evergreen, built upon heavy framework, is brought in, and placed near the center of the ring. This is supposed to represent a hill. Then there appear several men dressed as hunters, with masks, eyeglasses, and costumes which certainly look "quite English, you know." Now there run from this evergreen pile game of all kinds, which the hunters proceed to shoot,—that is, attempt to shoot; but most of it finds its way out of the inclosure. A troop of all kinds of mongrel curs enlivens the scene, and the sport for a time runs high, and is quite laughable. In the midst of this a fresh bull appears upon the scene, and the hunters seek refuge upon the top of the hill, where they sit for a time and bang away at him. This makes him no more gentle, and he proceeds to demolish the dogs and game that remain. Next he tries to batter the hill down, but only succeeds in shaking up the poor hunters. When the hunters seek to reach the edge of the ring the fun commences. They watch their opportunity, and run; they do not stop to vault the fence as it should be vaulted, but dive over, and land the best way they can—evidently thinking themselves lucky to land at all. Many narrow escapes are seen, and the fright of the clowns is very evident in their gait; for they run as if they were running for a purpose.

As the afternoon passes, the men become more daring, and the excitement becomes great. All at once one of the stars, as he is plunging in his darts, gets caught, and quicker than can be described he is thrown, first against the fence, and then over it in a cloud of dust. He is carried out more or less injured, but seldom fatally, as the bull's attention is generally drawn away by having several darts thrust into his rear. In the case described, the man was saved by being thrown into the alley. Bull-fighting is exciting, but "a little of it goes a great way."

Suggestions of new names for the discount list of the Co-operative Society should be addressed to the Secretary. Members of the executive committee are requested to hand their lists to the treasurer as soon as possible.

Her Melting Eyes.

(RONDEAU.)
Her melting eyes I'll ne'er forget,
Nor yet the day
We chanced to stray
Into that little, lone café.
My heart beat wildly in her net;
I feared she knew— but to despise—
The words I hardly dared to say,
Until, with covert glance, I met
Her melting eyes.

Then recklessly I cast away
All thought, save of the wished-for prize,
Nor could her laughing lips gainsay
Her melting eyes.

So while, as modest maidens may,
She seemed in quite a pet,
"Surprised," and all that, yet
She would not squarely tell me nay;
And, as I wooed the sweet coquette,
More soft and low grew her replies,
Till happy sign, one salt tear wet
Her melting ice!

Points on "Husking."

Late in the autumn, after the harvesting has all been done, rustic youths and fair country maidens are wont to gather in the well-filled barns of the rural districts, to indulge in the hilarities of a corn-husking. Poets and story-tellers have sung and written of the pleasures of huskings, but the writer having had considerable experience, feels qualified to give a few points on this subject. The best season of the year to go to a husking is after the ice and snow have come, and winter reigns supreme. The corn is probably all husked then, and all you have to do is to sit around and indulge in intellectual conversation. Now, I don’t wish any one to think that I would encourage laziness, but as I know that a "husking" is only an excuse for a mild flirtation, why not have it without the entailed work. Besides, such a husking as this can be carried on in the city as well as in the country. In fact, for obvious reasons, I prefer the former.

Well, the first thing to do is to decide where to go, and then to carefully attend to your whiskers for a week or so, as they are an essential part of the scheme. The choice of territory is large, and I should suggest a few places