

THE PUNCTUATION POINTS.

Six little marks from school are we, Very important, all agree, Filled to the brim with mystery, Six little marks from school:

CELY'S VALENTINE CAUSED TROUBLE.

"Valentines. Yes, sir. Comio or sentimental. "Neither. Plush," said Hen Shaw, uncertainly, looking around for his companion, who was flattening her nose against the glass pane of the shop door.

"I'll take this, I guess—if you think the 'po'try fills the bill.' "She can write something better if it don't," said Cely, poking her nose near-sightedly into the nest of lace and plush, wherein she read

"Yes, it's got as much sense in it as love 'po'try ever has; and there's another thing—it does to send to either a girl or a fellow."

"Who was the slob?" he inquired as they turned their footsteps down South street. "What slob?"

"And with this Parthian dart whizzing behind her, Miss Slater skipped into the house and up to her own room, and she took down the crumpled pink sheet had worn at work all day and ran a broken piece of comb through the curls thus painfully produced till they looked like silk ravelings, she murmured to the mirror, the only confidante she wholly trusted:

to exhibit her two valentines with many blushes and giggles, she lit her fuse by loudly admiring the lace-paper one.

"Who is it?" Mame's voice was sharp, her baby mouth quivering a little at the threatened disappointment. "Mug Farrelly! Oh, ain't you the sly one! You never told me he was sweet on you!"

"Tain't so!" snapped Mame, tears in her voice now, as she contemptuously crushed the little trumpy lace affair in her hand. "Oh, all right then, it ain't. But there'll be some waltzin' when I tell Hen, that's all. Give me a ticket to look on at the show, won't you?"

"You needn't trouble yourself, Madam Cely Slater," using the most withering tone of contempt her distressing imagination could conjure up. "I'll tell him myself, an' I guess you can walk up to work by yourself this morning? I've got better company."

"Mug Farrelly, Mug Farrelly chanted the devil in Cely Slater after her as she flew hotly back to her home with the now despised pink plush tribute.

"Ten minutes later, on her way to the factory in sulky solitude, Mame felt better. In her hand she carried a pasteboard box directed to "Mr. D. P. Mug Farrelly," with the address "Myanising Jail" elaborately inscribed and as elaborately crossed out under his street number. This Mr. Farrelly took with his own fair hands and a brow black as thunder from the snoring postman at noon.

"After this the back gate was the better part of valor, seeing that it represented discretion; and a hasty skirmish through the alley and down several side streets was necessary before Mug could strike open the box, to behold—what? The prettiest and freshest of pink plush valentines, speckled with scrap-book pictures of corpulent Cupids, pensive doves and wee white misses scaled with a blood-red heart and jabbed through with something supposed to be an arrow. Mug's wits were not of the brightest, and he lived on pretty close terms of intimacy with an enemy who enters by the month to steal away brains from him that hath not even that which he hath; so he turned it over in his grimy fingers in vacant wonder for several minutes before a light broke over his vast Sahara Desert of a face and he slapped his knee enthusiastically and cried:

"Cely! Ge whiz, it's her, an' no one else!" The insulting inscription on the envelope was her playfulness, of course. Cely loved her fling. "For its acceptance will include a kiss."

"Hen!" called Mame piteously, as Hen Shaw stalked stiffly up to the trio. "Oh, Hen, I want to tell you—"

"I want you to tell me something," too! Then you needn't tell me nothin' more. Did Mug Farrelly send you a valentine, too?"

"That's the nuff," said Hen grimly, and would have turned off in search of his enemy without realizing that he stood within shoulder touch, but for a sharp feminine scream which startled his ears. Mr. Farrelly had claimed the verses of the circulating valentine, and Cely's face was hot with anger and shame.

"There was no time for explanations or denials; there was a moment to be seized. Cely took one rapid stride toward the victor, who was enacting a melting reconciliation scene, with Mame on his shoulder and hissed in his ear:

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