PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,.....EDITOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 21

THE BISHOP'S DILEMMA.

FRANK R. STOCKTON little knew what he was doing when he wrote the fatal words: "Which came out of the door, the lady or the tiger?" The story which had no end brought to Mr. STOCKTON not only no end of tame, but also no end of blame. Hundreds of people answered the question to their own infinite satisfaction. These people enjoyed the way the tale did not end. But there were others that did not.

blinded by love, had intended for the ministry, made trenzied readers understand that he would, in another story, tell which came out of the door. The other story was called "The Discourager of Hesitancy." It was well for Mr. STOCKTON, when it was discovered that this tale left the reader in as maddeningly uncertain a frame of mind as the original story, that he kept out of the way of the disappointed; for if he had not, it is certain that his hesitancy would have been speedily discouraged, and that he would have answered the questions with which each story ended, even if he had to descend to the level of fiction in order to

The increasing trouble that Mr. STOCK-Ton's story brought upon him--for at length he made the unfortunate admission that he did not himself know which came out of the door-did not deter others from following in his uncertain footsteps. A writer in the Cosmopolitan left the question of an unfinished love-story entitled "What Say You, Women, to This?" for that portion of humanity to answer. But the ladies did not agree. And MARK TWAIN'S most audacious story, "Is He Living or is He Dead?" which also appeared in the Cosmopolitan, may have been inspired by the reading of the tales of STOCKTON and his imitators, just as his "Jumping Frog" seems in some measure to have been due to the study of an old Greek tale.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS is the latest offender in this line. Professor ADAMS has made a careful study of the eccentricities of bishops, the results of which he has given to the wicked world in the form of admirable short tales, which clearly show what some people do not seem to realize, or to want to realize—that bishops are as human as other people. His latest effort in this line is a story which appeared in Munsey's Magazine, and is reprinted in this issue of PROGRESS. It is one of those stories that it is to be hoped Mr. STOCKTON will read in agonies of remorse-for it is as cleverly brought to the place where it ought to end, but does not, as STOCKTON'S own greatest

A St. John lady who, after reading the story, was inclined to believe that the BISHOP OF OKLAHO, being the BISHOP OF OKLAHO, went on the train for Chicago, and yet hoped that she was mistaken, wrote to Professor Adams, asking him if the train really did "leave without the bishop." The following is the professor's somewhat evasive answer, which the recipient has kindly allowed us to print :

FELTON HALL, Cambridge, Mass., July 9, 1894. MY DEAR MRS. - : At last accounts the BISHOP OF OKLAHO was having a much needed rest from his miles for their flour, their beans, their episcopal duties, and was spending a year in European travel, but I have learned nothing further with

Many thanks for the kind words you say of my story. I have been rather surprised at the interest it has excited. I have had inquires concerning it from many quarters-one this morning from Hampton, Virginia, the writer of which has an elaborate theory of his own on the matter, while a gentleman in Washington sends me quite another. In the light of this discussion regarding it, it is rather amusing to remember that at least eleven editors have declined the story. Very cordially yours,

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

It will be noticed that the professor is much more satisfactory than Mr. STOCK-TON in replying to ladies' questions. Mr. STOCKTON, when his hostess set two icecreams before him, one in the likeness of a lady, the other in the shape of a tiger, and asked him which he would have, promptly answered, after the manner of the commercial traveller, "Both." Professor ADAMS seems to intimate in his letter that the train left without the bishop.

ACTION AND INTERACTION.

The universe is a unit. Between all its various parts, scattered throughout the continually going on an action and interaction which indissolubly bind them into one. The mysterious ether in which floats the material universe is unceasingly thrilled by the tremors through which heat, light, electricity, all the forces, in short, of nature, are transmitted from one portion of matter to another. The hundreds of by a thousand subtle ties. Nowadays, a millions of luminous stars; the dark stars | speech of Lord Rosebery's or a message of which Sir ROBERT BALL, the eminent as- President CLEVELAND is flashed by electronomer, reports to be still more numer- tricity over the civilized world, is read and ous; the smaller portions of matter with pondered by vast numbers of the most inwhich intervening space is filled to such an telligent citizens of modern nations, modiextent that Professor Jevons compares it to fies or creates opinion more or less, and, a kind of stirabout or po:ridge-all these are as a consequence, affects for the better ever emitting or transmitting energy of the course of human events. It will be resome kind, and so are continually affecting | membered that the action of the British one another. The material universe, there- government in regard to the coinage of fore, is just as truly a coherent, individual silver in India promptly and inevitably

tists tell us, not really in contact, though our senses are too gross to detect the infinitesimal distances which part them. They too are in constant motion, circling round each other and variously affecting each other exactly as their larger brethren. And just as the entire pebble is more or less affected by any agency operating on any one of its parts; as its general temperature is speedily changed when heat is brought to bear on even one of its atoms; or as a blow at one end modifies its atomic action as a total, so any modification of material forces at one part of the universe is promptly propagated in all directions to every other part. Small may be the change thus effected, even infinitesimally so, and yet if we are to follow the teach-The gifted author whom his parents, ings of modern quantitative analysis lands, and yet have in some cases finally and subtle reasonings based thereon, if we remember the coarseness of our human senses and the limited range of their operations, we shall do well to let our scientific faith be "the evidence of things not seen." Well says Mr. Browning:

No lily-muffled hum of summer bee But finds some coupling with the spinning stars.

The stamp of a baby's foot moves "the great globe itself," even though the keenest human perception, aided by the most powerful scientific instruments, may fail to detect the motion. The lighting of a match sets going the light-waves through the immensity of space just as truly, though not on so large a scale, as the blazing Arcturus, which would be equal to seventy suns such as our own. The kiss with which two lovers part wakens the sound-waves which, though they soon cease to excite the nerves of hearing, flutter off on all sides into space, causing more or less change of temperature, and to some degree changing the distribution of matter. Stars so remote that their light, travelling not far from two hundred thousand miles every second, takes centuries to reach our eyes. by means of these light-waves tell us their story-of what elements they are composed, how fast and in what direction they are going-across the awful vastness of the

SHELLEY, in speaking of the mysteries of the stars, says: "So is it in the world of living men." What corresponding phenomena to those already described have we in the human universe? It is plain that whenever two or more human beings are measurably in contact each must affect all the rest and be affected in turn. From this action and interaction grows up civilization and all that it implies. Nothing of the kind could emerge from the isolated effects of individual men and women, no matter how numerous or how naturally gifted they might be. This unification of the social organism, however, depends obviously on the facility with which its constitutional units communicate with one another and act on each other.

In early days societies were small, their wants but little, and the range of interdependence among their units was comparatively limited, and between the various societies themselves there was little intercourse save in the line of war. If we go back only a little over a century to the days of New Brunswick's pioneers we find the inhabitants of its hamlets living, one neighbor with another, in close union and dependence, but necessarily isolated to a very great extent from humanity at large. Instead of sending two or three thousand cattle-feed, their seeds, they raised all these for themselves. They imported no diamond dyes, which nowadays even the Indians use, but gathered golden-rod and alder-bark and various other products of field and forest wherewith to secure the desired hues. Their medicines were mainly culled from the herb-beds in their gardens, and their sugar largely provided by their maple-groves. They had very little knowledge of what went on either in their own country or in foreign lands, nor did their ignorance on these points give them any great distress. When we compare the civilization of those days with that of the present we see a difference not only in the size of the social aggregate, but in the quality of the union formed. This is due to commerce, the printing-press, the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the growth of science, and the increased use of machinery. All these agencies, while powerfully affecting individual societies and their units, increasingly and irresistibly tend to unify modern civilization and to make the various civilized nations "members one of another." most prodigious stretches of space, there is | The citizen of a civilized community today draws upon the whole world for the various articles he puts on his table or wears on his person or employs in his house. He is interested in the doings of foreign nations, or it may be financially concerned in their various commercial enterprises. He is connected with the vast bulk of humanity

dians watched with the greatest interest the recent strikes in Chicago, tearing that the spreading circles formed by the great splash would sooner or later reach these shores. Monetary troubles in the States during the last decade have taught Canada economic lessons, so that she has fortified herself by creating the safest banking system in the world. Experiments in Central America have helped Mr. KETCHUM in proving the feasibility of the scheme which may ere long result in the finishing of the world's first ship railway. Even the creations of a writer's brain, such as the BISHOP OF OKLAHO and the woman who would have been far too good for him, have disturbed the peace of mind and rest of brain of readers in other led to international amenities. And if we are to believe Mr. STEAD, not many ages will elapse before telepathy will more thoroughly unite the minds of the world.

In a word, as the physical ether which fills space binds together the remotest parts of the material universe, so the civilizing agencies are increasingly generating a kind of social ether of international intelligence and refined public opinion which surrounds and permeates the great civilized communities of the present day, furnishing a medium whereby they interact helpfully on each other, and hastening the day when the nations of the earth shall be knit together in one great union, based upon the nobler aims and tendencies of their common humanity.

BY MEN IN OTHER LINES.

The names of ROBERT J. BURDETTE GEORGE DU MAURIER and A. CONAN DOYLE are familiar ones, but are not generally associated with poetry. And yet, judging from the three poems in our last issue written by the bearers of those names, these men are poets entitled to take their stand in the foremost rank of poets. Mr. Bur-DETTE'S "Sackcloth and Jests" is not funny; the infinite pathos of the last line, and in fact of the whole piece, shows that the writer has done as MILTON said every true poet does-has lived his poem. Another bit of verse wrung from the gentle humorist's sad experience was that so well loved by the late Governor Boyn, -- "Since She Went Home", written on the death of BURDETTE's invalid wife.

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S little poem with its touch of theosophy, is as grand a burst of genius as his novel, or as any picture he ever drew. And now that CONAN DOYLE has killed SHERLOCK o engage the bands occasionally. HOLMES, when he might just as well have saved him by arming him with his eternal revolver instead of with his everlasting natchsafe, it is to be hoped that he will expiate his sin by producing more such ballads as that of the "Eurydice."

While speaking of poetry written by great men who are not in the regular poetry business, it may be mentioned that ahead of the most of his prose. The following verse gives an idea of the poem: as he did.

And he got to using language very much like Captain KIDD,

And out of that blamed hoss-trade he finality backslid.

And even MARK TWAIN thinks that he must keep up with the procession. He has just written some verses for the Galaxy; but, although his prose is far purer and funnier than that of NYE, who feels compelled to bolster his alleged witticisms with vulgarity, and who makes himself a laughing-stock so that people will laugh at his jokes, Mr. CLEMENS has failed to produce even passably good verse, and gives no promise of becoming as good a humorous poet as he who as a minstrel is almost silent-EDGAR WILLIAM NYE.

MELLO FOR MISCHIEF.

DA GAMA now writes to PEIXOTO: "I'll come to Brazil, for I've got to; I'll surrender to you; I'll permit you to do with me ust as folks think that you'd ought to.

"A court-martial on me will tell, oh! but I fear to be exiled with MELLO: he's a very bad man; and it isn't my plan to stay with that treacherous fellow."

Tuesday's Sun had the following edi-

orial comment: When two boats in a series of forty or fifty mile races come to a finish within a few minutes of each other every time, there is not much to choose between them. But if the same one comes out ahead seven times in succession, and the other never wins, it seems clear that the winner is the better craft, or is better handled. Accident might have given the Britannia one or two races, but not even in a row.

Wednesday's Sun had the following editorial comment:

The Vigilant has won a turn at last, and now it is more plain than ever that the two boats are not ill-

Philadelphia was the city in which the independence of the United States was proclaimed to the world, and where the great Declaration was drawn up and signed. And yet it was in Philadelphia that the most of an \$8000 fireworks appropriation for the cally. Hamlet came on with most sub-Fourth of July, 1894, went into the pockets lime tragedy air, but after a convulsive of city officials. To travesty BRET HARTE, movement of his princely features buried is Independence a failure, or is the born after sneeze was all the public heard from Yankee played out?

cratic nominee for governor of Texas. Each thinks that there should be free coinentity as a pebble. The atoms of which a brought about the repeal of the Sherman age of silver as well as of gold, that their from the audience the stage manager

there is only one man who is fitted to be standard-bearer of the democratic party, and eventually governor of Texas.

The oath which the brilliant Mr. COREY drew up for the conscientious Mr. ALL. BRIGHT contains a touch of humor, despite its solemnity:

Having hereby agreed to engage in the counterfeit business with GEORGE G. COREY, I do solemnly promise to be just and true while I have health and breath, so help me GoD.

The great strike struck Uncle Sam in the pocket, but the old gentlemin is getting even. DEBS is in jail, and PULLMAN will have to pay a rattling good incom: tax.

PEN AND PRESS.

"Bob" owns a baby; or rather it-which in this case means a boy-is the particular property of Mrs. Larsen, the happy wife of him who, as it were, grew in his newspaper life in the office of Progress. If the little chap begins to stick type and write paragraphs as soon as his father did it won't be long before he is on the staff of some newspaper; and if he inherits the paternal genius-that particular newspaper will be in luck.

The Delineator's summer holiday number has been received from the American department store. Stenography and typewriting is treated in the Department tor Women Series, and The Young Girls' Toilet is Chapter V. of "Mother and Daughter." "The Game of Golf and How to Play it" has already been well written up for the Century by the Canadian author W. George Beers, but the article on the same subject in this number of the Delineator will be enjoyed none the less by the reader of Dr. Beers' article than by one who does not know anything about the good old game.

Music on the Squares.

The musical correspondent of Phogress talks about music on the squares in his own columns and suggests that some move be made in the matter. Music on the squares is probably out of the question but there should be plenty of chances to hold band concerts elsewhere. The Blake gave a concert from the registry office steps, and while the location might be better still it is better than having no concert at all. The citizens have rather had the idea since the days of Mayors Jones and Grant that the music was a gift from his worship and sometimes this has been the case but if there had been no such notion there is not much doubt but that a subscription would have been started and enough raised

Which Will Wear the Laurel?

The Kentville Advertiser says: "A poetical contest between the well known local poets, Professor Willard Ells, and E. F. Johnstone, will be held in Scotia Hall, about the 26th of this month. The reputation these talented rivals enjoy will certainly tend to draw a large and enthusiastic audience. Some brilliant outbursts of poetic genius may be expected, as each of BILL NYE has written a poem that is far the poets is striving hard for a monopoly of public favor. The band has consented to play selections during the evening and the management will spare no pains to preserve That's the reason that the deacon did exactly good order. The admission tee will be placed at a very low figure, so that all may have an opportunity of listening to the brainy wartare of these intellectual giants.'

No "Hero-Worship" There.

While the world knows only one Carlyle, the natives of the small Annandale town where he was born have a provoking habit of asking pilgrims thither the astounding question- "Which Carlyle?" There is a tradition in the district that an old roadman, now dead, happening to be addressed by a party of Carlyle devotees, ran over the names of the various members of the family, and dwelt with special emphsais upon that of Sandy, "who was the grandest breeder o' sows." "But there was one called Thomas, you know," rejoined the leader of the pilgrims. "Ave," retorted the old roadman. "There was Tam; he gaed awa' up to London, but I dinna think he ever did muckle guid."

An Absent-Minded Man.

Among the personal ancedotes told of Peter Burrowes, the celebrated barrister, and one of Ireland's 'worthies,' is the following remarkable instance of absence of mind: A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing room, and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was. 'To look in the

'Why,' said his friend, 'there is no glass

'Bless me!' Burrowes observed, 'I did not notice that before.' Ringing the bell, he called his servant, and questioned him respecting the looking-

mistress had it removed six weeks ago.' A Peppery Queen.

glass. 'Oh, sir,' said the servant, 'the

On a recent Shakespearean tour a new heavy lady joined us at Manchester, her opening part being the queen in "Hamlet." This actress, having been disengaged for some time, to preserve her wardrobe from moth had smothered it in black pepper. Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect upon all on the stage.

The king, atter a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty sneeze that made the stage vibrate. All the royal courtiers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetithem in his sombre robe, while sneeze

I was playing Ophelia, and what with a Five men are trying to be the demo- wild desire to laugh and then to sneeze and then to cry jumbled the lot up in a violent fit of hysterics. Amid the hubbub of the stage and the shrieks of delight pebble is composed are, as scien- silver bill in the United States. Cana- country should run its own ratio, and that sneezingly rang down the curtain.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Under the Maples. Under the maples sat Jennie and I, Ever so many years ago, Watching a streamlet gliding by, Gurgling a love song in its flow; The fleecy clouds in a phantom troop Scudded away to the deep blue sea, While our hearts were weaving in many a loop, A mesh for the lives of Jennie and me.

It seemed not strange that her tiny hand Should nestle so trustingly fond in mine; That her soft brown ringlets' shining strand My clumsy fingers like silk should twine; And right it seemed that her bright young head Had found a pillow upon my breast, When the clouds, in gold, and purple, and red, Sank royally down in the far off-west;-

For I that old, old story had told-A story of anxious hopes and fears,-As over her ringlets' bright brown gold Was falling a shower of pearly tears,-Tears which hung on her eyelid's fringe Like the dew on fresh born buds of May; And her blushes deepened their roseate tinge As I tenderly kissed those tears away.

Her heart was mine, tho' her lips refused To utter the longed-for syllable, "Yes!" But musing she sighed, and sighing she mused; What meant her sighs and her musing, guess! And there we pledged by the streamlet's flow, As the stars peeped out from the quiet sky, Ever so many years ago, Under the maples-Jenny and I.

There are frosty threads in the soft brown hair That I twined round my fingers years ago, And the brow of my wite may be less fair Than it seemed in the sunset's ruddy glow; Yet I know, when I clasp her to my breast, There's a warmer thrill than in days gone by, When the clouds sank royally down in the west, As under the maples sat Jenny and I. SARAH A. BROCK PUTNAM.

Lays of Summer-Time.

I. IN JULY. Lie on your back and look "up in the sky"; Hear the grasshoppers chirp and the catbirds cry; "Too lazy to live and too lazy to die," This is the right state of mind for July!

Is the sky-And so am I!

But to drink in the whole out-of-doors in July Does a fellow more good than a pint of old rye!

II. MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN. Last year my little garden-plot Was barren as a desert waste: Peas and notatoes had I not. Nor did I melting melons taste.

The earth-born plants, that skyward gazed, Were blighted in an evil hour; And I with grief was nearly crazed, Viewing my ruined cauliflower.

The frail flowers oped their pale blue eyes, Which soon, alas! were closed in death! It seemed that cyclone from the skies Blasted the blossoms in a breath

This year, indeed, my frenzied eye Shall gaze upon no baneful blight; The garden my neat cottage by Will be, I ween, a splendid sight.

My plot no marplot plague shall mar; My squashes, turnips, beets and peas Will make my garden fairer far

Than that of the Hesperides. My flowers, though men may deem it strange, Shall rival those of elfin glens-Why will there be this wondrous change? My next-door neighbor's killed his hens!

HARRY ALBRO' WOODWORTH. Just Them Two.

The woodsare sweet with buds of May On the slope of old Rye Hill; Where Aspotogan lifts her face Over the waters still. Here came the young world's maiden days, Here shone the infant sun; Wnen first the Master saw his work, In perfect beauty done.

Old Aspotogan, your glory lies, On a path to your starry crest; In a dreamy shadow beneath a tree, In a summer twilight's rest. Under the tree the pink and red Of a flower was warm and true; With May winds loving the balmy sky, The sea, and "just them two."

Old Aspotogan, good friends are we, Though a thousand miles and more May lie between us across the world To a dim and distant shore. The birch and pine in your silent dells, Over the ocean blue. Have a voice that follows the dying day, Our lives, and "just them two."

The warm sun saw a flower and sank Hastily down the sky; And over the green arbutus leaves Whispered a last good-bye. The silence then had a language sweet, A meaning they fondly knew; The time and the scene are forever dear-The bars, and "just them two." Spruce Camp, July, 1894. CYPRUS GOLDE.

A Marguerite. I know a lovely Marguerite, As mirthful as the May; The summer of her life is sweet As roses by the way.

Her image haunts the balmy land Of dreams the poets sing; The land where love's immortal songs Their sweetest incense bring:

Her night-gemmed hair has that dark charm No language can define; A prima donna she may be, Where stars of glory shine.

One tender song she sweetly sings Of loving hearts and hands; United, strengthen friendship's tie Along time's fateful sands.

O spirit of the true heart's peace, Guard well her path of life; The beautiful and good reveal, And shield her in the strife.

Should fortune lead her on the way, To fame's enchanted hall; May memory turn the jeweled key And there my name recall. CYPRUS GOLDE. Sea Crag, July, 1894.

Change.

Th' untarnished azure, we were late descrying, At early morn is fouled with misty gray; And where pale windrows late last eve were lying Waves the bright starry green of yesterday.

From change to change we go, from gloom to glory, And from the glow again into the gloom; All, all are good,-the frozen time and hoary, Th' autumnal splendor and the vernal bloom! PASTOR FELIX.

Vox Mæris.

Voice of the grief that is voiceless, O lonely sea, thou art! Voice of a sorrow that, ceaseless,

Beats on earth's breaking heart! All day long till the evening; All night long till the morn;

Voice of the bitter burden, Too heavy to be borne! Soothing with tender sympathy

Tears, for eyes that are tearless, Speech, for lips that are dumb Voicing the sorrow of ages, Till the end of the world shall be;

Hearts that with grief are numb;

When "there shall be no more sorro v," 6 And "there shall be no more sea!" When thy troubled heart shall be quiet;

And death and time shall cease; And the last low sigh, of the last sad heart, Shall die on the shores of Peace. JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sate in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E. M. Merrill.]

JULY 11-Dr. and Mrs. Borden, the Misses Gladys and Elame Borden, Miss Dot Borden of Moncton and Professor Hammond are enjoying a driving tour through Nova Scotia.

Miss S:monds, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. Fred. Allison for some weeks, has returned to her home in St. John Mrs. McDougall accompanied by her three child-

ren left on Friday for Pictou where they will spend the summer months Miss Daisy Wood who has been visiting friends

n Oxford has returned Mrs. Longstroth of Sussex is the guest of Mr. en Mrs. Charles Pickard.

Mr. Dave Allison has returned from a trip to Miss Copp and Miss Nellie Copp are spending

Mr. Aubrey Smith of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, Truro, is spending some weeks with Dr Mrs. C. J. Willis and family have taken a cottage

at Port Eigin for the summer.

Mr. Rainnie, of St. John, is the guest of Mr. and
Mrs. James Rainnie. Mrs. James Rainnie.
Mr. aad Mrs. Day, and Mr. Edward Day, of
Boston, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fowler. Miss Edna Lawton, of St. John, is visiting her

Mr. Arthur Cogswell, now of Lunenburg, is spending his vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Edwar Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Milner went to Shediac on

Tuesday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Milner's Mr. Arthur Ford, who has been in Touro for the past year, is spending his vacation with Mr. and Miss Hay, of Woodstock, is the guest of Mrs. Robert Miller.

The baptist Sunday school beld its annual excursion to Cape Tormentine, on Saturday last. The day was very pleasantly spent by the large number which attended.
Mr. Amos Ogden has the sympathy of a large circle of friends, in the death of Mrs. Ogden, which occurred on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Ogden has

been in failing health for some time. She was a most beloved lady and her untimely death is deepy regretted by ali.

Mrs. Botsford, widow of the late Senator Botsford, passed peacefully away this morning, at the age of eighty years. She was a most estimable lady. Her first husband was the late Mr.J.F.Ailison.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. J. F. Allison, of Sackville, and Mr. Frank Allison, of Chicago. WILD THYME.

An Unruffled Mind.

Some years ago there lived in Mauch Chunk, Penn., a good citizen and pillar of his church who took life easily. He may be living now, and there seems no reason why he should not live forever, as he has nothing else to do. One Monday morning, after breakfast, he was diligently studying his newspaper. For three hours he read on with delight. During that time his wife had told him over and over again that the poles, upon which the clothes "had ought to be a-drying," were prostrate on the ground, blown down by

"Mary," said the student, as he looked at his better half over his spectacles, "don't be uneasy. The good Lord, in his own good pleasure, blew down them poles, and when it suits his convenience he'll blow 'em up again."

Somewhat Non-Committal.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is at his country home at Beverley Farms, is said to be writing a story of his brilliant life. Longtellow and Holmes taught the world of authors "that lions should not be bears." The geniality and kindliness of Oliver Wendell Holmes have brought him many requests from aspiring writers who desire his seal of approval to create a market for their "brain wares." A woman in the far northwest sent him some rhymes, requesting his opinion of them. She witlessly thought they were poems. Mr. Holmes returned the verses and illustrations that accompanied them with a note, stating: My Dear Mrs. Blank-You are a very good Yours sincerely, OLIVER WENDELL HOLNES.

An Ideal Employer.

Patrick-"If all men wor loike moy employer, there wouldn't be so much throuble betwane labor and capytal."

Wite-"Didn't yez stroike?" "No. We got already and sint in our commands, pawin th' boss, loike th' gintlemon that he is, called us into his office and showed us his books."

"An' phwat good wor thot?" "Sure we found he wor losing wan thousand dollars a month."

"Yez did?" "We did. An' roight thin an' there we unanymously resolved that we'd kape roight along wur-rkin' at the ould wages till the business comminced to pay expinses."

International Amenities.

Extract from a French paper: At the table d'hote a dish of radishes is served up. A German sweeps all the radishes into his plate and begins to eat them.

"Look here, sir," says a neighbor, "we, too, are fond of radishes." "Oh, not as fond as I am," replied the Extract from a German paper: At the

table d'hote the salad is passed around. A Frenchman empties the dish on his own

"I say, monsieur," says one of the guests, "we like salad also." "Oh, not so much as I do, monsieur," replies the Frenchman.

Where to Get the Information.

When Dr. Murray wrote to Browning in the interest of the Philological Society's new dictionary, asking for the significance of certain words as used by the poet, Browning replied: "Don't know what I meant, ask the Browning Society."

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.