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THE ISLE OF BOREDOM.

As you sail through life take pains and steer away from the island that lies too near. Two tides of boredom which all men fear.

The island set up like a shelf of rock. But woe to the sailor who lands at the dock and offers the people a chance to talk.

For they talk all night and they talk all day. And try as you will to get away. They pin you down and they make you stay.

They talk of the things they have done and said.

They talk you awake and they talk you to bed. Till you almost wish they would talk you dead.

And the meekest thing, and one to deplore, About the dwellers upon that shore— Not one of them knows that he's a bore.

So steer away from that island dead. That is governed, they say, by a wicked elf. Let you be a bore and not know it yourself.

—Rochester Post-Express.

EXCHANGE OF RIGHTS

Mrs. John Morrison had just returned from the women's convention and as a result could talk of nothing else but woman's rights during dinner.

"Mamma," said her little daughter, who had been listening for a long time with great attention to the conversation without being able to gather much from it, "What is woman's rights?"

Her mamma did not answer right away; in fact, it was rather a puzzling question, but she thought for a few minutes over what she had heard at the lecture, and when the question was repeated, she had it all in quite good shape.

"Woman's rights, Bessie," she began—

"Is all bosh," broke in papa, snatching the sentence.

"No, John, it is not," said Mrs. Morrison, a little annoyed. "There is a great deal of justice and truth in it, and I don't want any child to grow up with any narrow and bigoted ideas about it. Woman's rights, daughter, is the emancipation of our sex from the yoke of inferiority under which we have so long labored, and as a natural result it allows to woman the right of suffrage."

"Well, if that is what it said," said Bessie, after pausing for a sufficient time to let the long words sink in, "if that's what it is, I guess I'm not a woman's rights. I don't want any more suffrage than I've got already. Why last week when Carlo killed our poor cat baby," her tears rising up at the remembrance of the awful tragedy, "I know I suffered more than George did, cause he just said 'the dog had eaten one of the dolls' and went on making Indians all over his spelling book, and I felt so miserable I couldn't even go to Cousin Ada's tea party."

"Come here, daughter, and I'll tell you all about it, as you can understand," said papa, laughing heartily. "Woman's rights is where all the mamma and big sisters and aunts and girls comes out to meetings and make speeches and vote and for clubs and preach sermons, and all the papas and brothers and boy cousins of every one stay home and take care of the babies and cook dinner and scrub floors and darn stockings and everything like that. Mamma isn't that far gone yet, but never mind, you'll know all about it soon enough."

This was something Miss Bessie could understand, and though mamma laughed and said papa was only joking, and "that wasn't it at all," it seemed more fun than just suffering and my lady determined to try how she liked it the very next day. Accordingly the following morning she hurried over her little tasks as quickly as she could, and when George had pored over the much abused spelling book for the required length of time, she told him of her new plan, and got permission from mamma to play house in the nursery instead of going down to lunch.

Then the pair marched to the kitchen on an exploring tour, and succeeded in capturing a few slices of cold ham, a lemon, a bunch of raisins, two apples, some ginger snaps and various lumps of sugar, on which to begin housekeeping.

After surveying the provisions for a few minutes George seemed as fully satisfied with the new plan as his sister had been, and as they went to the playroom both thought that "woman's rights" might be a very nice thing.

"Now, Mister Doogan," said the young lady, as she adjusted her mamma's big red shawl in a graceful turn behind and tied a very forlorn little bonnet, which had been rescued from the ragbag, on her only head, "I don't expect I'll be home before 6 o'clock, so you get the children dressed and put the things on to cook, and don't let any one in the house."

"All right, ma'am," replied her obedient spouse. "I'll tend to everything, and you just go down town and have a meeting and make some money, and you can tell the Indians there is not going to be any war today, 'cause I've got to stay home and take care of the children."

"I'll invite them to hear my sermon, and then they can be converted, and there needn't be any more wars ever," said Mrs. Doogan. "And don't you eat anything till I come home, George," she added as a parting injunction, "cause if you do you're awful mean, and I won't play."

"All right," said George in a subdued tone. Then he called, "You better let those Indians alone, 'cause they're very savage and might cut your head off and eat your up."

Mr. Doogan went back to the house and obediently started to dress his numerous charges when it occurred to him that Miranda, Mrs. Doogan's jointed doll and the only member of the tribe that the patriarchs had any interest in, was decidedly dirty and must have a bath right that minute. So off he went to the laundry with the faded Miranda under his arm, and getting on a chair which stood conveniently by he laid his charge carefully on the bottom of one of the washtrays and turned on both faucets.

As the tub filled he observed that Miranda rose on the waves, and this delighted him very much. "Why, Miran-

da, you can float beautiful," he observed, "and if you're afraid of getting a chill I'll show you how to swim."

Miranda didn't say she was afraid, but she was beginning to look remarkably well-bred, especially in the vicinity of her flaxen hair. Her father did not seem to notice this, however. Tying one of the girl's aprons around his waist, he rolled up his sleeves and proceeded to give an object lesson.

"You see, my dear, you just put your two hands together like this and then splash 'em out as far as you can, and then splash 'em together again. Just as easy as anything when you once get into it, and it's lots of fun too."

Evidently Mr. Doogan thought it was lots of fun, for he became so engrossed in his occupation that he forgot all about Miranda for quite a long time. Then he saw the meat boy walk down the path on his way to the kitchen, and this reminded him about the dinner which was yet to be prepared.

"Now, Miranda, I guess you've had a long swim enough for today, and I'll just wash you up quick and go and get the dinner ready, so that when your mamma comes home she won't have to wait."

Accordingly he got a large cake of brown soap and proceeded to give his daughter such a cleaning that she would probably never need another in all her life. Silence reigned for a few moments, till he came to wash what used to be her curls.

"Why, Miranda, I think your hair must be falling out," he remarked, as long strands of flax got tangled in his fingers. "I must tell your mamma when she comes home to get you some hair tonic, and my dear, you'll look so nice and clean that she won't hardly know you."

Then she was lifted out, and her fond father commenced to dry her in his apron. The next minute a startled expression came over his face.

"Oh, Miranda, you're peeling awful!" he cried. "My apron's all pink. I guess I'd better leave you dry in the sun while I go 'tend to the others, and then I'll dress you and pin up your mamma won't notice. You do look very pale, though," he added, as he laid her down on the chair in the sun and returned to his other household cares.

His sleeves felt wet and uncomfortable, but soon he forgot everything in the preparation of the dinner. He brought out the tea set, and all went smoothly till he went to make the lemonade. He looked around for something to cut the lemon. Mamma's scissors were nowhere in sight, all the little tin knives were broken on it with no avail. Then he tried his teeth, but the bitter acid of the skin got down his throat and into his eyes, and he was forced to abandon that method too. At last he thought him of the rusty old kitchen knife which he carried in his Indian wars. After a long struggle and much loss of juice the feat was at last accomplished, but the lemon looked so jagged and red and uninviting that it was doubtful if the operation could be considered successful.

"I guess that is some of the Indians' blood," said the cook, not at all disturbed. Then one of the apples was cut by the same means into little, tiny pieces, and a lump of sugar ground very fine by the aid of the hero's heels and sprinkled on top of the other ingredients.

"There, now, that is a very nice pudding, and it's about time Mrs. Doogan was home," remarked Mrs. Doogan's other half, testing the cakes and raisins. "I'll take these children out of bed first and then I'll go and see if she is all right. The Indians were all ready to fight this morning, and they might have been disappointed about me not coming and killed her."

The thought did not seem to disturb Mr. Doogan in the least. He went on eating raisins and dressing the doll quite upside down in a very leisurely manner.

"I don't see how your mother manages these strings and buttons," was a next uttered reflection as the last morsel of fastening the third infant's dress flew off with a snap. "Pins are much handier."

The next minute he would have probably retraced that last statement if his vocal organs had not been in active service, for after administering a sufficient quantity of pins to insure its clothes sticking on, when he went to lay the doll down, one of the "handy" articles made a deep red mark the whole length of his palm.

Several minutes elapsed in which he was in too great pain to think of anything else, but when his eyes happened to rest on the dinner, he thought he'd better eat his share then and keep something for his wife, if she were still in the land of the living, for there was a telling how much longer it would be before she got home. The ham tasted very good and so did the red lemonade and cakes and sugar. He was afraid to eat any more raisins, for there were only about five left out of a whole handful. When he came to the pudding, however, he stopped without hesitation.

"I think I'd better leave the pudding for Mrs. Doogan," said his fond of pudding, and I'd just as soon eat plain apples," which he accordingly did. During the process of "cleaning up" several plates were broken, besides two cups, and last of all the teapot, which had held the small amount of lemonade reserved for Mrs. D.

After that things became monotonous. He thought of washing out some clothes, but then he did not exactly like to open the laundry door and face Miranda. Not that he had any certain knowledge she was hurt, only there are those "strange forebodings of ill" unseen and that cannot be compassed.

And to these he had probably fallen a victim. He looked out of the window to see if there were any signs of Mrs. Doogan. But he had somehow or other ceased to be anxious for her return. It was rather a relief than otherwise when she failed to appear on the scene.

Meanwhile Mrs. Doogan had had as many experiences as could well befall a person of such a limited age in such a limited time.

After having her spouse, she had

gone to the far end of the yard where the coal bin stood, and with many vigorous efforts at the cost of several splinters and bruises, she at last succeeded in mounting.

Then she began her speech, but as there was no cure in hearing distance except the old cat asleep on the fence it was a little tiresome. At last she grew impatient and determined to make a convert at any rate. She raised her voice to its highest pitch and began again:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a woman's rights lady, and I have come here to tell you about woman's suffering. Woman's suffering is one kind of woman's rights, and another kind is where they have meetings and preachings and votes. I have tried the suffering kind, and it ain't nice, and it is when people's babies is killed and they can't go to parties, and when people gets whipped and has to go to sleep in the dark and like that."

"Now I'm trying the other kind

and."

By this time the windows of two or three neighboring houses had been thrown open and several little boys were giggling over the fence, but Mrs. Doogan was so much excited she didn't notice anything till a little bigger, who had just come up, called: "Horror! Your's gonna be a fine one if yer only keeps on."

The poor little "woman's suffering lady" dashed red to the very tips of her small fingers, and her eyes filled up with mortification. To finish all, in her haste to get down she forgot all about her long train. It caught on a nail at the edge of the open hole, and the light of the new woman was extinguished in the coal bin.

Her hand got an ugly cut, and there was a great big lump under the crushed hat, but the thing that hurt her most was the burst of merriment with which the audience greeted her fall. She waited down there on the coal for a long time till the people in the houses, guessing her distress, went away, or at least hid themselves behind the blinds, and only a few of the boys on the fence were left.

At last they, too, grew tired and went to hear the organ man around the corner play "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs" and left the rest stained, aching Mrs. D. to the hard task of climbing out unseen. Her little head was throbbing with the pain, but she was too proud to let her husband see her first defeat, and when the kitchen girl had bound her wounds, she started out again.

This time she sought a more retired field in which to pursue her labors and at last determined to brave the dangers of the basement where the phantom Indians dwell and try to make the aqua be "woman's rights."

It was quite dark down there, and she was afraid to venture far from the door or windows on account of spiders and "phosphorus and ghosts and things." At last her eye was caught by an old trunk of mamma's which she knew contained a lot of party clothes and other things more interesting than just walking round and round talking to the Indians, who were not even civilized enough to answer her.

This fall was by far greater than the first. From noble efforts to improve her sex to the low vanities of gaudy dress! However, Mrs. Doogan didn't know and rummaged happily in faded silks, tried on high heeled slippers, yellow now with age, and old brocade her grandmother had worn when— "Gracious heavens! What a frightful shriek! No wonder. She had come upon a family of mice, and one horrid little one had fallen up her sleeve. Oh, my, such cries and moans and frenzied sorceries as she ran stumbling in her flannel till all the servants in the house, mamma and Mr. Doogan and papa, who had just come in, ran headlong to the cellar, thinking some one was being killed!

"I warned her not to," wailed her frightened spouse. "I knew the Indians would be savage when they found I didn't come and now I s'pose they're cooking her alive."

"Good gracious, pussy, what's up now?" asked papa as he took the weeping, trembling bundle in his arms. "Did something hurt or frighten you, pet?"

"No! No! No!" sobbed Mrs. D. "But papa it's a mouse!" And then there was another burst of tears till the poor baby mouse was found dead. Then Mrs. Doogan's tender heart was touched and she hid in her mother's friendly skirts.

"Oh, mamma! Did I kill it? Poor, dear, little thing. I didn't mean to, truly, but it frightened me so that I must have. Oh, oh, my! I guess I must have squashed it hard! Oh, dear!"

"What's that?" said papa. "Woman's suffering people frightened by a mouse! For shame, my little daughter; you disgrace your cause!"

"I'm not a woman's suffering any more or woman's rights or anything at all, but only me," affirmed the little new woman. "And I'm going home right now and see how Mr. Doogan's tended to the things and take care of Miranda and never make any more speeches and have everybody laugh and fall and hurt myself again."

"Dead and its the great one Miranda'll need to bring her back to air," put in the cook, "for when I saw her last she had her side split up of having too much bath!"

Then there were fresh bursts of tears and Mr. Doogan vowed "it was a thankless job to tend to children and more fun to go on battles with the kind of things it wouldn't hurt to wash once in awhile."

And Mrs. Doogan vowed she'd "never leave her home to such a careless thing as man, long as she lived."

And when the woman question it mentioned now, the children both look wise and shake their heads.—Margaret C. Needell in San Francisco Examiner.

The Brute.

Young Wife.—John, mother says she wants to be executed.

Young Husband.—Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her there this morning.—Opera Moments.

THE CLUB BULLETIN

A Primitive Method of Obtaining a Permanent Income. That Gentleman, Mr. Doogan, has a primitive and picturesque method of obtaining a permanent income. This survival of an earlier time is the bulletin board. Here is the transcript of club news, the family gossip, the list of delinquents and delinquencies. Every body glances at the bulletin board in passing, because new matter is posted daily, and some of it may concern every member. It is thought indecorous to linger long at the board, for while part of the punishment of delinquency is publicity a man blushes to be found scanning too closely the names of those thus pilloried. There is the familiar and permanent list of those in arrears for "house account," as the phrase is.

You may read there the story of men's financial straits. Everybody comes to expect certain recurrent names, and everybody smiles at the appearance in this list of names that would be good for many thousands at the bottom of a check. The habitual delinquents take a sort of comfort in being found in such company. It is more serious when a name appears in the list of those suspended from club privileges for nonpayment of house accounts. There was a time when club credits were so liberal that a member of three or four clubs could easily live a year upon credits by exhausting his credit at each in turn. There used to be a gossip of hundreds of dollars owed to clubs by single members, men of known expectations, who could hardly fail to pay up in time. But club credits have been greatly curtailed of late years, and there are few clubs where a man may get in debt beyond \$50 for supplies.

Worse yet is the list of those posted for nonpayment of dues; for this implies a possible willingness to retire from the club in delinquency. Posting, however, usually has a salutary effect upon such delinquents, and the posted list of suspicious for nonpayment of dues always rapidly melts away. Some names are transferred to the list of those dropped for nonpayment of dues. There is a worse limbo than this—the list of those expelled. That, however, is always a short list; expulsions are rare, and sometimes, indeed, they are not announced by posting.

Lists of persons proposed for membership are subject to strange vicissitudes. Most New York clubs have a committee on membership, whose duties are editorial, so to speak. Its business is to keep out unfit applicants for membership. Some names appear month after month, and then finally come to appear in the list of applicants without having appeared in the list of new members. This means that the persistence of the admissions committee has tired out the friends of the rejected applicant.

There is a pleasant custom, a courteous convention of club life, that finds expression on the bulletin board. It is the card of a departing visitor—with the familiar P. O. C. and "To the president and members of the club." This antique courtesy seems to be a survival of a time when clubs were smaller and more intimate than now, and when a visitor, enjoying the hospitalities of the club for ten days, might be supposed to have met all the frequenters of the place. Doubtless it is a proper form of farewell, but it seems a little incongruous with the state of affairs in a club of 2,600 members where the visiting stranger may not have made the acquaintance of a dozen frequenters of the club.

Every club bulletin board bears from time to time a little black bordered card with the name of a member and the date of his death, while the flag on the roof flies for a single day at half mast. Sometimes the lost member is a man whose death has stirred the whole town. Often he is one unknown to the great host of his fellow members. Known or unknown, however, his name will go into the ever lengthening list of "Deceased" at the end of the next year's clubbook.—New York Sun.

A Cello With a History.

Signor Piatti has a magnificent "Strad" cello of date 1730. It is known as the "red cello," because of the very rich red tint of the varnish. This, too, is an instrument with a history—a history which the signor has conscientiously sent from the shores of the lake of Como. The instrument was first brought to England by a Spanish wine merchant, who placed it for sale with a Bagnat street dealer, asking \$180 for it. For a long time it failed to find a purchaser even at that low figure. When Piatti first saw it, it was in the hands of a professional musician named Pignat in Dublin. The eminent virtuoso at once recognized it as a magnificent instrument and accordingly he "kept his eye on it." When Piatti died, he was unfortunately unable to purchase it, but he brought it to the notice of a dealer, who secured it for \$200. It was shortly afterward sold to General Oliver for \$350, and the general, being a friend of Piatti, ultimately presented the cello to him, with the remark: "I always intended it for you."

When Villanueva saw it some years afterward he offered \$300 for it, and the experts now believe that if put into the market today it would bring near \$3,000. Signor Piatti, it may readily be understood, takes precious care of his possession. He never runs the risk of carrying it out of London and has it most carefully bejeweled during his absence.—Cornhill Magazine.

Robbing in It.

Sergeant (calling out)—Krause!

Krause—Yes, sergeant.

Sergeant—This is Sunday.

Krause—To command, sergeant.

Sergeant—This afternoon you and I will take a walk to the Zoological gardens.

Krause (delighted)—To command, sergeant.

Sergeant—You see, I called you a robber yesterday, and I thought you would be sorry to hear that you were a robber today.

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THE CLUB BULLETIN

Every well regulated club has a bulletin board and picturesque method of obtaining a permanent income. This survival of an earlier time is the bulletin board. Here is the transcript of club news, the family gossip, the list of delinquents and delinquencies. Every body glances at the bulletin board in passing, because new matter is posted daily, and some of it may concern every member. It is thought indecorous to linger long at the board, for while part of the punishment of delinquency is publicity a man blushes to be found scanning too closely the names of those thus pilloried. There is the familiar and permanent list of those in arrears for "house account," as the phrase is.

You may read there the story of men's financial straits. Everybody comes to expect certain recurrent names, and everybody smiles at the appearance in this list of names that would be good for many thousands at the bottom of a check. The habitual delinquents take a sort of comfort in being found in such company. It is more serious when a name appears in the list of those suspended from club privileges for nonpayment of house accounts. There was a time when club credits were so liberal that a member of three or four clubs could easily live a year upon credits by exhausting his credit at each in turn. There used to be a gossip of hundreds of dollars owed to clubs by single members, men of known expectations, who could hardly fail to pay up in time. But club credits have been greatly curtailed of late years, and there are few clubs where a man may get in debt beyond \$50 for supplies.

Worse yet is the list of those posted for nonpayment of dues; for this implies a possible willingness to retire from the club in delinquency. Posting, however, usually has a salutary effect upon such delinquents, and the posted list of suspicious for nonpayment of dues always rapidly melts away. Some names are transferred to the list of those dropped for nonpayment of dues. There is a worse limbo than this—the list of those expelled. That, however, is always a short list; expulsions are rare, and sometimes, indeed, they are not announced by posting.

Lists of persons proposed for membership are subject to strange vicissitudes. Most New York clubs have a committee on membership, whose duties are editorial, so to speak. Its business is to keep out unfit applicants for membership. Some names appear month after month, and then finally come to appear in the list of applicants without having appeared in the list of new members. This means that the persistence of the admissions committee has tired out the friends of the rejected applicant.

There is a pleasant custom, a courteous convention of club life, that finds expression on the bulletin board. It is the card of a departing visitor—with the familiar P. O. C. and "To the president and members of the club." This antique courtesy seems to be a survival of a time when clubs were smaller and more intimate than now, and when a visitor, enjoying the hospitalities of the club for ten days, might be supposed to have met all the frequenters of the place. Doubtless it is a proper form of farewell, but it seems a little incongruous with the state of affairs in a club of 2,600 members where the visiting stranger may not have made the acquaintance of a dozen frequenters of the club.

Every club bulletin board bears from time to time a little black bordered card with the name of a member and the date of his death, while the