this time had exhausted the professor's small store of patience, and likewise his still smaller store of English; and the skeleton seeing no further use for the adept, rushed upon him violently and knocked him down, and then trampled on him in a vicious manner.

The audience thinking that this was the crowning piece of the performance, applauded lustily; but there was more in store for them, for the skeleton now went down among them to dance, and as several ladies screamed and threatened to faint, the host thought it would be advisable to turn up the lights. The electric lights refused to answer when the button was pressed, so a lamp which stood in the corner of the room was turned up. Its beams reached the farther end of the room just in time to display the skeleton, making a grab at stout Mrs. P—'s tower of grey hair. With one tug he whirled the wig high into the air, and proceeded on his course of devastation.

Poor Mrs. P— shrieked and fainted away; the skeleton paid no attention whatsoever,—but then, what can one expect of a heartless creature like a skeleton.

Now followed a scene of the utmost confusion; the skeleton danced frantically up and down, waving his arms and kicking with his legs; most if not all of the ladies screamed and made for the door, and in a few moments the skeleton was left master of the field, for the gentlemen were too gallant to leave the ladies alone in the hour of peril. As soon, however, as the party were safe in the drawing-room on the other side of the hall, they began to consider what efforts should be made for the rescue of the venerable Mrs. P— and the learned professor, about whom little had been thought before. A relief party was formed, consisting of the host and some four or five of his guests, armed with all sorts of missiles, among which were conspicuous the long sand-bags used to keep the draught from coming in through the cracks between the window-sashes. On reaching the door of the haunted room, they could hear the breaking of china as vase after vase was upset, and the rattle of miscellaneous bric-a-brac, as it was tossed about. The door was opened and number one advanced sand-bag in hand, and threw his weapon, but, alas! missed his mark. The skeleton, not liking such interference with his amusements, turned upon the man. The man, however, did not wait for an encounter, but put the door between himself and the skeleton. Number two now advanced, and this time the sand-bag was fairly wrapped around the skeleton's neck; this seemed to rather impede his progress, but when the others followed suit he was fairly brought to the ground, and lay there nothing but a heap of bones, after all. Our friend, the old lady, and her companion in distress were then carried up stairs, being still in a limp condition, and one of the party, a doctor, pronounced it as his opinion that they were both suffering from severe shocks of electricity. And so it afterward appeared; for the skeleton was worked by electricity, a small battery having been placed in the room below the one where he was to appear, while two small buttons in the floor controlled the currents. Unfortunately the wires between the skeleton and the battery became crossed with those of the electric light, rendering the skeleton uncontrollable and unduly active, and causing the scene which has been described. It is commonly reported that Mrs. Shekels cannot bear to hear mediums or seances spoken of. As to Professor Geistheber, he has gone into oblivion, and let us hope has assumed some more honest means of gaining a living.

Disillusioned.

There is an old Persian proverb, of which a very liberal translation would run something after this fashion: Many objects seen at a distance appear extremely beautiful, which at a nearer view are found to be either commonplace or absolutely hideous. The familiar quotation, "Distance lends enchantment" covers about the same ground, with the advantage of conciseness. But it is an interesting fact to know that in