

Who shall withstand the hours that they stay,
Derive a new division of day and night,
Or hold the run against the hollow hours?

Time's up. (Stamp feet outside, my man o' straw
ALOERSON.

"banks for this good time given. I will go,
bearing again my footstool down the stair,
Not lingering longer—lo! I leave this house!

CHORUS.

He comes again, his footstool in his hands.
ALOERSON.

Yea for these hands were met with Robert's feet.
CHORUS.

An hour and five minutes by the clock.
ALOERSON.

A happy hour and measure I overson.
CHORUS.

Was Robert busy that you did not stay?
ALOERSON.

His word was given to meet a certain man.
ROBERT.

ALGERSON.
What man is this ye speak so lightly of?
CHORUS.
A man who hath not life but in men's minds.
ALGERSON.
A ghost come forth again of the dead men's world
CHORUS.

ALGERNON.
Hath Robert set his mouth to make a lie?
CHORUS.
That is, approximately, the size of it.
ALGERNON.
This is the uttermost measure of my grief.
CHORUS.

A bore Robert never could bear, and we all know
time flies,
We all know how fleetly time flies; and an author
must fear
The man who his time occupies, takes the loan of
his ear.
It is true you were cleverly sold— Robert's ruse was

Let me mourn for the falsehood he told and deplore
his deceit.
To be rendered absurd few men care and the most
of men hate,
And overmuch speech is a snare, and too lengthy
debate.
An interview ought to be brief, and no man should

ALGERNON.
I am fallen, am fallen. Look ye, I forgive
False words, and false face set another way,
And him, the graven image of a lie,
Set up against the language of my lips,
Made for the injuries holding of my mouth.

With sudden silence. Yea these things have been
And fare ye well, my friends: take thought of me,
For now I turn from hence to mine own house;
Have all your will of speech of all these things—
But I am speechless, and my words are done.

CHORUS.

Or mete the measure of their ill-done deeds?
Long words are wearisome; and yet again
False words are fallen fruit of evil seeds.
He that, desiring for man's overspeech
An end, and for himself that he escape,
Crieth to that strange god, an unseen shape,
Which hath no substance, and no name but th's,

And for his hair the Eumenides shall reach.

Books Received.

Sketches of Army Life in Russia. By F. V. Greene. Cloth. 326 pp., \$1.50. New York Charles Scribner's Sons. Portland: Loring, Short

A Jelly Fellowship. By Frank R. Stockton. Cloth, illustrated, 298 pp., \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon.

History of the English People. [By J. R. Green. Vol. IV, 1683-1815. Cloth, 619 pp., \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon.

A Memoir of Sidney Smith. By His Daughter, Lady Holland. Paper, 87 pp., 15 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon.

Byron. By John Nichol. English Men of Letters. Cloth, 212 pp., 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon.

Cast Up by the Sen. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. Paper, 61 pp., 15 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon.

Methods of Teaching. By John Swett. Cloth, 326 pp., New York: Harper & Brothers. Portland: Loring, Short & Harmon.

Edwards. Paper, 82 pp., 15 cents. New York
Harper & Brothers. Portland: Loring, Short &
Harmon.

New and Old. A Volume of Verse. By
John Addington Symonds. Cloth, 248 pp., \$1.50.
Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Portland: Loring,
Short & Harmon.

A New School Physiology. By Richard J. Dunglison. Cloth, 314 pp., \$1. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Portland: Dresser, McLellan & Co.

Music. Humboldt Library. Paper, 28 pp., 10 cents. New York: J. Fitzgerald & Co.

Good Company for Every Day in the Year. Cloth, illustrated, 329 pp., \$2.00. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Portland: Portland: Dresser, Mc. Lellan & Co.

The Data of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. Pa-

Humors of the Paris Restaurant.
Whitehall Review.
There is a good story told of a famous *restaurateur* warmly recommending to a customer,

noisseur in wine, a certain Bordeaux, which he alleged to be of some splendid old vintage: "I can vouch for what I say," urged the restaurateur, "for I know it was put in bottle the day my grandfather was baptized." The innocent victim consented, and the wine was brought in—a bottle so covered with cobwebs

most carefully by the *sommelier*, and the cork was drawn with much ceremony. Imagine the horror of the poor *restauranteur* and the hilarity of the customer when a fly came buzzing out, rejoicing at having regained his liberty!

fried piece of the moon, the waiters will invariably reply, "Yes," and either bring it you, or, on returning, assert with sorrow that unfortunately there is no more left. Mery, the well known author, tried this joke on once, and peremptorily ordered of a waiter a sphinx *à la Marengo*. "I am sorry to say we have no more, Monsieur," replied the *garçon*. "What! No more?" exclaimed Mery, feigning amazement.

Solid Comfort.
[Cincinnati Gazette.

"No chile," she said. (The mistress was much younger than the servant). "In de slave times I had heap ob trouble. I sought comfort in whiskey, but dat gib me headache in de

very same. Den chawin' I tried. But dat was no good. So happly one mo'nin' I tought ob pins and needles. I puts a bunch ob pins ob needles in my mouf, chaws em, and dey gabe me a heap ob solid comfort. So now whenev- er I feel wearied ob de trials ob dis world I puts pins and needles in my mouf and chaws em. You hab no idee what solid comfort dat pins and needles."

The Origin of Shylock.
The August number of the Monatsschrift fun

contains the first of a series of articles by Professor H. Graetz on the origin of the Shylock legend. The first trace of it, says the author is to be found in Herbers's French versification of "Dolopathos; or the Seven Wise Men of Rome," made for one of the kings of France.

one of whose legs had been cut off by the order of his feudal superior, offered the latter a loan of 100 marks, on the condition that if this amount were not paid by a fixed time the vassal should have the right of cutting out a piece of the knight's flesh. The knight, having succeeded in his purpose with the money, forgot to pay it altogether. The vassal, out of his right, The inde