you can find room, and then you go down a short, dark stairway—almost fall into a room literally filled with tables, eaters, boiled-dinner smells, and red-headed waiters. Style most decidedly gives way here to quantity, and happy is the man whose stomach is good for the mass set before him. Let the "Hustler's" patrons rest in peace. We won't give their little secret away.

There is another place which every one knows, but to which only those with plenty of time and patience go. Prices are low, and you also get small portions for your money. You can eat everything you get there, but it is very uncertain when your order will be served. You may wait fifteen minutes or half an hour. One day you may order a stew, and get it in half the time your cold-meat order comes another day. Once a gentleman with a short patience got indignant because he had to wait only forty-five minutes for sausages—three sausages. He remonstrated, and got his order within the hour. But after all it is a quiet place to wait, and also it rejoices in two waiters who are privately known as "Beauty and the—other one." The floor is new, slippery, and only partly covered with rugs. One day the first-mentioned waiter rashly ventured off the rugs, and—she sat down very solidly on the floor. Just at this embarrassing moment the little bird in the clock remarked "Cu coo," and immediately retired. The waiter did likewise, as soon as she had picked herself up. We draw the veil!

An Old Lady's Story.

My father was a captain in the service of the East India Company, and many were the stories which he had to relate of his adventures. Among others was the one which I am now about to tell you. It is perhaps the best of them all, and I think that you will be obliged to acknowledge that it is at least singular.

They had had an uneventful voyage so far, with about an average proportion of fine weather, and having rounded the Cape, were now coming into equatorial regions again. The day was sultry. A slight breeze flapped the sails lazily against the yards, while an undulating sea swayed the huge vessel listlessly to and fro on its surface. The deck of the huge East Indian man presented a scene of activity, which was in marked contrast with all around. There might be seen many different sorts of people in anything but the full dress of the ball-room; and yet this was a ball, and those at it were enjoying themselves probably more than most people do at a ball on land, where there is so much else to do.

Among the dancers was a young lieutenant in the Company's service. None danced so gracefully and naturally; he was in great demand. After a short time he withdrew from the rest and stood alone, as if listening intently to some far-distant sound. One of his companions went to him and brought him back to the ship's company in triumph, though he seemed very loath to come, and had lost his usual spirits. He had danced but a short time when suddenly he stopped in the middle of the deck, and said, "Listen! Do you hear nothing?" All stopped transfixed, and then each looked in the other's face,—for out of the distance there seemed to come the sound of a bell tolling solemnly. The young lieutenant continued: "I have heard the sound now for over half an hour, and I cannot seem to get away from it. It rings in my ears as if it presaged some coming misfortune." The captain searched the horizon with his glass, and discovered a tiny speck in a northwesterly direction, toward which he directed the course of his ship. The slow tolling became ever more distinct, until toward sunset they came in sight of a very ordinary looking small boat, such as are used on the rivers of India, pointed at both ends, with the centre roofed in by wicker-work. On the top of this hung a large bell, which gave forth hollow sounds as it was swung to and fro by the action of the waves.

A little later, and while the red glow of the setting sun lit up the waves of the sea, having now come to within a short distance of the object of their curiosity, a boat was manned, and put under the command of the young lieutenant