stretches them out again, and with many little sobs passes off into a quiet sleep. If it has inflamation of the chest it does not cry loud, it sheds no tears. but every few minutes, especially after drawing a deeper breath than before, or after each short, hacking cough, it gives a I ttle cry, which it cheeks, apparently, before it has half finished, and this, beor because the effort makes its breathing more painful. If disease is going on in the head, the child utters sharp, piercing shricks, and then between whiles a low mosn or wall, or perhaps no sound at all, but lies quiet, apparently dozing, till pain wakes it up again." - Chicago News.

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 ran its course. Since our statement that an ocean passenger steamer is legally bound to deliver persons who pay their passage in advance at their port of dest nation, whether they die or not, we have received assurances that convince us that we are correct. As caskets can be obtained in which a body can be kept n a fair state of preservation two weeks without the use of ice, all European passenger 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 preserving ther bodies and returning them to land for decent and Christian burial .- New York Marine Journal.

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

ENGLISH BILLIARDS.

A Silly and Stupid Game That Is Obsolete in America.

The Pall Mall Gazette inquires, in connection with the bankruptey of Cook, the famous billiardplayer, 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 weekly. He attributes his misfortune to a drawing room. He followed her. Everybody knows that in this country Mercifully for him, no one else was 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 pla ers 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 difference must be looked for

servatism which Emerson described as "prehensility of tail" is shown in nothing more strikingly than in the manner in which the English cling to the most crude and antiquated forms of pastime. Cricket is a game which nobody who is duly impressed with the shortness and uncertainty of buman life has any business with, either as a player or spectator. It commonly takes three days to play out a first-class match, because of the enormous amount of time wasted in observing the conventionalities and traditions of the game, besides the amount wasted in absolute dawdling, if indeed this be not one of the cherished traditions. The whom time is of some value, show their sense of its value by abstaining from attendance, in any great numbers, upon the solemn exercises of an international match. If cricket were to become popular in this country it would have to be so transformed that an English cricketer would scarcely recognize it, and this transformation might be effected without sacrificing any of the really admirable features of the game. The old English game of "rounders" is the original of base-ball. The game has been improved beyond recognition, and not the least improvement is the shortening of it, so that a first-class match can now be witnessed after business hours. The result is that probably twenty times as many people have attended base-ball matches in this country during the past summer as ever in one season attended cricket

matches in England. English billiards suffer under equal disadvantages are not the same. The game is played upon a vast plain of seventy-two square feet, broken by six apertures at the sides. This structure requires a space of at least twenty-two by sixteen feet. The breaks in the cushion caused by the pockets preclude the continuous use of the rail and greatly hamper the play for position which n fully civilized countries is regarded as the highest attainment and severest test of skill.

It was on such a table that billiards were played in this country twenty-five years ago, and all the changes that have since been made in it have tended to make the game more scientific and more interesting and consequently more popular. It is curious to reflect that at that remote period American bill ardpla ers not only played a game in which pockets and carrons were mixed, but that the color of the ball pocketed or of the balls carromed upon made a differwere long ago removed from the Amerble is two feet shorter and a foot narrower than the Engl sh table, while a in clubs and saloons and almost univeris an interesting and scient fie game and pool is merely a form of riot. If ized b lliards in Pars or New York in- | giggle. stead of making dismal series of "spot strokes against each other. - New York

The Press.

The press sways the world. It is the the elevating and enobling power that lifts us, work-worn and weary though upward track of advanced thought and feeling.

the chief cities of a nation, becomes a subject of pride to her citizens, and of interest not only to them, but also to have brought about this result, none has been more powerful than her press. Long live the newspaper; verily, it not read or paid for. - Philadelph.a sways the world .- St. Louis Magazine. 1 Times.

THE OLD CHAPEL

From sunlit cims, that gently cant. The long and sleepy shadows tall
Across the wild-grown sod, aslant
The slowly mobiling chapel wall.
The chapel long is mosses dressed,— The snad upon the crumbling sill,— Beneath the eves the swallow's nest.— But prove that God's is nature's will.

The window-panes have dropped away;
Now, late the wild grapes cluster there,
And there the thisties bloom in May.
The pigeon's coo from out the coop.—
The squirrel heard but still unseen,— The passing of a schoolbov group. Can scarce awake the slumb'ring scene. Within those walls what shouts have run

Washed has the rain its clapboards bare;

In days when virtue virtue wed; How often there the cheir has sung; There echoed up the funeral tread. But now its shattered walls unite No more the village sires in prayers And yet, it s cms. by day and night A sacred spirit lingers there.

Oh, nursling of its happy prime, With wrinkles deep ining on thy brow, Sav, is it not akin to crime To see it thus forsaken now! 'Neath sixty summers' sun and shower; They say its time is almost through; But still, O chapel, thou hast power

WAYLAYING A GROCER.

-Sulney Wadman

To warn the false and guard the true!

Why Washboards and the Price of Strawberries Took a sudden litse.

One afternoon not long ago a very innocent-looking middle-aged man entered a grocery on Michigan avenue, bought a nickel's worth of tobacco, and suddenly began laughing.

"What's happened?" queried the aston shed grocer.

"Say, I've got a friend who roosts on the top limb of American his ory. What he doesn't know about the Revolutionary War isn't worth knowing, and he's mighty glad to air his opinions on everv possible occasion. Say, I've got him dead to rights."

"How?" "We got to talking about Lord Cornwallis the other day, and he said tho surrender was on the 17th of the month. I said the 27th. We disputed and got hot, and I've been over to the Public Library to settle the matter. I've got the date in this book, and now I'm going to get a bet of ten dollars out of

Jim. Hello there! At that moment his friehd entered the store, and the first comer at once

"Say, Jim, do you stick to the 17th?" "Of course."

"How much?"

"Any sum you l'ke." "Well." said the first as he winked at the grocer, "I don't mind going five dollars even up.

"And I'll take the same," said the gree r. The twenty dollars was handed to the shoemaker next door, and the grinn ug grocer rubbed h s hands and remarked:

"Awl r ght. Open your book and paralyze him." The book was opened. The man ran his finger along the lines to a stop, robbed his eyes, held the book up a little, and finally said:

"Here, grocer, what does it say?" "It says: There was no escape, and ed.' Hang it! you said it was the

"Yes, I know, but I must have got it "I'll take the twenty dollars," said

the student of history as he reached out his hand. He got it and the two skinned out. The grocer sat down in a tub of on ons to think it over, and when he became satisfied that it was a gum game to beat him, and that the two men were confederates, he rose up and kicked a dozen washboards sky-high and marked the price of strawberries up four cents per quart. - Detroit Free Press.

Church Gigglers. Some churches, remarks The Christian Life, London, are troubled with groaners and some with gigglers. We cannot tell which is the greater nu sance. An eminent minister recently said of the latter: "Giggling is described in the ence in the score. These absurdities dictionary as the act of daughing idly. tittering, grinning.' It is silly and ican game. They survive in the Eng-lish game. The standard American ta-it is abom nable, and yet there is no it is about nable, and yet there is no place where giggling is more common. It is natural in school g ris, but when smaller size still is used very commonly | met in young women of 19 or 20 it is unpardonable. It is frequently a charsally in private houses, where such a acteristic of young men with incipient table requires about two-thirds the room | mustaches, who think they qualify themneeded for an English table. The only selves for manhood by affecting conadvantage that can be claimed for the tempt for which their elders favore. English table over the American table | They giggle at anything. If they eateh is that pool can be played on it. But | the eye of an acquaintance, they giggle; this is really a drawback, since billiards | if a woman rises too soon for a home. they giggle; if a baby cries, they giggle; if some one drops a book, they giggle; we had been as stubborn as the English | if the clergyman coughs, they g ggie; in refusing to rat onalize billiards our | if the plate is handed to some one who best b lliard players might be going puts nothing in it, they giggle; if some into bankruptey. If the English had one near them sings out or repeats the followed our example billiards might responses locater, they g ggie; if the be as popular in England as they are choir makes a mistake, they giggle. In here, and the English players m ght be fact, nothing is too small or as guificant contending with practitioners of civil- to arrest their notice and produce a

Newspaper Circulation. There is no public faith in the accur-

acy of the daily reports of newspaper circulation which have been published in many journals. Even when sworn great lever by which human minds are to they are not believed, for the reason moved; the moulder of public opinion; that they may be honestly sworn to and yet be largely false. Any number of papers may be printed and distributed we may be, out of the time deepened and sworn to as circulation; but how ruts of conservatism, and places us | many are returned? how many are not fairly and squarely upon the even and sent to bona-fide readers? If the cash payments for circulation were honestly sworn to, the honest circulation would Every element that has contributed be reached; but no newspaper has ever to the growth and prosperity of a beau- attempted that only honest test of bonatiful city, and helped to place her in fide readers. Purchases by political the envied position she occupies among committees; spec at sales to advertisers. which are often made at nominal prices to give the appearance of circulation; specimen papers sent free through cauthe great multitude who are connected vassers or by mail to introduce the with her by social ties or bus ness re- paper bear no relation to bona-lide lations. And among the agencies that newspaper circulation, and journals which specially force and boost circulation always wathhold from their public