

flavour with this fault or that, and your man is ready to place up against the fence to dry.

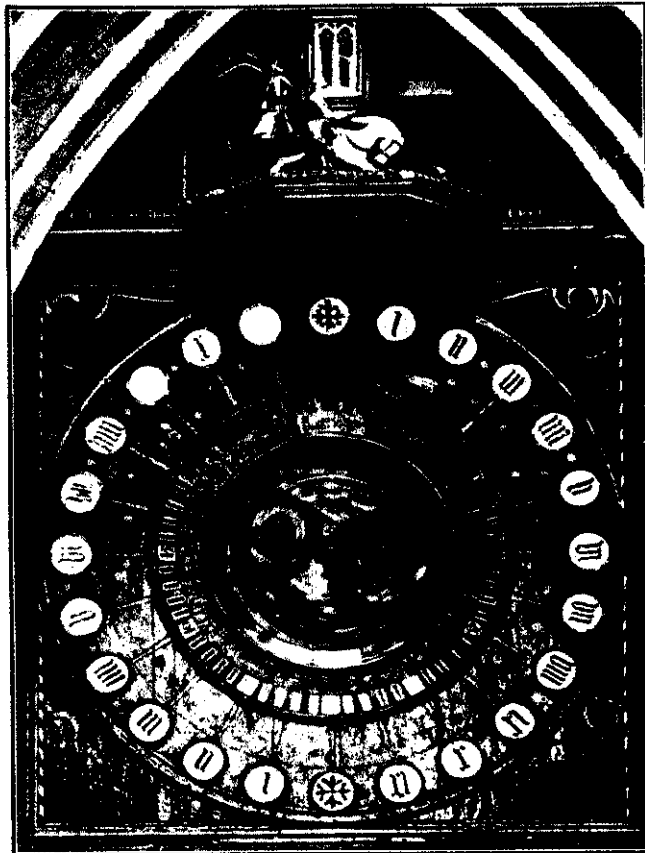
Then you can make a collection of all the ridiculous traits; the whims, silly pride, foibles, hopes founded on nothing and dreams touched with moonshine, and you get a Micawber. Put in a dash of assurance and a good thimbleful of hypocrisy, and Pecksniff is the product. Leave out the assurance, replacing it with cowardice, and the result is Dr. Chillip or Uriah Heap. Muddle the whole with stupidity and Bumble comes forth, proud and pompous.

Then, for the unco gude, collect the virtues and season to suit the taste, and we have Cheeryble Brothers, Paul Dombey, or Little Nell. These characters have no development, therefore no history—the circumstances under which you meet them vary, that's all. They are people the like of whom are never seen on land or sea.

Little Nell is good all day long, while five children are good for only five minutes at a time. The re-occurrence with which these five-minute periods return determines whether the child is "good" or "bad." In the intervals the restless little feet stray into flower beds; stand on chairs so that grimy, dimpled hands may reach forbidden jam; run and romp in pure, joyous innocence, or kick spitefully at authority. Then the little fellow may go to sleep, smile in his dreams so that mamma says angels are talking to him; when he awakens, the five-minute good spell returns.

Caprice, temper, accident all act upon man. The north wind of hate, the simoon of jealousy, the cyclone of passion heat and buffet him. Pilots strong and pilots cowardly stand at the helm by turn. But sometimes the south wind softly blows, the sun comes out by day, the stars at night; friendship holds the rudder firm, and love makes all secure.

Such is the life of man—a voyage on life's unresting sea; but Dickens knows it not—Eather is always good, Fagin is always bad, Bumble is always pompous, and Scrooge is always Scrooge. At no Dickens' party do you ever mistake Cheeryble for Carker, yet in real life Carker is Carker one day and



A QUIANT TIMEPIECE.

Curious clock in Wells' Cathedral in England, belonging to the sixteenth century. The horses come out and cross every hour in the number of times the clock strikes. It was made in Holland, and shows the whole twenty-four hours on the face. The inside dial records the seconds.

Cheeryble the next—yes, Carker in the morning and Cheeryble after dinner.

There is no doubt that a dummy so ridiculous as Pecksniff has reduced the number of hypocrites; and the domineering and unjust are not quite so popular since Dickens painted their picture with a broom.

And now if I laugh at folks, or at certain traits which certain folks possess, just remember that I do not laugh in scorn.

In very truth, how would I know the man was absurd, if I did not look into my own heart and see the man reflected there? The thing I see, I am. All we behold in life is the picture we throw upon the screen.

That which is not akin to you, you do not know exists.

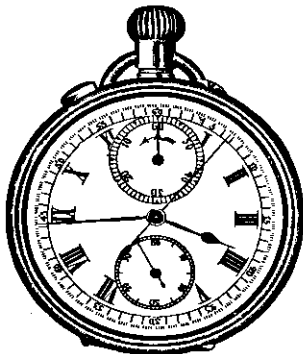
Man is the only animal in creation that marches proudly in life's procession and yet sits high in the grand stand and watches himself go by. And a very good way to cure a fault is to give it the merry ha-ha.

O wad some power the gifle gie us
To see oursel's as others see us;
It wad frae many a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.

So sang Bobbie Burns, and the curious fact is that in great degree we do see ourselves as others see us; otherwise we would be ram, jam, stark, staring mad, a sprint for Bedlam at the speed limit.—
Elbert Hubbard.

A characteristic story is going the rounds of a pleasant encounter between Mr. Balfour (leader of the Opposition in the British Parliament) and an enterprising journalist. It was at a private dinner party, attended by many distinguished members of the Unionist party and well-known journalists. One of the latter at a late hour, towards the close of the after-dinner amenities, ventured to ask Mr. Balfour very demurely, apropos the political outlook: "And what do you really think is going to happen, Mr. Balfour?" Mr. Balfour smiled over so sweetly, glanced at his watch, and replied in the most agreeable manner imaginable: "I think one thing that is going to happen is that I am going to bed."

A NEW WATCH.

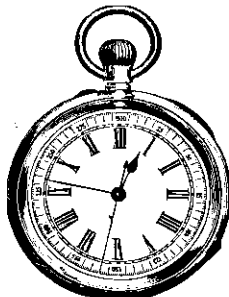


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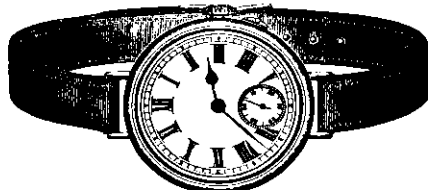
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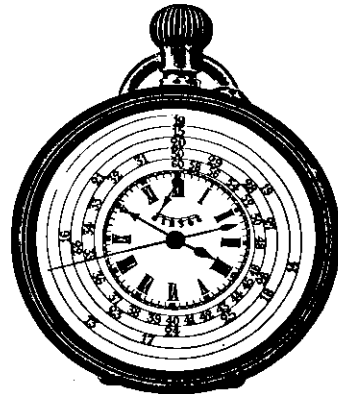
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