

that he was unquestionably a man of no mean distinction, I confess I almost insensibly heightened the respectfulness of my tone in addressing my coach companion, As we were driving along, dying with curiosity as I was, I did not like to offer an exchange of cards, which would be next to asking his name, a thing which he seemed desirous to keep secret.

At last the end of our journey approached, and I thought internally, with a bitter sigh, that it must be left to some future chance to unfold this mystery. The coach reached ——.

Before it came to a stop the mysterious bearer of the initials jumped off. He touched his hat and bade me good-bye. My heart sank within me with vexation and disappointment. As a last resort, having observed "P." to speak in a familiar whisper to the coachman, it struck me to ask the latter if he knew the gentleman who had just left us. Coachee was an imported Briton, a sort of a half cockney. "Vy," says he, "I knows him wery vell. It's Joe Parker as is vaiter at the American. I'll varrant now he's been a playing the gen'leman somewere, wile the 'ouse is slack; and a right good gen'leman he makes. I never heard sich stories as Joe can pump out. The gentry's a-coming in, and he must look sharp a'ter business now."

[FINIS.]

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#### RHYMES ABOUT PROFS.

Here is a handful  
Of rhymes about Profs ;  
Perchance they are truthful,  
Perchance they are scoffs.

The critics may flaunt them  
And vow they are wrong,  
But a fig for their censure,  
And here is my song :

"Math." Profs. for laughter,  
"Math." Profs. for love,  
"Math." Profs. that borrow  
The help from above.

Chem. Profs. for glory,  
Dutch Profs. for "feed,"  
Latin Profs. for beauty,  
Who runs so may read.