AN EVENING SWIM.

The night was as balmy and soft as the most enjoyable year could reasonably desire. Not a breath of air was stirring, it is true, to raise clouds of dust in the streets, but unlike some days they keep up best to be enjoyed from the piers and shelter of the houses. The sky was remarkably clear, the moon unusually brilliant.

It seemed almost a pity to go indoors at all so early a splendid night, and two very congenial companions, who were of this way of thinking, drove out to the Bee and strolled about leisurely, conversing on trade, politics and the philosophy of life.

When they reached the edge of the pool, some wager, one of the pair suggested that they should have a plunge. The other, to whose heart visions of pendent sun parlors dominated, answered, he is not nothing in the Bee at night a fashionable pastime. They debated the subject for some time and finally compromised matters by each having his own way, the product individual agreeing to take charge of his friend's clothes while the latter was exporting himself to the water in a state of nature, except for its silk hat, which he retained on his head.

While the lower of polished hides was on the far side of the sheet of water to boast a cry of alarm and woe, as he thought, the figure of a woman standing boldly out against the picturesque background of scraggy thousand and light green foliage of the Bee. He could see, of course, from its to hurry and excitement of the moment that the little woman was intended to be a model dressed in male clothing other, and that she, in turn, had been horrified at the sight of his floating top hat, which she took to indicate the recent perpetration of some grievous crime. It transpired later that the police have been very vigilant in the Bee of late arresting the homeless and houseless, grew frightened and escaped as rapidly as he could to where he had left his friend.

He were times even more, he had him trouble to the trusting spot.

"I've had a close call, old boy," he called out to a startled wave, "but, he knows a safe, hide everything behind a tree, and I'll soon explain in a moment if there are no police about."

"Oh, you've had a close call, have you?" exclaimed a gruff, bass voice, as he spoke, not the friend of the intimate friend, while a full weighted blow on the nose, landed by an unknown hand, nearly knocked the unsuspecting mariner off his feet. "Give me my silk underwear and my overcoat, you scandalously slight thief, or you'll spend the evening in the lock up."

"Your overcoat! I know nothing of it. I only wish I had my own."

"None of your lying tricks with me. You are the young man who has so properly been on hand ago. I recognize you."

"How can you? Don't you see I have no clothes on? Why, could if I would give hold of a rock by hook or by crook, I would use it to hide my nakedness."

The stranger looked, saw that it was clad, stood in silk hat, and concluded something that it was a case of mistaken identity, some his war grumbling.

"Ah, to be honest, then found that his friend had likewise gone his way, leaving him alone with a mere ice hat. For nearly two hours the troubled man wandered about the Bee, like a lost spirit, seeking the disdained spots for his protection, through a natural unwillingness to seek the wakeful police.

His method of getting home, when he had matured it, was a master stroke of ingenuity. He crept cautiously up to a nobby house, that some circumstances led him to the return of a fate, and slipping in while the servant was being suddenly put for bread out of the window and cried, "Coolies, return."

These directions were accordingly repeated, but, at any rate, they aroused no suspicion at the moment, and the conveyance drove off stripped.

Once back in Paris X. breathed freely again, and pulling up the John, and then to go to the Rue du Bac.

"Has the Rue de Bac closed?" quoth the driver. "It was Rue de Rivoli, but you said when you engaged me, Mr. Lewis is close up and I am sleepy. Pay me when you are up and give another coachman."

X. unobtrusively had another dozen for pockets to keep any in, and when he noticed something to that effect the driver got down, the fellow to give him a piece of his mind.

"Parbleu!" he exclaimed, noticing the phenomenon inside. "What drivers have we here! Where are your clothes, sir?"

X. statement on his explanation about being had a midnight swim in the water, but the subject concerned the story no Eric, which this whole trip, he had been waiting for to the Bee, and then assuring his one driver to the nearest pay station.

"What's the matter with you?" cried the commissaire, contemptuously approaching the door of the cab.

"Oh, nothing," replied X., trying to feel calm. "I merely lost my clothes, you know, during a stroll in the dark."

"Lost your clothes! Where are you from, monsieur? How can a respectable man lose his clothes at this hour of the night and go driving about Paris without a pair in his pocket—I mean without money to pay the driver? Come in."

Inside the station X. was once examined, and he was soon surrounded by a dozen of the commissaire was dispatched to address to verify his statements and confirm his story of what had happened. The messenger would have purchased for him an opinion of blood ignorance of his adventure. But had misfortune bring the fruit of treachery, because X. and his companion only returned with a full confirmation of the story, adding that Miss X. was for the same always from home, having joined a relief party of men who went to recover the body of her husband, who, the friend, had perished from shock in the waters of the unknown shallow lakes of the Bois. His guarantee had been brought home by his friend, who he himself had narrowly escaped arrest on a charge of stealing the clothes of a fellow bathers.

At a late hour the next morning Miss X., it is affirmed, returned to her mother's house, and refused to leave the house lady who requires herself can be expected to live with a man who cannot take a stroll in the Bois in the dark of the evening without putting him under a cloud, dragging on his back and then getting the fact advertised all over the city.—San Francisco Argonaut.

CHINESE CONJURERS.

People Supposed the Use to Flower and Then Put Together Again.

The court jugglers in the time of Kublai Khan seem to appear to those who looked on as if dishes from the table actually had been thrown into the air. One of the travelers who visited the regions of which Marco gives us some account says, "And jugglers came cups of gold to fly through the air and offer themselves to all who had to drink." And Ibn Batuta, a Moor who visited Cathay a century after, gives this account of a similar incident:

"That same night a juggler who was one of the khan's slave boys his appearance, and the emir said to him, 'Come and show us some of your catches.' Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it, through which long strings were passed, and, holding hold of one of them, alone or two, to the air. It went up high that we lost sight of it altogether. It was the middle of the winter, of the year, and we were sitting in the middle of the palace court. There was remained only a little of the cup of a thing in the conjurer's hand, and he dropped one of the boys down on his hand (or by hold of it and he was gone, the end, climbing by the strings, and we lost sight of him also. The conjurer then called to him three times, but getting no answer he contented up a little as if in a great rage, and hold of the thing and disappeared altogether and he to have seen of the boy's limbs, then a foot, then the other hand and then the other foot, then the trunk and last of all the head. Then he came down, stamped, all panting and puffing, and with his clothes torn and blood the ground before the emir and said something to him in Chinese. The emir gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the boy's limbs, and then together in their place and gave a kick, when, presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us. All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation the that which continued for some hours in the presence of the sultan of Zaiton. He observed my something of the same kind. The Kaan Alkhan bin was sent to me, and spoke to: "Wallah, 'tis my opinion there has been some thing going up one coming down, no the matter or nothing. 'Tis all in our eyes porm."—Noah Brooks in St. Nicholas.

Are You Thin?

WHO BETTER know how thin people are than the proprietors of SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites? Who more competent to tell the world how to put on flesh? Who more qualified to say what food agrees with the thin? Who more able to say what is the best medicine for wasting? Who more able to say what is the best Cod Liver Oil? Who more able to say what is the best Emulsion? Who more able to say what is the best Hypophosphites? Who more able to say what is the best combination of all these? Who more able to say what is the best for Scrofula, Consumption, Anæmia, Wasting, Rickets, Weak Children, Thin People? Who more able to say what is the best for all these? Who more able to say what is the best for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Throat Troubles, Lung Troubles? Who more able to say what is the best for all these? Who more able to say what is the best for all these? Who more able to say what is the best for all these